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The War Illustrated, 3rd July, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post*

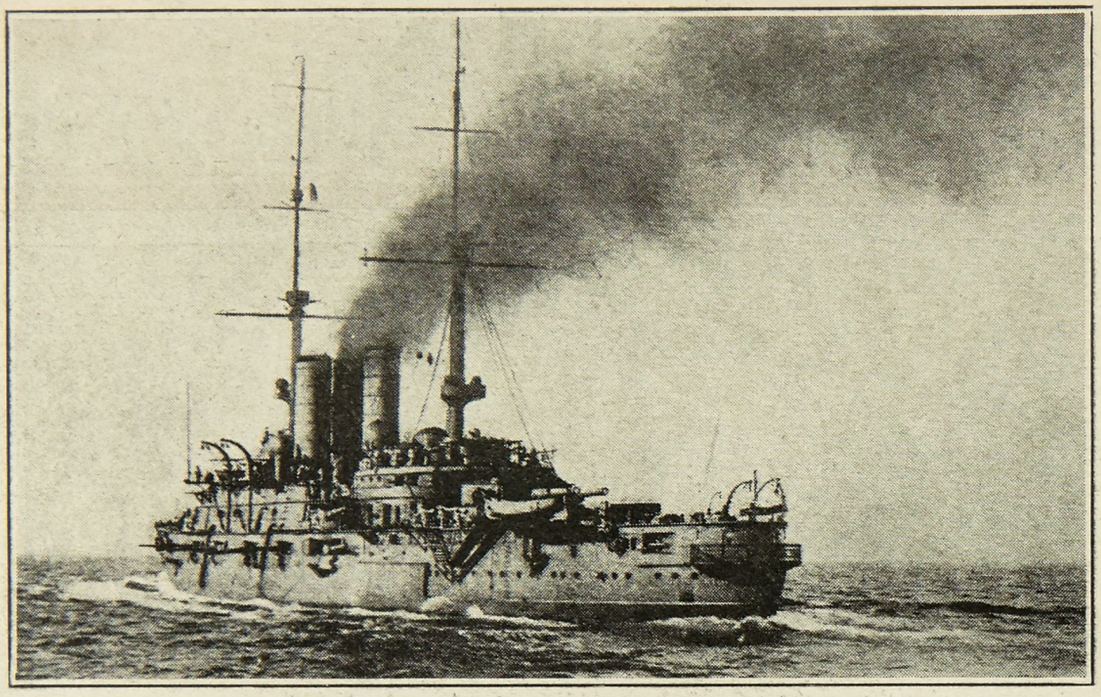
Wonderful Photo-Panorama of the World War

The War Illustrated

2d Weekly

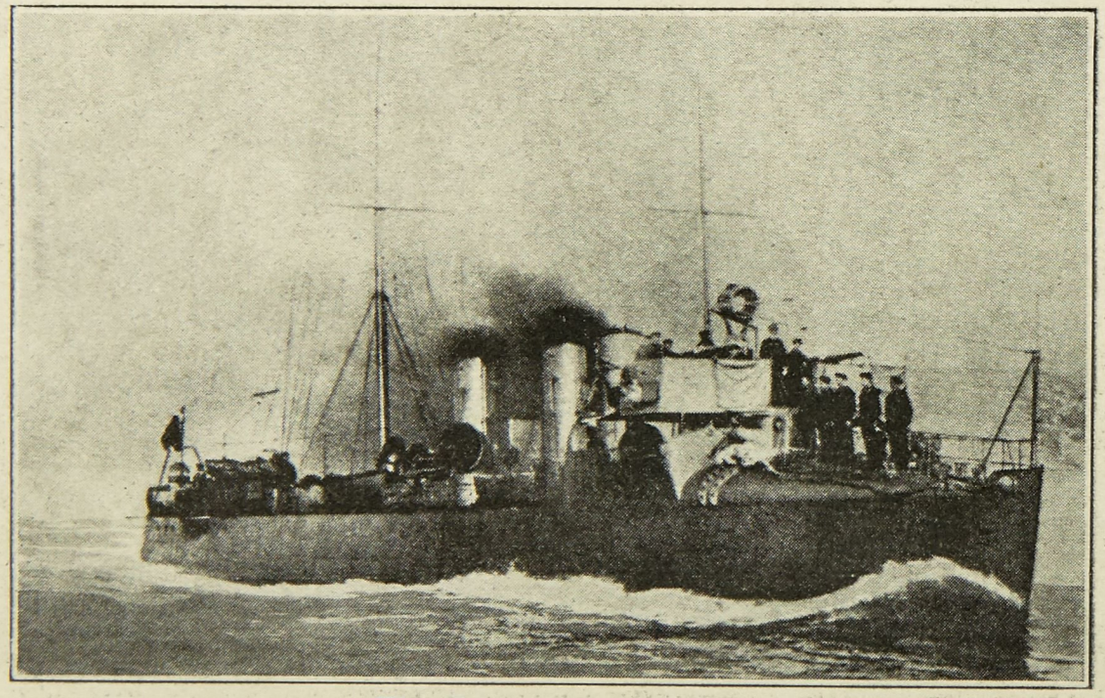
Vol. 2 Machines v. Men! More Machine-Guns needed to help the British beat the Huns **No. 46**

THE FIGHTING SHIPS OF OUR ITALIAN ALLIES



The Battleship Regina Margherita

Completed in 1904, she has a length of 455 ft. over all, a displacement of 13,427 tons, and is armed with four 12 in., four 8 in., twelve 6 in., twenty 12-pounders, two 1-pounder guns, two Maxims, and four submerged torpedo-tubes.



The Destroyer Artigliere

Completed in 1910, she has a displacement of 380 tons, and a speed of 28·5 knots. Her horse-power is 6,000.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 46. Vol 2
3rd July. 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

THE WATCHERS OF OUR COASTS.—Royal Naval Volunteers on the look-out for Zeppelins and pirate craft. Ceaseless watch is kept all round our shores, and not a ship passes but it is noted and reported by the coastguards. Since the commencement of the war many of the regular coastguardsmen have rejoined their ships, but their places are filled by Royal Naval Volunteers and by young, though fully-qualified Sea Scouts. Within a few minutes of a Zeppelin being sighted the news reaches Whitehall by wireless.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXIV.—The Irresistible March of the Great German Phalanx

IT is due entirely to the intrepidity and powers of endurance of the southern Russian army in Galicia that the Germans have not again uncovered Calais and driven the Franco-British forces once more back towards Paris. For the German Commander-in-Chief, General von Falkenhayn, had constructed by April, 1915, a new war-machine for this purpose. But he was prevented from using it in the way he intended by the disastrous failure of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg in the eastern theatre of war. The Russians had checked every advance made by Hindenburg and exhausted his forces, and had then grimly fought their way over the Carpathian passes, and begun to debouch into the wheat-plain of Hungary. In winter battles, amid six feet drifts of snow on the mountains, the Russian peasant, by his remarkable powers of physical endurance, had worn down German, Austrian, and Hungarian troops, of whom nearly half a million fell sick through frost-bite, pneumonia, and tuberculosis. So disastrous was the condition of things that the Hungarians began to think of suing for peace, and a grand Council of War was held in which Hindenburg and his Chief of Staff, Ludendorff, were severely handled.

The Passing of the Hindenberg

Falkenhayn, who had always been jealous of Hindenburg's reputation, was the bitterest critic of the old man. He pointed out that the Russian advance over the Carpathians should not have been met by a counter-attack through the difficult mountain passes, but that the half-million German troops sent to assist the Hungarians should have been massed at Cracow and launched on the river-front, along the Dunajec and Biala, against the short flank and rear of the Russian southern army. This criticism was well founded, and the result was that the Kaiser dismissed Hindenburg and made Falkenhayn commander-in-chief in all the theatres of war.

Falkenhayn appointed the most brilliant of German generals, Mackensen, to execute his plan of attack. The incomparable new war-machine was railed to Cracow. It consisted of 2,000 howitzers, from 6 in. to 12 in. and 17 in. in calibre. In front of this immense siege train were 2,000 lighter field-guns of about 3 in. to 6 in. calibre, formed of the artillery of twelve army corps. The twelve army corps were composed of the finest fighting regiments of Germany, including two divisions of the Prussian Guard, and the Prussian, Bavarian, Würtemberg, and Saxon regiments, which had most distinguished themselves against the French and British and Belgian forces. Some hundreds of goods trains, with thousands of trucks, were detached from the railway services of Austria and Germany, and handed over to Mackensen's staff. Three million high-explosive shells, and all the heaviest howitzers, were placed upon the railway, so as to leave the roads clear for the advance of the troops and their light artillery. In addition to the twelve army corps of the Phalanx, twenty-five Austrian, Hungarian, and German army corps were sent forward on either side of Mackensen's men, Mackensen being given the general command over the combined mighty force of 1,400,000 troops. A few weeks after the advance was made, five more army corps were attached to the Grand Phalanx, bringing the total number of troops up to 1,600,000.

The Great Machine Begins to Move

In the middle of April the trains began to move with their freights of long-range Skoda guns and steel howitzers, the latter having mostly been built at Pilsen since the war began. There was also an immense number of Krupp guns and howitzers, many of which also were new. Steam-rollers and motor-vehicles toiled up the road towards the river-fronts, with bridge materials, railway-building materials, and shells for the field-guns. Two weeks were spent in preparation, but it was all done so quietly, much of the work being performed at night, that though the reconnoitring airmen of Russia perceived a stir of movement, little or nothing was discovered of the terribly formidable nature of the preparations; for the Germans had a new and very large fleet of fast and fighting aeroplanes, many of which were designed to direct the fire of the huge siege train. While waiting to perform this work the German aviators, outnumbering the Russians by twenty to one, fought them away from the preliminary scene of operations.

Fourteen Shells to each Russian Bayonet

Against the Phalanx and its assistant armies were 120,000 Russian troops, under the command of Radko Dimitrieff, the famous Bulgarian general, who had left his country to help Russia. Dimitrieff had left one of his army corps with General Brussiloff, and it was fighting south of the Dukla Pass, in Hungary. He called it back in time, bringing his total forces to the nominal strength of 160,000 men. But for six months these men had been holding the seventy miles of entrenchments between the Upper Vistula and the Carpathians, their lines running along the Dunajec to the town of Tarnov, and thence along the Biala River to Gorlice, a naphtha town in the Carpathian foothills. Dimitrieff's men were wasted by war; for in addition to holding their trenches and taking part in the Carpathian battle, they had assisted in the capture of Przemysl. It is doubtful if they numbered on the night of April 30th, 1915, more than forty thousand bayonets. In the armies advancing against them at full strength there were at least 840,000 bayonets. But the odds were not so heavy as twenty to one, for the battle-front was so narrow that Mackensen could not have deployed all his forces for an infantry attack. Moreover, he did not wish to do so. He began by using ten army corps against the four Russian army corps opposed to him.

The great howitzers opened the advance. They were massed along the Biala, from the village of Tuchov to the town of Gorlice—a distance of twenty miles. In four hours 700,000 high-explosive shells were pitched into the Russian trenches occupied by two of the Russian army corps. There were about fourteen shells to every Russian infantryman in the trenches, and fifty Russian guns were struck and smashed in their gun-pits, the exploding shells killing also most of the artillerymen.

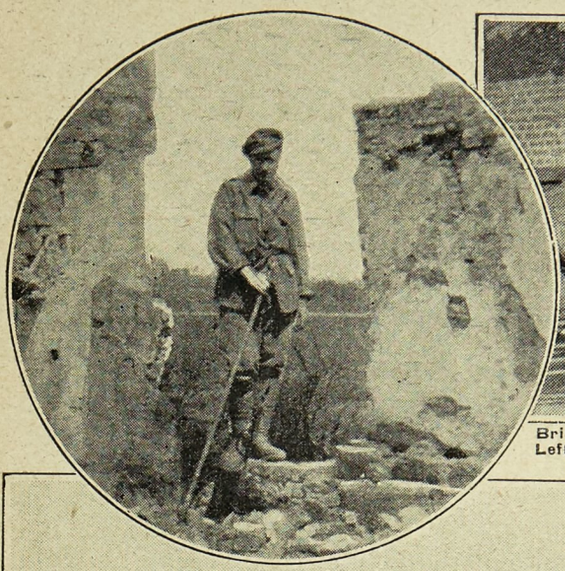
Dimitrieff Checks German Infantry

There was no battle. It was an annihilation. All that the Russian corps commanders could do was to draw from the zone of fire what men survived, and get away in extreme haste the field-guns that had not been shattered. Had the Russians then broken and fled, nobody could have blamed them, for at least half the men in the two army corps had been blown to bits. There was a ton shell used by the Germans, which, by the pressure of its expanding gases, killed every living thing in a radius of one hundred and fifty yards. Many men, afterwards reported missing, had really vanished into atoms.

But the Bulgarian general kept his head. He had fought a score of modern battles since his victory at Kirk Kilisse, and, terrible though the situation was, he kept full control over it. He lined his remaining men out beyond the zone of fire, ordered his gunners to use shrapnel, and waited. The infantry of the Phalanx advanced and stormed through the great gap in the Russian line. But they were shot down and forced to retire. Their heavy artillery could no longer help them, as it could not be brought up in time. Their lighter field-guns were dragged out, but the check to the German infantry had given Dimitrieff time to with-

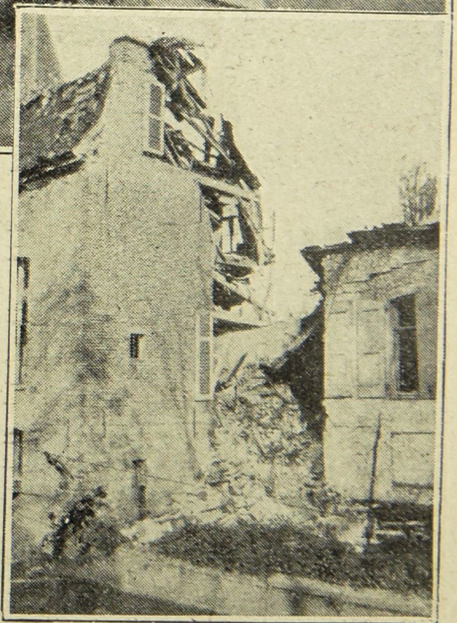
[*Continued on page* 452.

With the H.A.C. on & off Duty at the Front



Britain's oldest regiment, the H.A.C., has played a fine part at the front. Left: H.A.C. private posing amid shell-wrecked ruins. Above: Regimental bootmakers' shop behind the firing-line, since destroyed by shell fire.

An H.A.C. trench, that the gallant Territorials held against repeated German attacks, formerly occupied by the "Princess Pat's," who christened it the "Crimea Trench."



Signallers of the Honourable Artillery Company enjoying a well-deserved holiday in a rest-camp behind the firing-lines in France. Right: Ruins of a chateau near St. Eloi that was captured after heavy fighting, in which the H.A.C. took a prominent part.

GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

(Continued from page 450.)

draw most of the remnant of his two army corps to stronger positions on the Galician hills.

Happily the other two Russian army corps entrenched along the Dunajec were able to fight to a standstill the Austrian army working with the Phalanx. For a week Radko Dimitrieff held his northern lines near the Dunajec while swinging his southern force away from Mackensen's enormous guns.

Feat that Saved Two Million Men

This unparalleled feat of resistance saved the lives or persons of two million Russian troops. According to Falkenhayn's scheme, Mackensen should have torn a twenty-mile gap in the Russian front, and at once poured through this gap a million or more men. Half a million of them would have attacked in the rear the southern Russian army under Brussiloff, as it was retiring from the Carpathians. The other half-million would have swept up the eastern bank of the Dunajec, wiped out the Russian troops entrenched there, and then have got across the Vistula and on the rear of the central Russian army in Poland, under General Ivanoff. All this was prevented by the heroism of Dimitrieff's troops and the genius of their commander. He kept in touch with Ivanoff on his right and also with Brussiloff on his left. Both generals hurried hundreds of thousands of men to his assistance; and in a long fighting retreat, lasting for two months, Dimitrieff swung back, with the entire Russian battle-front, maintaining close connection with his line.

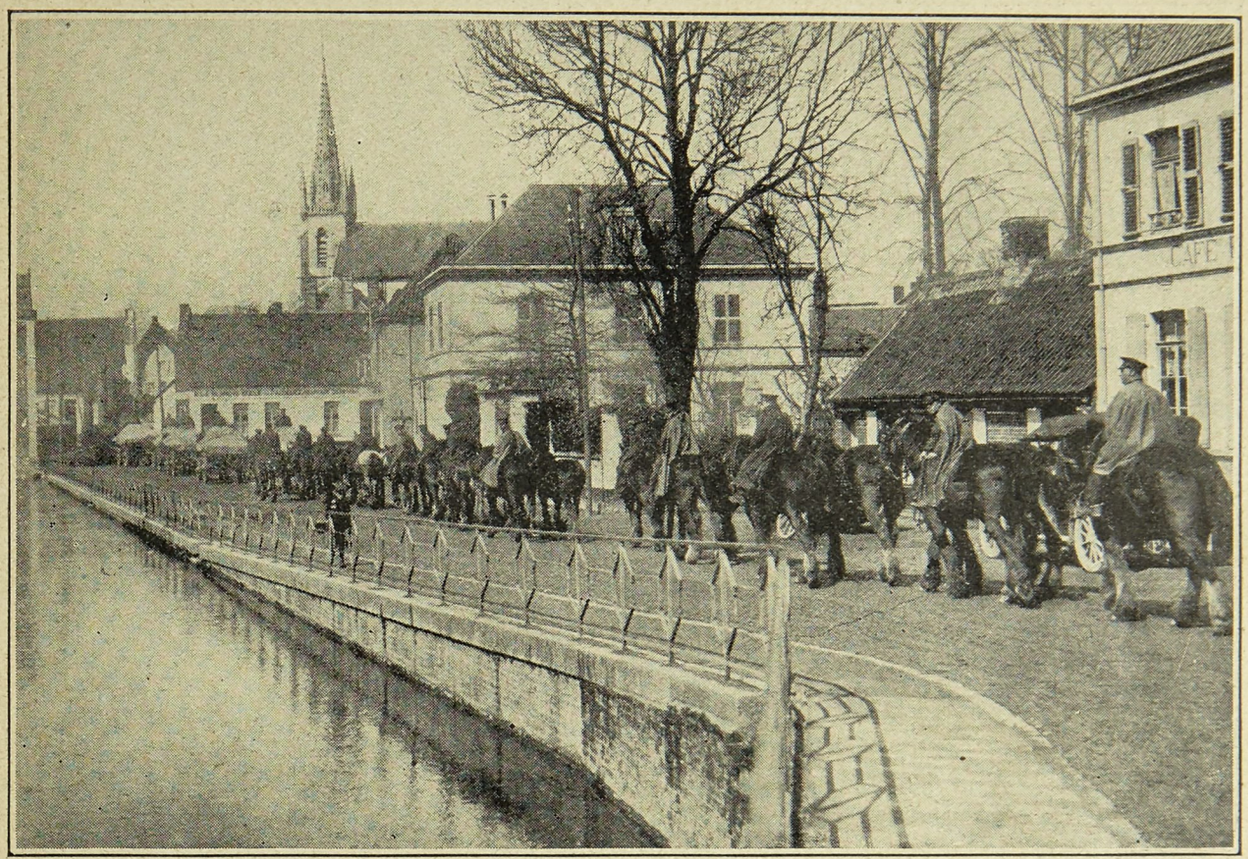
There is no retreat in history like the retreat of the Third Russian Army that Dimitrieff commanded. His army was more than wiped out; for he began with less than 160,000 men and lost 250,000 men. But his force was maintained by drafts, armies from other parts of the front, and by new formations. With the veteran soldier, Ivanoff, as his commander-in-chief, the general of the Third Army, though constantly giving ground, put half a million of the huge attacking force out of action. Sir John Moore's retreat on Corunna, Sir John French's retreat to the Marne, the Russian retreat through Moscow against Napoleon's Grand Army, are less wonderful achievements than the retreat of the Third Russian Army through Galicia in May and June, 1915.

A Long, Long Way to Moscow

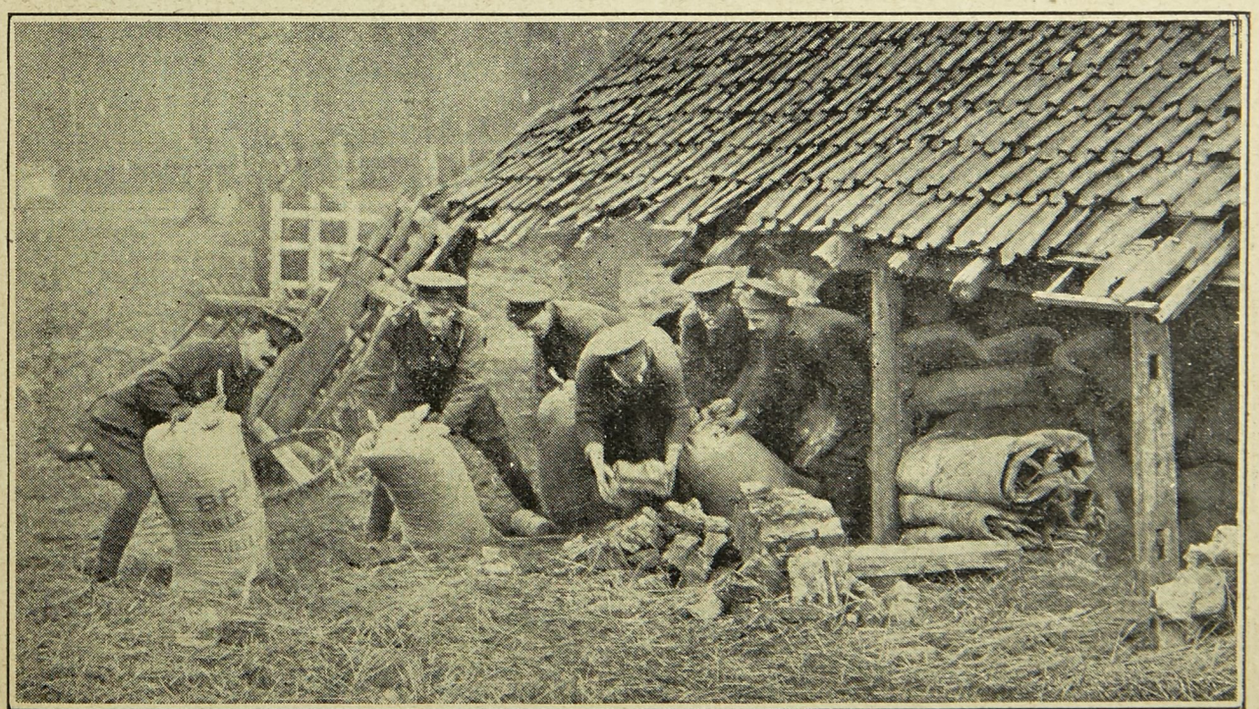
The retreat was made possible by the cause that produced it. Mackensen could only move his heavy guns and howitzers by railway. The Russians blew up the railway as they retired. The German engineers could not rebuild it at a quicker rate than three to five miles a day. This, therefore, was the average rate of progress of the enormous battering-ram. Whenever the German or Austrian troops tried to advance without the help of their monster siege train, they were beaten back. All Mackensen's victories were won in the zone of the hurricane of shell fire. Beyond that zone his troops were continually defeated. So long as the Russian armies retreated with an unbroken front, Falkenhayn's great plan remained unexecuted. In the meantime the Russians had only to wait until the store of many millions of German and Austrian high-explosive shells was exhausted, or until the rifling of the long-range heavy guns and howitzers was worn out. Until this happened the Russians had to conduct a fighting retreat. But it was a long, long way to Moscow, at the rate of only three miles a day.

Soldier invalids, scarred but still cheerful, breaking their train journey to the base hospital, at a small French station, where large cans of tea are being prepared for them by Red Cross men.

Feeding the Flames of War in Northern France

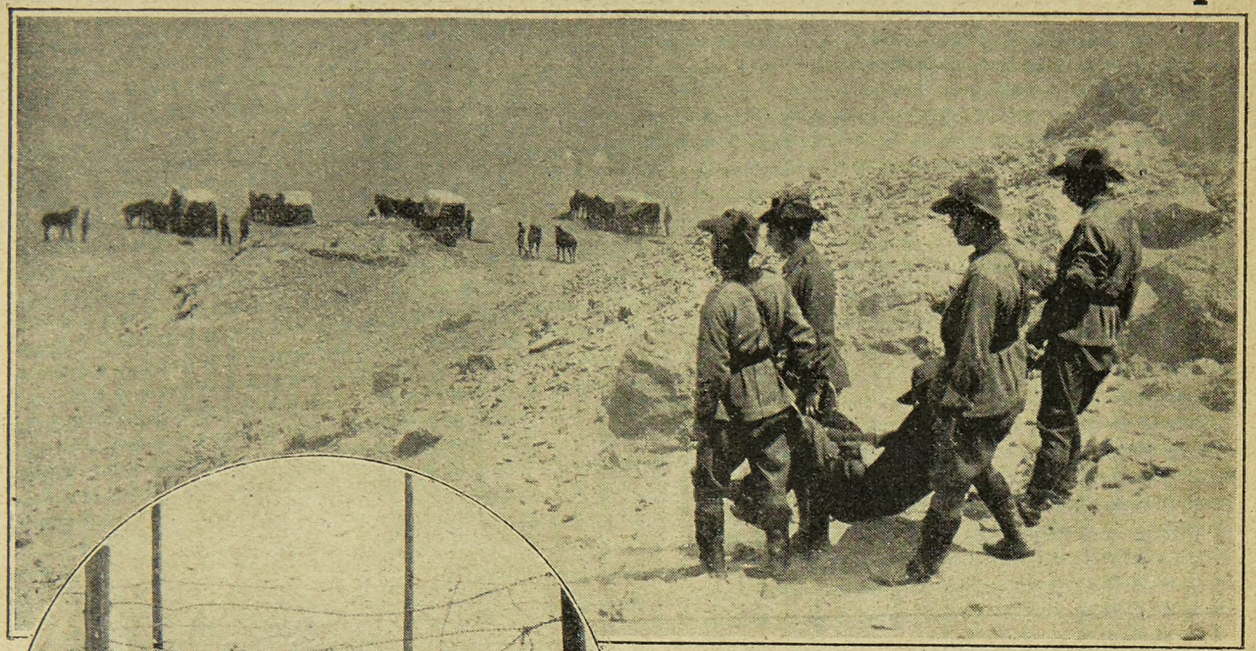


It is calculated that, in order to keep the furnace of war going, the equivalent of a large army waits continually on the men actually doing the fighting. This photograph shows a British transport section with fresh horses and supplies on the way to the British lines. They are passing through a street of a picturesque old town in the North of France that has so far escaped bombardment.

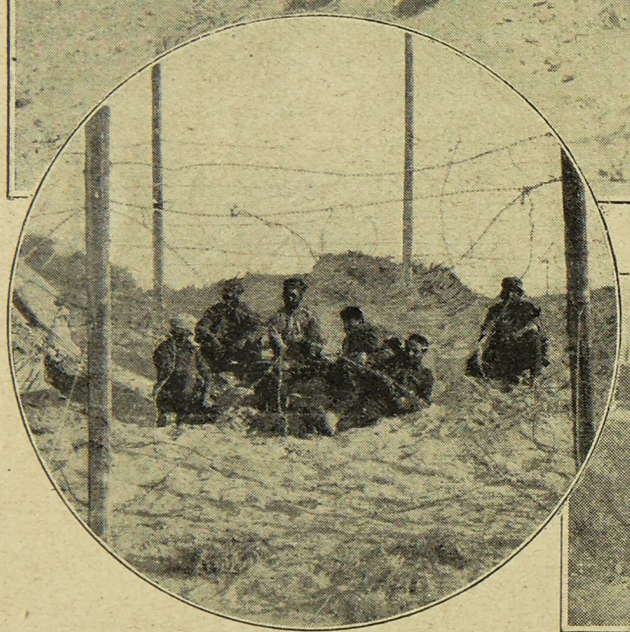


British "Tommies" removing Army stores from a shed on a farmstead situated behind our trenches in the North of France. The farm had been deserted by its owner, and had suffered greatly from German shell fire.

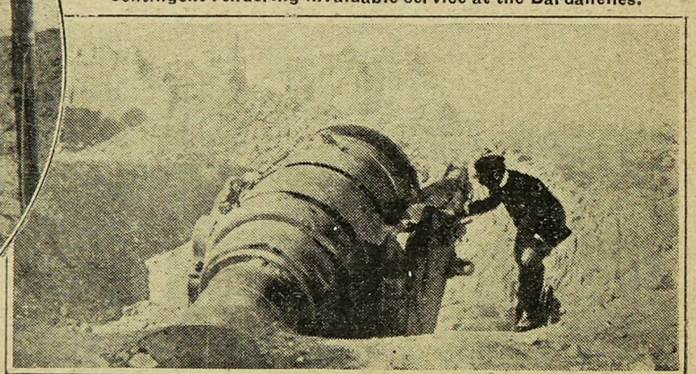
Allied Efforts to thrust the Turk from Europe



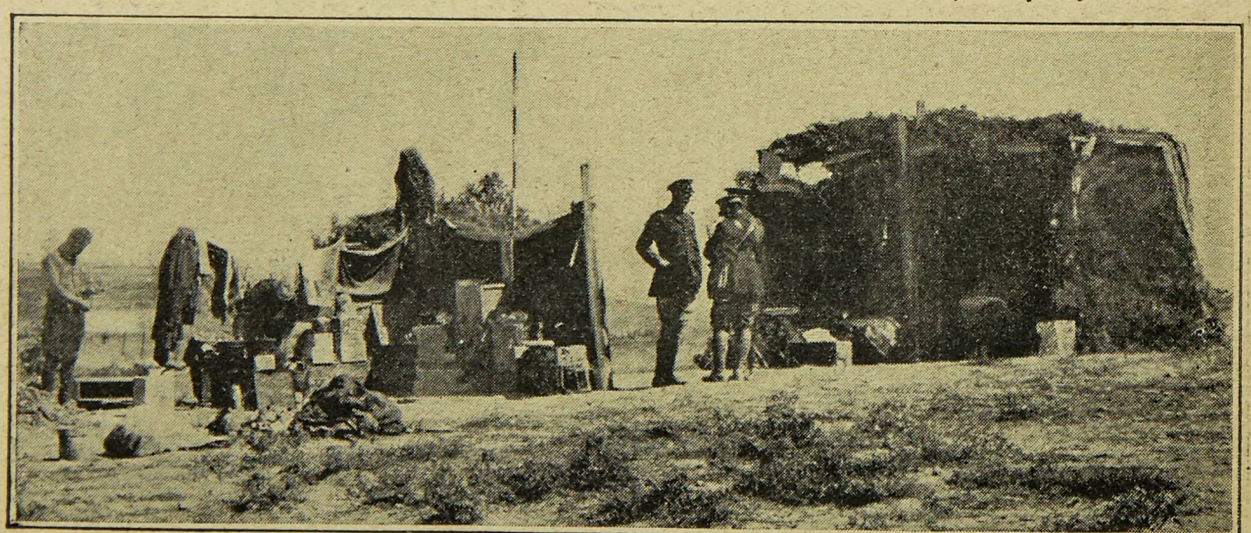
Wounded Australian being carried on an emergency sling, made with a saddle-blanket and stirrup-straps. Australia's ambulance contingent rendering invaluable service at the Dardanelles.



Turkish prisoners comfortably ensconced behind barbed-wire on the sands of the Gallipoli Peninsula.

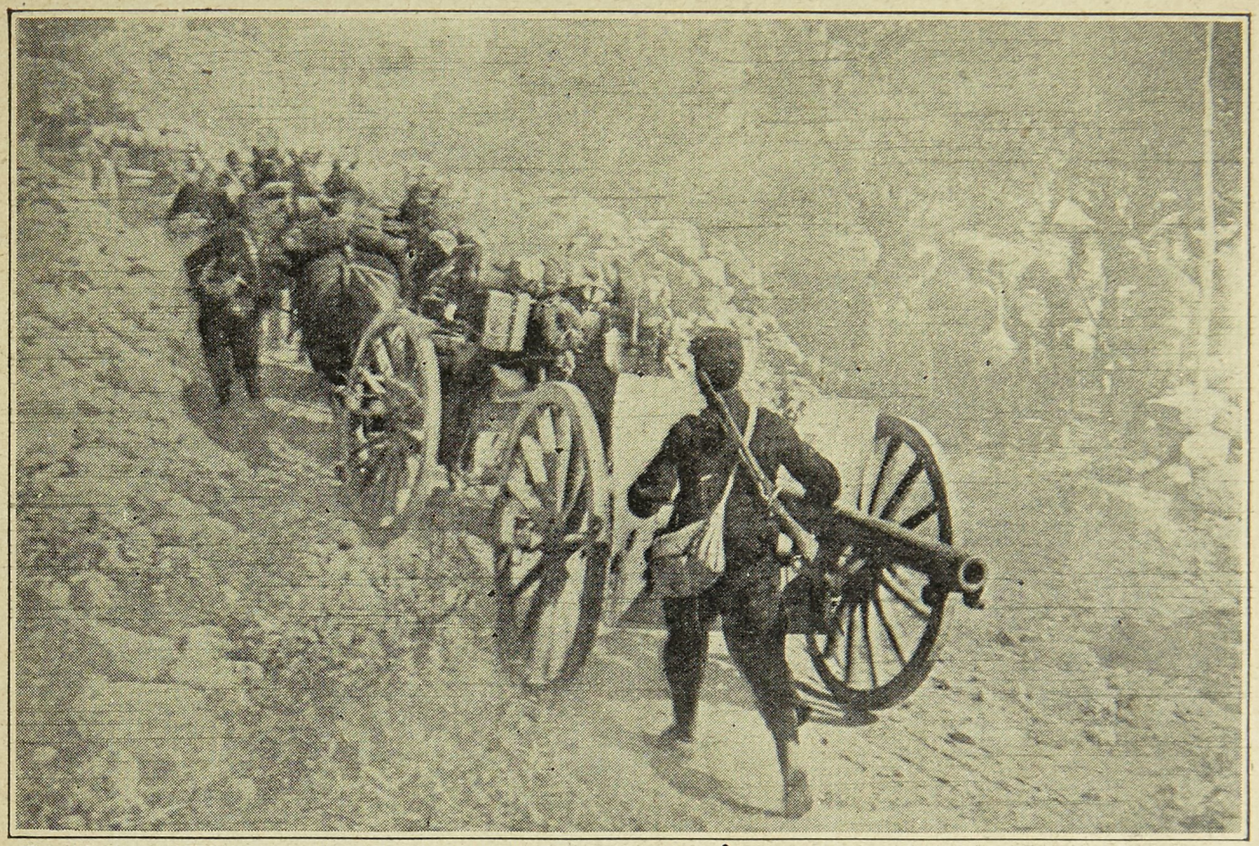


French Marine officer investigating the damage done to a Turkish gun in the fortress of Seddul Bahr, destroyed by the Allies.



Part of the Headquarters of the 29th Division on the shores of Gallipoli. The hut to the right, which is principally constructed of lumber and brushwood, forms the Staff officers' "office."

The Ubiquitous "75" at the Dardanelles

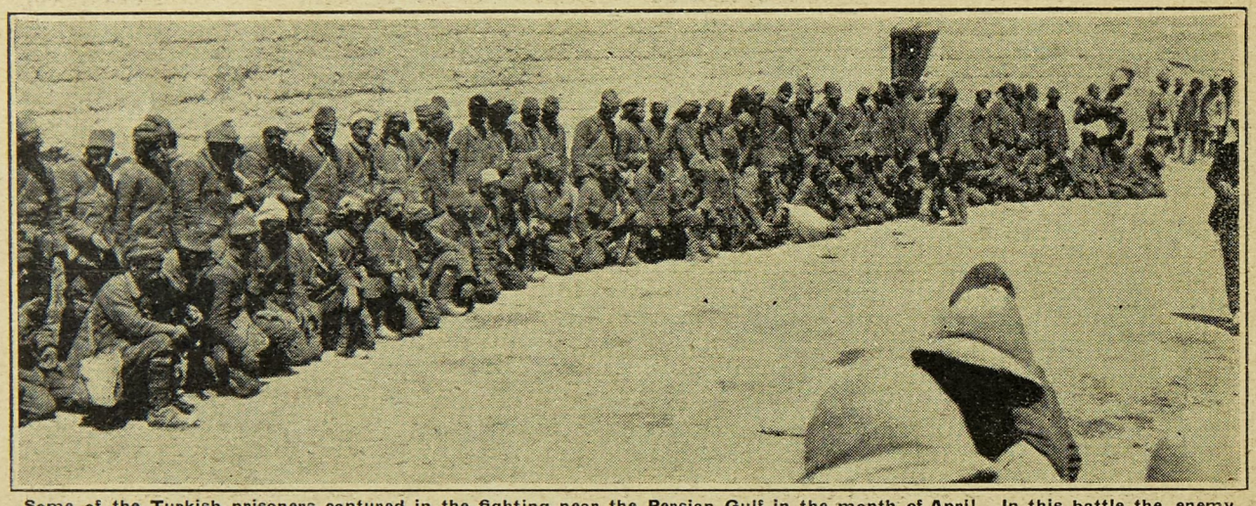


The ubiquitous "75" takes up its position in Gallipoli. These superb French guns, which are doing more than any other ordnance to batter the Huns out of France, are also taking an invaluable share of the allied work in the Dardanelles. Their extreme mobility has rendered them unusually serviceable in the rough territory of the Gallipoli Peninsula.

British and French soldiers about to erect a field telegraph behind the fallen fort of Seddul Bahr. The latest efforts of the Turks, under their German leader, General Liman von Sanders, to "drive the British into the sea" have resulted in about 8,000 Turkish casualties to 500 or so British. The Allies have now secured a firm foothold on the Gallipoli Peninsula under enormous difficulties.

Victory with Britain's Forces in the Persian Gulf

Indian soldiers fighting for the great British Rajin Mesopotamia. Complete success has so far attended Anglo-Indian efforts in this remote war against "kultur's" Oriental allies. On April 13th-14th about 18,000 Turks, Kurds, and Arabs attacked in the neighbourhood of Shaiba, but were routed by the British forces.



Some of the Turkish prisoners captured in the fighting near the Persian Gulf in the month of April. In this battle the enemy sustained no fewer than 6,000 casualties, and 700,000 rounds of rifle and 450 boxes of gun ammunition fell into British hands.

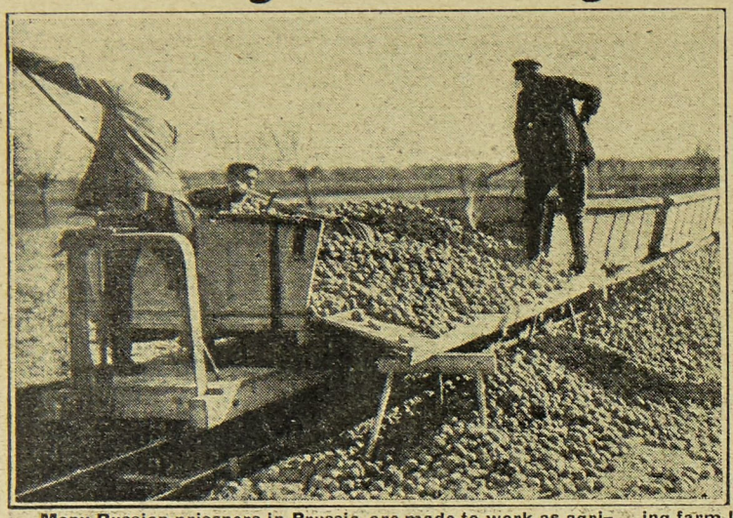
Paddling to victory. British troops (the Dorsets) pursuing the retreating Turks near Basra. The country between Basra and Shaiba, the scene of the futile Turkish attack, is for the most part under water. Many of the Turks retreated in small Arab river craft.

Italy's Well-Won Progress on the Isonzo

Patrol of Italian officers and men at the front. Although our ally is faced with a difficult military problem, she is making appreciable progress along the formidable mountain barrier frontier of three hundred miles between Italy and Austria.

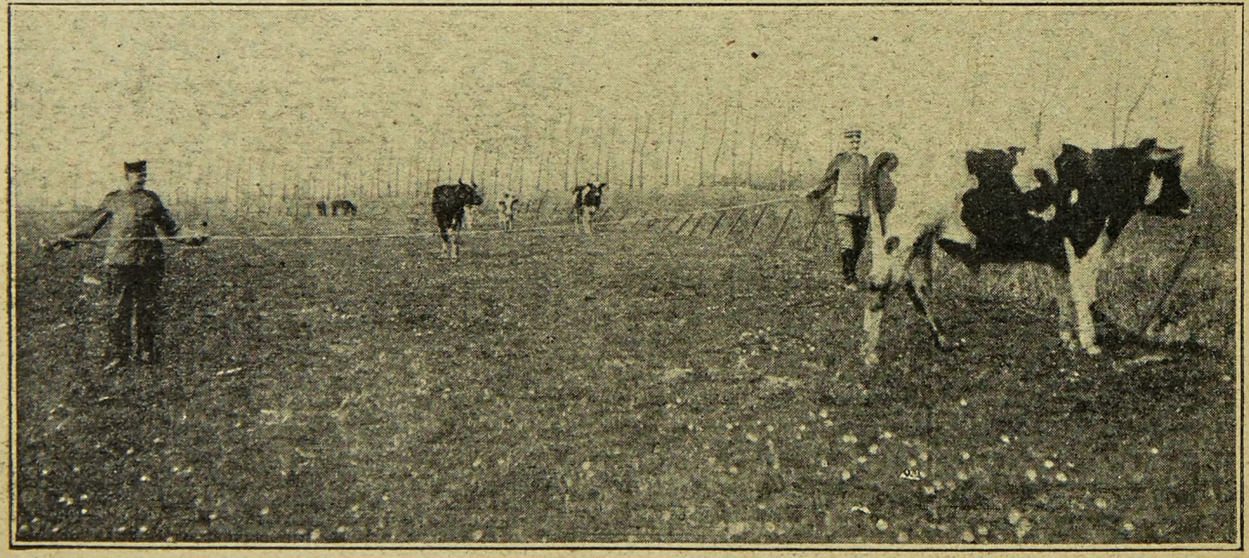
Italian cavalry crossing the Isonzo River where furious battles have been raging for the possession of the heights commanding the banks. By last week, after repeated charges, our ally had wrenched from the Austrians all the Isonzo heights in the Plava district.

Sowing and Tilling the Fields of War



Many Russian prisoners in Prussia are made to work as agricultural labourers under military guards. In our photograph two Russians are unloading potatoes. Right: Germans ploughing farm land in Belgium. Many of the farmsteads from which the Belgians fled before the tide of war are now being used by the invaders as homes for their wounded.

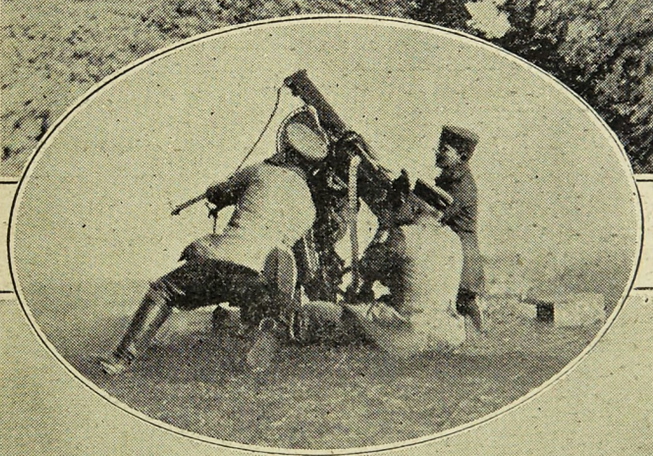
Soldier cowman on a farm behind the French lines. Here cattle are killed as they are needed to supply meat to the soldiers in the trenches. Above: Another Russian prisoner engaged on farm work in Prussia, tilling the land under guards.



Germans driving a cow on a Belgian farm. With characteristic arrogance the Huns are treating the farm-lands of Belgium as their own, sowing the soil they have ravaged, but the Allies will see to it that the invaders do not reap the ultimate harvest.

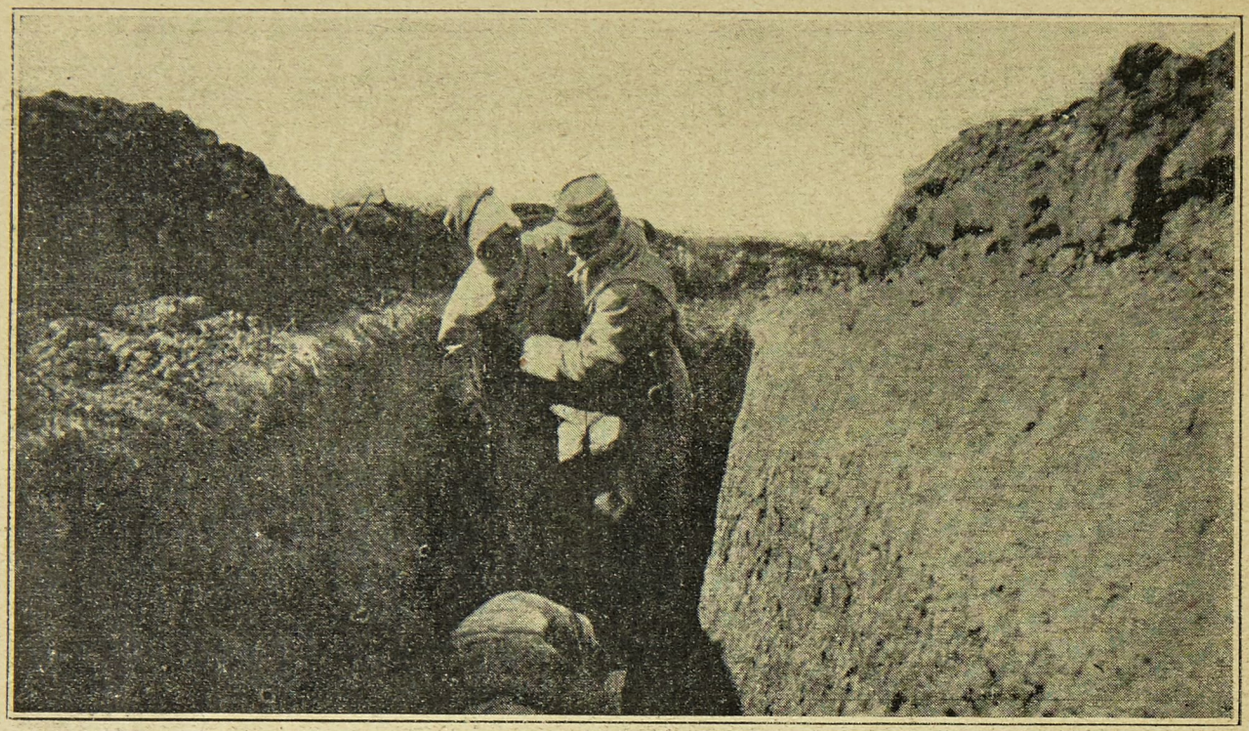
German Infantry in Galicia · Uhlans in Belgium

Bivouac of German troops while on the forward march to the Dukla Pass in the Carpathians. The columns sent to co-operate with the Austrians in this area stretched for miles along this particular route, which had been paved with wood by the engineers to facilitate transport.

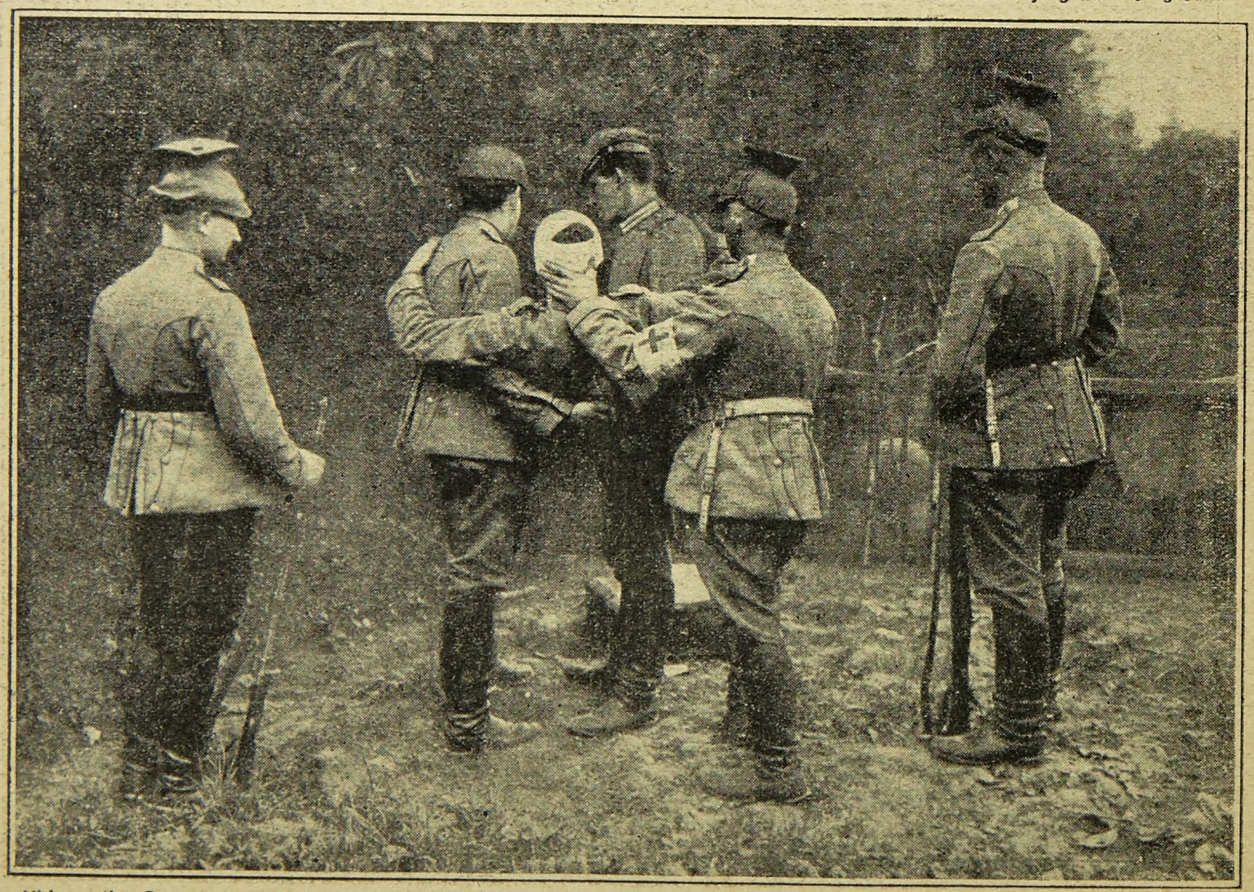


Some of the Uhlans have found time hang heavily during the incessant trench fighting, and are now acting as patrols in certain parts of Belgium in order to impress the inhabitants with the might of Kaiserism. Inset: German anti-aircraft machine-gun in action.

Gallant Red Cross Work at the Battle-front



Work of mercy in the French first-line trenches. A Red Cross doctor conducting a wounded soldier to a place of safety through a communication trench near Moncel, after having first attended his injuries under fire. A dead comrade is seen lying in the foreground.



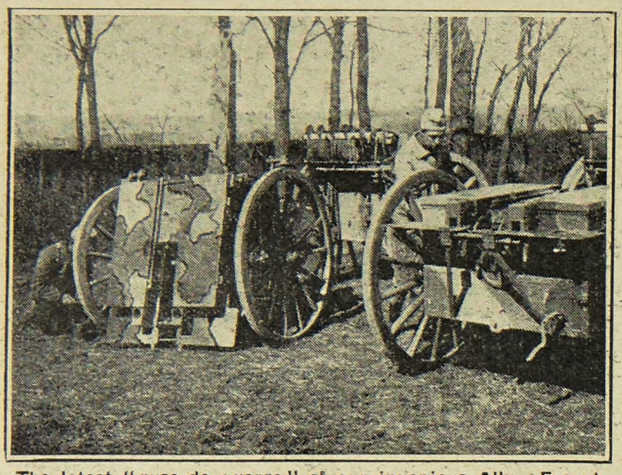
Uhlans, the German regiment notorious for its inhumanity at the beginning of the war, are seen in a new guise—as Red Cross workers. One of their company has been struck by a shell splinter, and is being conveyed out of the danger zone.

Forward with the Flag in the French Vanguard

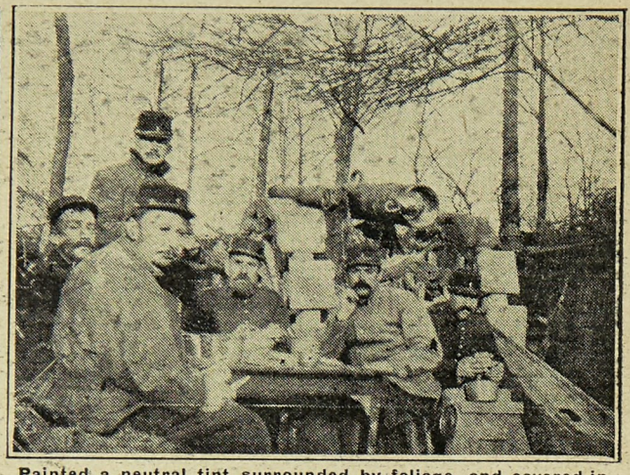
Our French allies, unlike our own troops in the field, still carry the Colours into action. This spirited photograph shows soldiers of the 206th Regiment of the Line setting out for the advance posts with the Tricolour. The Frenchman's love for the flag is almost fanatical. It is his religion, the immortal symbol of Liberty.

Strategy in the making. Two French Staff officers giving instructions to a junior. In the background French troops are seen constructing another row of trenches behind the first line.

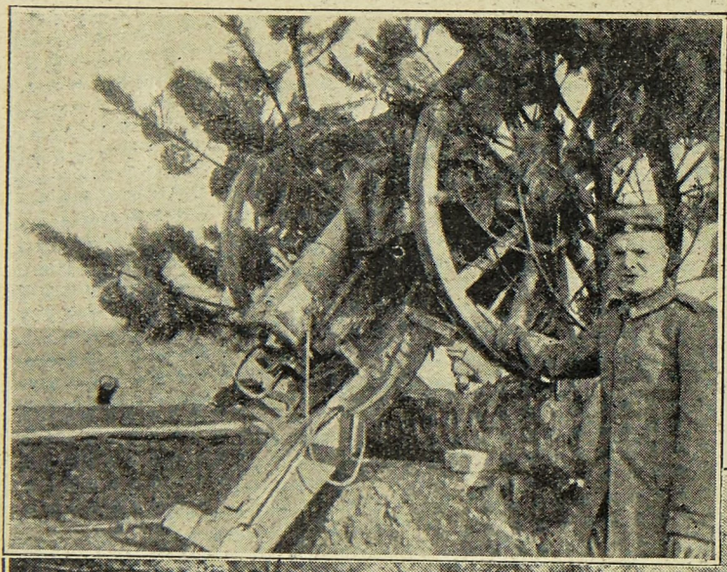
The Game of "Hide-and-Seek" with Heavy Artillery



The latest "ruse de guerre" of our ingenious Ally. French gunners painting "75's" the colour of the landscape, to form an effective disguise from inquisitive aircraft.



Painted a neutral tint, surrounded by foliage, and covered in with a roof of twigs, this French "155" is well screened from the enemy, and the gunners can breakfast in comparative peace.

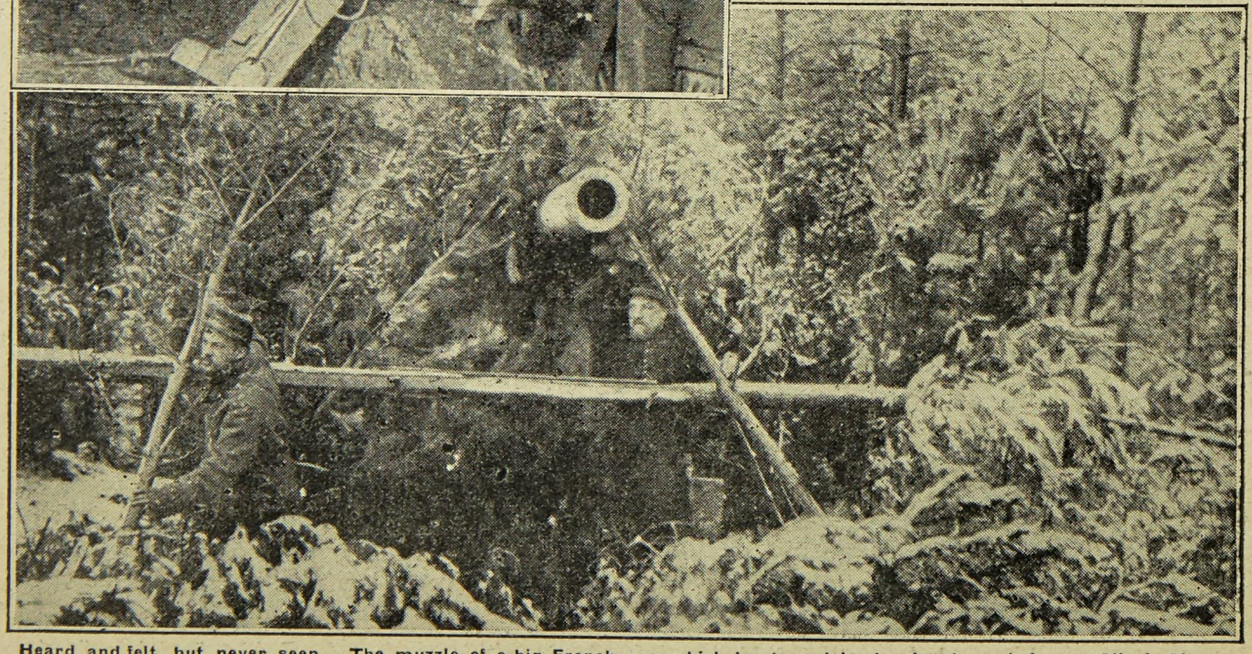


SINCE it is an accepted theory that artillery is the deciding factor in this War of the Nations, it follows, obviously enough, that the countries with a preponderance of weapons will eventually be victorious. Therefore it may be reckoned that the lives of guns are as valuable almost, from the military point of view, as individuals in this supreme conflict. In view of this, every effort is made to preserve these children of the mind of Man, to hide them wherever possible, to disguise them from aircraft and opponent weapons.

These photographs are interesting as showing the length to which gunners go to render their weapons invisible.

With the advent of summer every copse and thicket in the fighting areas, teeming with new life as it is, is paradoxically pregnant with lurking death.

One of the most effective ways of hiding a gun is to paint it the colour of the landscape, a method much in vogue with the French.



Heard and felt, but never seen. The muzzle of a big French gun which has been doing invaluable work for our Ally in Alsace. Inset above: A subtle hiding of a German anti-aircraft gun. This high-angle weapon is embodied in a thicket.

Thrilling Moonlight Attack on Turkish Fort

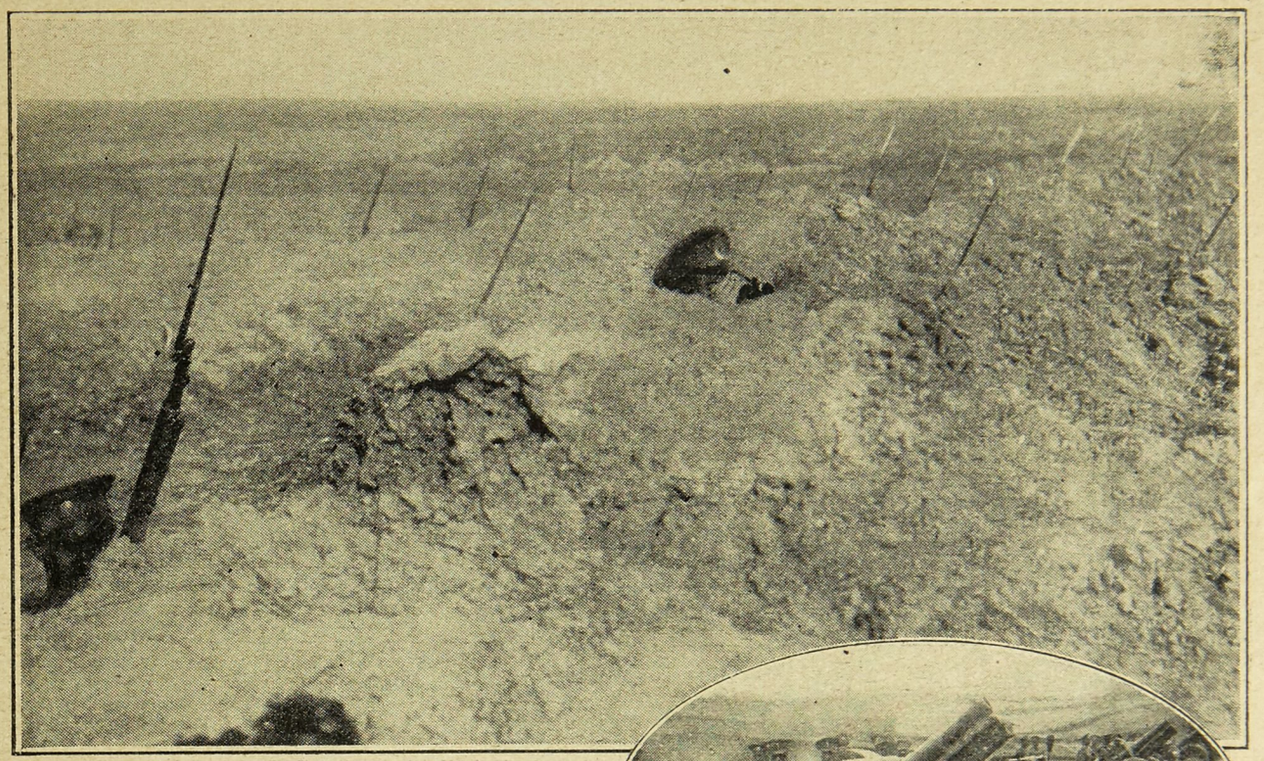
A thrilling surprise attack by moonlight was carried out recently in Gallipoli. Orders were given that a Turkish fort was to be captured by a volunteer party. A detachment of thirty-four Europeans and thirty-two Senegalese, in charge of a subaltern, left our first-line trench at nine o'clock one night and crept on their hands and knees, reaching to within forty yards of the fort at midnight. Then, springing to their feet, they completely surprised the Turks, who fled in disorder. We had only three men wounded, and the fort was captured with scarcely a shot being fired by our men.

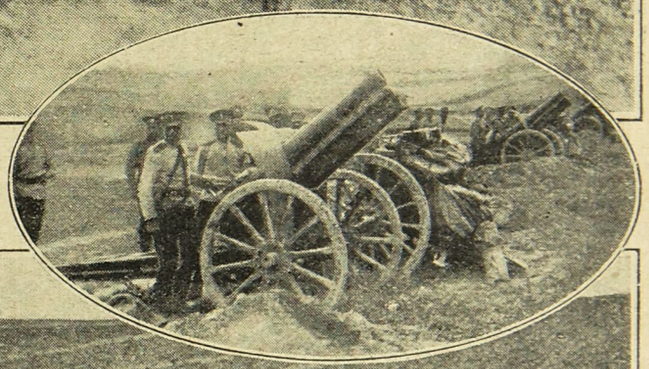
Titanic Austro-German Efforts in the Carpathians

German Staff officer watching the effect of shells dropped on naphtha wells at Gorlice, between Dunajec and Wisloka. One minor object of the great Germanic stroke in Galicia has been the recovery of these oil wells, as an unlimited supply of petroleum in modern warfare is indispensable. The Russians however, realising this, seem to have fired the wells before retreating.

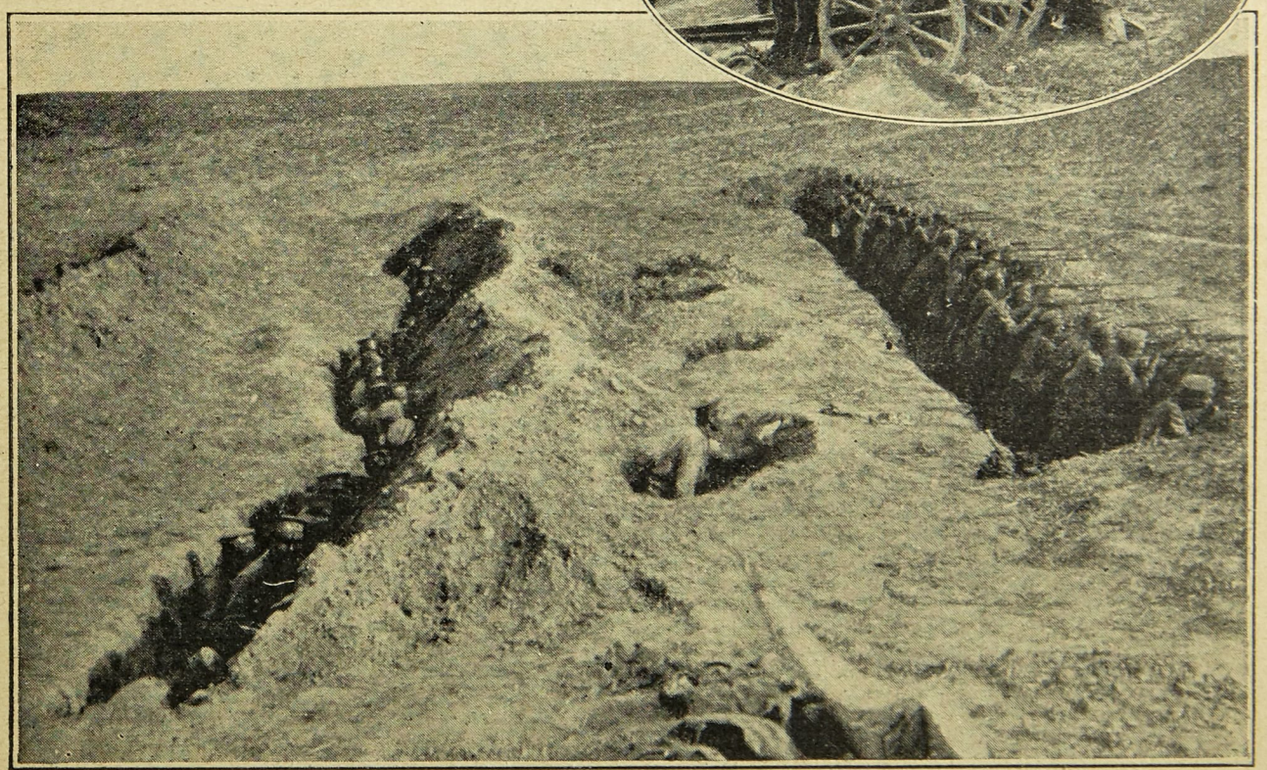
Germans assembling on the outskirts of Gorlice for the roll-call after battle. The smoke from the burning naphtha wells is seen rising in the distance. Insignificant in point of size as Gorlice is, this village in the Carpathians will figure in history like Mons and Ypres, for in the neighbourhood some of the most sanguinary Slav-Teuton contests have been fought.

Entrenched Russians await German Onslaught





Weird effect from a Russian trench, while the men are waiting the order to charge. Only their bayonets can be seen, looking as though they were growing out of the ground. An officer is studying the German trenches through binoculars. Inset: Russian howitzer battery "somewhere on the Polish front."



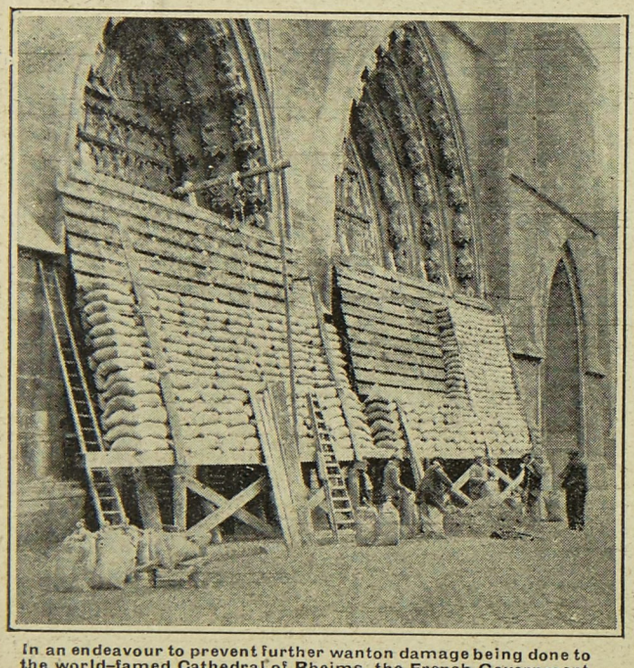
A flank view of two advanced Russian trenches on the Eastern front. In a shallow pit dug between the trenches is an officer who, map in hand, is studying the enemy's position and directing his men's fire.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

THE position along the allied fronts is at the moment of writing this article one of acute and critical interest. To the south-east the Russian armies, overwhelmed by superior numbers, hampered by lack of arms and transport, are slowly, steadily retreating. To the south, the Italian armies, after gradually advancing against a comparatively weak force, are being held up by unfavourable weather. On the west front the French are carrying out a sustained advance from Alsace to Arras. The Germans are concentrating their main western force in a counter-offensive north of Arras.

For us the movement of the greatest interest is that now going on to the south of Flanders. The French army under General Foch, moving up from Arras in the direction of Lens, has done amazingly well. It has attacked and taken point after point in the German defences, and has stormed the terrible Labyrinth, which for so long defied all the efforts of the allied armies. It reached a point last week where it was possible to say that the German occupation of the city of Lille was once more being threatened. This is the immediate objective of the French campaign. The Germans have defended themselves in characteristic fashion, with a fresh and furious attack, not only of the northern French lines, but of the British and Belgian lines also. Fresh heavy artillery has been brought up, fresh long-range bombardments begun, and, as I write, fighting



In an endeavour to prevent further wanton damage being done to the world-famed Cathedral of Rheims, the French Government has had barricades of sand-bags placed round the outer walls.

as savage as any that the war has seen is proceeding all along this line. The main centre of the fighting is north of Arras itself. There, to use the remarkable phrase in the German official report, "both sides are fighting with unheard-of courage and heroism."

Our Month of Opportunity

The hands of the Germans have been to a certain extent forced in the Arras region by the activity of the French, for it is scarcely possible to think that they should contemplate major attacks simultaneously on the south-east and north-west fronts. There are no less than four million Austro-German troops engaged in the great advance in Galicia. The armies there are being strengthened by all possible reinforcements that can be sent to them. The Germans are fighting so hotly on the western front at this moment because they believe in the sound military doctrine that the best defence is a vigorous attack. The fury of their attempted advance at this point is the best proof that their generals realise the seriousness of the position. This is the moment for the Allies to strike, to strike hard, and to strike all the time.

The French, adopting the policy of advance all along the line, are securing numerous local advantages, particularly in Alsace. The policy of General Joffre in maintaining pressure everywhere is to discover where the Germans are weakest. Presumably, he has in reserve a great mobile force which he can concentrate on any point at the right moment. Unfortunately there are yet no evidences that the French have developed the extreme railway mobility which has so far been one of the great sources of the strength of the Germans. Possibly far-reaching and unknown improvements have recently been made in this direction. The French plan of campaign presupposes that the French troops have a very high standard of efficiency and of power of endurance. Happily, the French armies have proved more than able to meet the calls made on them. In the fighting of the past month they have emerged with the greatest credit. It is impossible to speak too highly of what they have done.

The Problem before Italy

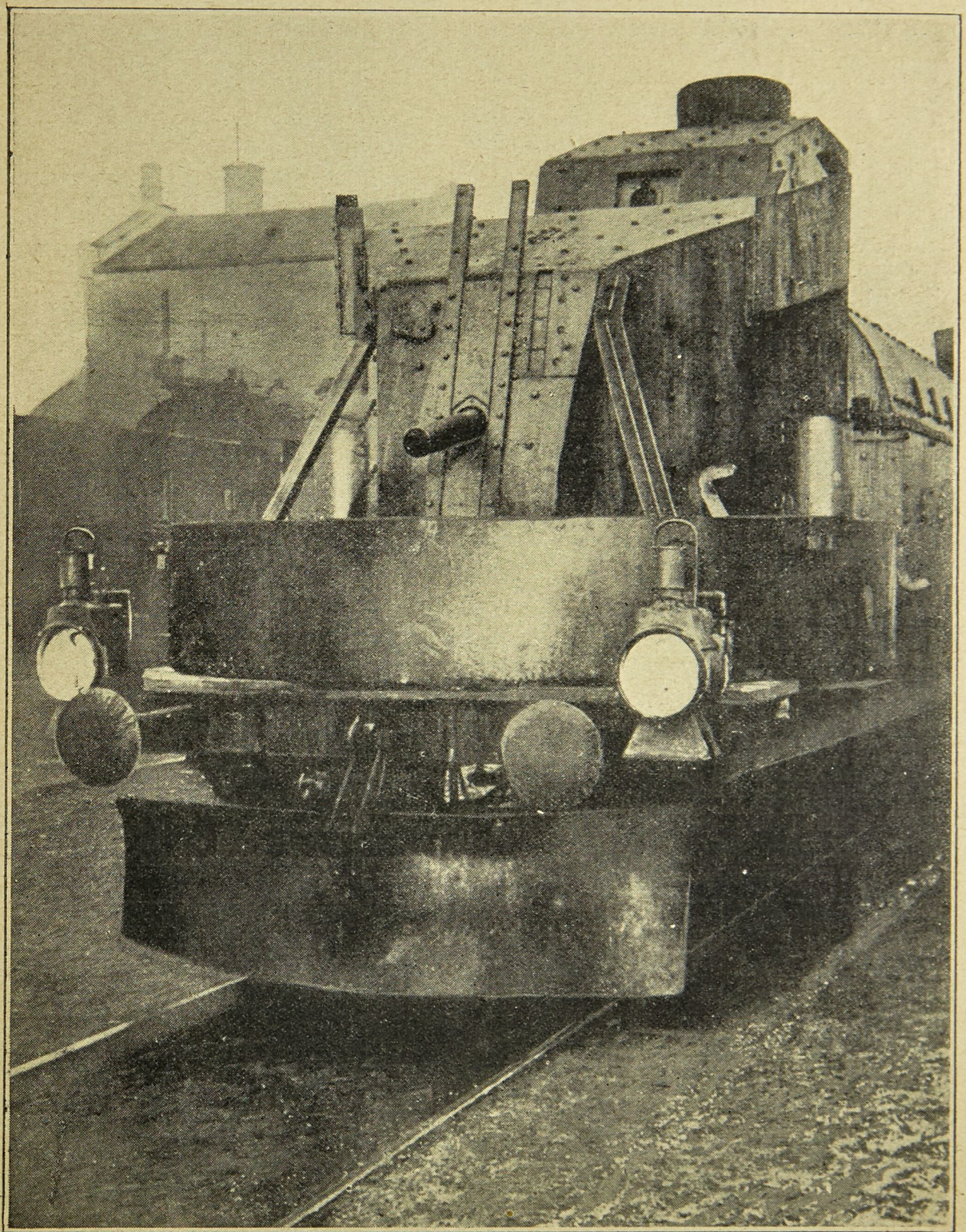
If I have not so far joined in the enthusiastic chorus about the doings of the Italian armies, it is not that I do not appreciate the efficiency of General Cadorna's armies, the excellence of their artillery, and the splendid spirit of the men. But it would be foolish to dwell too largely on what has yet been accomplished. The policy of the Austro-German generals at the present time is to keep the Italians as much as possible in check, to make their advance as slow and as costly as possible, and to deal with them later when the Austro-German troops are set free from the east. This is what they are succeeding in doing. Cheering as the Italian advance and triumphs are, they are little more than preliminary skirmishes. The Italian forces have less than eight weeks before the first winter snows of the Alps will be on them. They will then find themselves face to face with a foe more formidable than German armies, the autumn companion of the General "Février" whom Napoleon's armies learnt to dread.

A Hero of the "Princess Pat's"

Some two or three weeks ago I chanced to meet in London a young Canadian officer back from the front on three days' leave. His uniform had, I noticed, a bullet hole in it, his walking-stick was chipped with a fragment of shrapnel, his face bore the marks of battle, and though he disclaimed being wounded he had to admit, when pressed, that a splinter or two of shell had struck him. When I met him he was on his way to Oxford, where for a few hours during his brief leave he meant to go on the river, and, amidst the peaceful calm of the Isis, forget the scene at the front. He was Lieutenant Papineau, of the Princess Patricias, one of the two officers left in the great fight of May 8th, when the Patricias, after seventeen days of continuous resistance in the trenches, had to endure the bombardment of seventy to eighty great German guns, and where they lost over seventy-five per cent. of their men. He was the officer who won such fame by his earlier attack on a German trench.

For some time not much was said of the doings of the Patricias in the heavy fighting that followed the German attacks on our lines on April 22nd. But their story is now told in a full despatch from the Canadian Eye-Witness. It is one in which Canadian and British may feel a mutual pride. The Patricias numbered, with their reinforcements, some 1,500 men. At the conclusion of the fighting on May 8th scarcely one hundred and ten effective rifles were left. They were one of the regiments to pay the price for our shortage in artillery and high explosives. At point after point in the long winter and spring campaign these men, old soldiers many of them, took their part in the hottest fighting.

A Juggernaut of the West: Huns' Giant War Train



This mammoth death-dealer on wheels is a type of armoured train which is being used by the Austrians against the Russians. Tremendous weapons are a feature of the Austrian armies, but such-like trains, guns, and cumbersome transport automobiles have invariably been outclassed by the lighter and more mobile weapons of the Allies. So far as Austria's part in the war is concerned, it would seem that enormous engines of destruction are, paradoxically, synonymous with impotence and defeat.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THERE has been excitement in the Press over some information furnished by a German naval officer concerning our enemy's naval preparations.

We are told that a battleship and a battle-cruiser have been completed with 15 in. guns, and that "by the end of the year Germany will have at her disposal four more Dreadnoughts and a number of battle-cruisers."

It is also suggested that the latest vessels will be armed with an even heavier gun than the 15 in. In that case, though Germany will gain something in the destructive powers of a single salvo from the big guns, since the effect of the burst varies as the square of the weight of the bursting charge, her squadron will lose in homogeneity and rapidity of hits.

Clever Effort to Frighten Us!

Since the 15 in. gun can do all the work of destruction required against existing armour at the maximum range at which guns can be sighted from aboard ship, the new German theory must be based on even greater ranges on the idea of using "spotters" elsewhere to assist in signalling the range and the effect of shots.

Now it is obvious that these "spotters" cannot be on the water because of our own great preponderance afloat, which would chase them away. The idea must therefore be the combined tactics of surface and aircraft.

The German officer has really made a clever attempt to frighten us, clever because all his statements are possible if not probable. When, however, he mentions the two ships completed with 15 in. guns as being the result of the Queen Elizabeth's performances in the Dardanelles last March, I am tempted to think that there is more journalism than expertism in this version of his letter. Krupp has had 15 in. guns for a long time, but owing to the opposition of Von Tirpitz the 12 in. guns were adhered to.

Then the 1913 programme came along with ships to carry 15 in. guns, but those ships are not completed yet, and the reference to a battleship and a battle-cruiser, re-designed to carry 15 in. guns and now completed, must be the battleship Kronprinz, which was laid down some six months later than her three sisters now in commission with 12 in. guns, and the battle-cruiser Lützow, which again was laid down some six months later than her predecessor with 12 in. guns.

Now, with regard to the further paragraph, there can, in addition to the two ships just mentioned, be added only three more Dreadnoughts and three battle-cruisers, counting among the latter the Salamis ordered for Greece; and if they are completed, as suggested, by the end of the year, it will be a very creditable feat.

What the Germans claim to have done in re-designing these ships, we could equally have done in the case of the battleship Canada, which was building for the Chilians as a 14 in. gun ship. Supposing we did so, we should have twelve ships with 15 in. guns to seven for Germany with 15 in. or heavier guns, and in the rest of our Dreadnoughts we should still have a large preponderance of ships carrying 13½ in. and 12 in. guns to the 12 in. and 11 in. guns of the Germans.

The only real difference would be that Mr. Churchill told the country that the Germans could only add two ships with 15 in. guns by the end of 1915, whereas the claim advanced by the German naval officer is seven ships, some of which will carry 17 in. guns. Putting this claim at its very highest limit, it still leaves an overwhelming preponderance to the Allies, and induces us once more to reaffirm the opinion that Germany would have been in an incomparably stronger position for this war if she had spent enough on her navy to take care of the Baltic, and devoted the rest to her army.

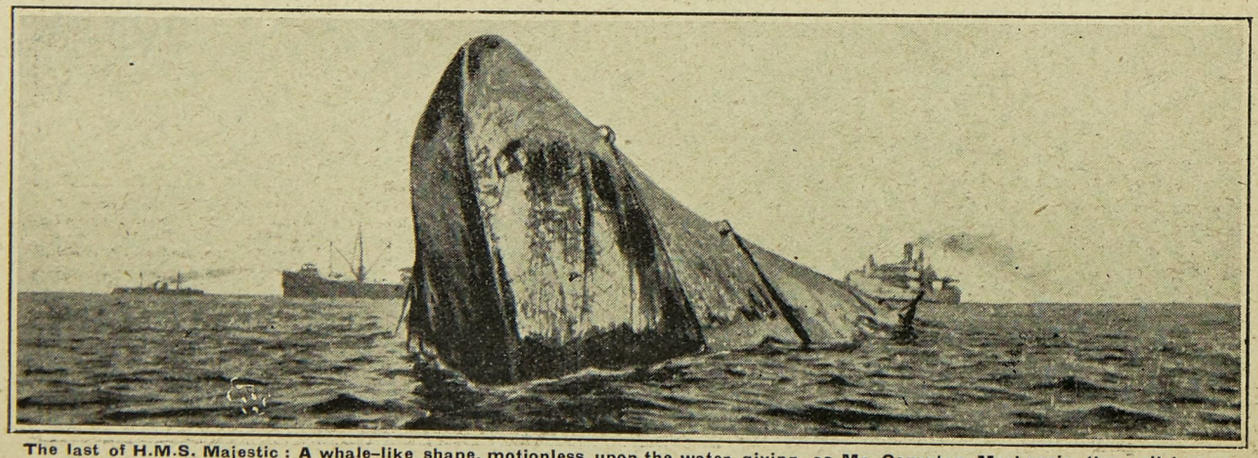
New Enemy Submarines.

The most interesting statement made by the German officer is that 24 small submarines of 200 to 300 tons, 12 of 800 tons, and 24 of 1,200 tons have been completed since the war broke out. Adding these to the 28 built before the outbreak of war, and excluding all losses, we have a total of 88, or, with Austria, of 100 submarines. I can accept this, while my judgment refuses the claim for the 1,200-ton boats of a 20-knot surface speed, with 16 knots submerged, which is what is advanced. She can have one or the other, but I doubt the possibility of a submarine of 1,200 tons obtaining both these high speeds.

The important question is not the number of submarines Germany possesses, but the number of trained crews that are left. War has used up even unknown numbers, and I do not know whether the extensive minefields the Germans were able to lay during the crisis and in the early days of the war have enabled them to turn a great tract of sea behind Heligoland into a protected exercising ground for submarines. In view of the severity of the hunt and the traps which are set, the training has to be exacting.

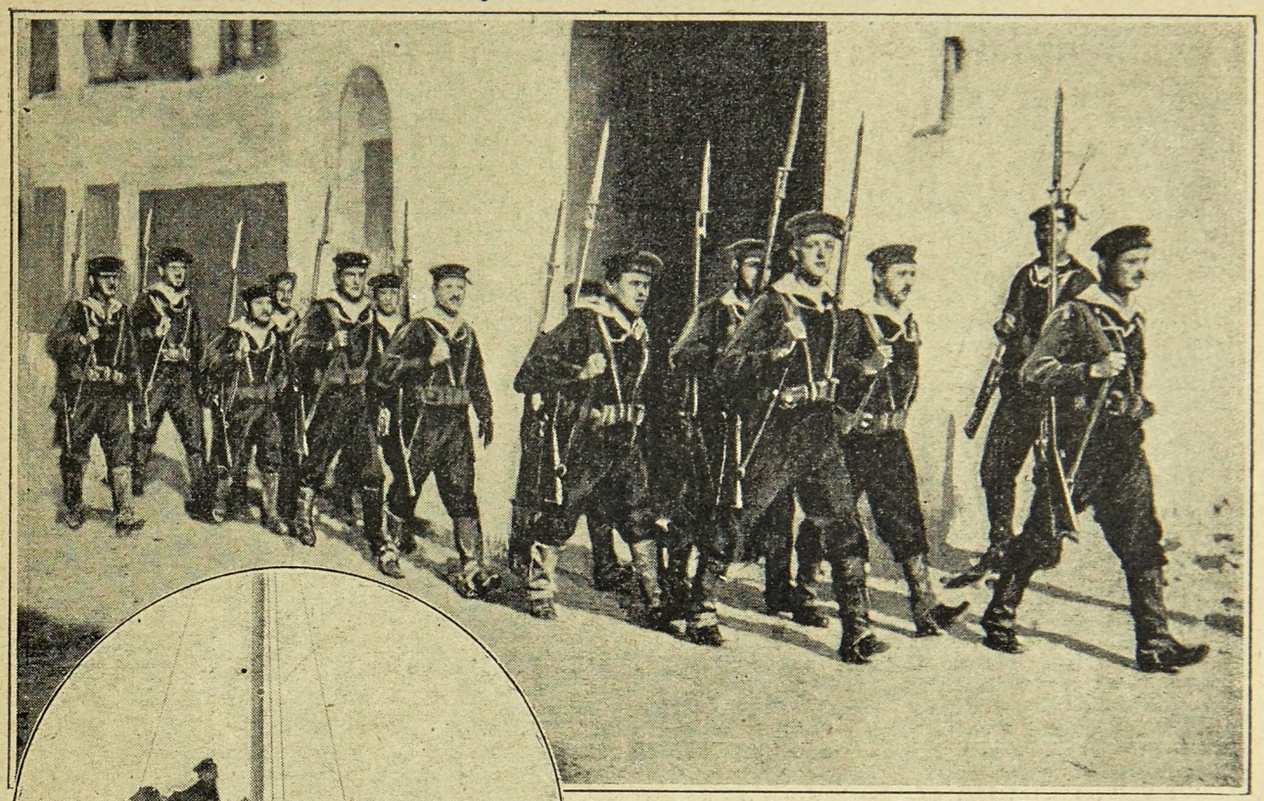
The results attained in certain cases are very remarkable, as for instance in U21, which made the voyage to the Dardanelles and successfully attacked the Majestic and the Triumph at the end, a feat for which her commander has obtained the highest distinction from his country. There is this consolation in the past history of the submarine war. It is that the vessels which show the most skill also take the greatest risks, and are soonest eliminated.

It was so with U29 and U14. Their captains were our most successful opponents, and they are both gone. It is not the excellence of our passive defence, but the severity of the hunt which tells.

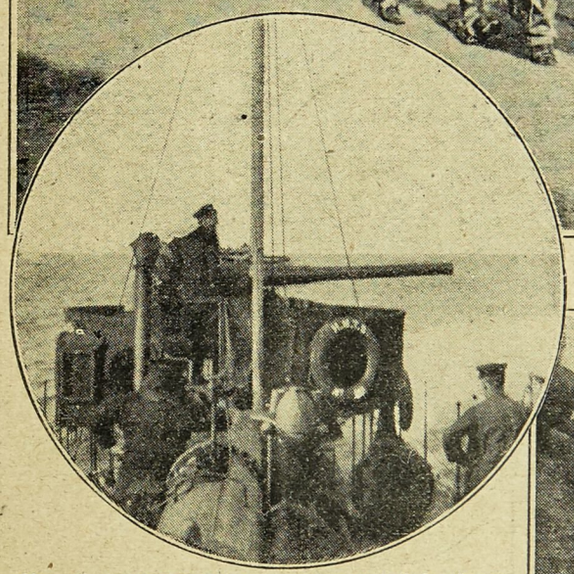


The last of H.M.S. Majestic: A whale-like shape, motionless upon the water, giving, as Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the well-known novelist, has written, "the illusion of slowly assuming to herself the nature of the waves." (Exclusive photograph taken by a French naval officer.)

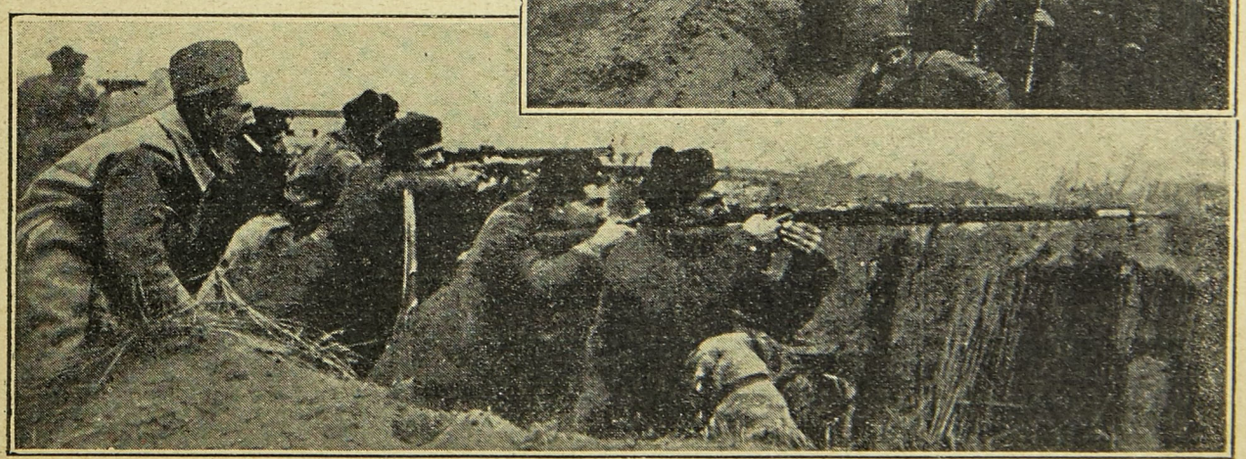
Allied and Enemy Sailors Ashore and Afloat



Italian sailors marching in full service kit. The Duke of Abruzzi's bluejackets are a fine body of men, and they may be required to fight on shore either against the Austrians or Turks.



Men of the Grand Fleet guarding Britain's shores. Photograph taken aboard a British torpedo-boat destroyer patrolling the North Sea.



French Marines in action in our ally's first-line trenches. Their bulldog mascot has accompanied them from the ship to the trenches. Inset above: German sailors outside a dug-out in the sand-dunes of Belgium. Is it because so many of his sailors are fighting in Belgium that Admiral von Tirpitz does not offer battle?

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

A LOT has been heard lately about the big aeroplanes built by the Russian engineer Sikorsky. Speaking in the House of Commons recently, Mr. Joynson-Hicks strongly advocated the use of such machines, as they could carry four or five bombs weighing between 400 and 500 pounds apiece. Mr. Tennant, the Under-Secretary for War, was kind enough to inform the House—and incidentally the Germans—that somewhat similar machines are now being built in this country. Incidentally, perhaps, I may be permitted to note that for two years or so I have been strongly advocating the use of big aeroplanes in my own paper, and so recently as May 28th, 1914—or two months before the war—I pleaded once more for the building of aeroplanes big enough to carry machine-guns capable of beating off the fast scouting aeroplanes of any possible enemy.

A Huge Russian Biplane Described

The really big Sikorsky biplane is a huge affair, driven by four separate engines, each of 120 h.-p. Mr. Joynson-Hicks, having doubtless some recollection of its carrying about 500 h.-p., evidently thought each engine was of 100 h.-p., and said it had five engines; but this is not strictly accurate, for the engines are arranged so that there are two on each side of the body. One on each side is as close to the body as the size of its propeller will permit, and the others are each placed outside these again, the engines being carried on the wings and not in the body itself, as is the custom in all other aeroplanes. Each engine drives a separate propeller, the said propellers being behind the wings, as in a "pusher" machine, and not in front as in the "tractor" type. The beauty of this arrangement is that if one engine stops or becomes sulky, the machine can go on flying with the other three quite comfortably, and although it may have two engines working on one side and only one on the other, so huge is the machine and so powerful are its controls that it is not pushed round a corner as one would expect, but it can be steered quite straight. The body is long and thin, like that of a "tractor" biplane, but instead of having the engine in the nose, in the usual way, this space is occupied by a huge cabin, lightly but luxuriously finished, and in front of this is placed the pilots' seat, or rather the seat for the pilots, for the designer evidently considers that so big a machine might tire out one pilot. It appears, however, that M. Sikorsky himself does not think so, for on one occasion he flew the machine himself for over six hours on end without a stop, and with sixteen passengers on board. On another occasion he flew with, I think, twenty-four passengers.

The passing of Lieutenant R. A. J. Warneford, V.C., "Honoured by the King; admired by the Empire; mourned by all." The coffin being carried to the grave in Brompton Cemetery by men of the Royal Naval Division. Inset: The last photograph taken of the airman hero. He is seen wearing the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

The Value of Russia's Smaller Machines

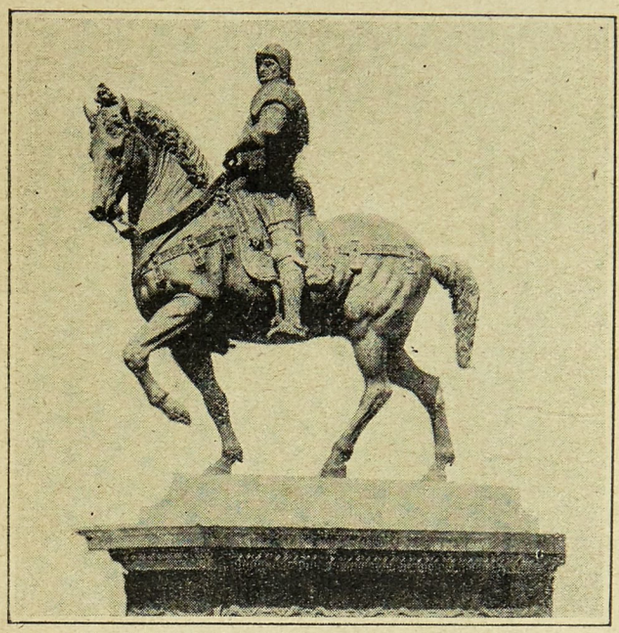
The first of his big aeroplanes, which had two engines of 100 h.-p. each, was called the "Russki Vites"—or "Russian Knight," and the big four-engined machine was called "Ilia Mourametz," which means either "Elijah the Prophet" or "Elijah the Champion," the name being applied apparently both to the original Elijah, who went to heaven in a flaming chariot, and to another Ilia, one of the heroes of Russian legend. Consequently all the Sikorsky biplanes are commonly called "Ilia Mourametz," although, as a matter of fact, those now being built are much more nearly of the "Russki Vites" type, being considerably smaller than the "Ilia Mourametz" and having only two engines. When Russian war correspondents, comfortably at home in Petrograd, write that "Our Ilia Mourametz biplanes dropped bombs on the enemy" at some place beginning with a cough and ending with a sneeze, they merely mean twin-engine Sikorskys of 200 h.-p. or so—as witness a German official report which recorded the fact that a Sikorsky had been brought down in German territory and mentioned casually that there were four men on board, where a true "Ilia Mourametz" would probably have had six or eight, besides her ammunition.

When tried under active service conditions it is found that the smaller-sized Sikorskys are really more satisfactory for several reasons. To begin with, if one of them is brought down and captured by the enemy, it only means losing half as many engines as if it had been one of the bigger machines, and it also means losing fewer men; yet so long as it keeps going, it can collect just as much information about the enemy's movements. Also, it is possible for the smaller machine to get out of and land in smaller grounds than the very big ones, for there is less mass to get going, so that it gets off with a shorter run, and for the same reason it can pull up quicker.

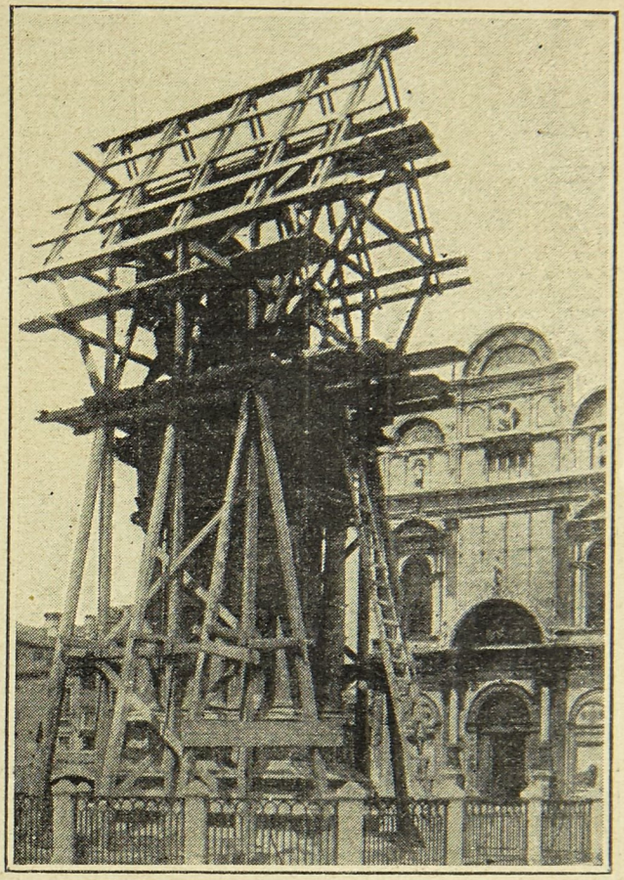
Even as a bomb-dropper the smaller type has an advantage, for though two of them would not actually carry as many bombs between them as would one of the big machines, because it would only be necessary to carry the same number of men on the one big machine—if really out for bomb-carrying only—as on each of the small machines, the use of one big machine means risking everything on one vessel, and if that is shot down the whole raid fails; whereas if the same number of bombs are distributed between two or more smaller machines there is always a long chance against the enemy "bagging" the lot.

This was seen clearly in the French raid on Karlsruhe the other day when twenty-three aeroplanes went out and only two were brought down, one apparently being hit, and the other being compelled to descend owing to engine failure. Now if all those bombs had been carried on, say, two of the big machines, these might have been the very ones brought down, and the raid would have failed.

Venice remembers Rheims & guards her Treasures



The Colleoni monument at Venice, which is reputed to be the finest equestrian statue in the world.



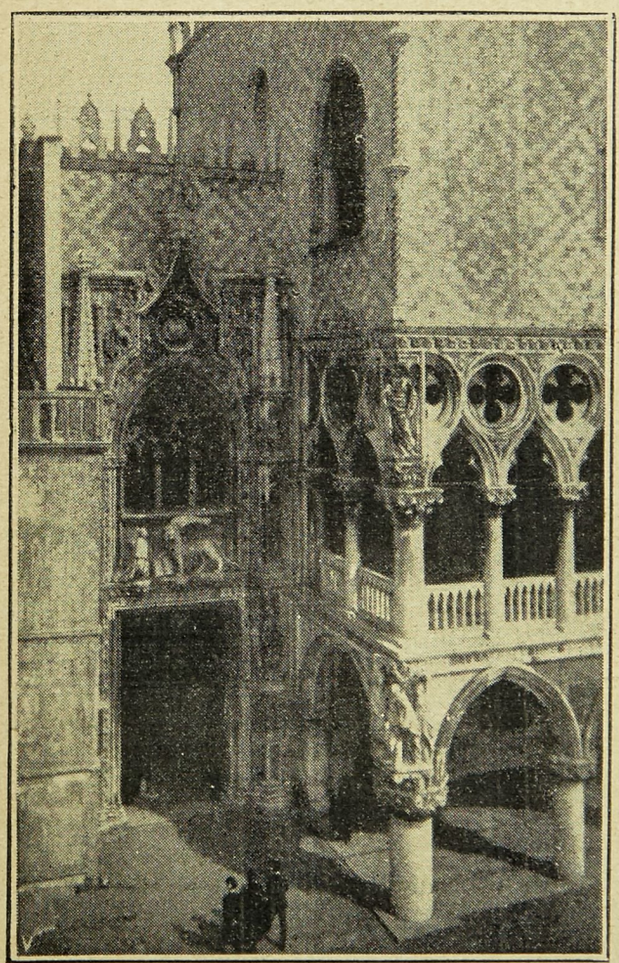
The precious Colleoni statue being enclosed in protective covering as a precaution against Austrian air bombs.

ITALY has had good time in which to learn the lesson of Hunnish destruction in Belgium and France, and is taking every precaution to guard her architectural treasures from the modern Vandals.

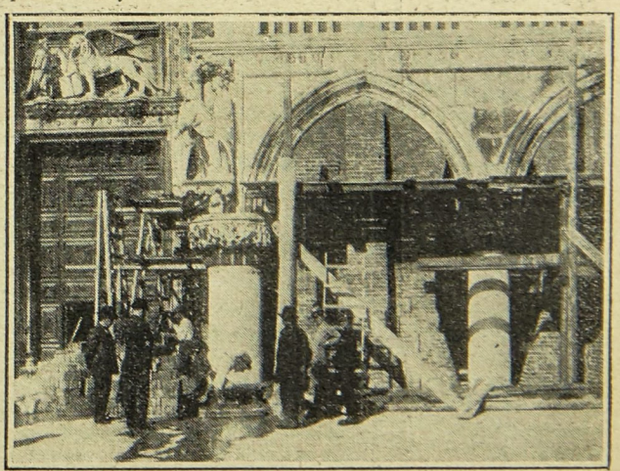
All famous monuments which run the risk of being branded with the foul mark of "kultur" are being protected as far as is possible. The celebrated Colleoni at Venice is now boarded up.

Colleoni, a mere captain of the Venetian Republic, earned immortality by leaving money for the erection of a monument to himself, and had the good luck to be commemorated in the finest equestrian statue which the genius of sculpture has produced.

The other photographs on this page show the renowned Palace of the Doges at Venice, the arcades of which are being bricked up as a precautionary measure.

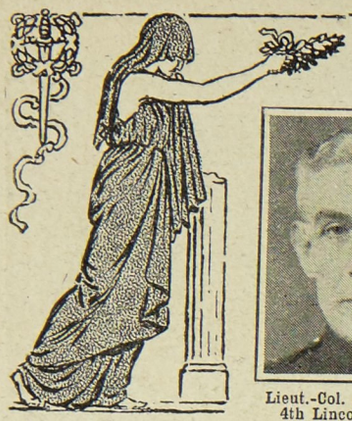


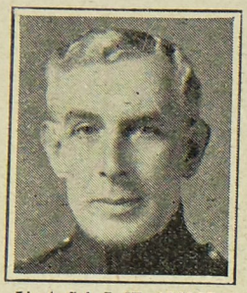
A corner of the world-famous Palace of the Doges, at Venice, adjoining St. Mark's, showing the beautiful colonnade which extends to the quayside of the Grand Canal.



To minimise the destructive power of vandal bombs on the exquisite colonnades of the Palace of the Doges, the arches have been filled in with bricks. Thus Italy takes precautions in time.

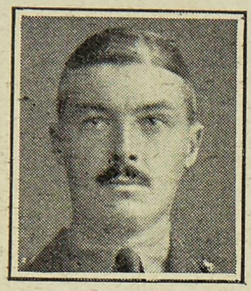
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



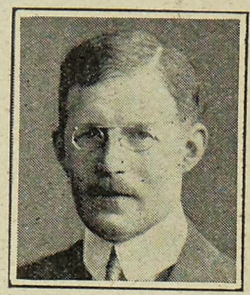


Lieut.-Col. J. W. JESSOP,
4th Lincolnshire Regt.

Lieut.-Col. D. A. CARDEN,
7th Argyll & Sutherland High.

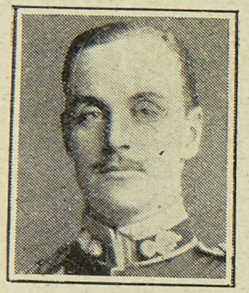


Major R. D. JOHNSON,
2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



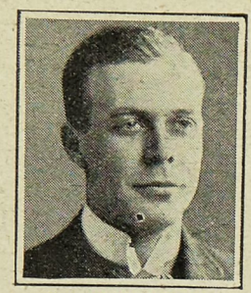
Major A. B. KING,
Argyll and Sutherland High.

Major H. A. LANG,
4th Worcestershire Regt.

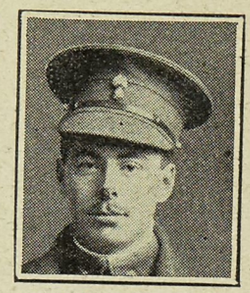


Capt. A. M. MACGREGOR
BELL, Royal Scots Fusiliers.

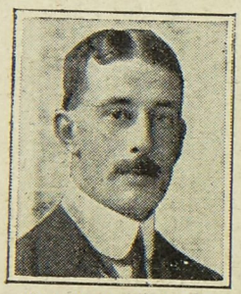
Capt. W. D. BUSH,
4th Worcestershire Regt.



Capt. H. H. BOLTON,
5th East Lancashire Regt.



Capt. R. B. SHUBRICK,
1st R. Inniskilling Fus.



Capt. R. C. P. BLYTH,
1st Gloucestershire Regt.

Lieut-Col. J. W. Jessop commanded the 4th Batt. Lincolnshire Regiment (T.F.), and had for many years been associated with the Auxiliary Forces.

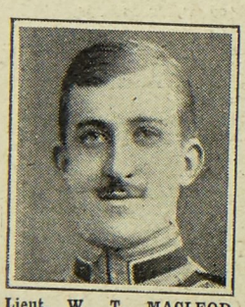
Lieut.-Col. D. A. Carden joined the Seaforth Highlanders in 1895. He served in the Nile Expedition of 1898, and fought at Atbara and Khartoum. In 1908 he served on the North-West Frontier of India, and took part in the operations in the Zakka Khel country, receiving the medal with clasp. He was attached to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in March last.

Major H. A. Lang, 4th Batt. Worcester Regiment, who was killed in action at the Dardanelles, received his commission in the Worcesters in 1895. He served in the Boer War from 1899 to 1901, and was slightly wounded. He received the Queen's Medal with four clasps.

Capt. R. C. P. Blyth, 1st Gloucestershire Regiment, was the only son of the Rev. Dr. Blyth, formerly Bishop in Jerusalem and the East. He was gazetted in the Gloucestershire Regiment in April, 1900, saw service in South Africa, receiving the Queen's Medal with clasp, and he went to India with his regiment. Captain Blyth was attached to the Egyptian Army, and was recently raised to the rank of Bey.

Lieut. R. S. Corkran, 2nd Grenadier Guards, was the son of Colonel Seymour Corkran, and brother of Colonel S. Corkran, C.V.O., Comptroller of the Household to H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, and now commanding the 1st Grenadiers at the front.

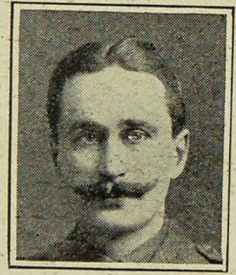
Lieut. C. PILTER,
18th Hussars.



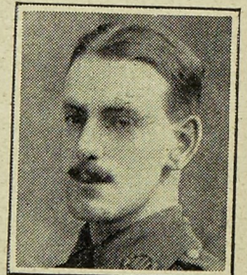
Lieut. W. T. MACLEOD
BOLITHO, 19th Lancers.

Sec.-Lieut. G. W. DAMAN,
4th Seaforth Highlanders.

Sec.-Lieut. C. D. HERRON,
2nd Dragoon Guards.



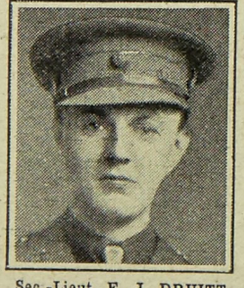
Sec.-Lieut. B. O. MOON,
8th London Regt. (P.O. Rifles).



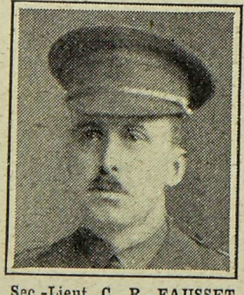
Sec.-Lieut. G. F. BLACKER,
3rd Northamptonshire Regt.

Sub.-Lieut. J. NORMAN,
Howe Batt., R.N.D.

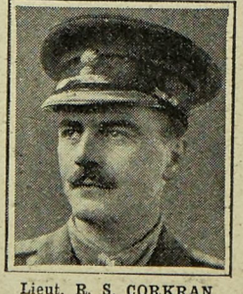
Sec.-Lieut. H. P. CLARKE,
2nd Rifle Brigade.



Sec.-Lieut. E. J. DRUITT,
2nd Royal Berkshire Regt.



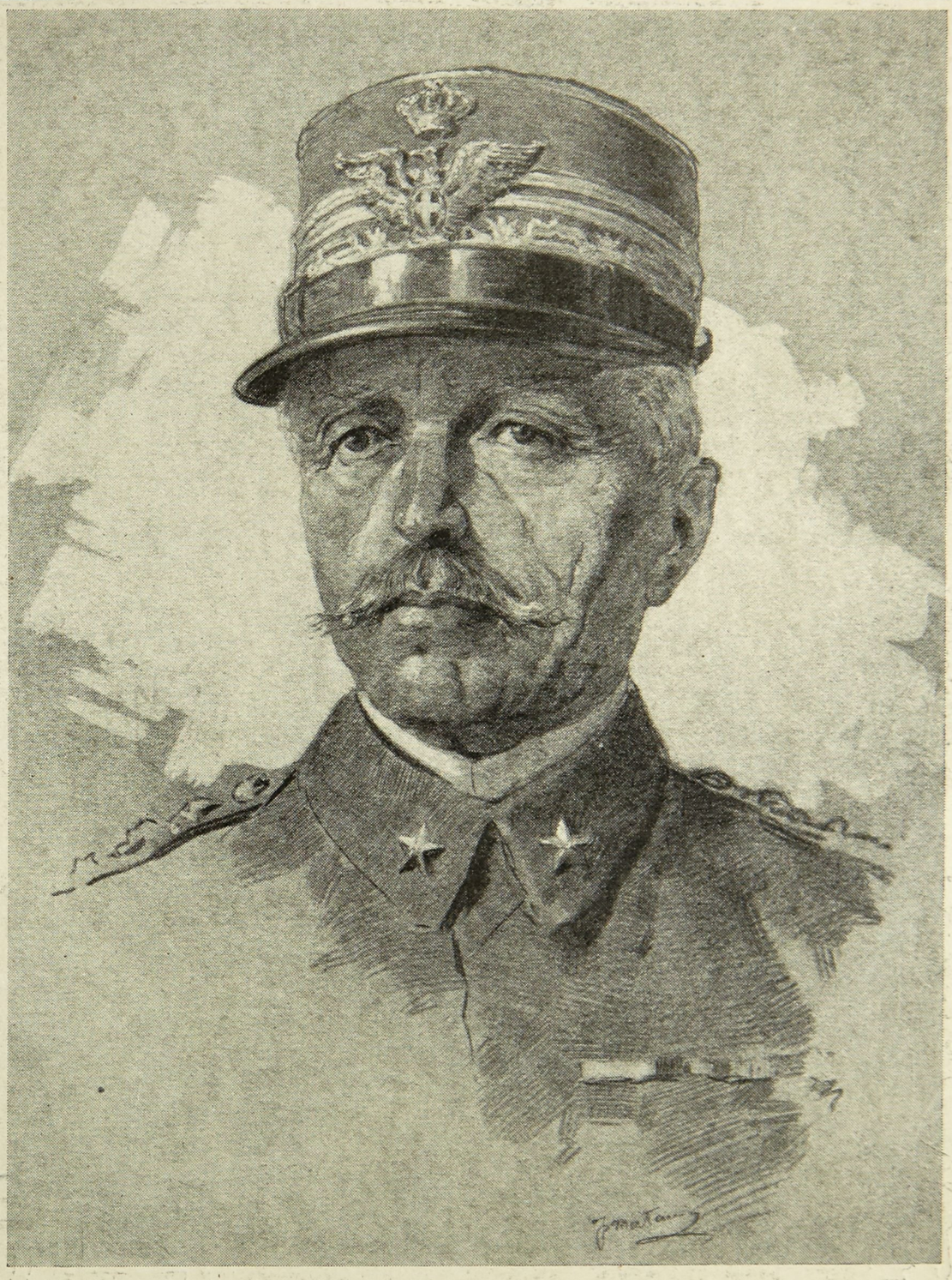
Sec.-Lieut. C. R. FAUSSET,
1st Royal Irish Regt.



Lieut. R. S. CORKRAN,
2nd Grenadier Guards.

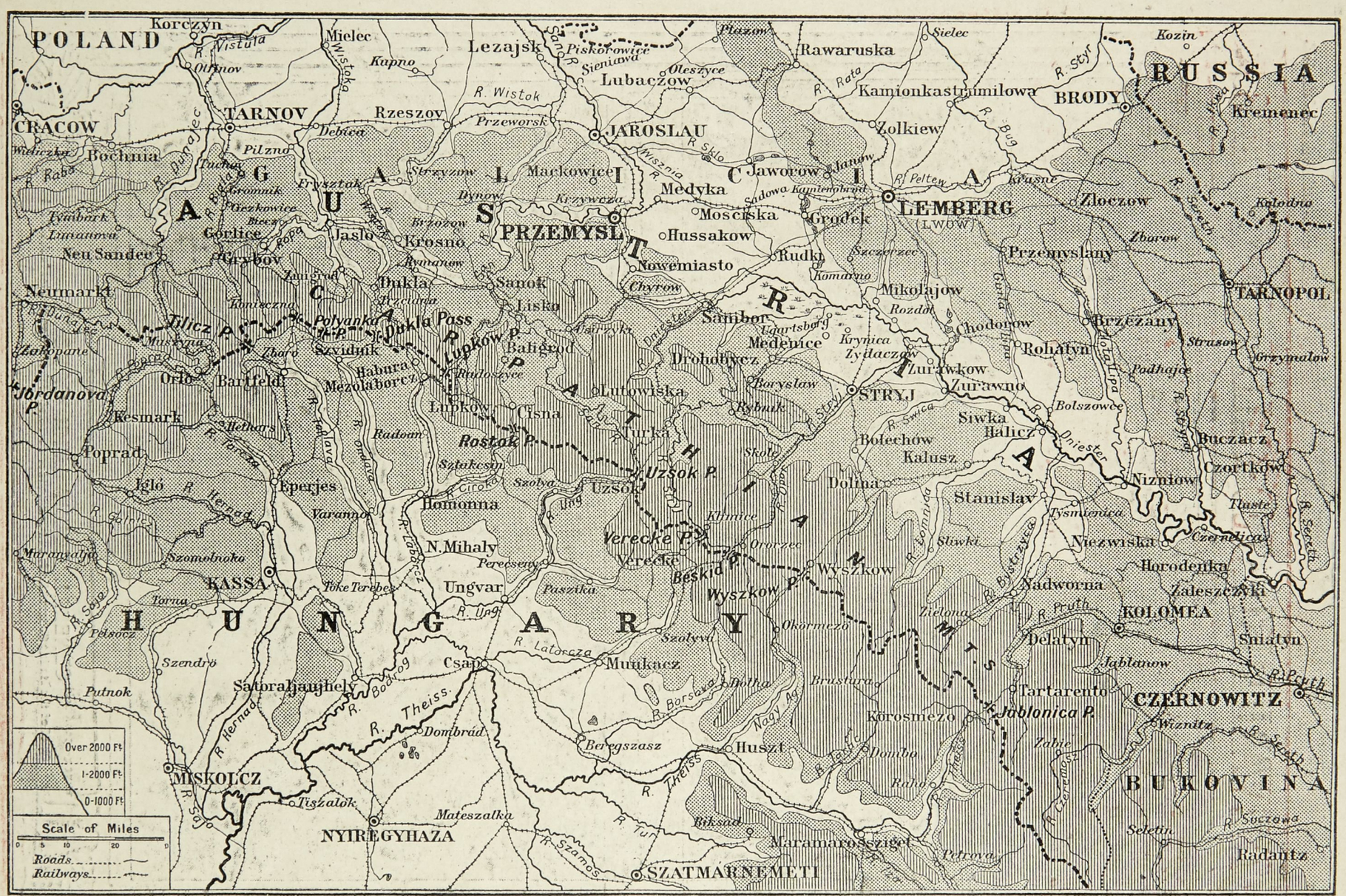
Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lambert Weston, Brook Hughes, Lafayette, Russell, Bassano, Barnett.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



GENERAL COUNT LUIGI CADORNA

Chief of the Italian General Staff and Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Armies in the Field



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The above complete and specially drawn map shows the area of General Mackensen's terrific onslaught on the Russian Army, described on pages 450-52 of this number of "The War Illustrated." The great attack by nearly a million Germans began in the region of Gorlice, where it was heroically resisted by the Russians, under the Bulgarian General Dimitrieff. The fall of the Galician fortress of Lemberg, which had been expected for some time, took place on June 23rd.

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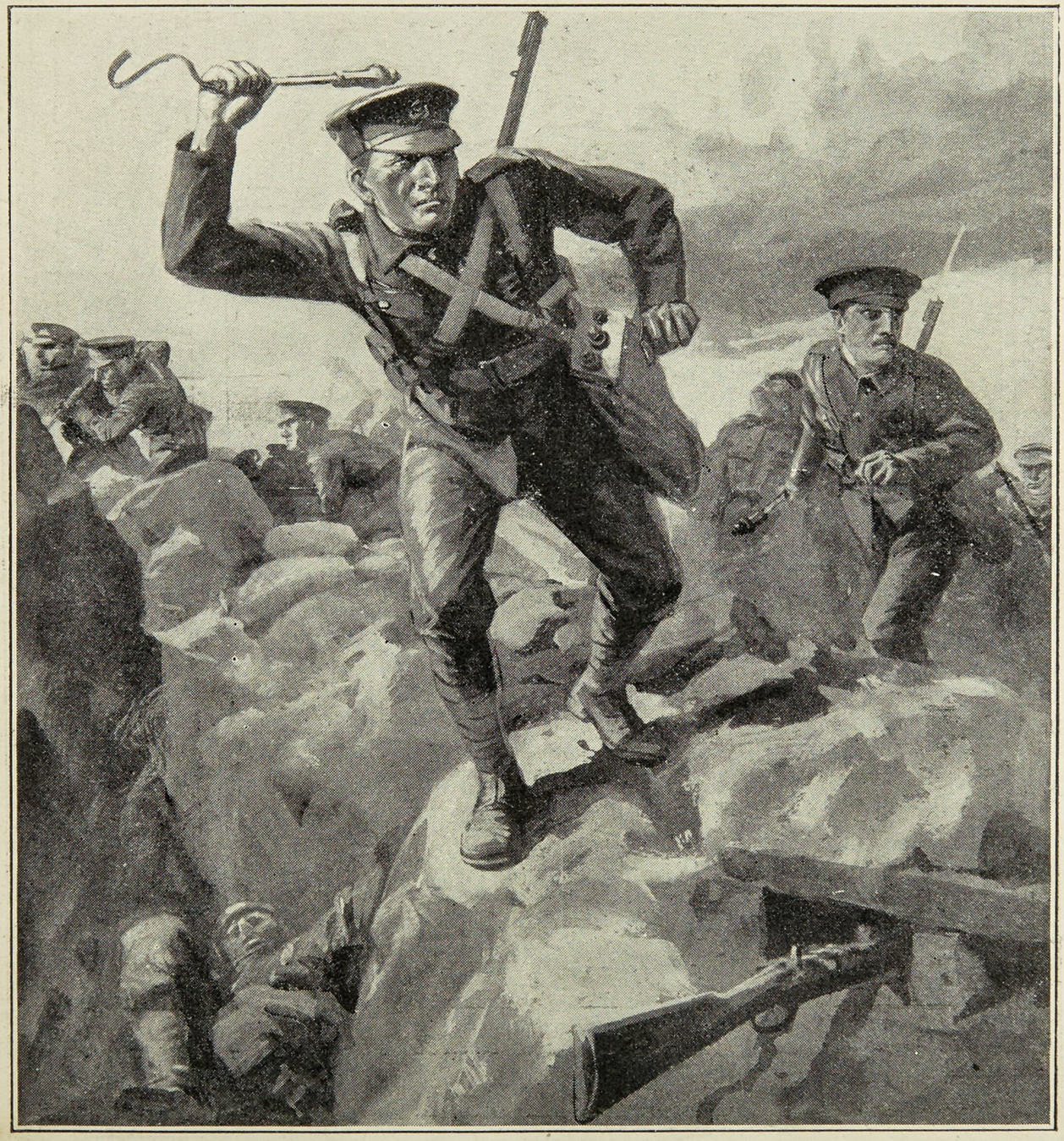
The War Illustrated, 10th July, 1915. Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

'War, Life, & Death,' by Sir Leo Chiozza Money

The War Illustrated

2d Weekly



Vol. 2 Hand Grenades to the Fore! British Bombing Party attacking a German Trench **No. 47**

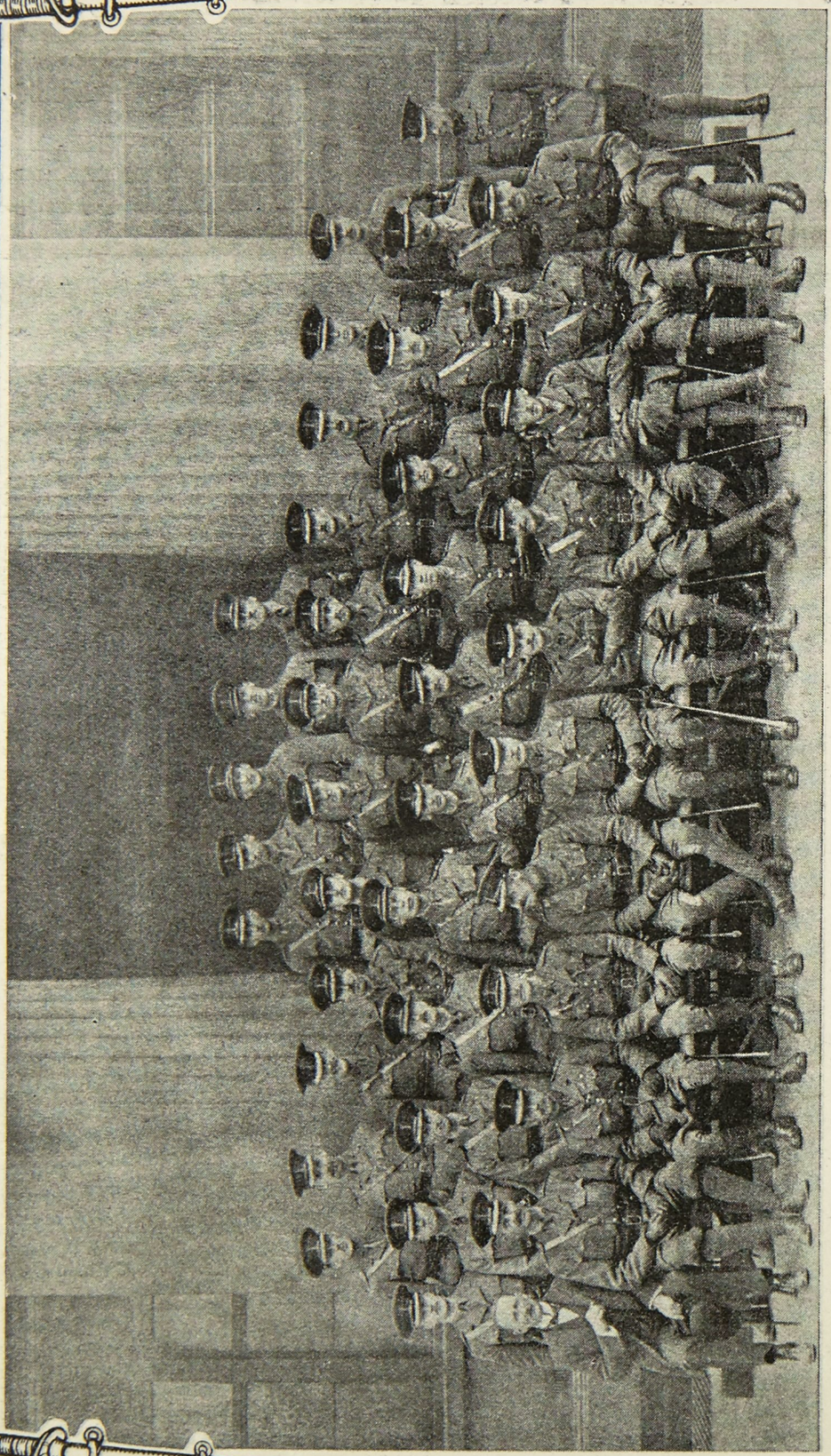


Photo by Bassano

OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—GROUP NO. VI.

1st BATT. WELSH GUARDS.—Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. H. A. Evans Thomas, Sec.-Lieut. P. G. Howard, Lieut. P. L. M. Battye, Lieut. H. M. Maitinean, Sec.-Lieut. B. C. Williams-Ellis. Second row: Sec.-Lieut. G. A. D. Perrins, Lieut. Viscount Clive, Lieut. W. H. J. Lough, Lieut. R. W. Lewis, Sec.-Lieut. B. T. V. Hambrough, Sec.-Lieut. N. Newall, Sec.-Lieut. H. Dene, Sec.-Lieut. H. J. Sutton, Lieut. H. E. Allen, Lieut. J. J. P. Evans, Sec.-Lieut. J. L. W. Crawshay, Sec.-Lieut. J. Randolph. Third row: Sec.-Lieut. H. T. Rice, Lieut. Lord Newborough, Sec.-Lieut. E. R. Martin Smith, Sec.-Lieut. G. C. H. Tusole, Lieut. H. E. Wethered, Sec.-Lieut. Hon. E. F. Morgan, Lieut. K. G. Menzies, Sec.-Lieut. W. A. F. Fox-Pitt, Sec.-Lieut. F. A. V. Copland-Griffiths, Sec.-Lieut. G. C. H. Crawshay, Sec.-Lieut. E. G. Mowbray, Lieut. and Quartermaster W. B. Dobell. Front row: Capt. J. V. Taylor, Capt. C. C. L. Fitzwilliams, Major H. H. Bromfield, Capt. R. G. W. Williams-Bulkeley, Capt. A. P. Palmer, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. W. Murray-Threipland, Major G. S. D. Gordon, Capt. O. T. D. Osmond Williams, D.S.O., Capt. G. W. H. Phillips, Capt. J. H. Bradney, Capt. F. W. E. Blake.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 47. Vol. 2
10th July, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

IF YPRES WERE "SOMEWHERE IN NORFOLK."—Should the Germans succeed in effecting an invasion of England, such a scene as that represented in the above striking photograph would doubtless become general along our countrysides. A British scout is interrogating two youthful helpers in the army of home defence as to his precise whereabouts. His tense expression is an index to serious responsibility. The fate of a regiment might depend upon his judgment and alacrity.

WAR ▲ LIFE ▲ AND DEATH ▲ - - By Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

Why the British Population may be Bigger and not Smaller at the End of the War

One hears on every hand the remark : " After the war our country will be short of men ! " This, however, is the opinion of the unthinking. THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *has endeavoured from its first number to put the minds of the best experts at the service of its readers, in order to help them towards clear thinking about the war, so the Editor has turned to Sir Leo Chiozza Money, well-known as a writer on economics, to contribute an article on the vital statistics of the war, which puts this question of the effect of the war on population in a new and most interesting light. The article, brief though it is, forms a very valuable contribution to the war-time study of the after-war conditions.*

I WANT to preface what I am about to say here by observing that I hope nothing I utter will be interpreted as seeking to minimise the enormous sacrifices that are being made by those who are fighting for us. Indeed, as one who, like most other people, has near and dear relatives and friends in the fighting forces, I am only too acutely conscious of the terrible losses which the nation is sustaining. I want, however, to examine the facts of the case as calmly as possible from the national point of view, because of the many fears that are expressed that, as a result of the war, a great and irreparable drain upon our population will have occurred. If in making this examination of the facts I have to make statements that have an appearance of cold-bloodedness, the reader will not doubt that I fully realise the terrible tragedies and bereavements, the ruined homes and happinesses that lie behind these cold figures of life and death.

Sir Leo Chiozza Money, M.P.

The Prime Minister has stated in the House of Commons the losses of the Army and Navy down to May 31st, or for nearly ten months of warfare. I give the facts stated by him in a convenient form in the following table, and I have added an estimate of what our losses will probably be during the remaining two months of the first year of warfare ;

CASUALTIES FOR THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR

Aug. 4th to May 31st.	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.	TOTAL.
Army	50,342	153,980	53,747	258,069
Navy	8,245	2,443	2,859	13,547
	58,587	156,423	56,606	271,616
Add for June and July	24,000	86,000	10,000	120,000
Probable Total for First 12 months ..	82,587	242,423	66,606	391,616

It is, unhappily, possible that these figures may be exceeded, for our reported casualties in June have apparently been over 2,500 a day, of which probably one-fifth were deaths. I have to neglect the fact that the Prime Minister's totals did not apparently include deaths and permanent invalidations from disease.

The Terrible Life Cost

Casualty figures are often loosely used as though the whole of the total represented deaths or permanent invalidations. As a matter of fact, by far the greater number of the wounded completely recover, and this at once wipes out far more than one-half of the total. Again, the nearly 57,000 missing down to May 31st has to a very large proportion indeed consisted of prisoners who will by-and-by be restored to their country. It is difficult to say how many of the missing represent deaths which have not been definitely ascertained.

Perhaps we may say, to get a fair idea of the facts, that in the first year of the war the United Kingdom will have lost something like 100,000 of its best young men, and that in addition an actually large, but relatively small, number of young men will have become badly crippled or invalided for life.

It is only too likely, however, that the war will last for a second year, if not longer. If we imagine peace to be concluded by August, 1916, it is difficult to say whether the casualties will be more or less in the second year than in the first. Wars are waged in chapters of varying degrees of intensity and loss. Thus, in the above figures for the first year the greater part of the losses occurred in its later months. The opening chapters of the second year are certain to bring severe casualties, but its later months may see a reduction. If, however, the war lasts for three years, then the whole of the second year may be a period of heavy casualties. In view of the tremendous uncertainties of the case, I do not think it serves any very useful purpose to discuss the life-and-death issues of the second year.

Great Increase in the Number of Births

Confining myself then to the first year's warfare, what of consolation can be drawn from the casualty figures from the national point of view ?

I might say much of the supreme cause that is at stake, and assert without fear of just contradiction that from the point of view of the preservation of human liberty and of national integrity the price is not too high. Here I am concerned, however, with life and death as it affects the population of the country.

We do not know how many children will have been born during the war in the United Kingdom by the time August 4th comes round again. It seems probable, however, that the number will be somewhat larger than in the twelve months before war broke out. In the first quarter of this year, 221,447 children were born in England and Wales, as compared with 217,187 in the first quarter of 1914. This was so great an increase of births that it more than offset an unhappy increase in infantile mortality. In the first quarter of this year 28,417 infants died (an infant for this purpose is a child not over one year old), as compared with 25,017 in the same period last year. Therefore, in January-March, 1915, England and Wales, after allowance for infant deaths, gained 193,030 persons, as compared with 192,170 in the same period of last year.

More Gain than Loss

I have not yet the facts for this year for the whole of the country, but we know that in 1914 there were 1,102,000 births and 662,000 deaths in the United Kingdom, being an excess of births over deaths of 440,000.

It seems probable that we can assume that in the first twelve months of the war we shall gain by excess of births over deaths, apart from the war, 450,000 people.

Therefore, if the war costs us 100,000 lives in this same twelve months, the United Kingdom population will actually rise by 350,000 in spite of the war. That helps us to get war losses, terrible as they are, into due proportion in our minds.

And there is another relevant consideration which may be advanced by way of consolation from the national point of view. It is that war has brought emigration to

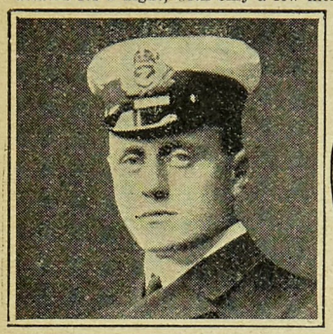
Continued on page 476

New Names on the Scroll of Heroic Fame

Lieut.-Com. M. E. Nasmith won the V.C. for his great bravery while in command of E11 in the Sea of Marmora. He made a fearless dash and destroyed nine Turkish ships. Sergt.-Major H. Daniels, 2nd Rifle Brigade, was awarded his V.C. for cutting the German wire entanglements under a heavy machine-gun fire, so enabling his battalion to advance.

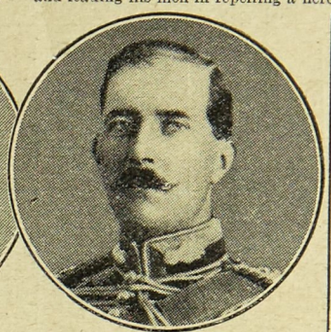
Capt. G. N. Walford, Brigade-Major, R.A., Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, gallantly organised and led a fierce attack on Seddul Bahr, but was killed at the moment of victory. Sec.-Lieut. G. H. Woolley, 9th Queen Victoria Rifles (T.F.), the first Territorial officer to be awarded the V.C., gained the coveted distinction at Hill 60, for holding the position against all attacks for a night, with only a few men. Lance-Corpl. E. Dwyer, 1st East Surrey Regiment, is only nineteen years of age. He earned his V.C. at Hill 60 for his bravery in attacking a German position single-handed with grenades. Private J. Rivers also gained his V.C. by "bombing" a large body of Germans.

Sec.-Lieut. W. B. R. Moorhouse, Royal Flying Corps, "bombed" an important enemy railway depot, and, though wounded, flew back to the British lines and made his report. His V.C. was awarded after his death from his wounds. Sergeant D. Belcher, 1st London Rifle Brigade, held a position with only six men, prevented the Germans from breaking through, and so averted an attack on our main body. Lieut. G. R. P. Roupell, 1st East Surrey Regiment, gained his V.C. for remaining at his post on Hill 60, though wounded, and leading his men in repelling a fierce attack.



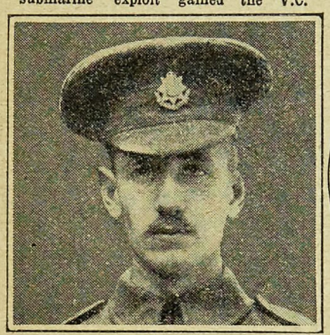
Lieut.-Com. M. E. NASMITH, commanding E11, who by his daring submarine exploit gained the V.C.

Sergt.-Major H. DANIELS, Rifle Brigade, who earned the V.C. by his gallant conduct at Neuve Chapelle.

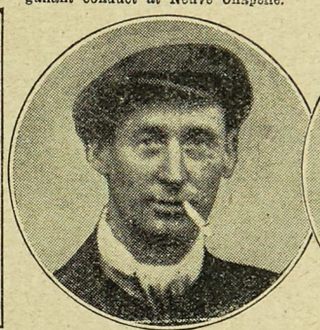


The late Capt. G. N. WALFORD, Royal Artillery, gained the V.C. for heroism when leading an attack.

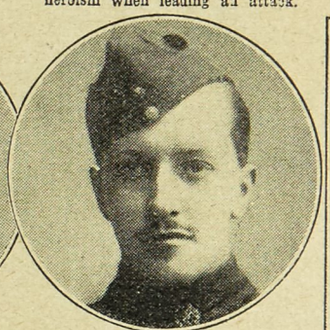
Sec.-Lieut. G. H. WOOLLEY, Queen Victoria Rifles, the first Territorial officer to win the V.C.



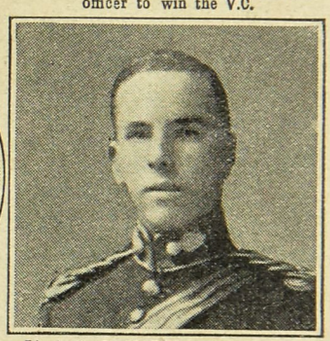
Lance-Corpl. E. DWYER, 1st East Surrey Regt., awarded the V.C. for heroically throwing grenades at Hill 60.



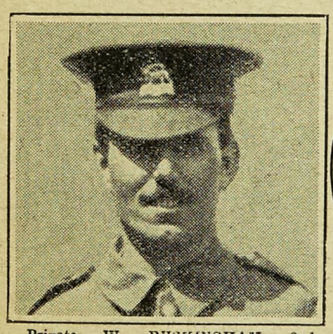
Private J. RIVERS, who won his V.C. by "bombing" a large body of Germans, forcing them to retreat.



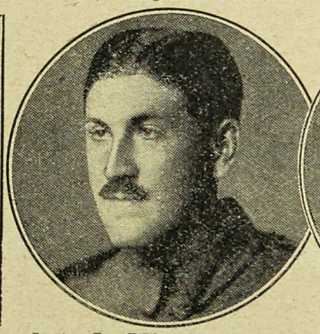
The late Sec.-Lieut. W. B. R. MOOR HOUSE, R.F.C., awarded V.C. for dropping bombs on enemy railway depots.



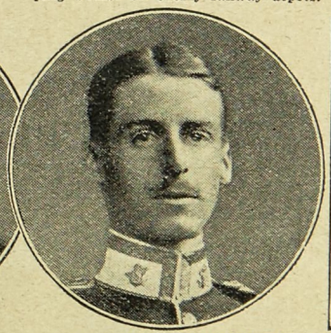
Lieut. C. G. MARTIN, R.E., awarded both the V.C. and D.S.O. He is only twenty-three years of age.



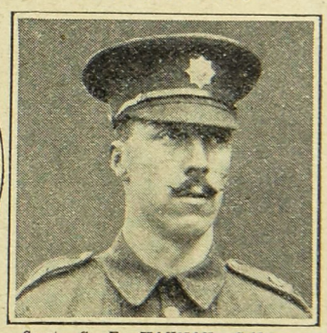
Private W. BUCKINGHAM, 2nd Leicesters, awarded the V.C. for conspicuous bravery at Neuve Chapelle.



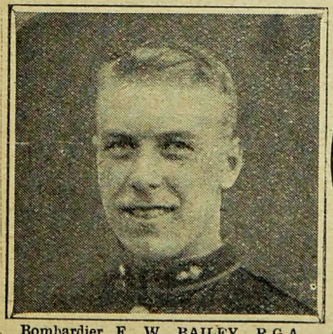
Sergt. D. BELCHER, London Rifle Brigade, who won his V.C. at Ypres.



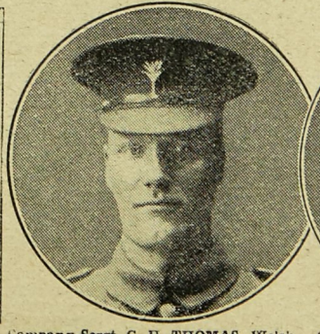
Lieut. G. R. P. ROUPELL, East Surrey Regt., who gained the V.C. at Hill 60.



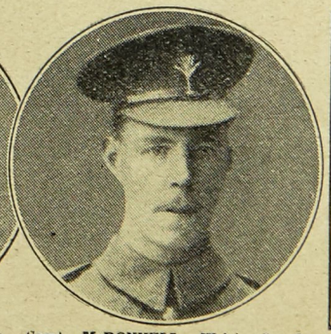
Sergt. C. F. HAYMAN, Coldstream Guards, awarded the D.C.M for gallantry in the field.



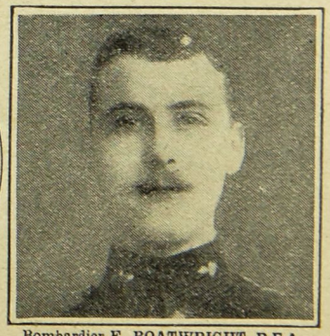
Bombardier F. W. BAILEY, R.G.A., awarded the D.C.M. for extreme gallantry under fire.



Company-Sergt. G. H. THOMAS, Welsh Guards, who received the D.C.M. for heroic conduct.



Corpl. McDONNELL, Welsh Guards, awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for bravery in action.



Bombardier E. BOATWRIGHT, R.F.A., awarded the D.C.M. for withdrawing guns by hand under fire.

(Portraits by Russell & Sons, Central News, Lafayette, Central Press, &c.)

WAR, LIFE, AND DEATH

(Continued from page 474.)

an end for the time being. In the years immediately before the war we were losing emigrants at the rate of hundreds of thousands a year. Again and again I pointed out that emigration had reached danger point. The rate of emigration had been checked some little time before the war began, but even in May, 1914, our loss by emigration amounted to nearly 15,000 in the month, or at the rate of 180,000 persons a year, the number including far more males than females. The facts on this head are of such tremendous importance that I set them out in some detail :

HOW WAR HAS REDUCED EMIGRATION

	EMIGRANTS.	IMMIGRANTS.	GAIN OR LOSS.
1914.			
MAY	27,420	12,671	Loss 14,749
JUNE	17,977	12,495	„ 5,482
JULY	18,420	9,720	„ 8,700
AUGUST	18,960	8,993	„ 9,967
SEPT.	21,542	5,954	„ 15,588
OCT.	18,924	9,124	„ 9,800
NOV.	7,919	11,411	Gain 3,492
DEC.	5,980	10,322	„ 4,342
1915.			
JAN.	5,620	5,414	Loss 206
FEB.	4,961	5,380	Gain 419
MARCH	6,580	6,840	„ 260
APRIL	7,768	7,637	Loss 131

Whereas in May, 1914, we lost on balance 14,749 British subjects, by November, the fourth month of the war, more British subjects were coming home for permanent residence than were going out. It will be seen that in the six months November, 1914, to April, 1915, we made a large gain by immigration. The table solely relates to British subjects.

Thus a most extraordinary conclusion emerges :

At the end of the first year of the war, because hostilities have put an end to emigration and even set up a small tide of immigration, the United Kingdom will have a larger population than it probably would have had if the war had not occurred. (Of course, counting our soldiers across the English Channel as part of our population.)

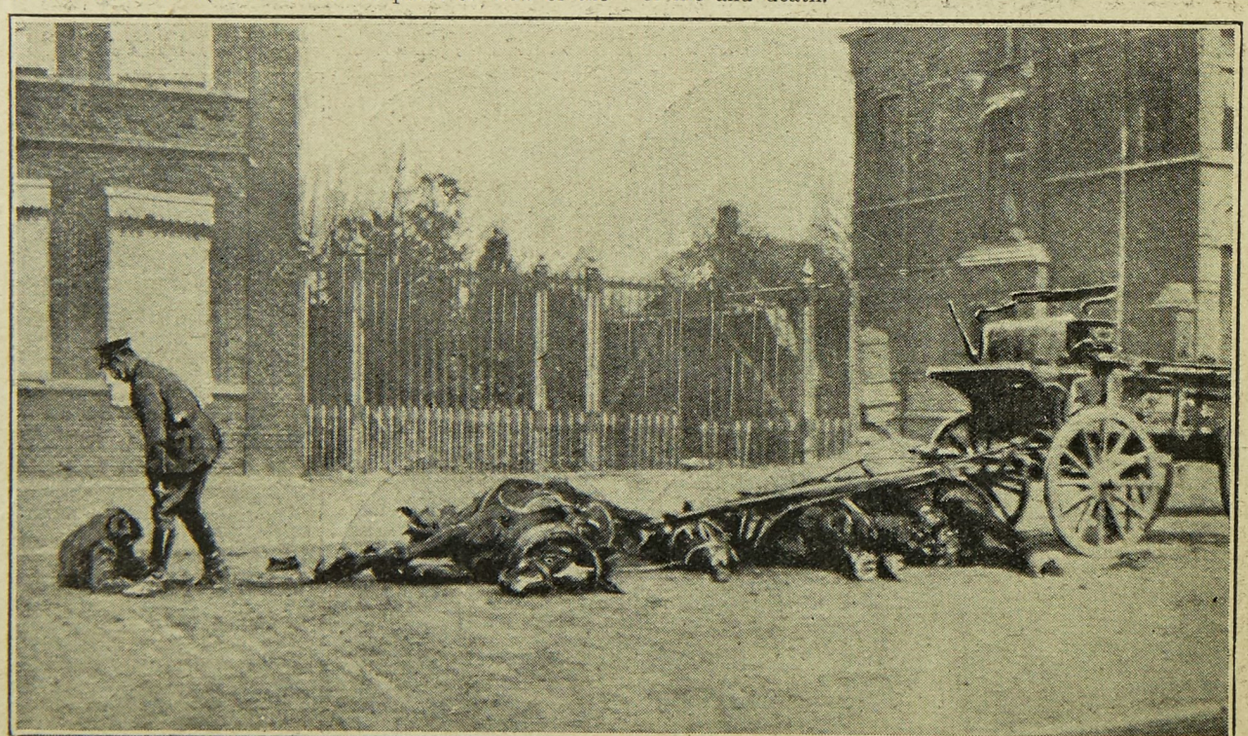
As I need hardly add, there is all the difference of life and death between the loss of a man by emigration and his loss killed in action. From the point of view of the economy of the United Kingdom, however, the cessation of emigration means gain in population.

Such considerations must not blind us to the fact that the war is robbing us of some of our best men. It is only necessary to look at a page of portraits of those who have recently fallen, to realise that you cannot count losses merely in units. Part of the very cream of our manhood will have disappeared by the time this war is over.

Out of Evil—Good!

Nevertheless, even here we may find some national, if not individual, consolation. Those who have died will not have fallen in vain. I cherish the confident conviction that as a result of the war the national life will gain such an impetus and stimulation to good works that we shall save alive after the war every year tens of thousands who now needlessly perish. (Even in war Mr. Walter Long is giving us a compulsory Notification of Births Act which will certainly save thousands, and may possibly save tens of thousands, of lives every year.) The natural and inherent capacity of the race will remain. Science has demonstrated that nearly every child born to us can, *if we care to have it so*, be developed into a normal and worthy specimen of its kind. *Given then the will to act*, the nation can more than restore its losses, and no one need take a pessimistic view on this account.

But observe that this is conditional optimism, as all sane optimism must necessarily be. I have just used the words, and I repeat them—"*given the will to act.*" We are masters of our fate in this connection; shall we choose to exercise our mastery? It is for the rulers of the nation, in their providence or improvidence, to say. Sometimes, I confess, there are moments when I lose the confidence of which I have spoken, and fear that after the war there will be a phase of national parsimony and blindness to crying needs. If that fear unhappily proves to be well founded, the end of the war may see the largest emigration in our annals. If the nation does not organise its return to the pursuits of peace, we may easily lose by emigration in the single year after the war more young men than have fallen in battle. But this need only be if we will have it so. It is a splendid consolation in this hour that in spite of our losses of manhood on the Continent we have so large a command of the issues of life and death.



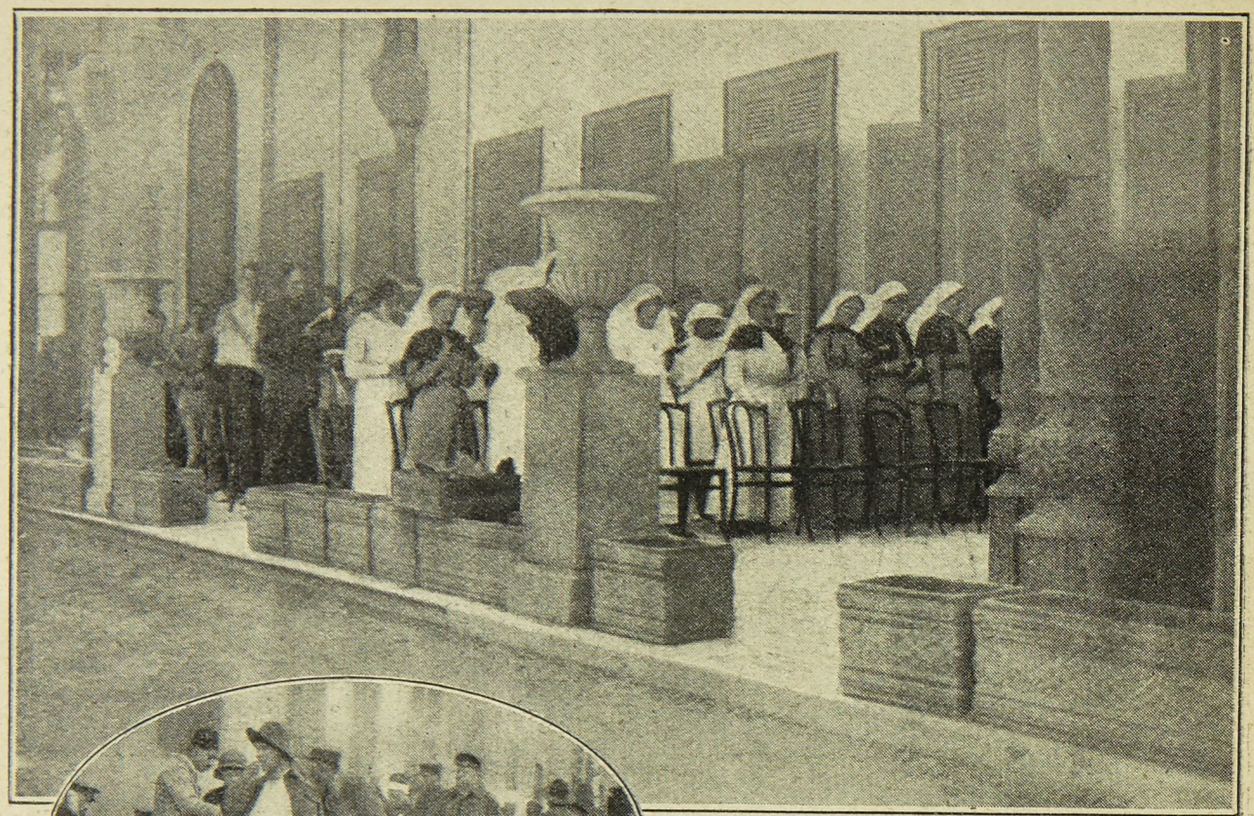
The ghastly harvest of a German shell. Tragic scene immediately after the explosion of an enemy shell near a British transport waggon in a Belgian street. All four horses are dead, but though the waggon still stands, the driver was hurled from his seat and seriously wounded. He is seen pluckily attempting to rise, as a comrade reaches his side.

Training on the Sea-front for the Battle-front

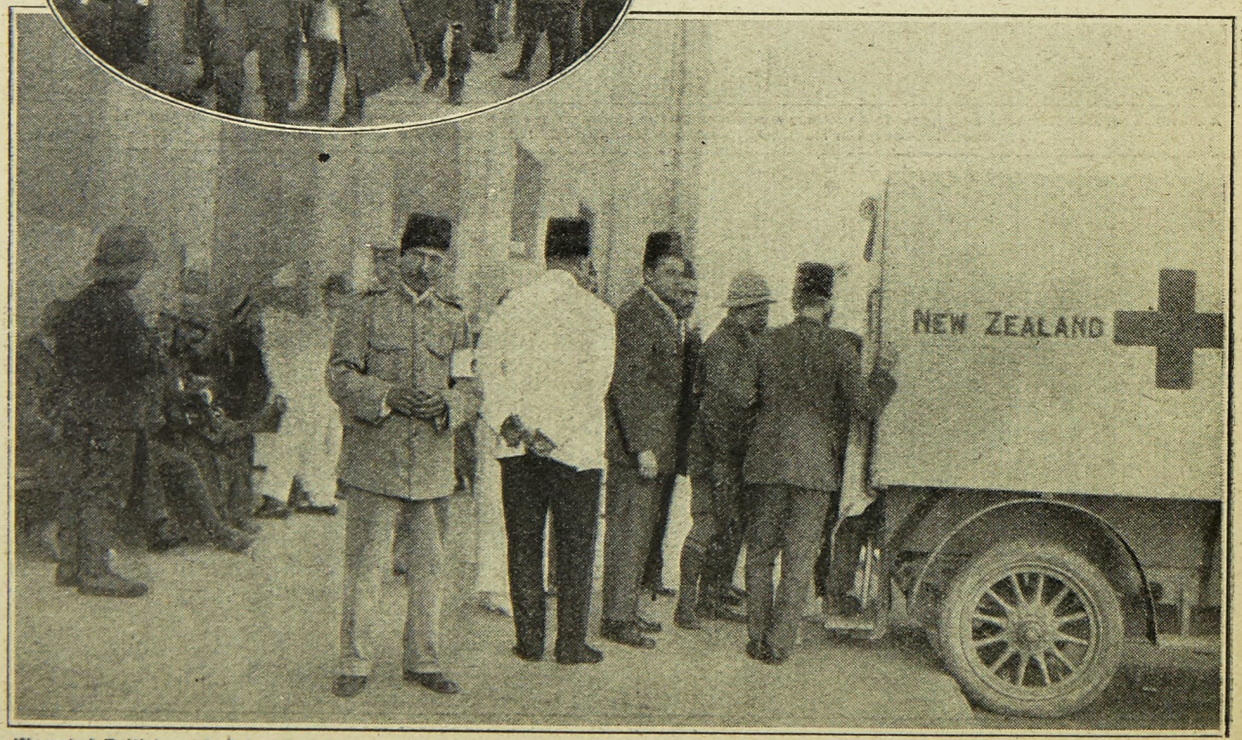
A novel diversion that will also provide a welcome addition to the regimental rations. A crab-hunt on the shore, organised by men of the Northampton Regiment, who are training hard for the front at a coast resort.

"Kitchener chaps" in training by the seaside. Men of the Army Service Corps exercising mules along the shore. Because of their greater powers of endurance, large numbers of mules are used for transport work in place of horses. These photographs of men of our new Armies in training at a seaside resort illustrate the tremendous change wrought by a few months of "militarism." Last year, at this time, many of these same men were spending their fortnight's relaxation from office work on the sea-front. This year they are leading the strenuous outdoor life by the sea in preparation for the battle-front.

The Empire's Battle-Scarred Soldiers at Cairo:

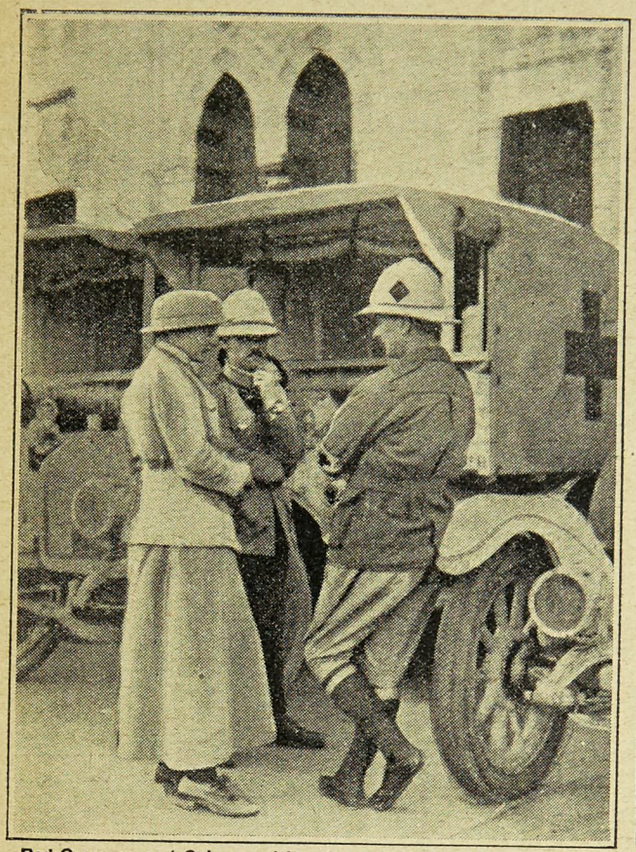


British soldiers, wounded in the fighting on the Gallipoli shores, with their nurses during a church service at a military hospital in Cairo. Inset: Colonial and British troops, wounded at the Dardanelles, outside Cairo Station.



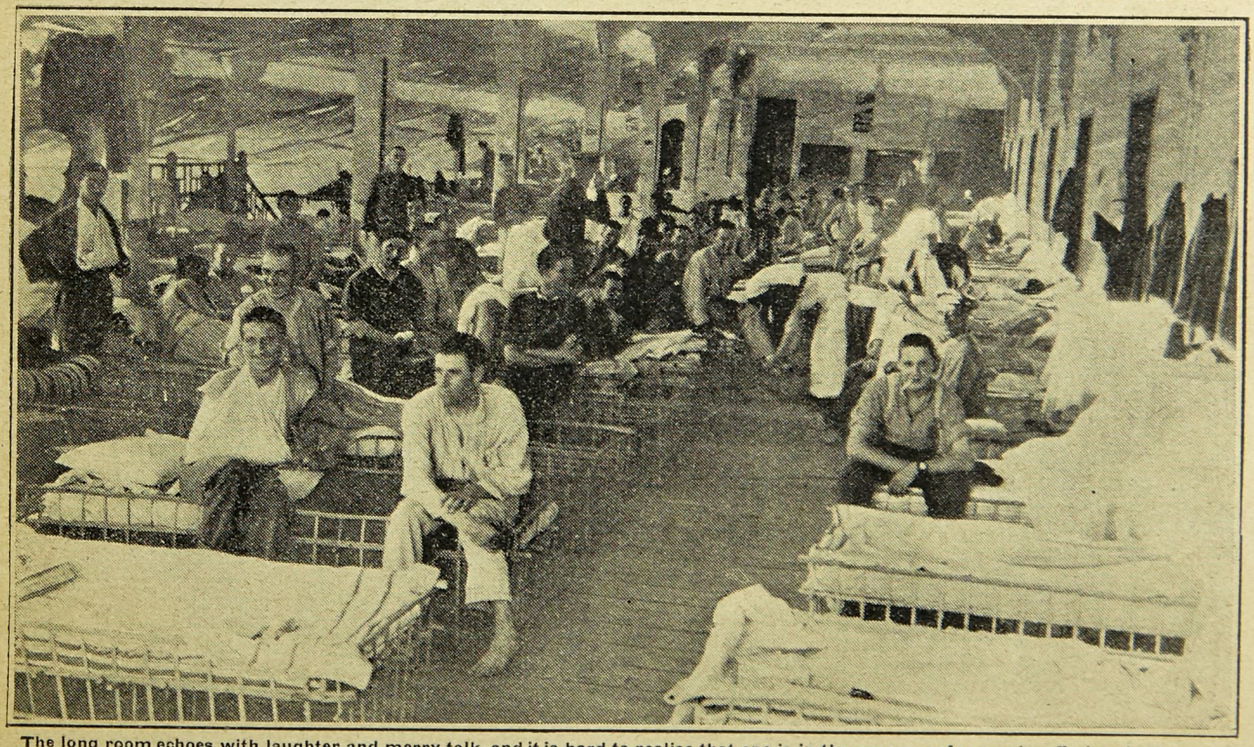
Wounded British and Colonial soldiers, including Territorials, Australians, and New Zealanders, after arriving at Cairo station from the Dardanelles front, are about to complete their painful journey to the hospitals in Red Cross waggons. (These photographs are exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

Scenes in the "Ante-room" to the Dardanelles



Red Cross cars at Cairo awaiting the arrival of the hospital trains from the Dardanelles. The lady in the photograph is Mrs. Goodchild, who drives her own motor-ambulance.

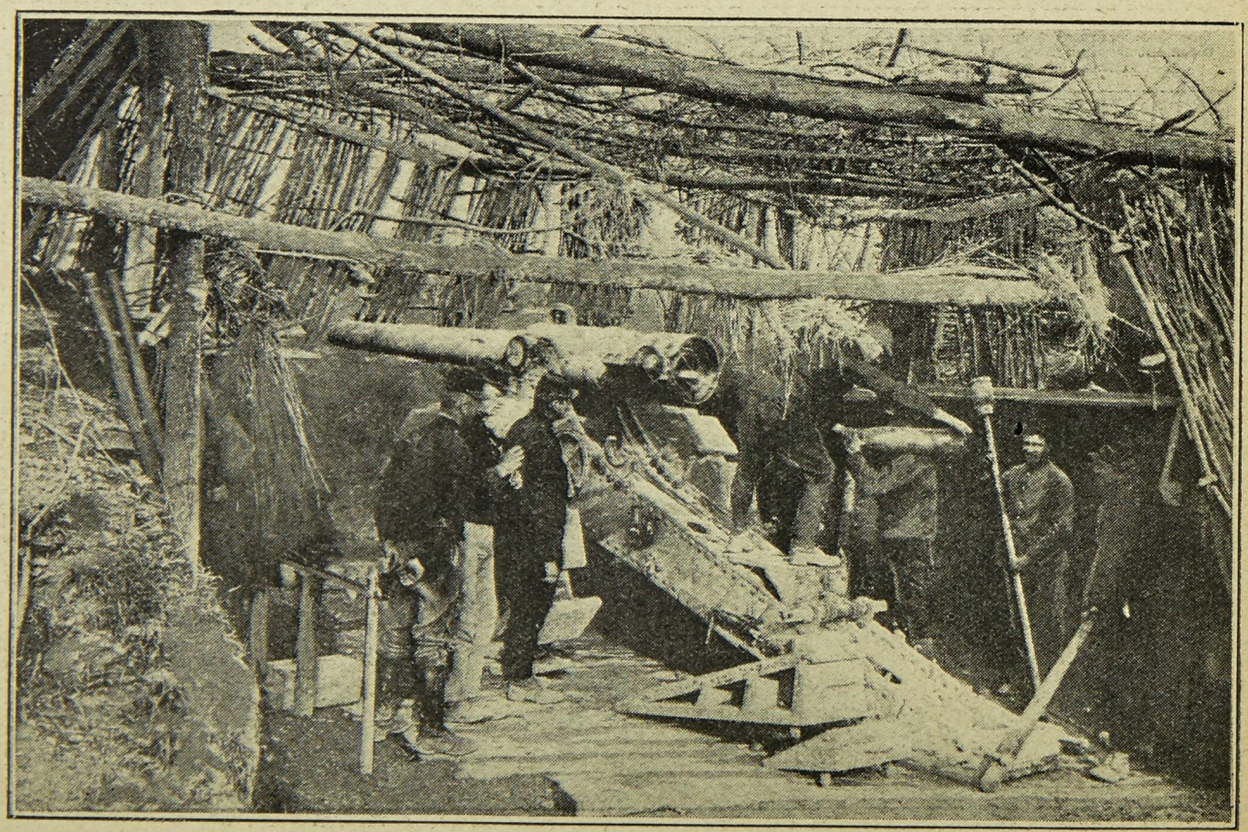
Two photographs of the Machine-gun Section of the 5th Lancashire Fusiliers at Cairo, before their departure for the Dardanelles, where the Regiment has since co-operated with the Australasians.



The long room echoes with laughter and merry talk, and it is hard to realise that one is in the presence of so much suffering, in the presence of men who have risked their all for an ideal, who have looked terrible death full in the face in Gallipoli. This photograph is a happy impression of a ward at Lunar Park Hospital, Cairo. The beds are made from date-stalks and palm-leaves.

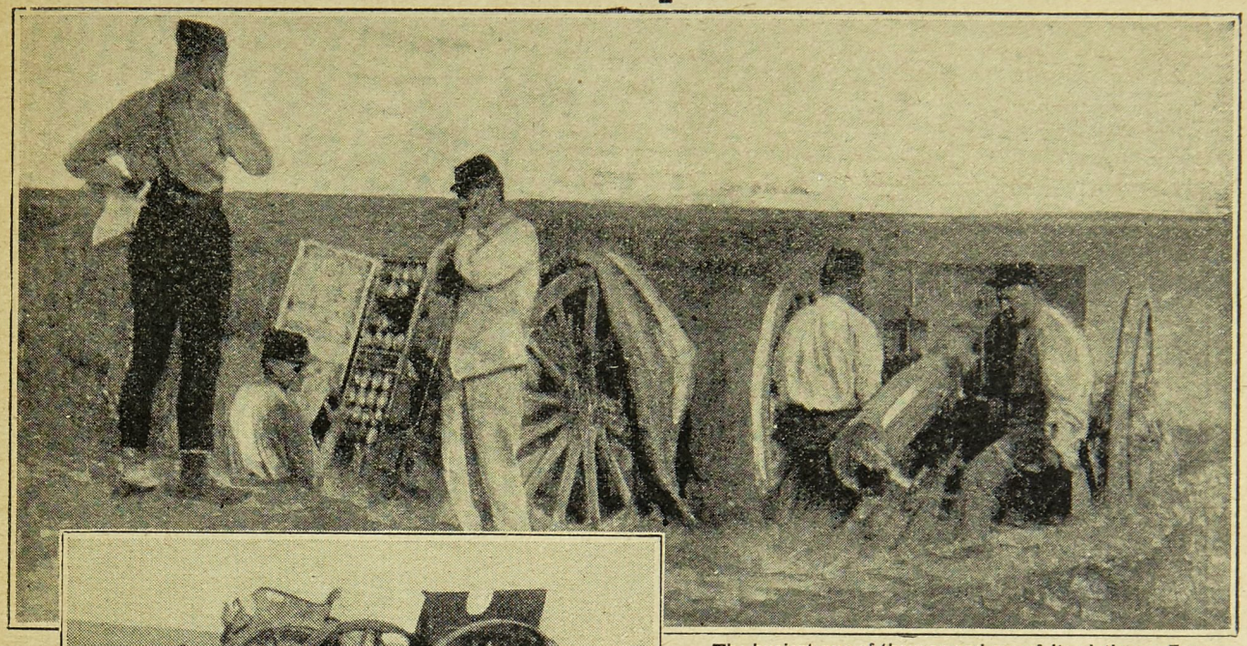
Feeding Men & Guns on the French Fighting Front

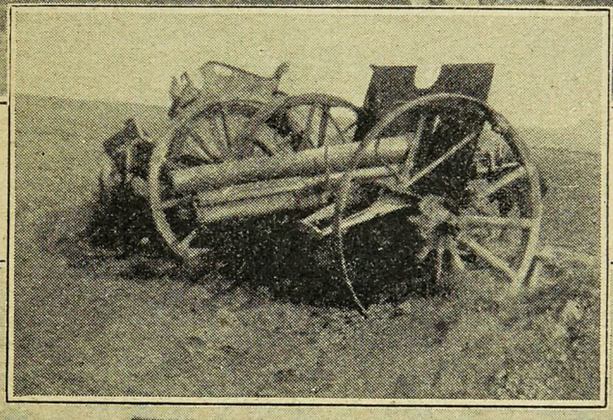
The axis on which the war-world revolves. A kitchen of the French Army in the neighbourhood of Neuville St. Vaast. Here a band of military chefs are preparing food for their comrades fighting in the trenches a short distance away.



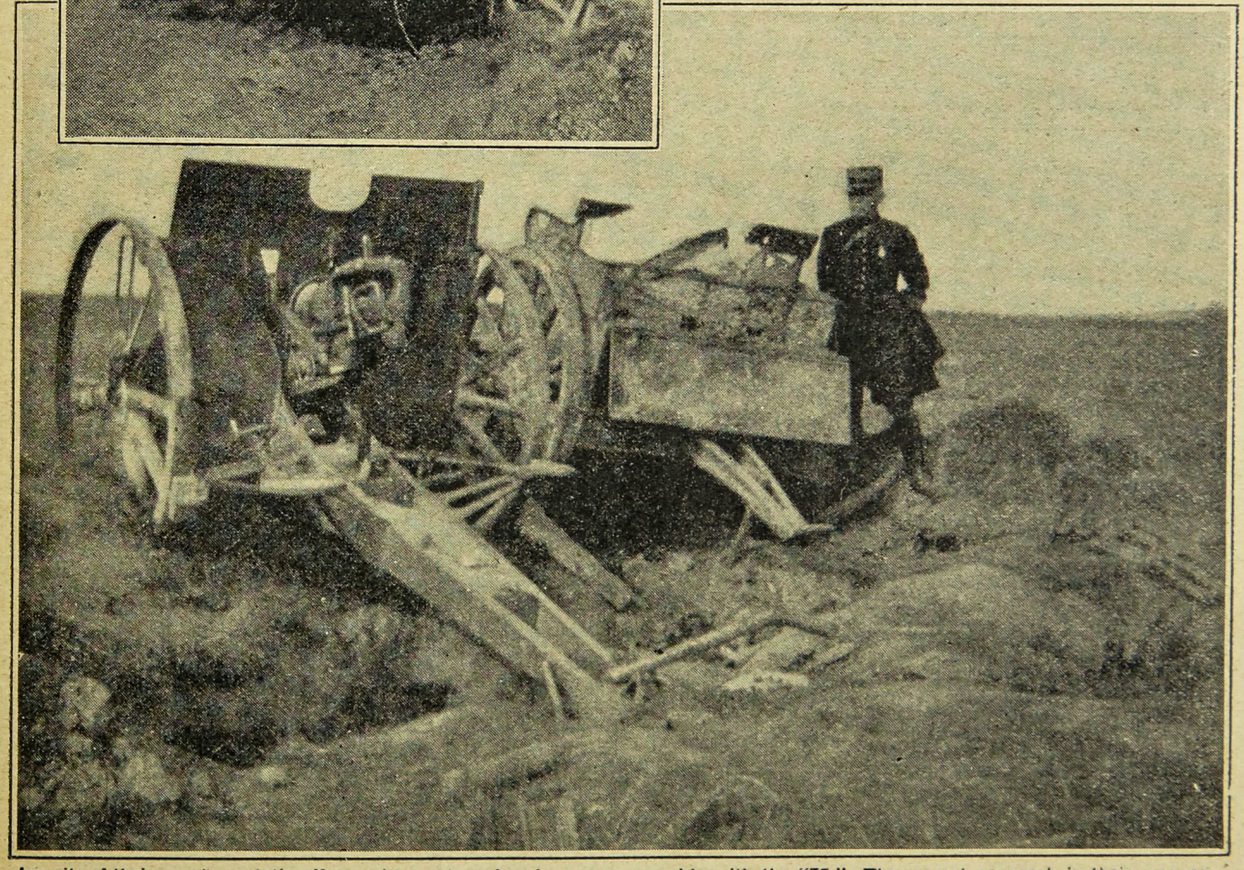
A well-screened French weapon in the St. Aubin region is about to send its early morning greeting to the Boches. One gunner shoulders the shell, another is about to load. The whereabouts of the gun would baffle the keenest flying observer.

The Invincible "75" Vanquishes a German "77"





The busiest gun of the war and one of its victims. From morn till night, along the interminable French line, the wail of the "75" is audible. This photograph shows one of these famous pieces, which our allies have cynically christened "Kultur," at the moment of firing, while the two other snapshots on this page represent a German weapon which it has reduced to scrap-iron.



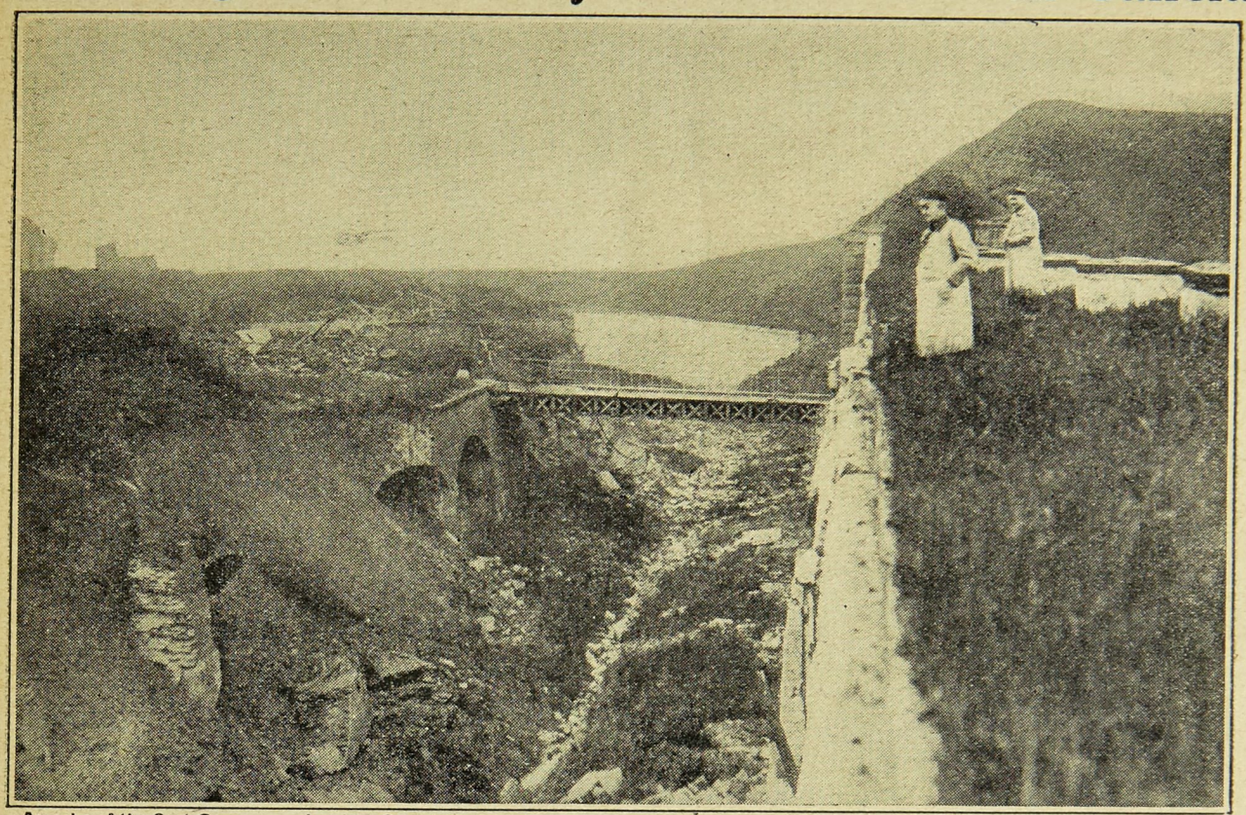
In spite of their great reputation Krupps have not produced a gun comparable with the "75." The nearest approach is their weapon of 77 mm., the debris of one of which is seen photographed on this page. The duel, however, between the two weapons seems to have been very unequal, but exactly how much credit is due to the machine and how much to the skill of the men remains to be proved.

Trading and Treachery on the Eastern Front

Business as usual, irrespective of nationality. Village children in the battle areas of Poland and Galicia are in the habit of selling cigarettes and chocolates to either belligerents as they pass to and fro, their lines fluctuating according to the fortunes of war. This photograph shows some youthful Polish pedlars trading with Germanic soldiers.

Awaiting the dread verdict. During a recent engagement, which ended in a Russian success, the suspected spy seen in the above photograph was captured in a Polish village. He is undergoing cross-examination by a Russian officer. The expression on his face is quite impassive, and apparently he is indifferent to the tragic fate which befalls every spy if convicted.

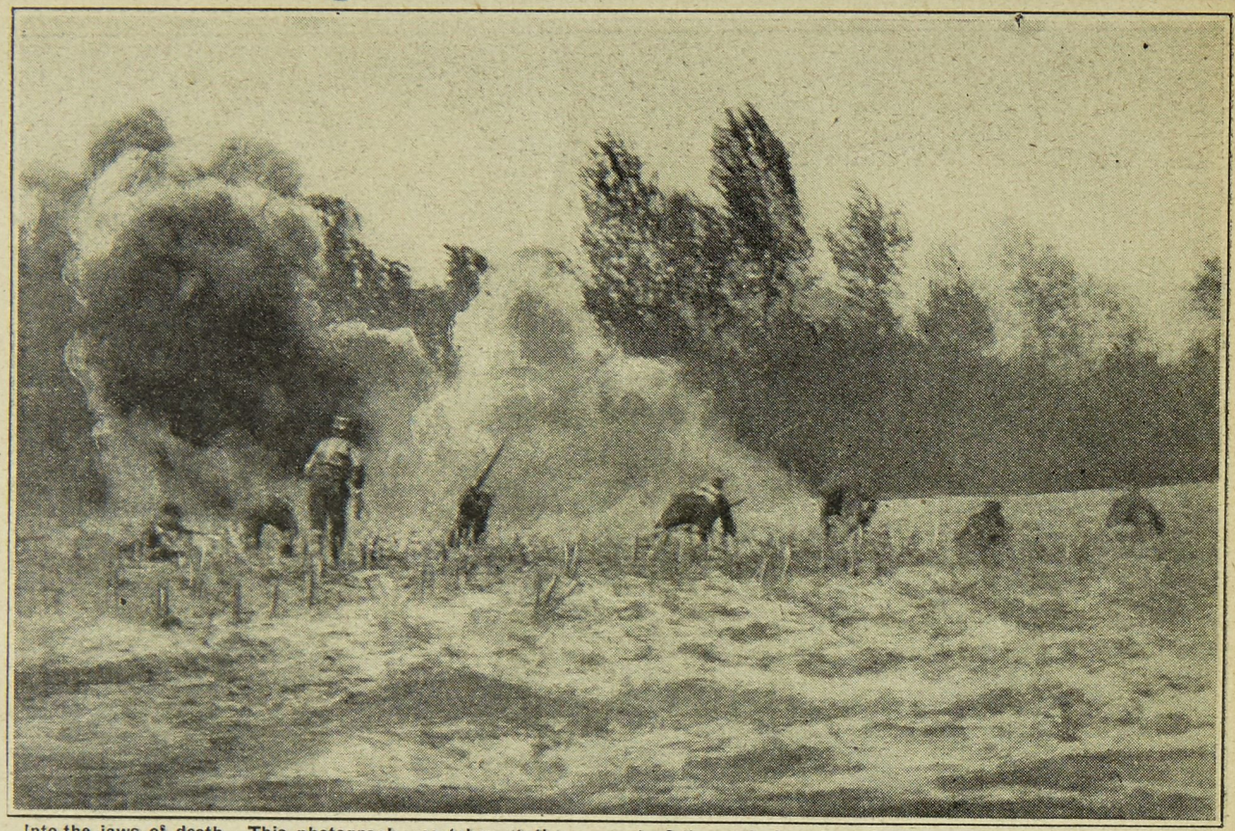
Maubeuge Fort To-Day · German Staff in Galicia



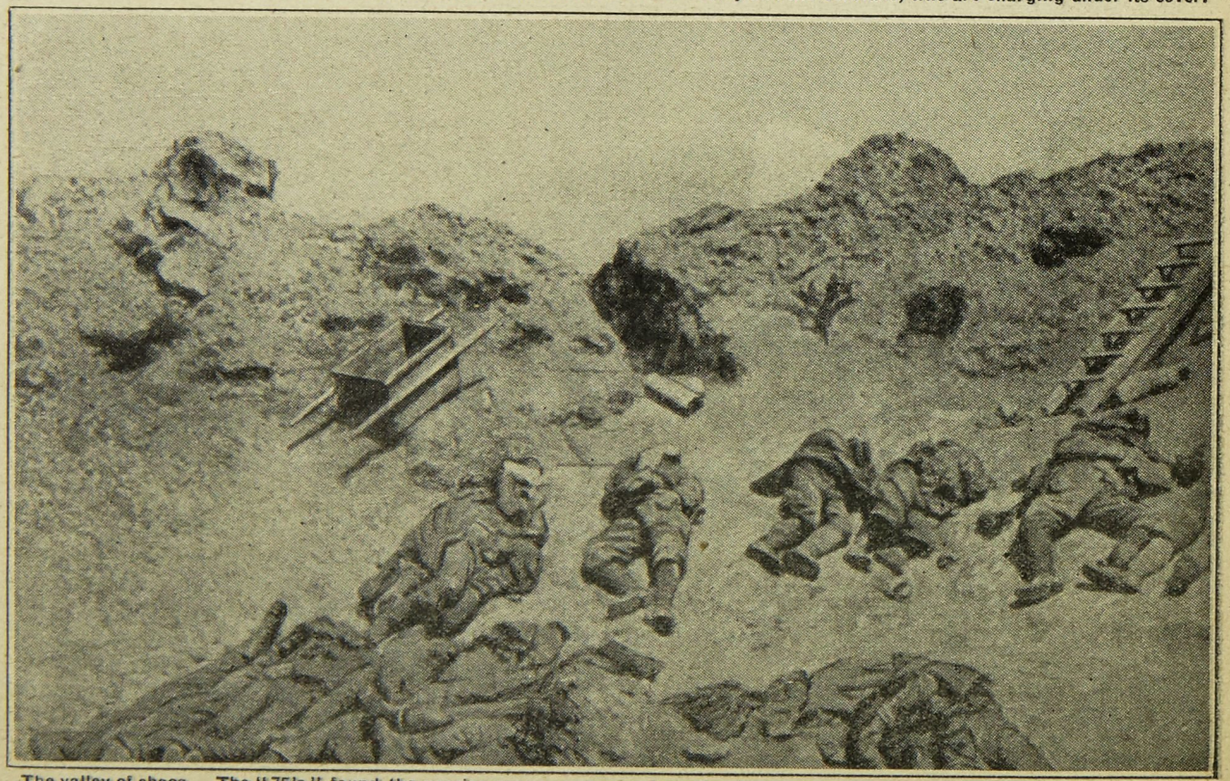
An echo of the first German avalanche. One of the first photographs of the Fort of Boussois, Maubeuge, published since the stronghold fell into enemy hands in the early part of the war. The destruction caused by the 17 in. howitzers is discernible on every side.

The men behind the German offensive in Galicia. General von Emmich (at the far table on the right) in the presence of his Staff officers, one of whom is watching through the glasses a German movement in the far distance. The Staff's automobiles and chauffeurs await orders to proceed at any moment.

Scenes through the Battle Smoke East and West

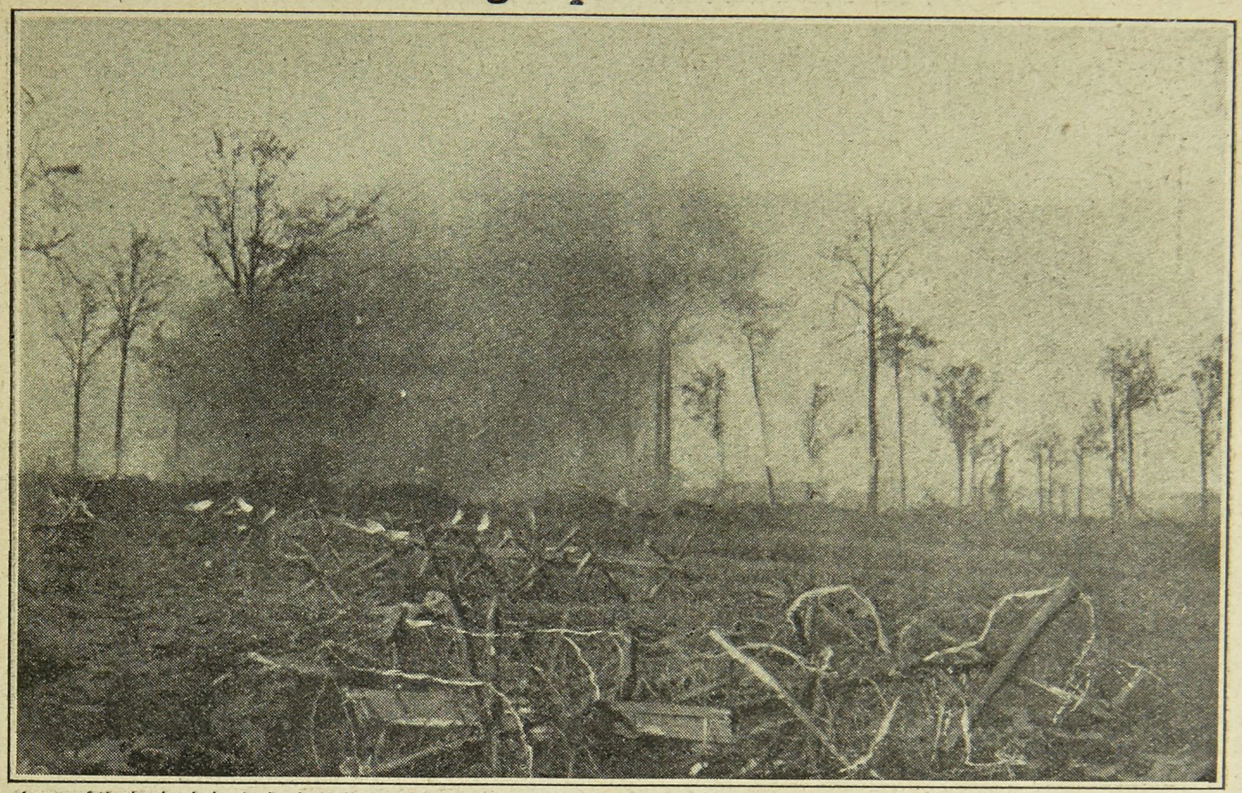


Into the jaws of death. This photograph was taken at the moment of the explosion of an Austrian shell in the Serbian area of hostilities. The immense column of smoke forms a curtain between the enemy and the Serbians, who are charging under its cover.

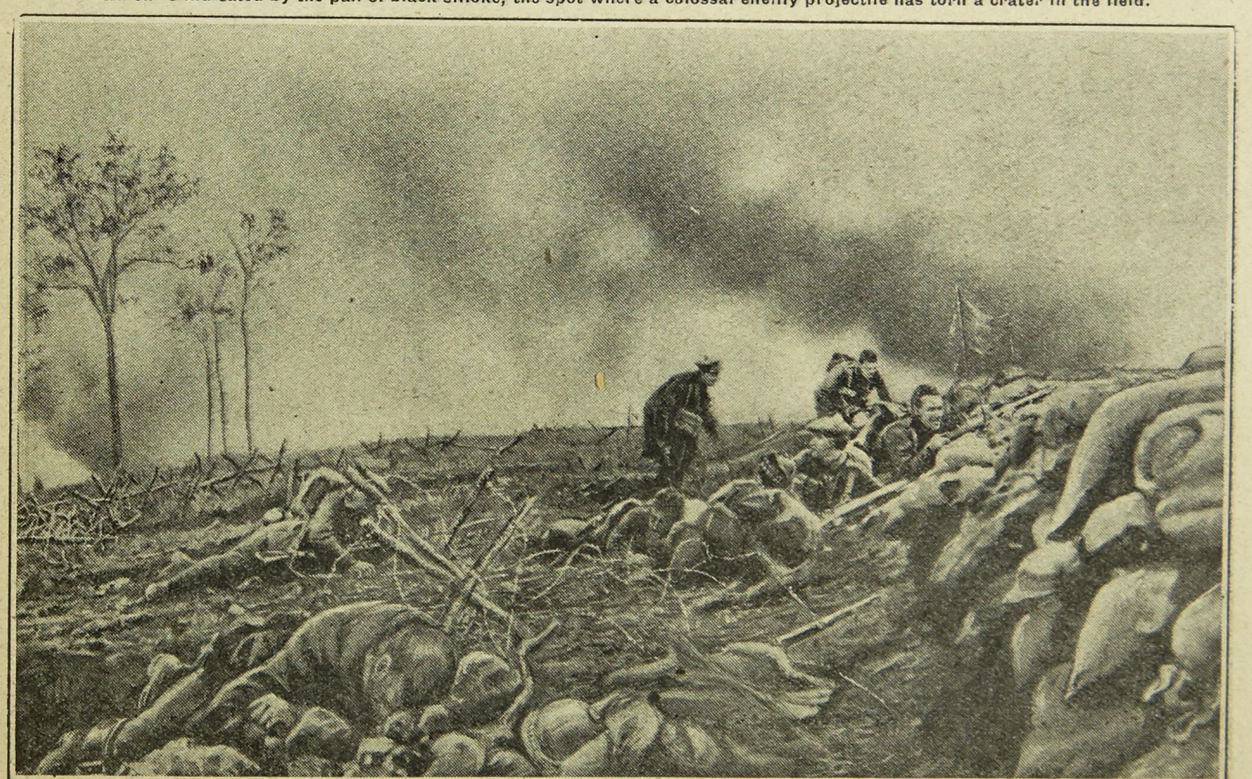


The valley of chaos. The "75's" found the precise range, and at a given signal a tornado of melinite fell on this German position, pulverising the trenches and tearing open a grave for scores of shattered men, broken arms, and torn equipments. Sepulchral silence now reigns after the terrestrial inferno. The imagination is incapable of picturing more fearful desolation.

Wonderful Photographs of a British Success

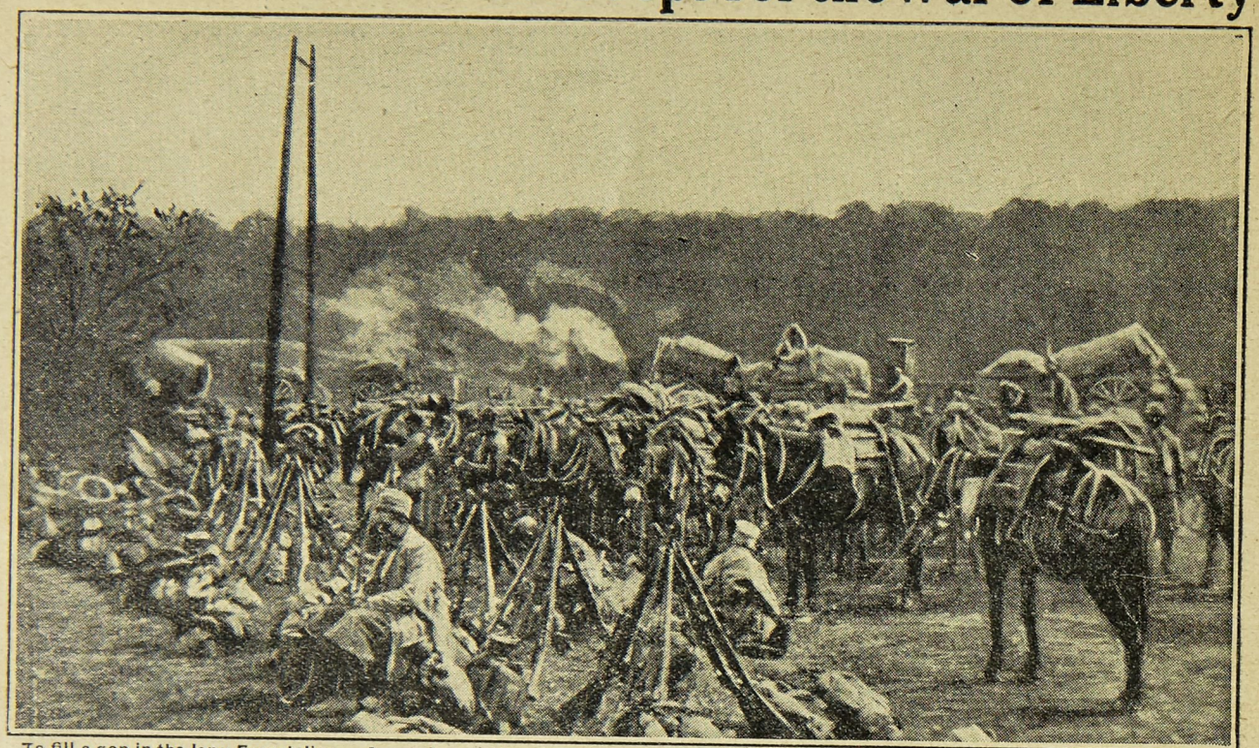


Some of the barbaric barbed-wire, the terrible weeds of death which are prolific over the fields of France and Flanders. The section in the foreground has been rushed by a British force. The British soldiers have just passed this vale of hell under heavy gun fire, which is indicated by the pall of black smoke, the spot where a colossal enemy projectile has torn a crater in the field.



The sequel to the remarkable photograph published above. The British have forced their way through to the breastwork of a German trench, and are taking cover before making the final dash which captured the position. An officer, revolver in hand, stoops ready to take aim at the enemy. A wounded German is lying, where he was shot down, in the foreground. It is to save our men from being held up and sacrificed on these obstructions that the country must "get into the factory line" and pour into France and Flanders shells in their millions.

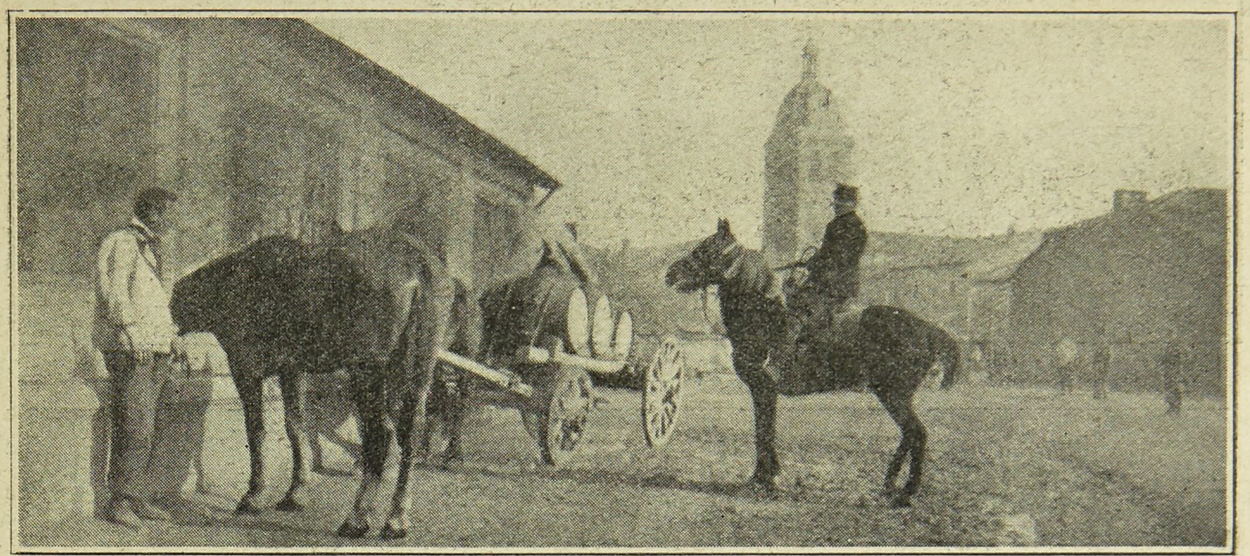
More French African Troops for the War of Liberty



To fill a gap in the long French line. A conglomeration of native troops, guns, equipments, mules (which carry the mitrailleuses), and waggons on its way to the French front. Yet another regiment of Moroccan soldiers is about to fight for France—and the Huns once laughed to scorn the idea of French colonial assistance in the great war they had destined.

Group of Moroccan soldiers awaiting the moment of departure for the trenches from a base "somewhere in the South of France." In the distance will be seen two soldiers who are carrying wads of straw on their backs with which to make travelling conditions more comfortable en route, and in the far background is the military train loaded with waggons.

The French Army Supply Department at Work



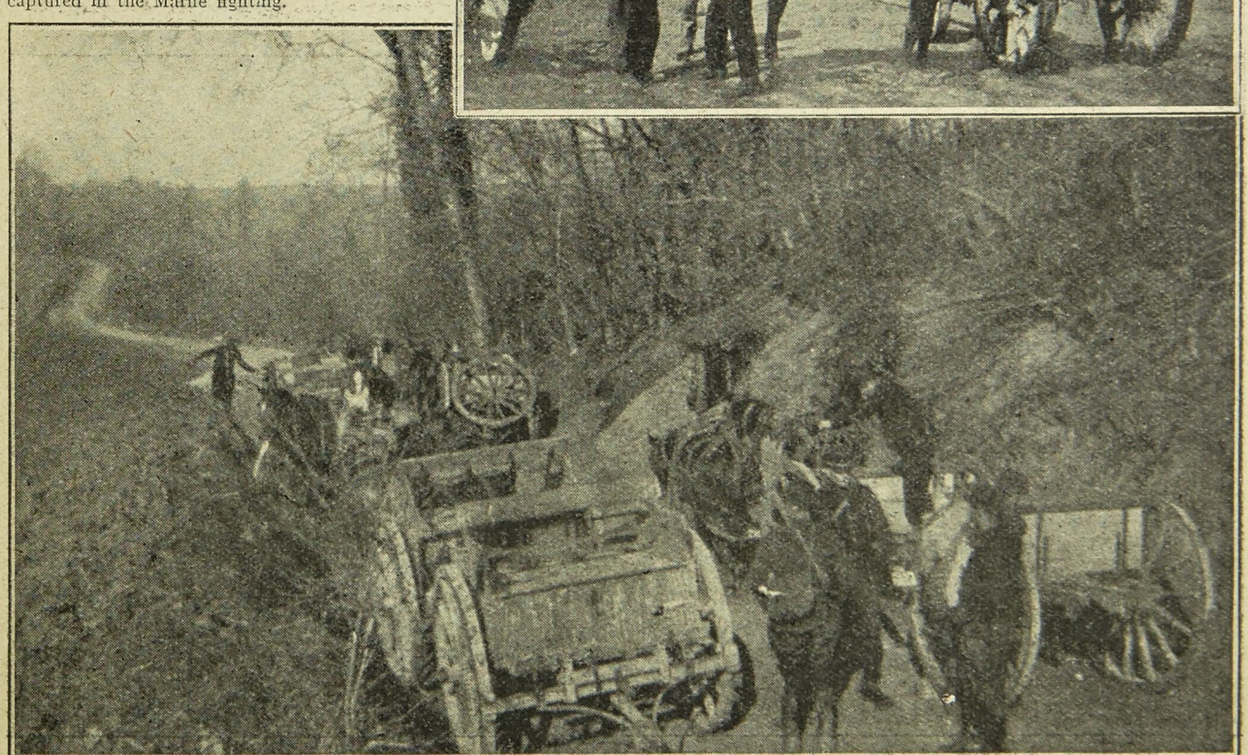
Water for the men in the trenches. Some of the French Army Service Corps about to convey barrels of water to a point on the line of fire.

Beneath: A soldier-blacksmith shoeing a horse behind a shell-broken wall, within sound of the guns on the French front.

THE art of replenishing continually an army with men and munitions is obviously the secret of victory. The final issue of this war, therefore, is but a question of resources, while the Germans have arrived at the limit of their possibilities the Allies have still vast reserves untapped. This is one of the most hopeful auguries of the eventual defeat of the Teuton.

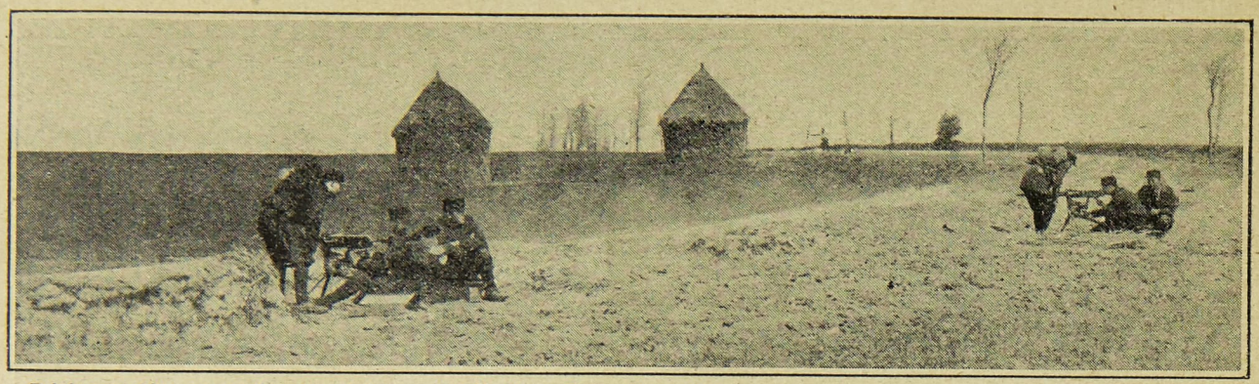
The three photographs on this page show phases in the supply department of the French Army in the field.

The natural thrift of our French allies is indicated in their use of German gun-carriages captured in the Marne fighting.

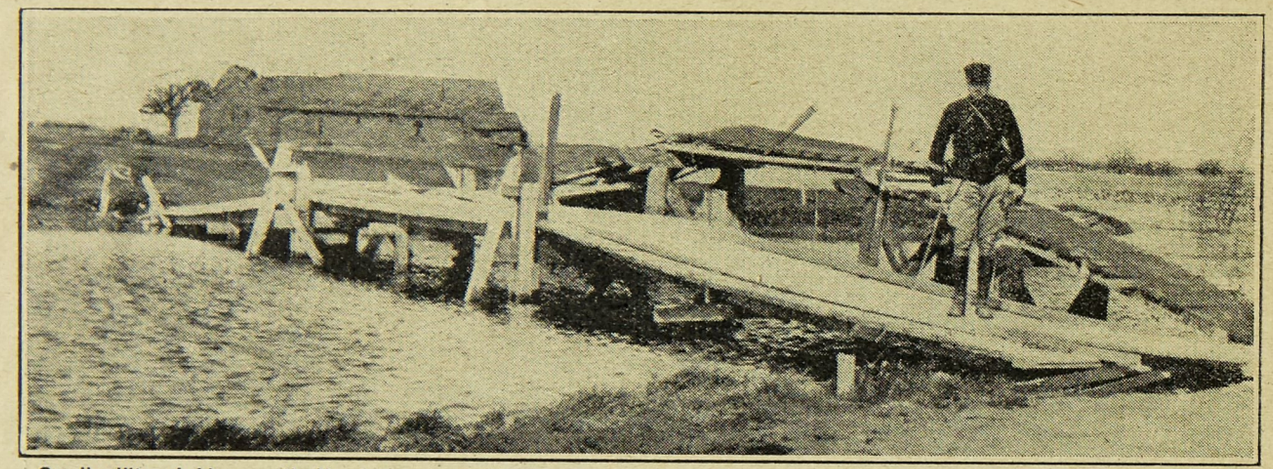


Making good use of their captures. A column of gun-carriages, taken from the Germans at the Battle of the Marne, conveying ammunition to the French gunners. Thus our thrifty Gallic friends utilise all their prizes.

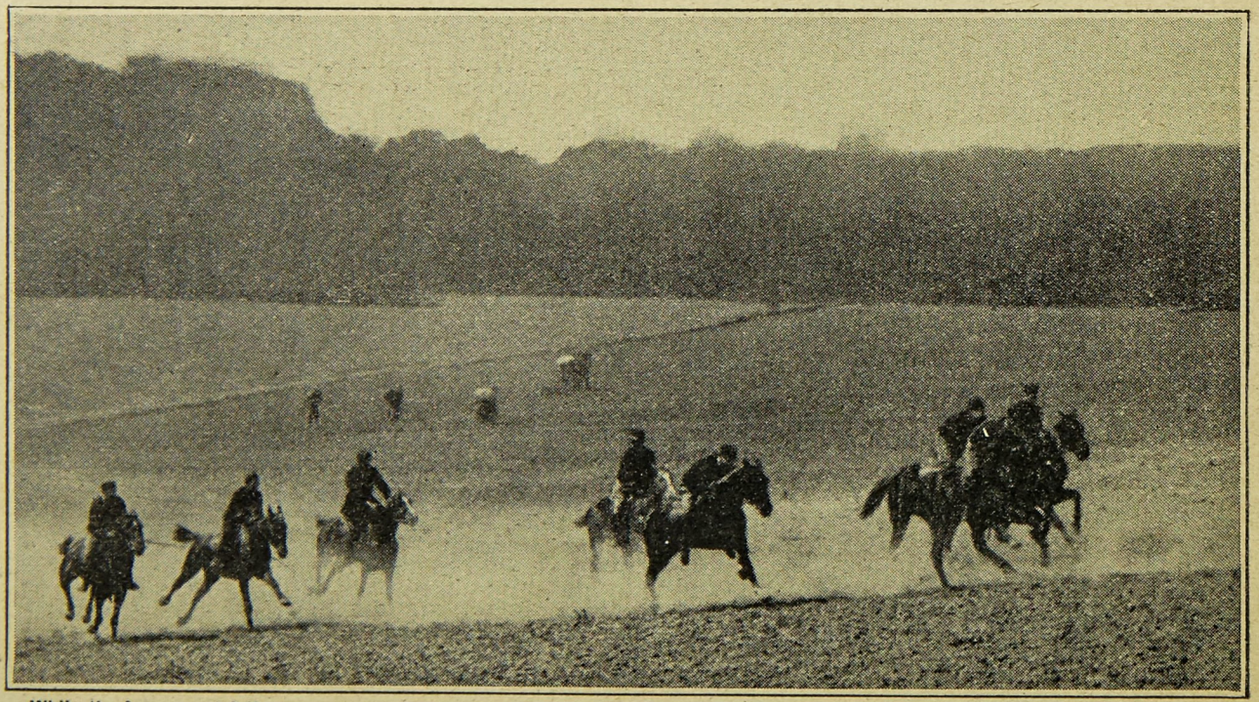
Belgian Gunners and Cavalry by Dune and Dale



Belgian machine-gun section at work in a part of Northern France that still bears signs of agricultural activity. The machine-gun, like high-explosive shells, is an essential to victory, and a superabundance of such weapons must tend to reduce the Allies' casualty lists.

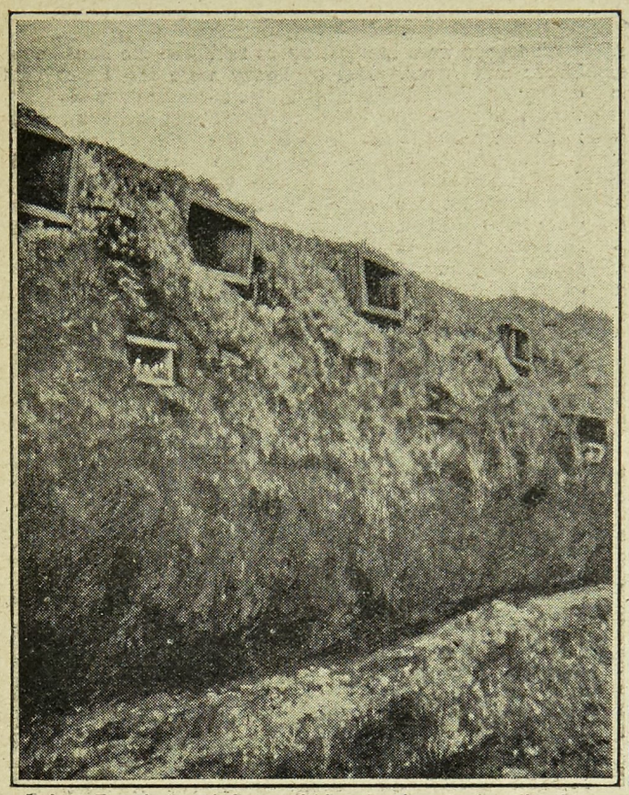


Small military bridge over the Yperlee constructed by our Belgian Allies. One of King Albert's officers poses for his photograph in the foreground, while in the distance a shell-ruined farmhouse is conspicuous on the flat countryside adjoining the dunes.

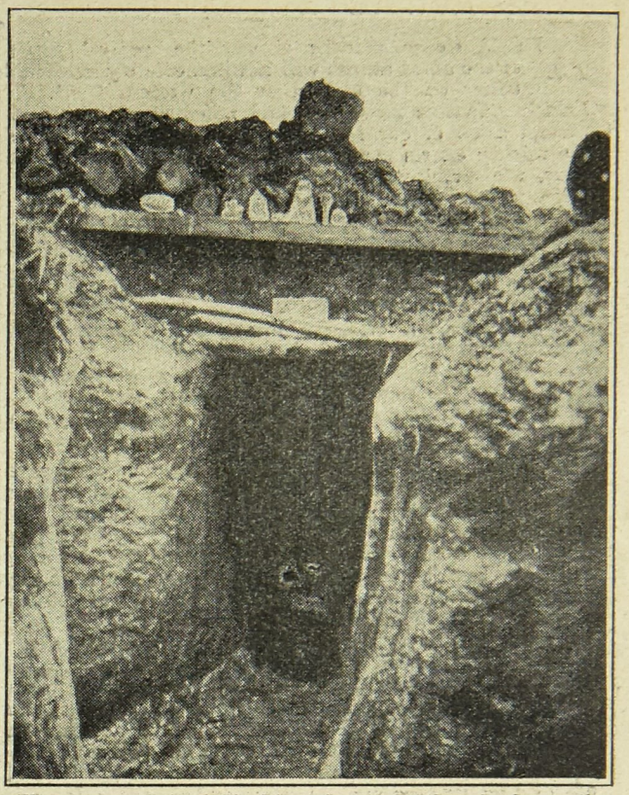


While the farmer yet follows the plough and anxiously watches the weather in anticipation of the coming harvest, the din of war echoes over his fertile lands. A body of Belgian cavalry leaves the cover of a wood and dashes at break-neck speed over the ploughed acres, which may at any moment become the fields of honour.

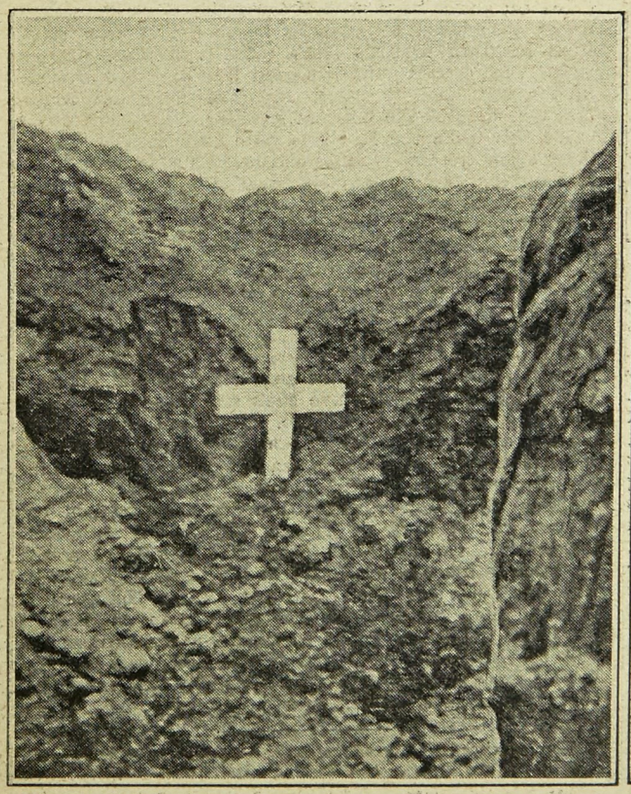
Life and Death in the Trenches of War



A deep French trench from within, showing the box-like loop-holes, one of which has been filled with little ornaments which Piou-piou has made to while away a lazy hour or two.



When our artistic Gallic friend is not fighting, he frequently employs his time in carving ornaments of wood and stone, some specimens of which are placed on the beam across this trench.



The white cross indicates the grave of a French soldier who was killed by a shell in the trench. His "camarades" interred him on the spot where he fell, faithful to the flag of Liberty.

French infantryman on the alert for signs of a "Boche" helmet in the enemy line a few yards away. It will be noticed that he is wearing waders, as his trench is almost a quagmire.

THE WAR BY LAND

By Edward Wright, Author of "The Great Episodes of the War"

AFTER eleven months of war the general position of the allied armies was not immediately favourable, either on the eastern or the western front. The British offensive movement had failed around Lille, and though some of our forces proceeded to co-operate with the mighty efforts made by the Tenth French Army near Lens, the fortification of the German lines seemed to be impregnable. Even a hurricane fire of 300,000 shells, in the famous Labyrinth, did not shatter the enemy's defences. Towards the end of the month the French advance was checked by the state of the ground after heavy storms, and the result was that the Germans again got a footing in the sunken road running towards Ablain. Apparently the great French offensive movement, engineered with a large supply of high-explosive shell and conducted by the finest fighting man in France—General Foch—was about to end only in small advances, similar to those which Sir John French's men had made round the Lille plateau.

Engineers' Laborious Work

It seemed as though deep, modern earthworks, strengthened by concrete and armour-plate and defended by heavy batteries and innumerable machine-gun forts, could only be taken by means of a great gas cloud. The work of the German engineers was magnificently laborious. Between their front trench and their support trench were large tunnels resembling the electric "Tubes" of London. During a heavy bombardment most of the garrison troops left the firing-line by the tunnels, and returned by the same underground passages when the allied infantry advanced to attack. The tunnels defeated the usual artillery tactics of blocking out reinforcements from an attacked line by means of a curtain of shrapnel fire. The Germans had had their lesson at Neuve Chapelle, and had profited by it.

Meanwhile General Joffre prepared another line of advance through the Vosges valleys, and a series of desperate conflicts, with fierce hand-to-hand fighting, opened in the highlands of Lorraine. Then around Verdun, on the Heights of the Meuse, there was a battle of extreme violence near Eparges, on the way to Metz. Here the Colonne position was stormed by the French, recovered by the Germans, again captured by the French, lost once more by a German gas attack, and diversified by a terrible spray of burning liquid. But when the gas blew away, our indomitable comrades-in-arms leaped out yet again against the enemy's machine-guns and bayoneted the first trench-ful of Germans. Co-operating with the French army battling in Lorraine, another large French force operating in Alsace stubbornly fought forward over fortified hills and through forests of wire entanglements.

Why Russia Suffered

But it was clear that the main French attack north of Arras, which had been started in the first week in May, in conjunction with the attempted advance of the First British Army, was firmly held at the beginning of July by the German forces under the Crown Prince of Bavaria. After a heroic and long-sustained effort, which provoked an official statement of admiration even from the enemy, the soldiers of France were unable to compel the Germans to shorten their line and uncover the rich coal-mining district south of Lille. Only one important result was obtained by the Tenth French Army and the First British Army by eight weeks' incessant night-and-day fighting, and by the expenditure of some millions of high-explosive shells. They prevented any more troops being shifted from the western front to reinforce Mackensen and Linsingen in Galicia.

It appears from a statement made by the principal military writer of Switzerland, Colonel Feyler, that only sixty-nine German battalions, including twenty-four battalions of the Prussian Guard, were moved from the Franco-British front in April to form the spear-head of the great German phalanx under General von Mackensen. Instead of any further reduction in strength of the German forces in France and Flanders, nearly a quarter of a million fresh troops were brought up to reinforce the lines between Ypres and Arras. But so heavy were the losses of the enemy in the battles against Generals French and Foch, that the large new German drafts did little more than maintain the existing garrison of the German trenches.

According to Colonel Feyler, the German Staff had in June 1,128 battalions on the western front and 701 battalions on the eastern front. On the eastern front were also 608 battalions of Austro-Hungarian troops. In spite, therefore, of the terrible blows delivered by the great German phalanx against the Russians, the main effort of Germany continued to be directed against the French and British forces. Russia, nevertheless, continued to suffer very severely from her lack of heavy artillery and high-explosive shell. Some heavy pieces were brought up from Kieff to the Dniester River in the third week in June, and these enabled General Brussiloff to throw back the German army under Linsingen which was trying to force the passage of the river and get in the rear of the retreating main Russian army. This army, having lost the Battle of Grodek, was compelled to withdraw from Lemberg on June 22nd, and five days afterwards the more southernly Russian forces retired from the scene of their victories on the Dniester and entrenched in an easterly direction. This was done to maintain close contact with the principal armies under General Ivanoff.

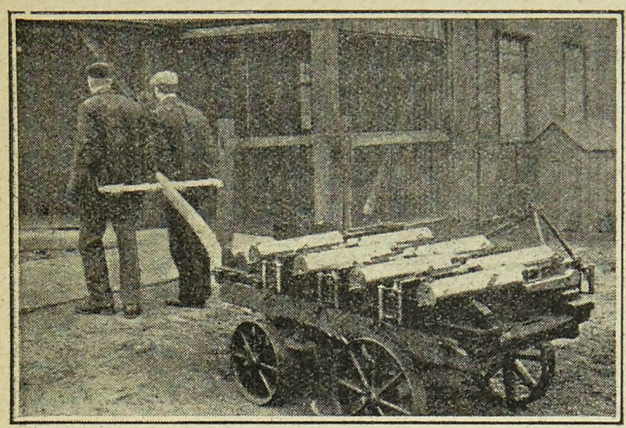
Russia's Masterly Retreat

General Ivanoff conducted the great retreat in a masterly manner. His men were continually in danger along a front of two hundred and fifty miles, for Mackensen kept trying to break through, first at one point and then at another. North of Lemberg he endeavoured to cut the Russian armies at Ravaruska. Next he turned into Russian Poland and strengthened the Austrian army there, which advanced down the Vistula to cut the Russian communications with Ivangorod. But the attempt was defeated, and a large part of the Austro-German attacking forces then tried to advance along the railway running from Lemberg towards Kieff. But a Russian armoured train, with heavy guns, steamed into the new battlefield in the last days of June, and, destroying an Austrian division, enabled the Russian infantry shatter the attack.

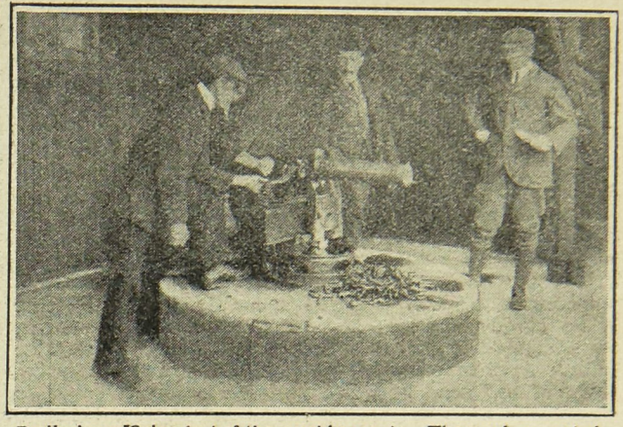
All this while the Russians were only fighting for time. After losing the line of lakes and heights at Grodek, in front of Lemberg, the Russian commander had no good ground for a general battle until he reached the line of the River Bug, at the end of which was the great entrenched camp of Brest Litovsk. Towards the Bug line, therefore, he retreated, fighting great rearguard actions every four or five miles. It was impossible to determine whether General Ivanoff was engaged in a grand strategical retreat or merely fighting with a view to preserving the remnant of his army. But it seemed to be pretty clear that he would need some months to refit and arm his new effectives and obtain the vast store of high-explosive shell and the heavy artillery necessary in modern warfare. Therefore, on both the eastern and western front, the Allies were for the time reduced to a defensive attitude. The enemy had to some extent regained a general power of initiative. Only the Italians, thundering against the great entrenched camp of Goritza, in front of Trieste, maintained an offensive movement. On the other hand, the process of attrition on three fronts was beginning to tell terribly against both the Germans and the Austrians. Even Germany had become more powerful in machinery than in men, for she could not spare troops to assist Austria against Italy. Her complete infantry forces in the field, east and west, were 1,829,000 men—and this when she was making her supreme and most violent effort!

The usual contributor of this page being prevented from writing this week, the Editor has invited Mr. Edward Wright, chief contributor to "The Great War" and author of "The Great Episodes of the War," to state his views on the situation.

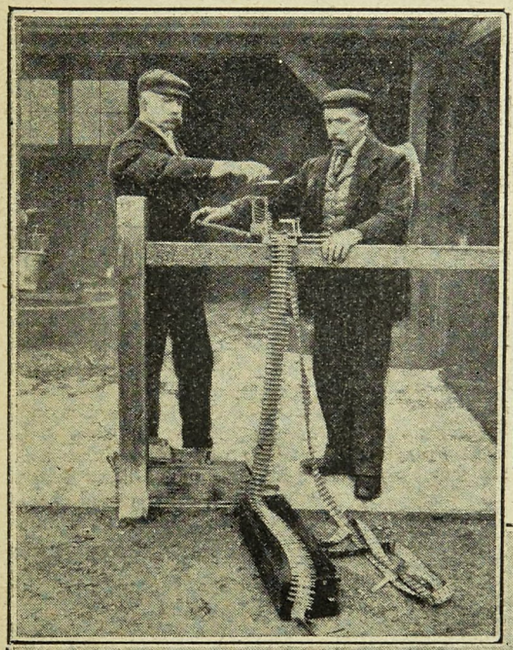
Making the Weapon that can hold up a Brigade

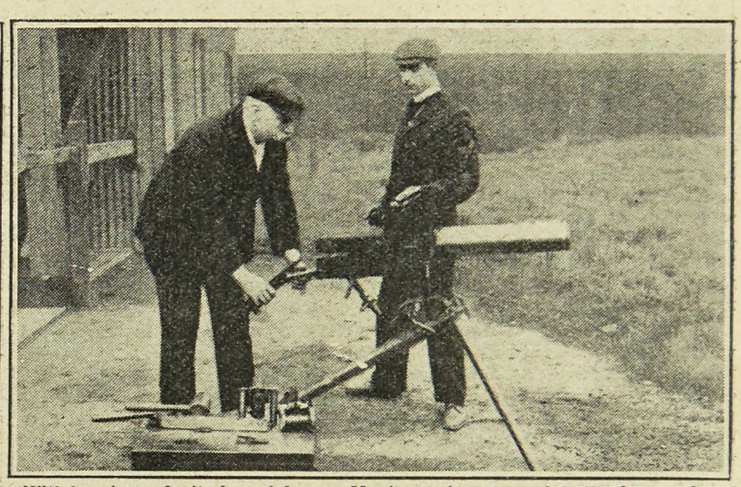


Conveying a trolley of Maxim guns to the test shed in order that they may be mounted and fired.

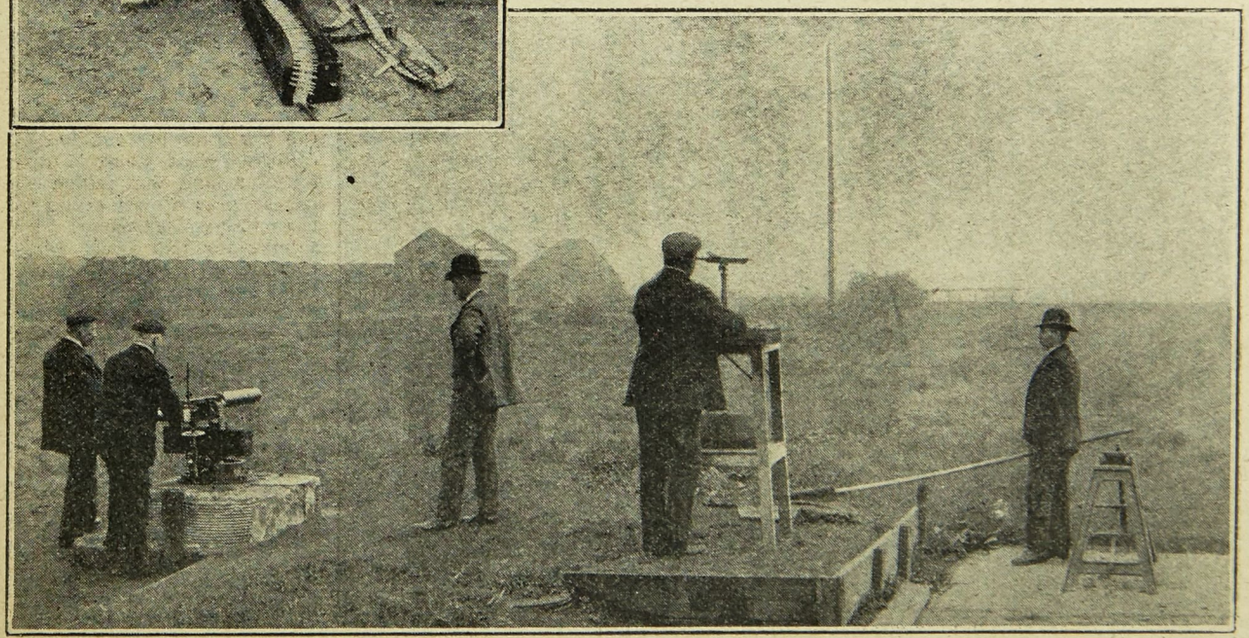


Preliminary firing test of the working parts. The gun is mounted upon a permanent mount such as that in use aboard battleships.





Withdrawing a faulty barrel from a Maxim, to be returned to the factory for alteration. Inset: Loading a Maxim cartridge-belt with service ammunition.



After the mechanism of the Maxim has been examined and found efficient, the accuracy of the weapon is ascertained by firing at an open target at 600 yards. This is the final test, and having passed this, the weapon is regarded as fit for service. The machine-gun is an invaluable weapon in modern warfare. It has been said that a well-placed Maxim can hold up a brigade.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE fight for the hill of Achi Baba in the Dardanelles campaign drags on. Once it is in our possession it is conceded that we can dominate the Dardanelles. To fix our ideas it is necessary to remember a few dates :

February 19th.—Naval bombardments commenced.

March 18th.—Battle of the Narrows and loss of three battleships.

April 25th.—Military forces landed.

April 29th.—First British submarine appears in the Sea of Marmora.

May 25th.—Triumph torpedoed by a German submarine.

Though there was good reason for the naval view that if no other operations had been undertaken we might, by a carefully-prepared descent and the use of suitable means, have sent a squadron right through the Narrows, the day has gone by when such an operation could be undertaken without great losses. Consequently, the only chance of interrupting the Turkish communications—which were mainly by sea in the Sea of Marmora from the railway terminals at the ports—lay in the use of submarine boats which were passed through the minefields by means which again it is undesirable to indicate.

Wanted—An Overwhelming Siege Train

This business would be by the sinking of transports to establish a state of terror, while our floating ships blockaded the Mediterranean. Though we are reported to have sunk an Austrian submarine, her presence together with that of U21, which sank the Triumph and Majestic, came as a very unpleasant suggestion of interference with the amphibious operation of maintaining a large land force. For be it remembered that our troops are dependent for everything in the way of supplies on sea transport.

It has naturally inclined opinion into two camps, in which one is willing to risk our prestige by withdrawal and the other advocates an overwhelming siege train and assault on Achi Baba. What could we not have done, they seem to say, if many of the guns which went down in the six battleships had been available on shore. They urge that the sooner and the more decisively we face the situation in the Dardanelles the sooner we will bring a powerful reinforcement to our efforts in France. The slow methods by which the Russians took Przemysl, at one time without a siege train and with a minimum of force, were all very well to apply to the situation up to May 25th, but then the submarine success, with possibly more submarines to follow, made it imperative to batter down resistance by a great siege train, as the Germans have done on several occasions.

Submarines Modify Strategic Problems

Now when we think out the situation we see how the modifying factor everywhere has been the submarine boat. If it has succeeded in doing so much in our favour on one side of the Gallipoli Peninsula, and to our detriment on the other side, is it not certain that we must think seriously of the modifications of our strategical problems brought about by this new factor not merely in the Dardanelles but everywhere else ?

It is not merely the menace of the German submarines to us in home waters, but the menace of the British submarines to anything Germany may wish to undertake over the waters of the North Sea.

Because the British submarine's role in the North Sea has been apparently a passive one it does not prove that it has achieved nothing, any more than is the case with the Grand Fleet's Dreadnoughts, which have had no chance of fighting because the threat of their existence has kept the German Fleet from even putting to sea.

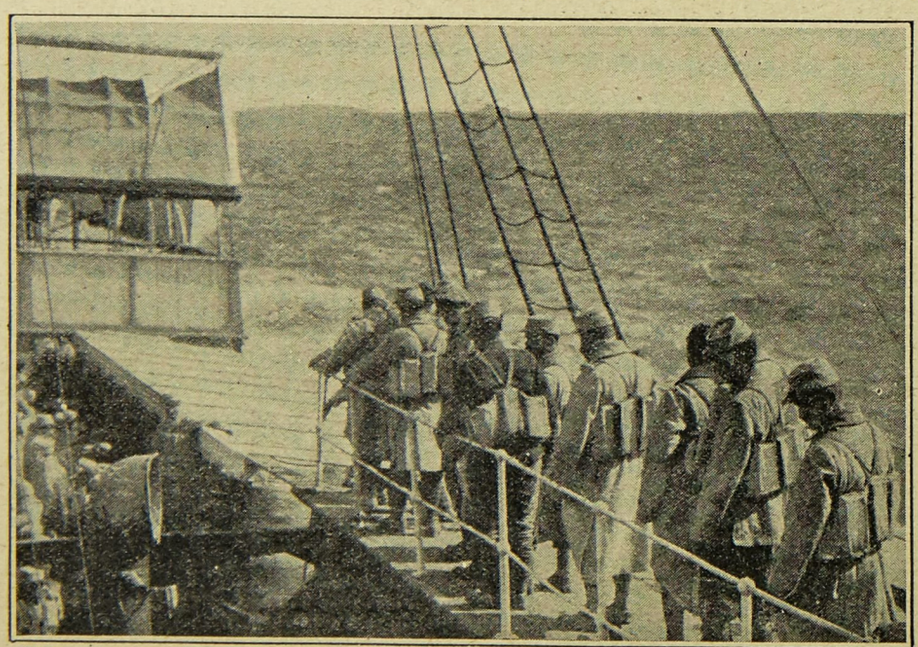
Disaffection in the Enemy Camps

What certainly emerges from a broad survey is that the British submarines in the North Sea, with the British fleet in the background, are such a tremendous deterrent against raids and such an absolute bar of invasion that a diversion to military preparation on shore in Great Britain is redundant, and such force should be made available for service abroad.

If this is recognised the problem of the Dardanelles will be largely modified in our favour. Again, suppose it is recognised that France is in no way menaced by sea, and can lend her submarines to Italy, then the land forces which formerly would have been tied up to the sedentary task of defending the Italian coast, can be reduced, and the surplus turned over to the Dardanelles.

It is true that we hear that the Turks are profoundly discouraged, that there is disaffection, and that failing to get supplies by sea owing to the terror established by submarines and their destruction of available vessels, they are running short of ammunition. That is only an argument for striking the harder while the iron is hot.

We have the same stories in regard to Trieste ; for, as I pointed out, the population and the "Austrian" naval crews are predominantly Italian. We even hear of an Austrian battleship mutiny, and a fight with the rest of the ships, with the result that a Dreadnought is damaged. That will not make Italy wait on events but press forward the more eagerly.

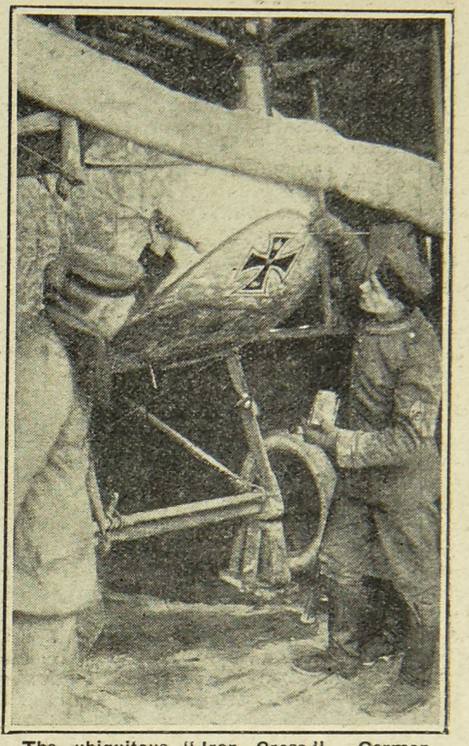


"Enemy submarine signalled!" Scene on a French transport on the way to the Dardanelles immediately after the hostile craft had been sighted. Lifebelts have been handed round to the soldiers and donned by them in case of a disaster.

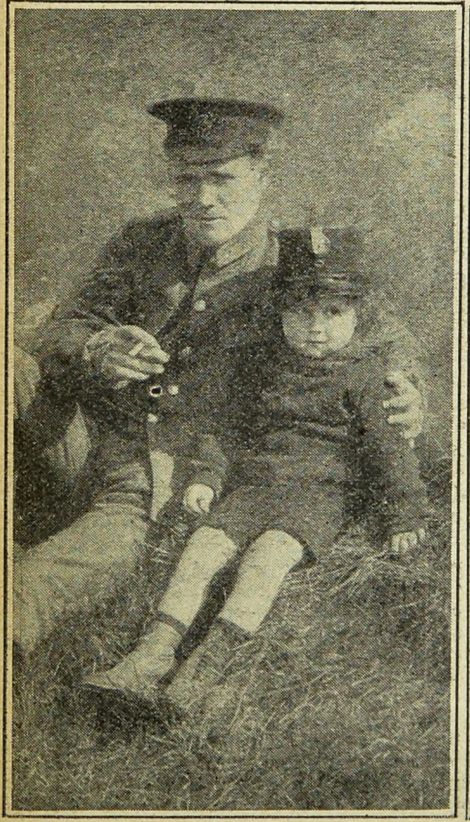
Snap-Shots by the Way in War-Time

German aviator-photographer in his motor "studio" at the front, in which he develops any negatives taken of the Allies' positions.

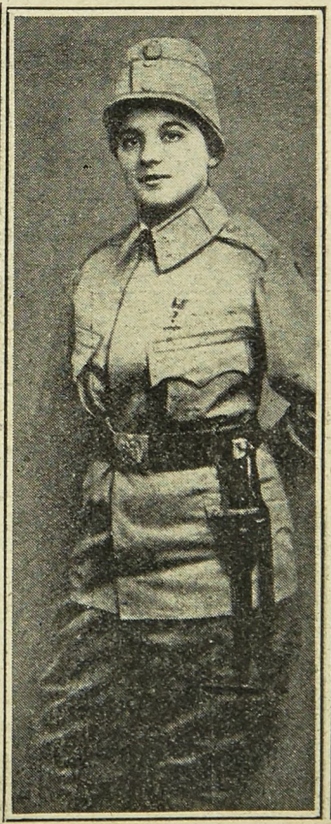
The militarism fostered in this child will be crushed ere he becomes a Hun!



The ubiquitous "Iron Cross." German aeroplane being decorated by a soldier-artist after a successful air raid.



A British soldier, resting at the base after trench life, with his small chum, a little French boy wearing a soldier's cap.



Modern "Amazon." An Austrian woman who is serving as a corporal in the Teutonic cause.

Patriotic coloured family. Soldier of the King's African Rifles, with his wife and baby, happy to serve his white Ruler.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

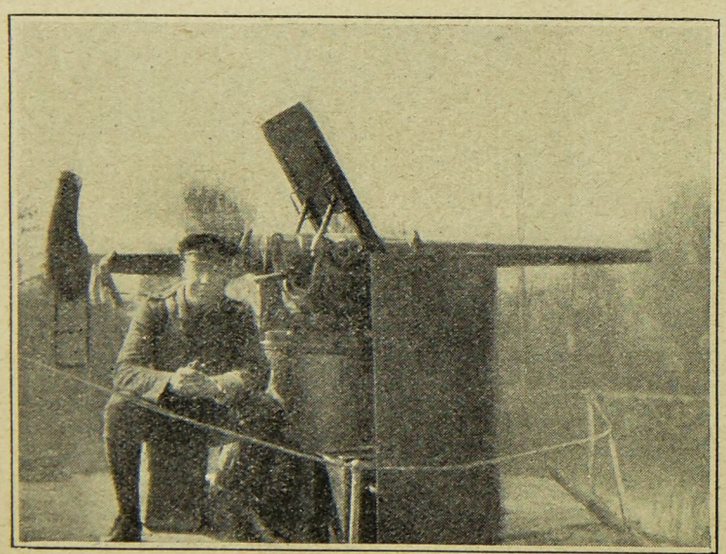
BEFORE starting on these notes, let me apologise in advance to Commander Bellairs for trespassing on his domain—the sea. Really air and sea are so mixed up that it is hard to tell where one ends and the other begins. (Doubtless Commander Bellairs, recollecting the bridge of a torpedo-boat heading into a gale, will bear me out in this statement.)

A V.C. Hero's Former Bravery

However, what I want to mention is that Commander Nasmith, R.N., who won his V.C. and special promotion from lieutenant-commander the other day for valour in the Dardanelles, has been generally regarded in the Royal Naval Air Service as having done everything necessary to win a V.C.—except get it—on Christmas Day last. That was the day of the seaplane raid on Cuxhaven and district, and part of the plan was that any of the aeroplanes which could not get back to the squadron of seaplane-carrying ships should make for a point within sight of Heligoland, where they would be picked up by a submarine. Three seaplanes made for that point, but one of them failed to reach it, and the pilot, who was alone, was taken prisoner. The other two arrived with some interval of time between them. The pilot and passenger of the first were taken on board, and the submarine remained watching for the other. Presently it also arrived, half shot to pieces by German guns on shore, and almost simultaneously a Zeppelin appeared, which proceeded to descend, obviously with hostile intent. As soon as the seaplane alighted it was seen that it was sinking, owing to one of the floats being badly damaged by a shell, so it was imperative that the crew of two should be taken on board at once. The submarine was manœuvred close up to the sinking seaplane, and as it came alongside the Zeppelin came down to within a few hundred feet. From that height its bombs could scarcely miss the submarine, so something had to be done in a hurry to divert the Zeppelin.

How the Zeppelin Was Outwitted

With great presence of mind, the officer commanding the submarine, who was this same Lieut.-Commander Nasmith, stood on the deck of his ship and waved his cap to the airship and gesticulated to convey to them the idea that he was a German submarine busy capturing a British seaplane.



Keeping watch for aerial pirates. An armed canal-boat on a waterway at ——, in Northern France, on the look-out for Zeppelins intent upon visiting our East Coast.

For the moment the ruse succeeded, and the Zeppelin sheered off. The delay sufficed to get the pilot and passenger on board, and the submarine promptly shut its lid and dived. By this time the Zeppelin skipper had seen his mistake, for he returned to the spot in a minute or two and began showering bombs on the place where the submarine had dived. Happily, the submarine was then at such a depth and distance that the bombs exploded some way away from it, but all those on board distinctly heard the detonations in the water. The bravery of the officer in risking his own life and the safety of his ship and crew in rescuing the two aviators was very highly appreciated by the Air Service, as was his cleverness in "booming off" the airship, for by simply diving when the Zeppelin appeared he could have assured the safety of his crew, at the expense of the aviators.

An Airman's "Grit" and Valour

Another very fine example of valour and tenacity of purpose was afforded lately by the officer of the Royal Flying Corps who was mentioned in the official narrative by the "Eye-Witness" as having brought his machine and his passenger safely to land, although the machine was on fire from end to end. The machine was apparently a gun-carrying "pusher" biplane of the type in which the gunner sits right out in the nose of the boat-shaped body—or "nacelle"—the pilot sits behind him, behind him again is the petrol tank, and behind that the engine and propeller. The tail is carried right out behind on tail-booms running from the wings and not from the body. Naturally, if a bullet punctures the petrol tank the spirit runs out and is carried by the air back to the engine, so that it is set alight by the flame from the open-exhaust parts. If such a thing occurs, the pilot's only chance of safety is to dive as fast as he can for the ground.

Sitting in a Bath of Flame

But doing this means that the petrol from the punctured tank will then run down into the front of the "nacelle," and as it has already caught light it goes on burning there, with the result that the pilot and passenger are simply sitting in a bath of flame. Petrol flame is even hotter than ordinary gas flame, and in this case its intensity may be judged from "Eye-Witness's" statement that it caused the ammunition for the machine-gun, and the cartridges in the revolvers of the pilot and passenger to explode. The whole direction of the machine depends on the pilot retaining his control over the rudder by means of the sudder-bar, which is fixed in the bottom of the "nacelle," so that to assure the safety of his passenger and himself he would have to keep his feet on that bar in spite of the flames. One may judge, then, of his cool courage in sticking to his work, and the agony, mental and physical, he must have suffered in getting the machine down safely.

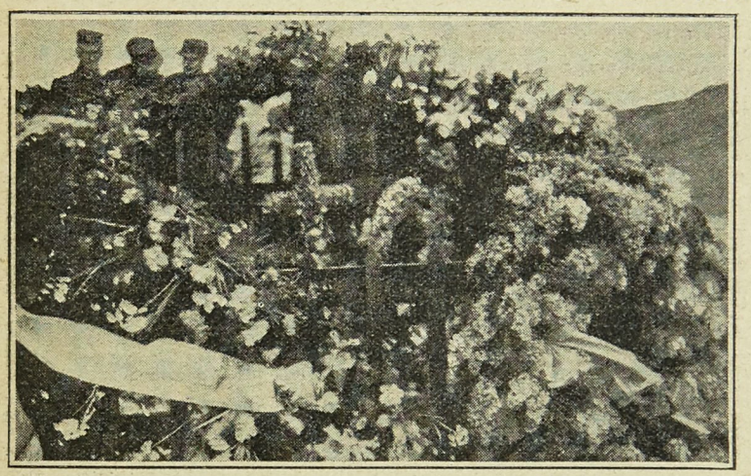
An Irony of Fate

A less brave or determined man would simply have thrown up his hands and have let the machine fall to certain destruction, or would have lost his head, and have done the wrong thing on reaching the ground, with the result that he and his passenger would have been buried in the blazing ruins.

In this case the pilot landed perfectly, and, by the irony of fate, sprained his knee in jumping out. One can only hope that he and his passenger may quickly recover from the burns they received, for such pluck is none too common even in the Royal Flying Corps, which contains rather a high average of brave men.

Last Tributes to Belgium's Martyred Heroine

The funeral, on the sand-dunes at La Panne, of Madame Antoine Depage, the Belgian heroine, and a victim of the Lusitania crime, whose body was recovered from the sea. It is mainly owing to Madame Depage that Belgium owes its present Red Cross organisation.



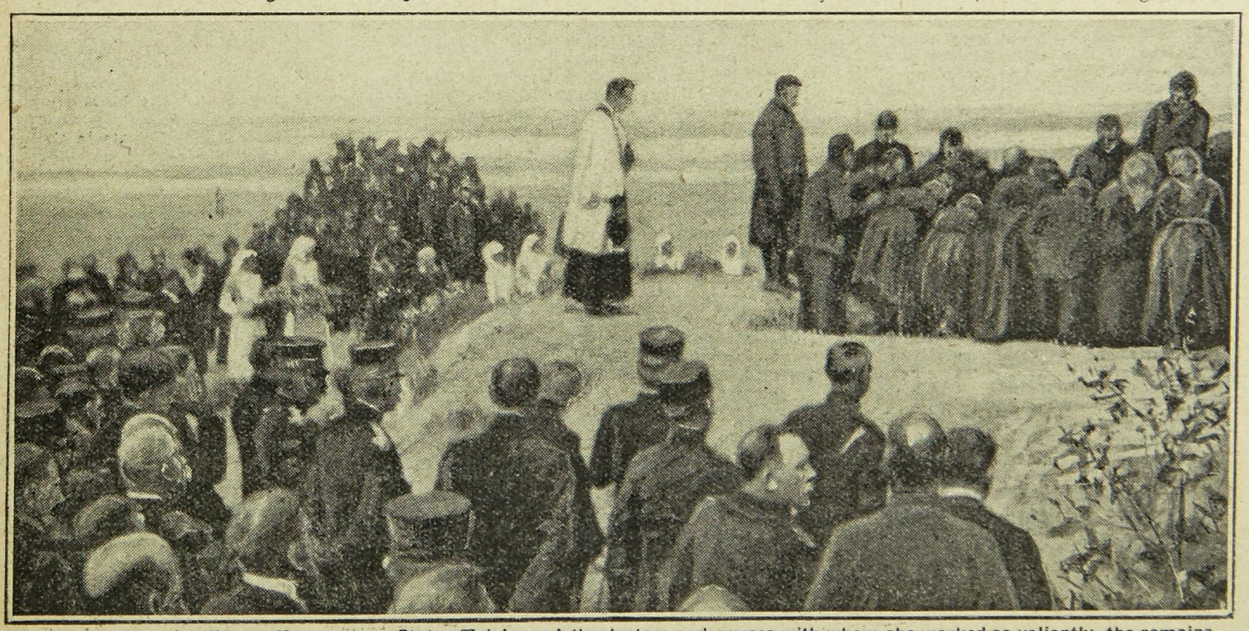
The heroine's tomb, with floral tributes from some of those who admired her untiring efforts to ameliorate suffering. Among the wreaths were two from King Albert and Queen Elizabeth.

RECENTLY, at a lonely grave amid the sand-dunes outside La Panne, the only corner of Belgium not trampled under the invaders' heels, the funeral rites were observed of Madame Antoine Depage, the wife of Professor Doctor Depage, Surgeon to his late Majesty King Leopold II., and Professor at Brussels University.

Madame Depage, who was honoured by Belgians as their "Florence Nightingale," assisted her husband in all his great organisations; she helped to re-form the hospitals of Belgium, and founded many nursing homes and schools for nurses. Since the war, Madame Depage had been indefatigable in her efforts on behalf of her wounded and unhappy countrymen and their women and children, and it was due to her unselfish energies that the Belgian Red Cross Society (of which her husband is President) quickly became thoroughly organised, and that fresh funds were collected.

Madame Depage left La Panne in February, and journeyed to America, in order to collect money on behalf of the Red Cross Society. She was returning home on the Lusitania, when she was numbered among the innocent victims of one of the greatest criminal outrages in history.

The remains of Madame Depage were recovered and taken to Belgium, and the exclusive photographs that we are privileged to publish on this page show impressive scenes at the funeral. The heroine's tomb stands by itself in the sand-dunes, and she rests on the shores of the country she loved so well, and for which she gave her life.



In the presence of military officers, many State officials, and the doctors and nurses with whom she worked so valiantly, the remains of Madame Depage were lowered into their lonely resting-place in the sands of her ravaged country.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, June 1st to 30th, 1915

JUNE 1.—Austrians evacuate Gradisca.

JUNE 2.—British carried with the bayonet a point east of Ypres.

Italians crossed the Isonzo, north of Trieste. On the Trentino frontier they reduced the Austrian fort at Belvedere, north-east of Rovereto.

A French communiqué reviews events between May 9 and June 1 in the sector north of Arras. The division which captured Carency, Ablain, St. Nazaire, the Malon Mill, and the Souchez Sugar Refinery, took 3,100 prisoners, including 64 officers, and buried 2,600 Germans.

German transport torpedoed by British submarine in Panderma Bay.

JUNE 3.—**Fall of Przemysl**, after heroic resistance of Russian garrison.

Announced that on May 31 the British force in the Persian Gulf attacked a hostile force north of Kurna, seized the heights, captured three guns, ammunition, and 250 prisoners.

British forces in the Persian Gulf occupied Amara.

The new Ministry met Parliament. Sir John Simon introduced the Bill creating a Ministry of Munitions.

Great French Air Raid on Crown Prince of Germany's headquarters, 178 bombs dropped, many of which struck their objective.

JUNE 4.—British positions at the Chateau of Hooge, east of Ypres, after being temporarily retaken by the Germans, were captured by our troops.

On the Italian frontier sharp fighting developing at the Monte Croce Pass, which leads from Italy into Austria through the Carnic Alps.

French Shell Metz Camp.

To the north of Arras French make progress towards Souchez and in the Labyrinth.

Struggle for the Straits.—General attack delivered upon the Turkish positions in southern area of the Gallipoli Peninsula. Five hundred yards gained along a front of nearly three miles.

Announced that Mr. Asquith has been at the front, having left London May 30.

Zeppelin raid on East and South-East coasts of England; few casualties.

JUNE 5.—French progress continued. Five German counter-attacks east of the Chapel of Lorette repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy.

Berlin admits loss of sugar refinery at Souchez.

JUNE 6.—**French Success on the Aisne.** East of Tracy-le-Mont on the heights adjoining the Moulin-sous-Touvent, our ally delivered an attack which resulted in important gains, capturing, on a front of over half a mile, two successive lines of trenches.

Zeppelin Raid on East Coast.—5 deaths and 40 injured.

French delivered successful attacks on both sides of the Aix-Noulette-Souchez road, and gained ground in the woods to the east of that road and to the south in the region of the Buval Bottom.

"The Labyrinth" Struggle.—New trenches captured at the centre and in the south, giving the French an advance of about 100 yards. This struggle has continued uninterrupted for eight days in this great work, two-thirds of which the French now hold.

On the Lower San, in Northern Galicia, the Russians made a very distinct advance.

JUNE 7.—**British Burn a Zeppelin.**—Flight-Sub-Lieutenant R. A. J. Warneford, R.N., attacked a Zeppelin in the air between Ghent and Brussels at 6,000 feet. He dropped six bombs, and the airship exploded, fell to the ground, and burnt for a considerable time; 28 of crew killed. The gallant pilot's monoplane turned upside down, but he righted it and returned safely to the aerodrome.

Flight-Lieutenants J. P. Wilson and J. S. Mills attacked Zeppelin shed near Brussels, setting it on fire.

French captured two lines of trenches at Hebuterne, south-west of Arras.

Press Bureau announces that a British force successfully attacked Sphinxhaven, a German post on eastern shore of Lake Nyasa, on May 30.

Naval encounter in Baltic. Russian mine-laying transport Yenissei sunk by German submarine. Russian submarines and mines reported to have sunk three German vessels.

JUNE 8.—King George telegraphs congratulations to Sub-Lieutenant Warneford, and confers upon him the V.C.

Resignation of Mr. Bryan, U.S. Secretary of State, owing, it is reported, to his disapproval of the Note to Germany.

Italians consolidating their hold on both banks of the Isonzo, and preparing a general attack.

At Neuville St. Vaast French carried whole of western island of village. The splendid advance near Hebuterne continued.

JUNE 9.—Mr. Asquith announced total number of British casualties up to May 31 as 258,069.

Mr. Balfour announced German submarine sunk, its crew of 6 officers and 21 men taken prisoners.

Neuville St. Vaast all taken by the French.

JUNE 10.—**Italians take Monfalcone**, 19 miles from Trieste.

Two British torpedo-boats, Nos. 10 and 12, torpedoed by a German submarine off the East Coast.

JUNE 11.—Russians rout Austro-German Army all along the Dniester. North of Zurawno the enemy driven back, losing guns and 7,000 officers and men.

Text of the U.S. Note to Germany published.

In the region of the Touvent farm (south of Hebuterne) French pierced the German lines for a length of more than a mile and a quarter and a depth of two-thirds of a mile.

JUNE 12.—French progress in lower region of Buval and in "The Labyrinth."

Great Russian Victory. Petrograd officially announced that in the three days' battle on the Dniester in the region of Zurawno, which lasted from June 8 to June 10, Russians captured 348 officers, 15,431 soldiers, 78 machine-guns, and 17 cannon.

Desperate fighting in the Baltic Provinces, on the whole front of the Rivers Windau, Venta, and Dubissa.

JUNE 13.—**Souchez Station captured by the French.**

Italy reports her occupation of Gradisca, on the Isonzo.

JUNE 14.—Belgians crossed the Yser with 1,000 men and established themselves on the east bank.

French lose some of trenches won north of the sugar-refinery at Souchez.

Italians bombard the fortress of Malborghetto.

JUNE 15.—**Karlsruhe bombarded** by 23 allies' aeroplanes.

German defeat near Tracy-le-Mont.

Zeppelin raid on North-East Coast, 16 killed, 40 injured.

British capture German front line of trenches east of Festubert, but failed to hold them against enemy's counter-attacks.

JUNE 16.—German first-line trenches captured by British north of Hooge.

In the Vosges French progressed on the two banks of the Haute Fecht. On the northern bank the French carried the Braunkopf.

Germans reported to be advancing on Lemberg, and claim to have captured 40,000 Russians.

JUNE 17.—French gained important success in the Souchez neighbourhood, several lines of trenches captured from Germans on both sides of the Aix-Noulette-Souchez road. In the Vosges French gained a line of heights commanding a portion of the Fecht valley, captured Steinbrück, and a suburb of Metzeral.

Italians occupy whole of Monte Nero.

JUNE 18.—**British advance east of Festubert** reported by Sir John French.

French patrols reached outskirts of Metzeral.

German trenches, north of Hooge, occupied by British.

JUNE 19.—**French carry the Buval Bottom**, which had been obstinately defended by enemy since May 9, and in Alsace completely invested Metzeral, to which Germans set fire before evacuating it.

Russian report states enemy's guns audible at Lemberg.

JUNE 20.—French offensive in the valley of the Fecht continues to make progress.

Italian official report describes many enemy positions on the line of the Isonzo taken by storm.

JUNE 21.—In Lorraine the French pressed their former gains, taking all the enemy first line trenches on a front of 1,500 yards. In Alsace they took Metzeral.

Reported that Austro-Germans attacking near Lemberg. Berlin communiqué announces fall of Ravaruska and of Zolkiew, latter 15 miles north of Lemberg.

New War Loan announced in Parliament, unlimited in amount, and available to public in denominations as small as five shillings.

JUNE 22.—**French progress in Lorraine** continued, a fresh attack won considerable ground. In Alsace our ally pushed past Metzeral, and advanced beyond the Andasswasser.

Russia admits retirement from the Grodek line.

De Wet sentenced to imprisonment for six years and to a fine of £2,000.

Fall of Lemberg.

JUNE 23.—In the Vosges French continue their advance up the valley of the Fecht towards Münster, and occupy the village of Sonderbach.

Mr. Lloyd George introduced Munitions of War Bill in House of Commons.

JUNE 24.—Germans bombarded Arras, where a hospital was struck, nuns and nurses being killed.

JUNE 25.—Heavy enemy defeats in Galicia. Both due east of Lemberg and 40 miles to south-east German advance checked.

Union Forces operating in German South-West Africa occupied another post on Swakopmund-Grootfontein line.

JUNE 26.—Lieutenant-Commander M. E. Nasmith awarded V.C. for submarine exploits in Sea of Marmora.

JUNE 27.—Germans gained minor success north of Souchez. By using burning liquids they reached their old first line in the Calonne trench on the Meuse, but later were beaten back.

Battle of Bobrka. A fierce fight developed here, 18 miles south-east of Lemberg. The Russians captured during counter-attacks 1,600 prisoners.

Zeppelin sheds at Friedrichshafen bombed by French airmen.

JUNE 28.—Further retreat of Russians, to Bug River. Enemy enter Halicz and secure line of the Dniester.

JUNE 29.—**National Register** announced in Parliament.

JUNE 30.—Austro-German armies in Galicia reported advancing to Russian frontier. New invasion of Poland.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

GENERAL SIR HENRY MACLEOD LESLIE RUNDLE,
G.C.B., G.C.V.O., G.C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanding the Fifth Army.

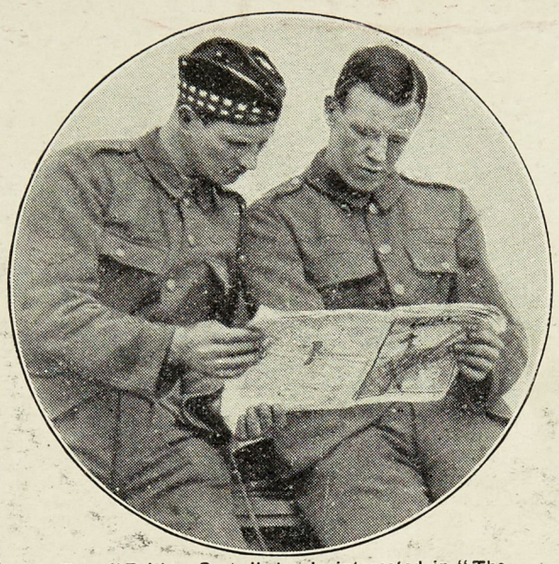
The World-wide War & 'Ourselves'

By the Editor

I DO not know that I have mentioned in any occasional talk with my readers the fact that the circulation of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is quite as world-wide as the influence of the war itself. To an extent infinitely greater than would have been possible in times of peace, our little British periodical has penetrated into foreign lands, while I have many evidences that it is sought after and studied all over the Continent.

OF course, it is only natural to receive correspondence from remote corners of the British Empire, where the interest in our pictorial chronicle of the war is almost greater, if that can be imagined, than it is at home. Since the first number of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED was sent forth I have received from Canada, Africa, Australia, India, innumerable letters of congratulation on the interest of the weekly parts, and letters asking for information on points which have arisen from a study of their contents.

FROM Germany itself there have been various indications that THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is one of the British periodicals most closely studied by enemy journalists, its illustrations being frequently reproduced in German papers, and its statements of fact combatted by enemy critics, who not unnaturally hate us for telling the truth. From Russia, too, I have had quite a considerable amount of correspondence following upon articles which Russian or Polish readers with a knowledge of English have seen in our pages. From Chili and other parts of South America letters have come to hand, showing that among the British residents THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is eagerly looked for there.



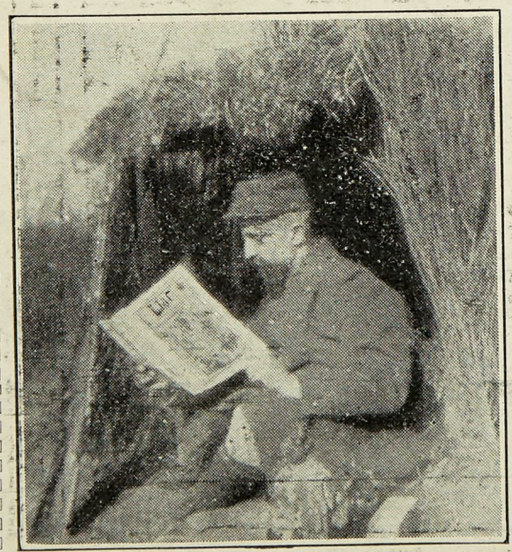
Two "Brither Scots" deeply interested in "The War Illustrated."

BUT, perhaps most gratifying of all, is the knowledge that it circulates to a considerable extent among our Allies, the French and Belgians, this being due, of course, to the quicker distribution which is possible between England and France. Right from the foremost trenches of the French Army have I received numerous letters and hundreds of most interesting photographs. Every recent issue has contained a considerable number of these invaluable pictorial documents of the war.

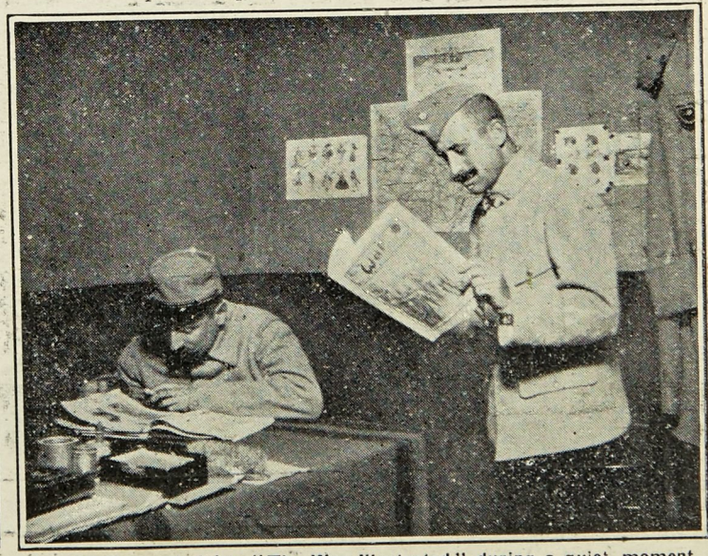
A PUBLICATION which has so quickly achieved this very remarkable international popularity must be unique in character. Of course, the appeal of the picture is the best of international languages—more universal than ever Esperanto will be—and this, no doubt, accounts in large measure for the interest shown by foreign readers in our pages. It is indeed the irresistible appeal of the picture that is the secret of all our success. Week by week we tell the progress of the war in the most graphic of all the methods known to human ingenuity. The camera operating in the most widely distant fields of the war seizes for us scenes and episodes full of dramatic interest, and registers in a flash what otherwise would take long to tell.

THUS when we come to the completion of a volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED we have a wonderful pictorial epitome of events that have racked the world, and these volumes, it is not too much to say, will in years to come be unique among the records of this wonderful era. For that reason I strongly counsel every reader to make sure of preserving the weekly parts, so that in the future he will be able to view with satisfaction a splendid set of volumes, priceless in interest, and possessing a value far in excess of the little cost of preserving the numbers, which might have otherwise been destroyed or allowed to disappear like ordinary weekly papers. For it must be remembered that THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is in no wise an ordinary weekly periodical. It has been designed expressly for permanent preservation, and is indeed the first successful effort in the history of British publishing to provide a pictorial work worthy of binding at a price usually paid for an ephemeral journal of the hour.

THE publishers' registered cases are obtainable from any newsagent or bookseller at the cost of 1s. 6d., and the bookseller makes only a small extra charge for the work of trimming and binding the pages. The publishers themselves do not undertake the actual work of binding. The first twenty-six parts complete Volume I. Put the binding in hand TO-DAY!



French soldier reading "The War Illustrated" in his shelter at the front.



French officers studying "The War Illustrated" during a quiet moment in their quarters.

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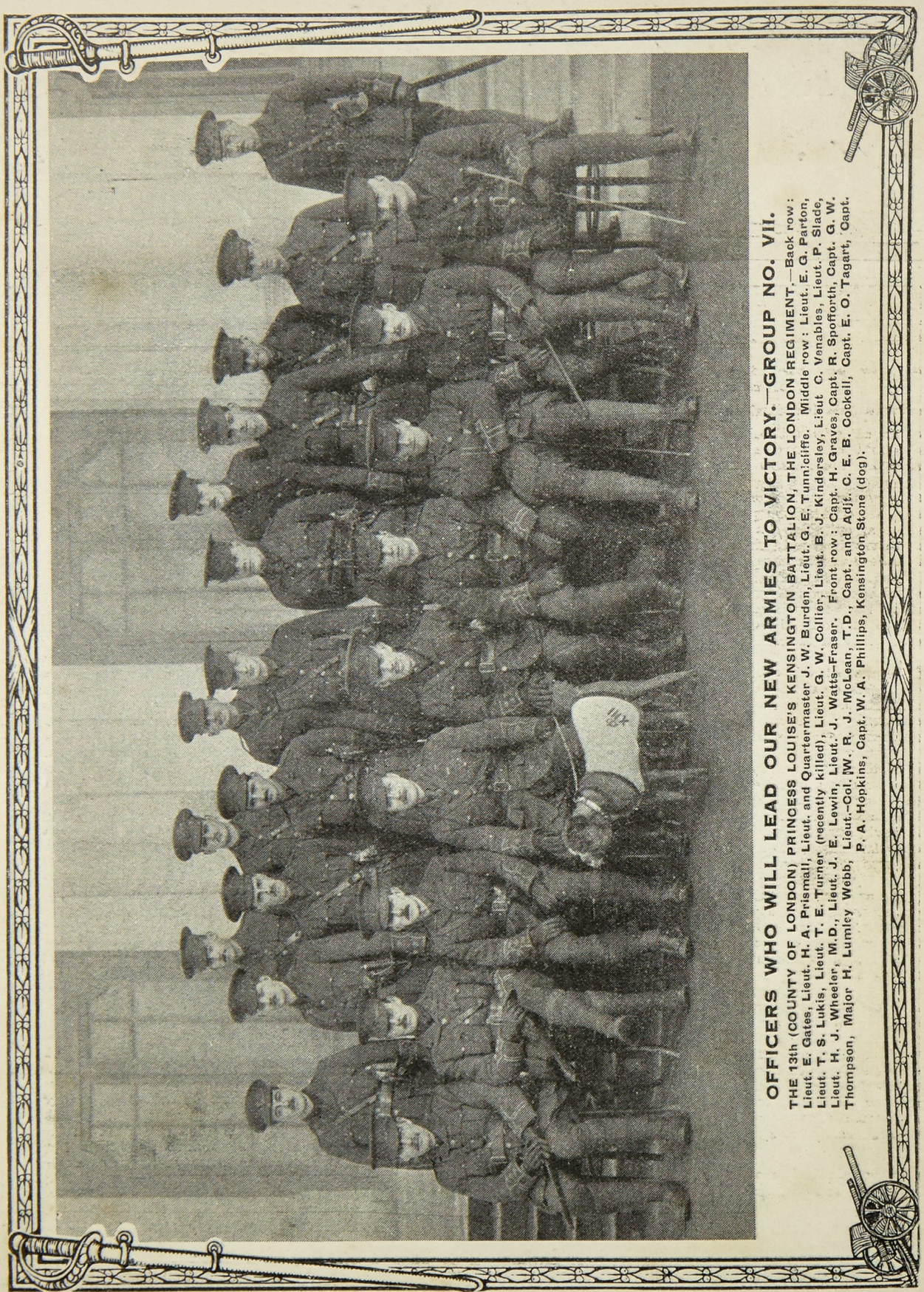
The War Illustrated, 17th July, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Optimists and Pessimists by Max Pemberton

The War Illustrated

2d Weekly

Vol. 2 Young Lions of the Old Empire—No. II. Australia **No. 48**



OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—GROUP NO. VII.

THE 13th (COUNTY OF LONDON) PRINCESS LOUISE'S KENSINGTON BATTALION, THE LONDON REGIMENT.—Back row: Lieut. E. Gates, Lieut. H. A. Prismall, Lieut. and Quartermaster J. W. Burden, Lieut. G. E. Tunnicliffe. Middle row: Lieut. E. G. Parton, Lieut. T. S. Lukis, Lieut. T. E. Turner (recently killed), Lieut. G. W. Collier, Lieut. B. J. Kindersley, Lieut C. Venables, Lieut. P. Slade, Lieut. H. J. Wheeler, M.D., Lieut. J. E. Lewin, Lieut. J. Watts-Fraser. Front row: Capt. H. Graves, Capt. R. Spofforth, Capt. G. W. Thompson, Major H. Lumley Webb, Lieut.-Col. W. R. J. McLean, T.D., Capt. and Adjt. C. E. B. Cockell, Capt. E. O. Tagart, Capt. P. A. Hopkins, Capt. W. A. Phillips, Kensington Stone (dog).

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 48. Vol. 2
17th July, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

"TO CRACK THE VOICE OF MELODY AND BREAK THE LEGS OF TIME."

Father Time has suffered some severe buffetings in the course of a long life, and in spite of his advanced years the Germans have resorted to barbarism which must be reminiscent of his early youth—long before the world dreamt of the blessings of civilisation. This exclusive photograph shows the ruined belfry of the church at Wassagen, and is singularly symbolical of the Kaiser's contempt for the age of progress in his cherished desire to stop the works of world-peace and prosperity.

THE OPTIMIST, THE PESSIMIST AND THE WAR

By Max Pemberton

Mr. Max Pemberton, the celebrated novelist and military critic—he has closely studied in years past all the ground over which the great conflict of the West is now raging—has been invited by the Editor of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *to place before our readers at this anxious hour a calm and brief survey of the opposing opinions which, on the one hand, breed optimists, and, on the other, pessimists in all that concerns the fortunes of the war. The Editor considers that Mr. Pemberton has succeeded admirably in summing up the pros and cons in a little space.*

BUTLER, in his "Miscellaneous Thoughts," observes that opinion governs all mankind; while Chapman, in a "Widow's Tears," has described it as the "blind goddess of fools." The world is full of opinions to-day, and the optimist sits cheek by jowl with the pessimist wherever two or three are gathered together. The sunshine of hope and the tears of despondency mingle, and we pass readily from the premature cry of "victory" to the equally premature and futile lament that "all is lost."

Naturally, the optimist is the cheerier person. He knows as little about the true facts of the war as the pessimist, perhaps, but he is equally generous in his knowledge. Hope springs bountifully in his human breast. He deals largely in generalities, but the truth of them is incontestable. Ask him why we are bound to win the war, and he becomes eloquent immediately. We shall win the war, he will tell you, for these reasons, and he ticks them off as so many items in a national balance-sheet which he is privileged to audit.

How the Optimist Reasons

1. Numbers must be the deciding factor. In the great fight for Calais the Germans outnumbered us in a proportion of sixteen to ten. That disparity no longer exists. Italy has come into the fray with a possibility of three millions of men for her frontiers. The great French reserves are all equipped. Our magnificent Kitchener armies are ready to take the field, and others are being created. Russia's armies are inexhaustible. She may have had but two and a half millions under arms, but she has another seven and a half millions waiting for their weapons, and these are being steadily added to her fighting forces. Already, we have equality of numbers with the Germans. We shall now begin to surpass them, and our advantage will be more apparent month by month.

2. Allied to numbers is the question of money. We have the gold which Germany lacks. She is living economically upon a gigantic bluff. The bubble will burst; the crash will come directly it is apparent that she cannot win. We shall outlast her, and though we may be bled white in the process, she will be absolutely ruined. This is made clear by the wonderful response to the great War Loan. We are the richest nation on earth, and never has our money served us so well.

3. We have suffered grievously from lack of munitions, but the nation is now awake, and it is claimed that in three months' time we shall be able to turn out machine-guns and shells in such numbers that not only shall we feed our own armies, but be able to send supplies to our Allies. There may be a dangerous interlude, but Sir John French will be equal to it. The troops which failed to take Calais against the broken armies of November will certainly fail to take it against the magnificent forces which the Field-Marshal now has at his command.

4. Russia is invincible, and territory means nothing to her. If Petrograd fell, and Moscow were burned, she would still be unconquered. Nothing short of a Sedan upon a gargantuan scale could affect the destinies of Russia. She is led by one of the ablest strategists in Europe; her armies are inexhaustible; her qualities of defence are exemplary. She will come again in a few months' time, and then she will put finis to the page.

5. The Germans have been swept off the sea by our ships. Their submarine adventures are negligible. Her vast commercial fleet is rotting in her own or foreign harbours. No nation could stand such a strain. She, like the creature of the fables, is living upon her own economic children. The day of collapse cannot be distant.

6. Lastly, we shall win because we are the British people with the British Empire at our backs. We have a genius for muddling through, and it will not fail us. Moreover, we believe that this is a war for the soul of the world, and there is no hypocrisy in our faith that the Most High will give us victory.

So the optimist. The pessimist hears him with impatience, and immediately makes answer:

The Pessimist's Point of View

1. That we are in grave peril. The Man who Knows has said it. There are secrets hidden from the House of Commons and the country. The Government dare not tell us the truth about the war.

2. Numbers go for less in this war than in any other which has been fought. Machine-guns and barbed-wire have taken the place of men for all defensive purposes. We can only beat Germany by driving her back across the Rhine, and it is beginning to be apparent that the task is beyond the power of the Allies.

3. The Dardanelles is a questionable operation, full of peril. A phase of it caused the resignation of Lord Fisher. Even if we force the Straits, it may be too late to help Russia. The men and ships engaged would be vastly more useful elsewhere.

4. It will be winter before Russia is able to resume the offensive. By that time Germany will have entrenched herself on Russian soil, and created a situation similar to that in Flanders and Northern France. Against such impregnable defences the might of Russia will be impotent. She will never be allowed in Galicia again.

5. At this moment Germany holds nine-tenths of Belgium, a great strip of the richest French territory, and vast tracts of Poland. A neutral observer would say that so far she has won the war. Her people are animated by a determination unexampled in history. Women have given the very rings from their fingers to help the national cause. The nation is organised as a nation was never organised yet. How can you conquer such a people?

6. The submarine peril is becoming very serious. Shipowners are anxious. The new type of submarine is a menace to navigation we had not contemplated. It may yet have a serious influence on the course of the war. The Admiralty tell us nothing and, meanwhile, a number of ships is sent to the bottom every day. This is a really grave source of anxiety.

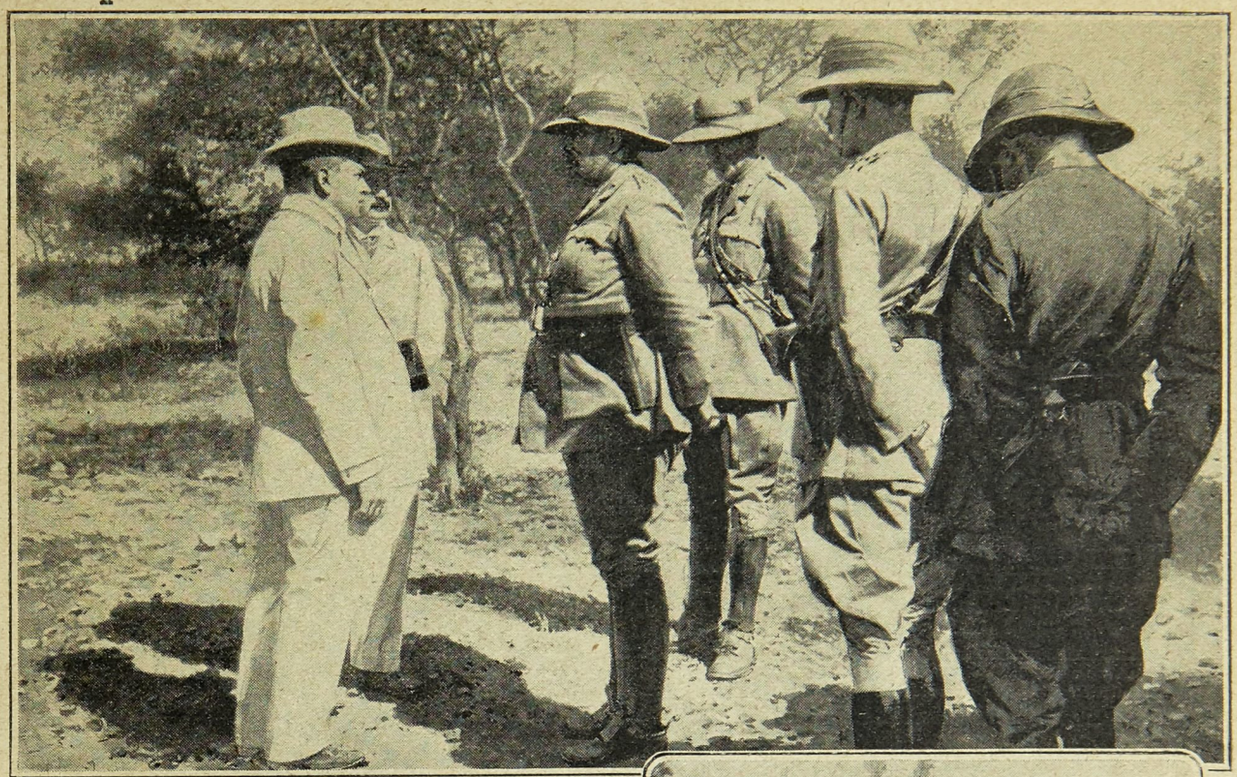
7. There will be tremendous onslaughts in the west presently, in which the Germans will employ every artifice their scientists can devise. Liquid fire will be squirted on our troops. The new machine-guns are extraordinarily rapid in action. The tactics employed will be the same as those in Galicia. A vast phalanx with a tremendous train of artillery and a supply of high-explosive shells which we cannot possibly match will endeavour to break its way through to Calais. It will be a dangerous hour. The fate of the world may depend upon it.

Reasons for Hope and—Determination

These and other dolours are the property of this school, whose numbers are growing. Unfortunately, the war itself gives colour to them, but not for those who scan a wide horizon. At the moment of writing we hear still of the most stubborn fighting in Southern Poland. Germany claims to have cleared the Russians from the western bank

[*Continued on next page*

Eclipse of a Place in the Sun: Fall of Windhoek

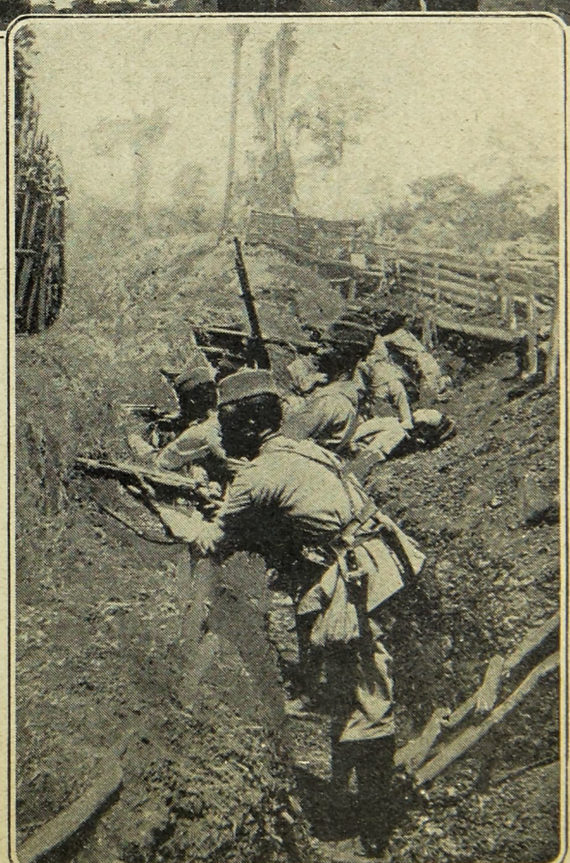


An historical photographic document showing General Botha and the German burgomaster arranging the capitulation of Windhoek, German South-West Africa. The Union forces reached Windhoek on May 12th, after enduring great privations over a long and difficult march. The little water available had been poisoned by the enemy, and the roads were literally sown with infernal machines. The surrender of this city, however, removes the German flag from yet another "place in the sun."

of the Zlota Lipa, and to have defeated them at various places between the Bug and the Vistula. All this, however, has been within the view of the expert since the beginning. Step by step the Grand Duke is drawing Von Linsingen from his strategic railways; day by day the Germans are pushing forward to that labyrinth of rivers and marshes where all military operations of attack must be so difficult. We believe that the Russians will eventually turn upon them at a moment when their difficulties come to a climax. But even if the Grand Duke be driven still farther back and Warsaw be lost, the problem is unchanged while the Russian armies are intact and undefeated. They will come again when a sufficiency of equipment has been gathered in. That is a task which is being pursued with an energy and thoroughness that cannot fail to make for eventual victory.

On the western front there has been severe fighting in the Argonne, and while small and unimportant successes have been claimed near Bois le Pretre, the Germans have been heavily repulsed near Souchez. Once more the German Crown Prince has ventured on a prophecy, and promised that the French lines shall be pierced by August 4th. In his initial attempt to envelop Verdun he has been thrown back with ignominy—nor does there seem the remotest possibility of his breaking through in August or any other month.

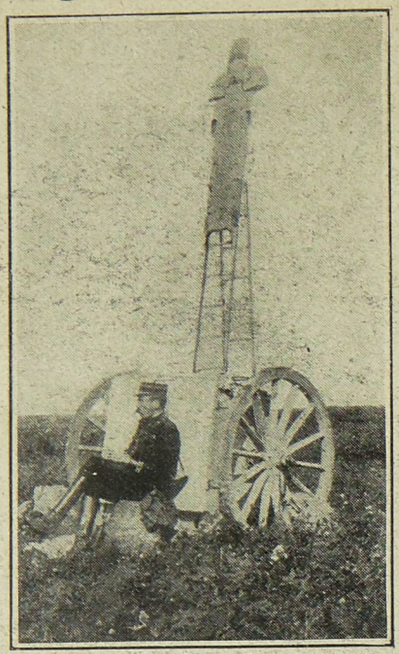
Meanwhile, the Italians are doing exceedingly well, and Sir Ian Hamilton has sent us a cheery report from the Dardanelles. Turkish attacks have been repulsed with an enemy loss of twenty thousand, and we have now more than held our own. It is true that the new type of submarine has alarmed shipowners, but those who know what the Admiralty is doing take heart, and it is evident that this menace is about to be faced with the imagination and the courage for which our Navy is famous.



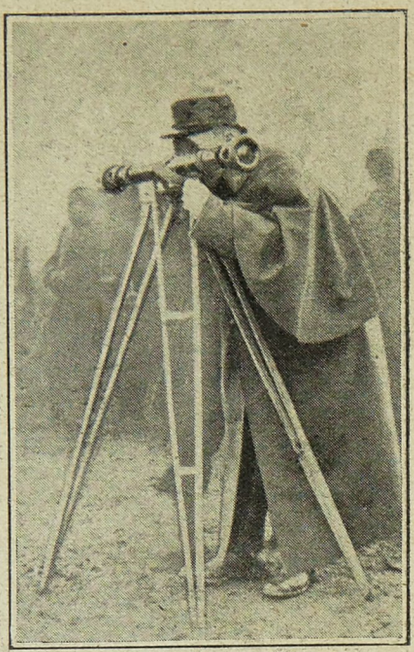
Helping to conquer the white barbarians. Some of the Empire's coloured defenders—men of the Nigerian Regiment fighting for civilisation in the German Cameroons.

Finding the Range for Artillery in Action

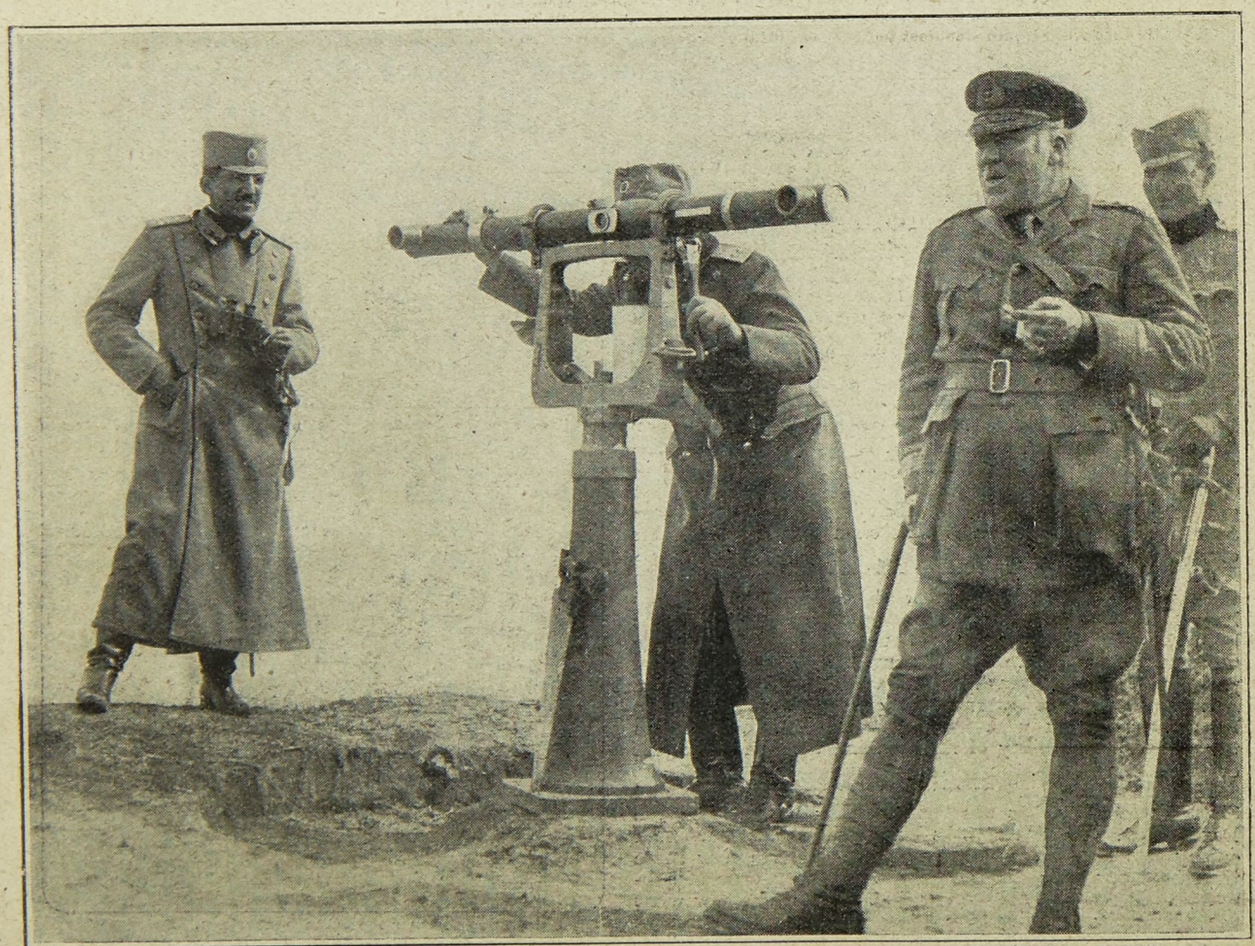
Germans using a new type of range-finder on their front in France.



French artillery officer before the observation post on which he finds the range.

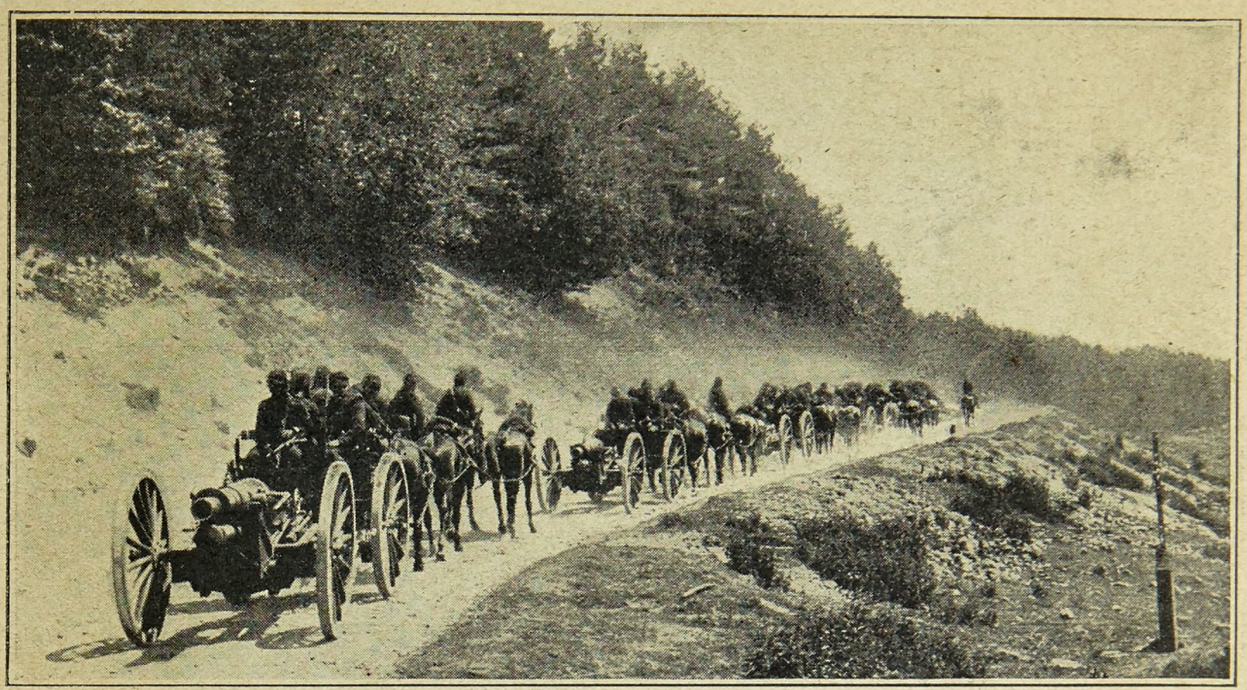


French officer using the telemeter, an instrument for calculating distances.

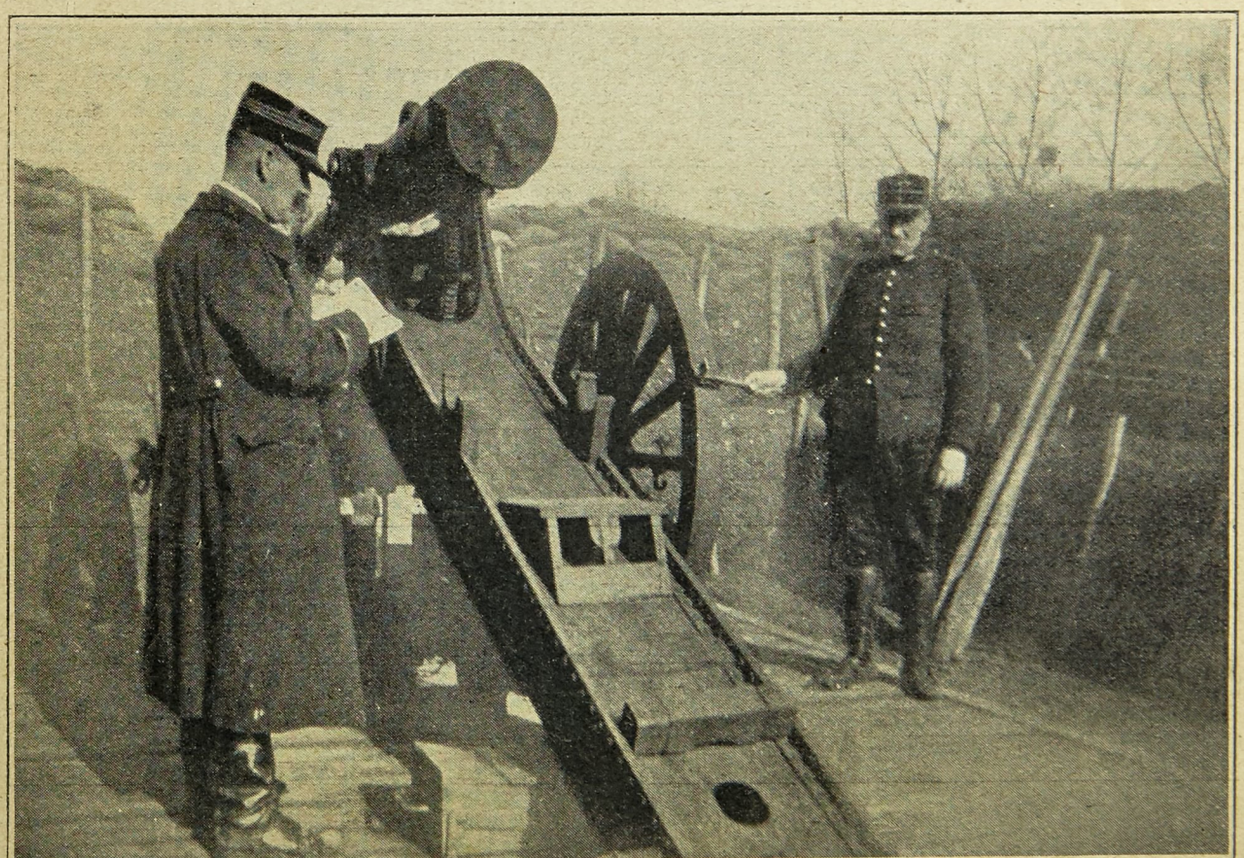


Prince Alexander of Serbia, on the left, watching range-finding operations. Science has provided the modern artilleryman with many intricate and delicate instruments with which he is enabled accurately to judge distances, find his range, and so regulate his gun fire.

More French Guns to Silence the Bark of Krupp



To the accompaniment of the jingle of harness, the blithe ring of tempered steel, and the irrepressible jests of Piou-piou, another column of French artillery rolls off to the northern front. Most of these guns will be shattered, and their crews broken beyond hope, but France will remain steadfast to her great ideal of Liberty or Death. Note the wayside crucifix on the extreme right.



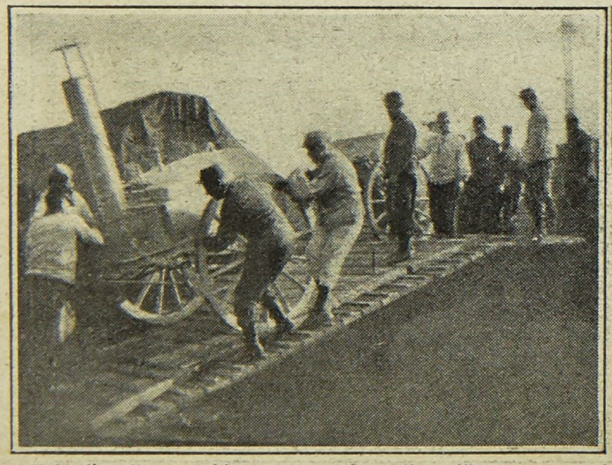
A new recruit to our French ally's ever-growing army of guns. This French cannon has just arrived on the eastern front, and is undergoing careful examination by two artillery officers, prior to "arguing the matter out" with the weapons of Krupp.

Portable Kitchens that keep War's Pot a-boiling

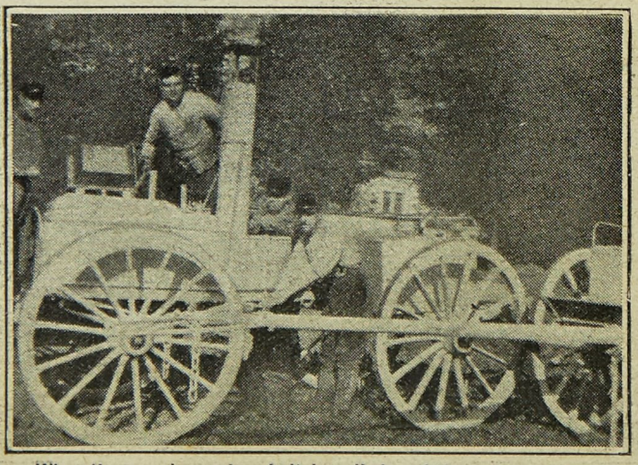
Lunch time on the French front. The staff of a field-kitchen has just served out a feast to a group of French officers who are studying the food question simultaneously with matters of military moment.

The mobility of the field-kitchen is its chief value. It is easily conveyed from one part of the line to another.

NOWADAYS the fighting areas of Europe are by no means isolated from the outside world, as was the case in former conflicts of nations. Railways, automobiles, and aircraft keep armies well in touch with districts miles away from the zone of operations. One great benefit accruing to the soldier from swift mechanical transport is a continuous supply of fresh food. This arrives daily with unfailing regularity on the various fronts, where it is generally prepared in field-kitchens, some exclusive photographs of which appear on this page. This type of portable restaurant is peculiar to the French Army, but similar kitchens are in use by all belligerents. Light and strong, it is specially designed to withstand the buffetings of "active service," and where the kitchen is not actually attached to any particular company it has a regular round, which it performs daily, as illustrated in the first photograph on this page.

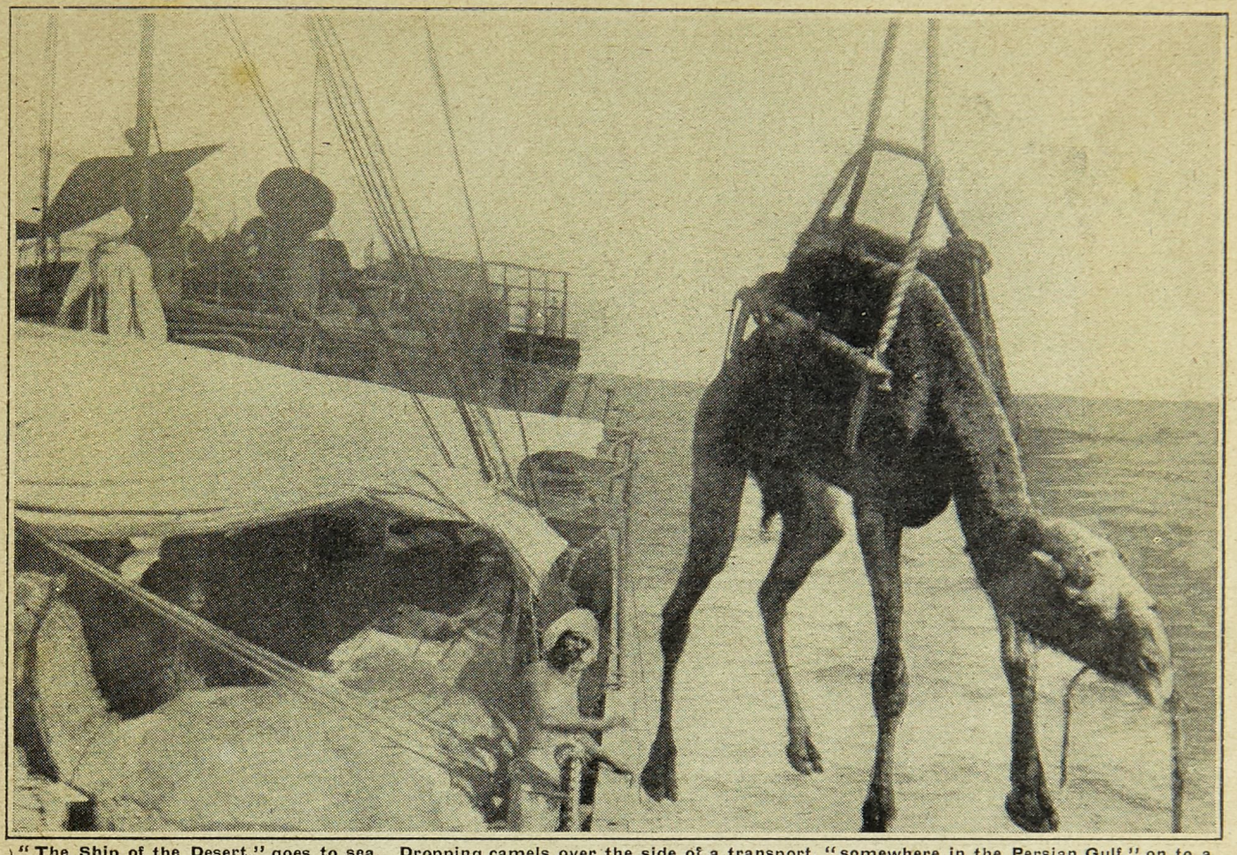


Unloading the portable restaurant from the military waggon at the terminus, whence it will proceed to the front.



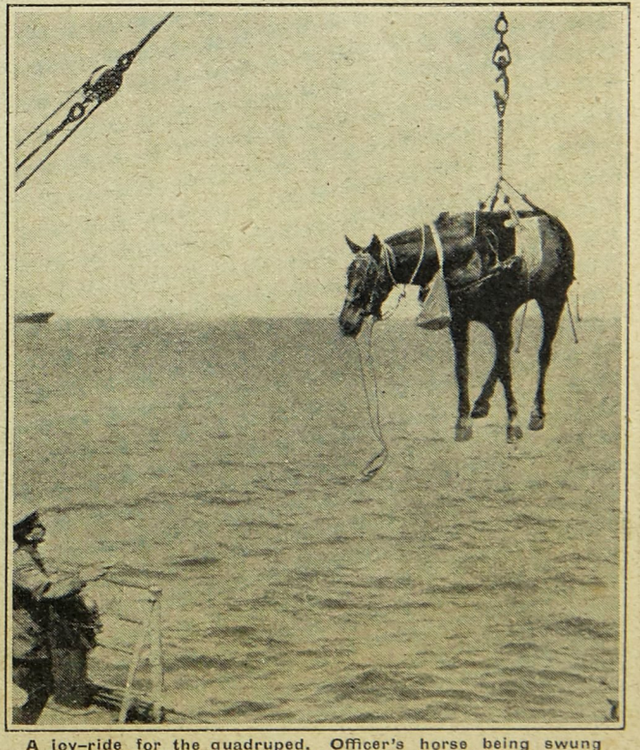
When the soup is ready a halt is called, and the cooks prepare to serve out the steaming broth to their comrades.

Getting Camels and Horses Ashore in the East



"The Ship of the Desert," goes to sea. Dropping camels over the side of a transport, "somewhere in the Persian Gulf," on to a barge or lighter which is about to convey them to the shore. To be surrounded by so unfamiliar an element must be a novel experience for these denizens of the desert.

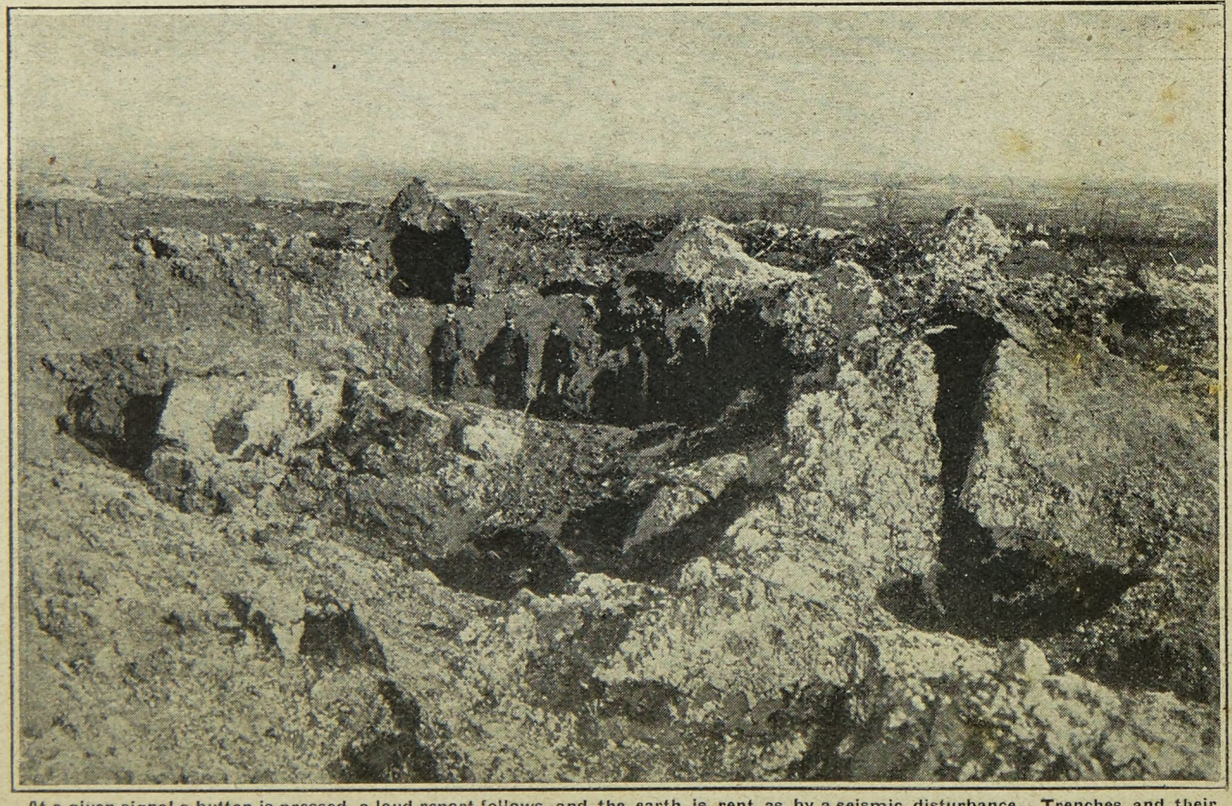
Cavalryman swimming across a river and simultaneously guiding his mount. An essential part of Yeomanry training is the crossing of rivers with horses, guns, and equipment.



A joy-ride for the quadruped. Officer's horse being swung ashore in Gallipoli from a transport in the Dardanelles. He seems complacent enough over his aerial flight.

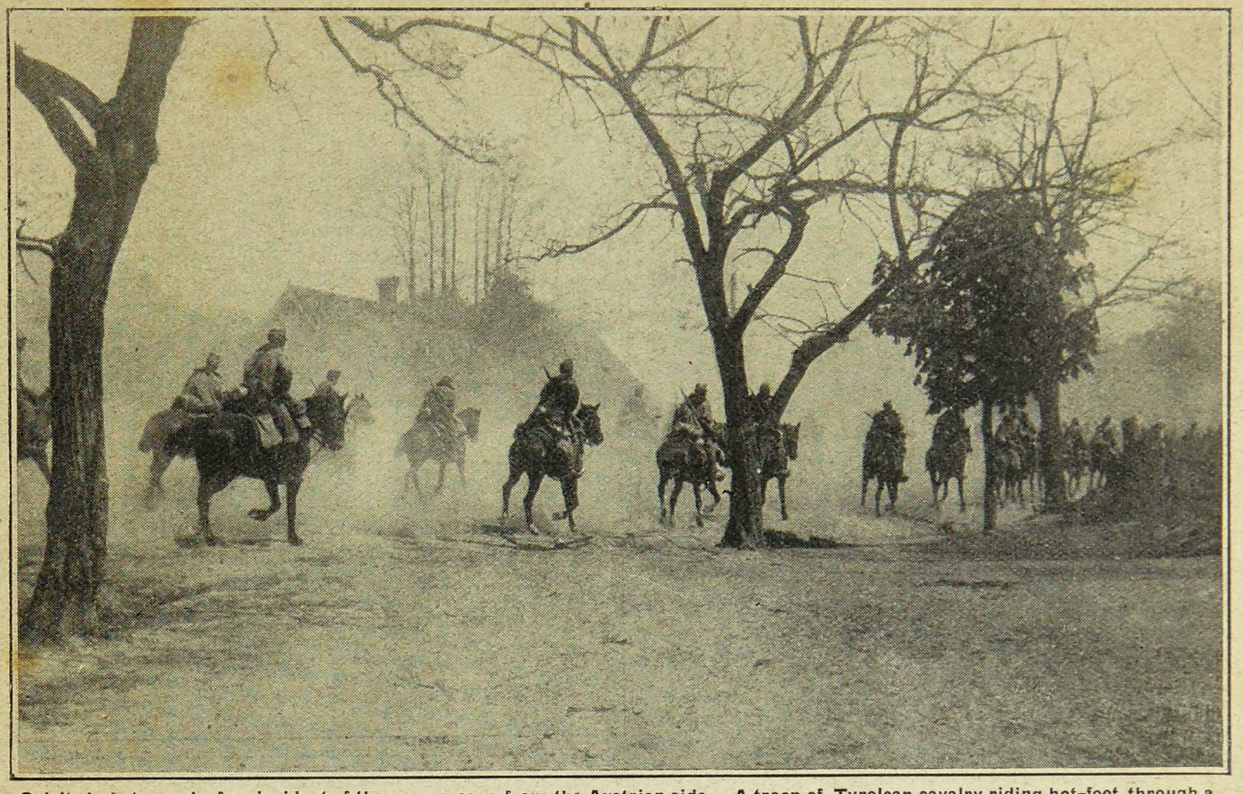
French Mining obliterates German Trench

French Staff watching the explosion of a powerful mine under a German position. When trenches are impregnable against attack above ground, belligerents resort to mining, and frequently this subterranean warfare resolves itself into a race between opponent sappers working feverishly towards each others' trenches simultaneously.



At a given signal a button is pressed, a loud report follows, and the earth is rent as by a seismic disturbance. Trenches and their human contents are obliterated, and the ground for hundreds of yards is calcined by the deadly dynamite. This photograph shows what the German trenches looked like after the explosion. Some French officers are inspecting the position.

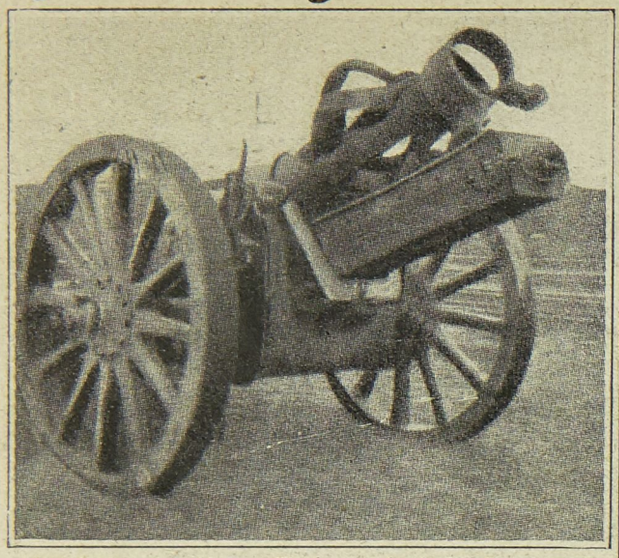
Moving Scenes from War's Grim Drama in Galicia



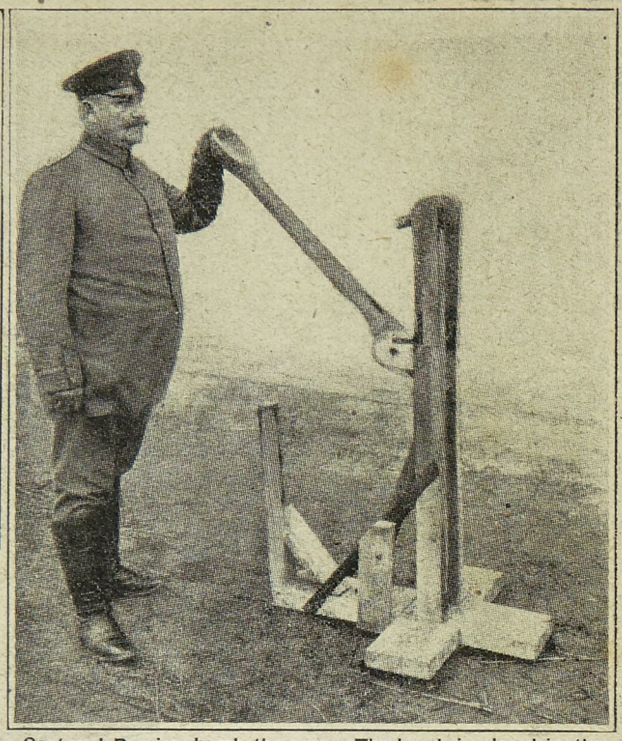
Spirited photograph of an incident of the war as seen from the Austrian side. A troop of Tyrolean cavalry riding hot-foot through a Galician village in pursuit of a body of Russians.

The destruction that is inseparable from war. A scene of desolation in Galicia, where the Russians, during their recent retreat, set fire to and destroyed a number of naphtha wells in order to prevent them being of use to the advancing enemy.

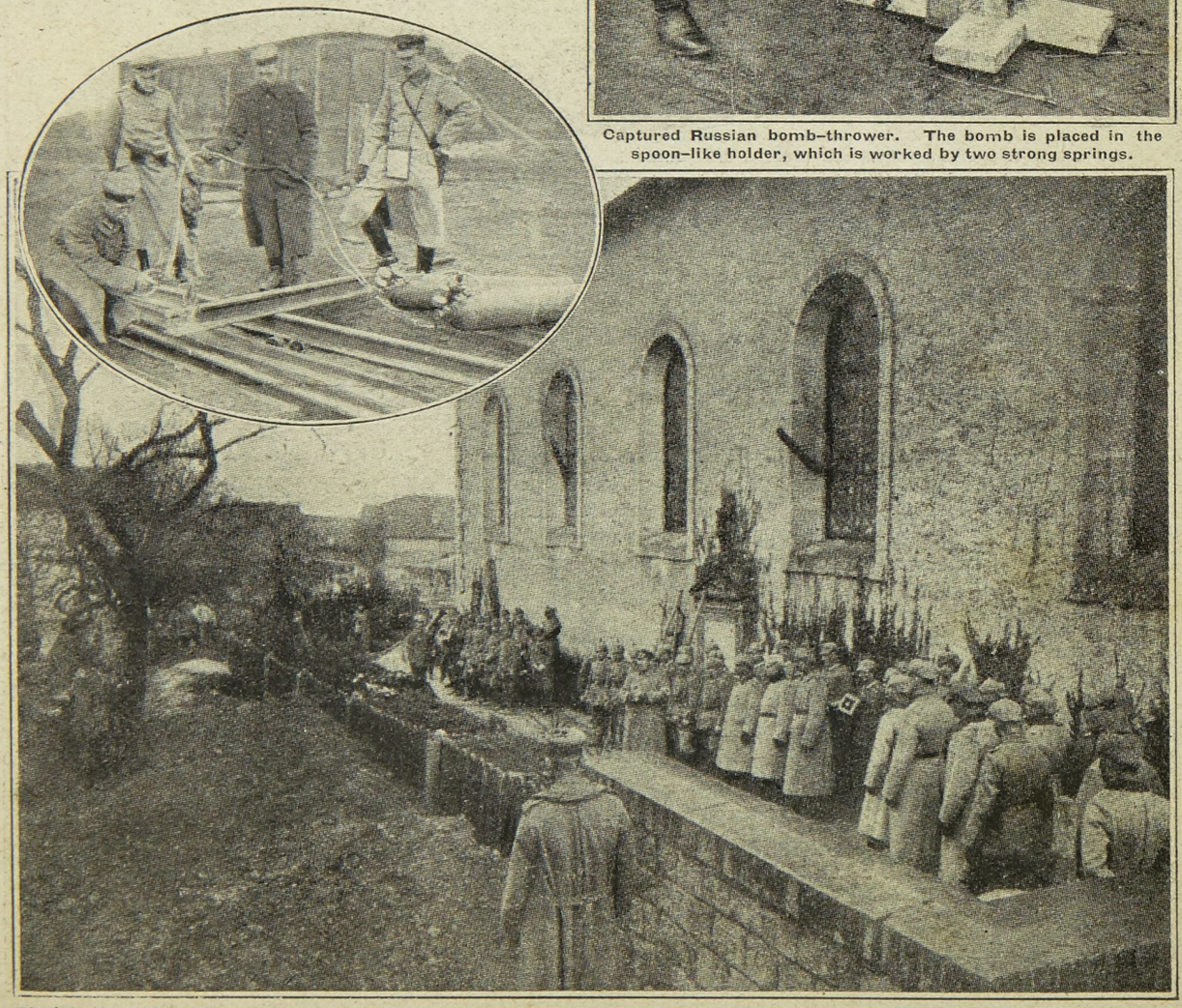
Queer Things seen within the German Lines



Literally torn to ribbons. The barrel of a faulty German gun which exploded, killing the gunners instantaneously.



Captured Russian bomb-thrower. The bomb is placed in the spoon-like holder, which is worked by two strong springs.

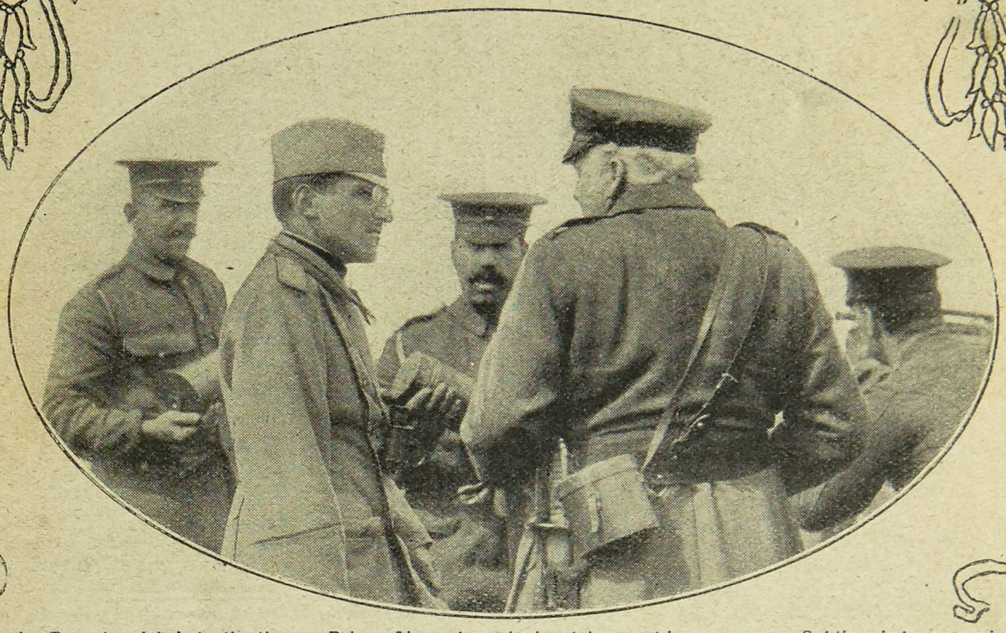


The interment of two German officers in the graveyard of a Polish church. An officer is conducting the funeral ceremony. Inset: Germans cutting rails by means of apparatus worked by compressed gas, which liquefies the hardest steel.

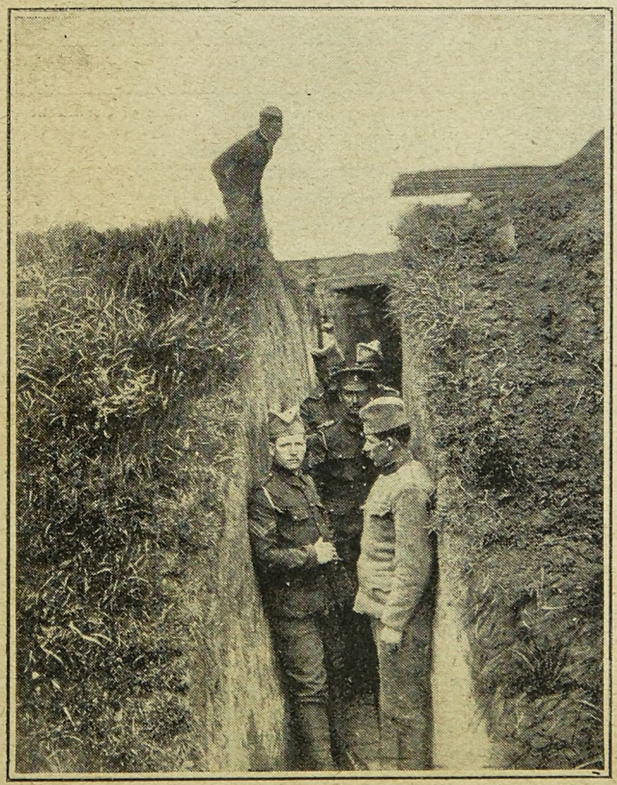
WITH OUR SERBIAN ALLIES

Remarkable series of photographs that tell a strange, sensational story

In these four pages we are allowed to publish some strangely interesting photographs illustrating certain scenes of the war in Serbia that may surprise our readers. The photographs are so excellent in detail that they may be permitted to tell their own story, and call for no editorial comment.



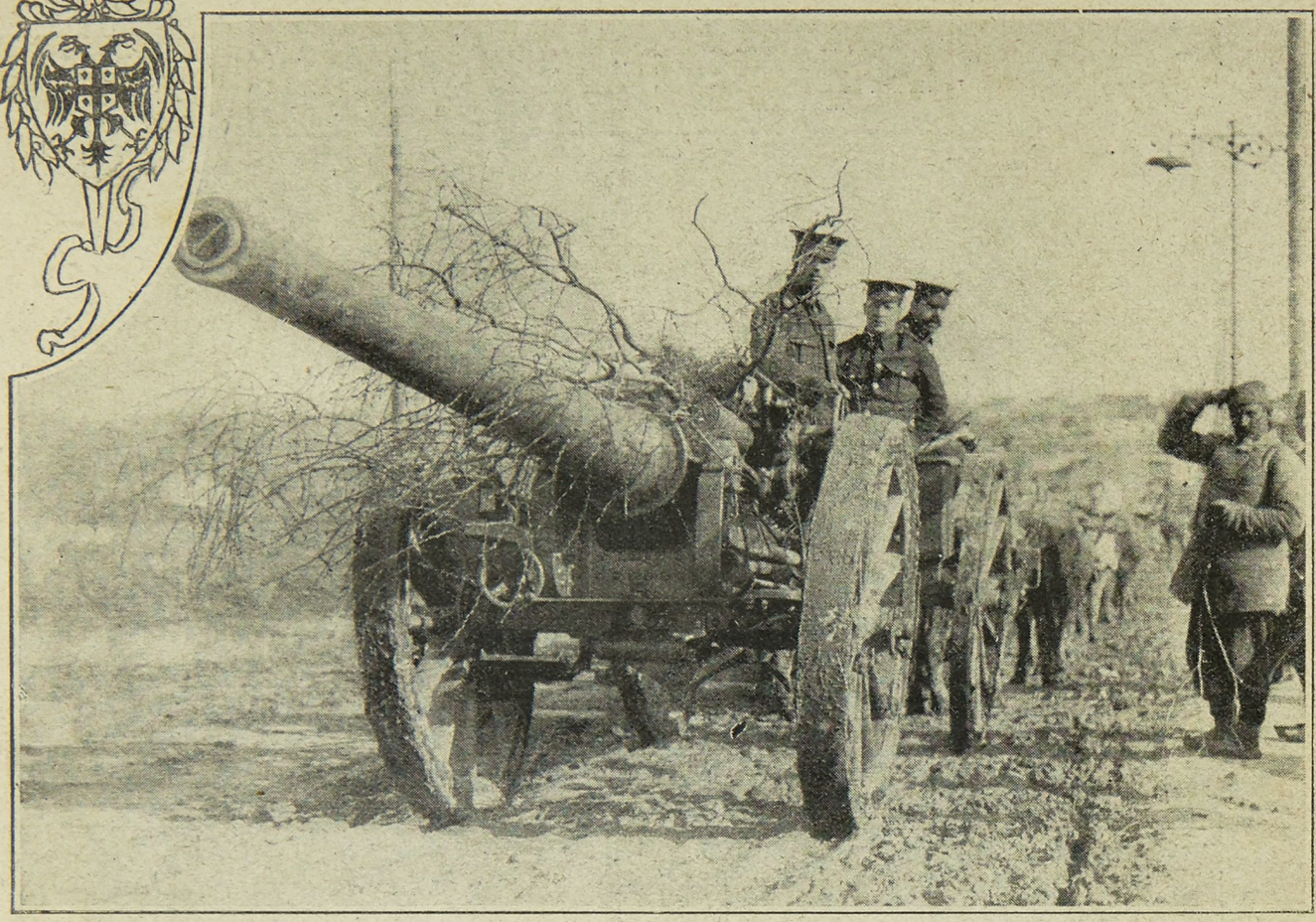
Serbia's popular Regent and heir to the throne, Prince Alexander, who has taken part in some severe fighting, is here seen interestedly examining shells at a gun emplacement "somewhere in Serbia," and discussing the question of high explosives with an officer.



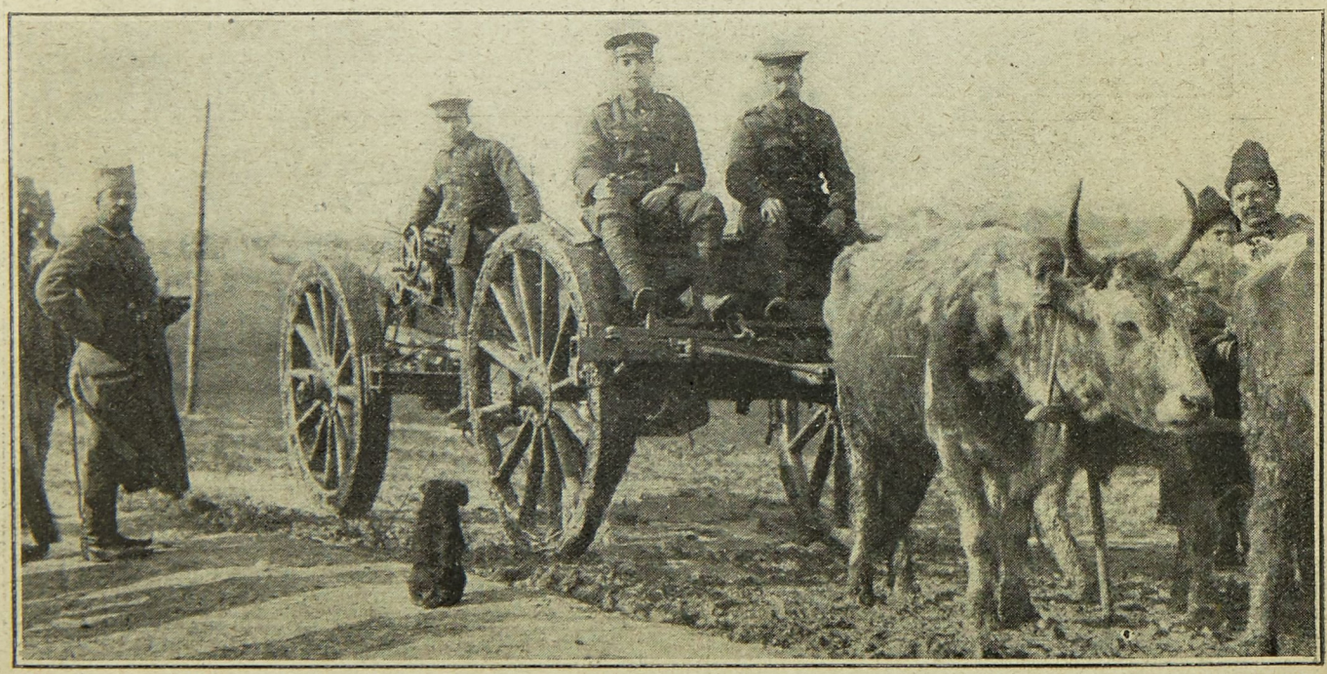
In Serbia, as throughout all the other fields of the war, the later phases of the fighting have developed into the making and manning of deep trenches such as is seen in the above photograph.

"The entente in the trenches." Here the occupants of a Serbian trench which dominates an Austrian position are seen carefully testing the sighting of their rifles in order to get the range.

Heavy Guns for Gallant Serbia's Defence—St



A team of from twelve to sixteen oxen is necessary to move one of these immense guns along the muddy highways of Serbia at a funereal pace, in order to get it to the position in which it can most effectively be trained against the Austrians.



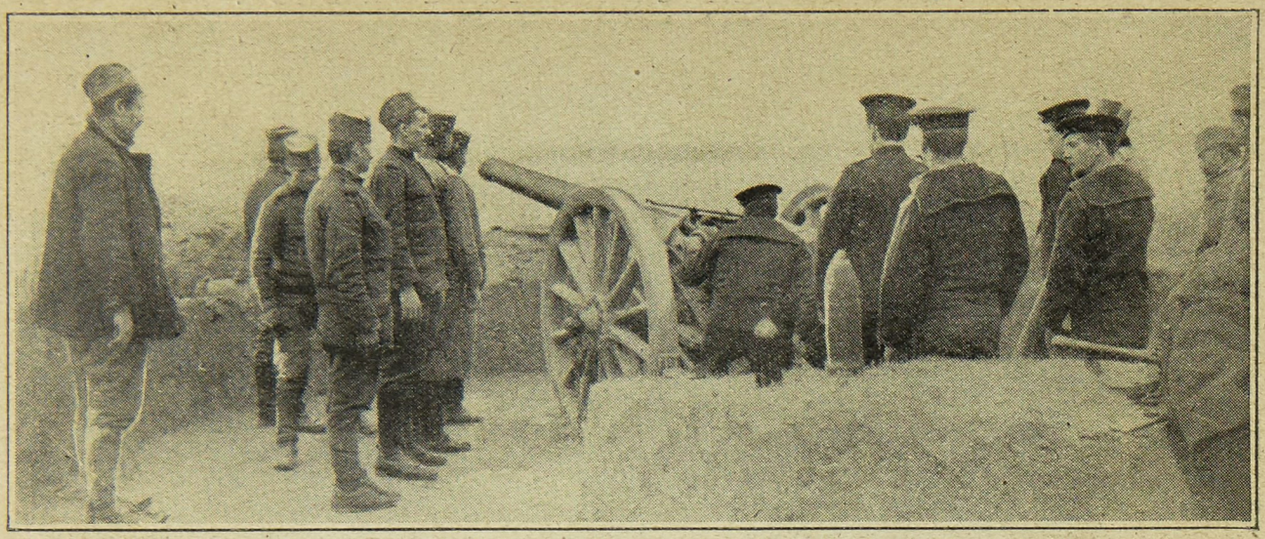
This heavy gun, with its mud-encrusted team of patient oxen and its business-like gunners, pauses on the highway for a few minutes to enable the enterprising photographer to secure this interesting and picturesque impression.

trengthening Belgrade against Austrian Attack

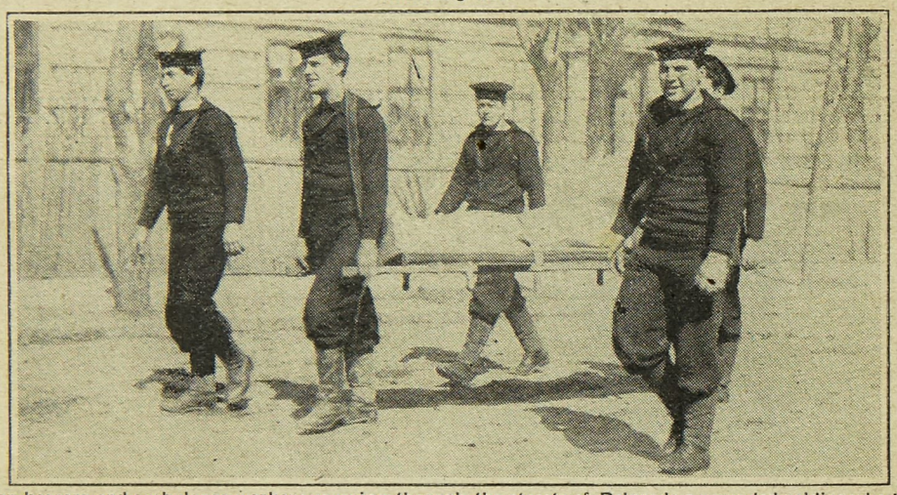
The above group of officers and men posed for their photograph on a bitterly cold morning after the strenuous work of fixing the heavy gun in its emplacement on the outer defences of the capital city of Serbia, beautiful Belgrade.

A good idea of the manual exertions necessary to the assembling of one of these heavy guns can be gained from this animated photograph. The massive weapons still show traces of a recent snowfall, the effects of which are also to be seen on the branches of the trees in the background.

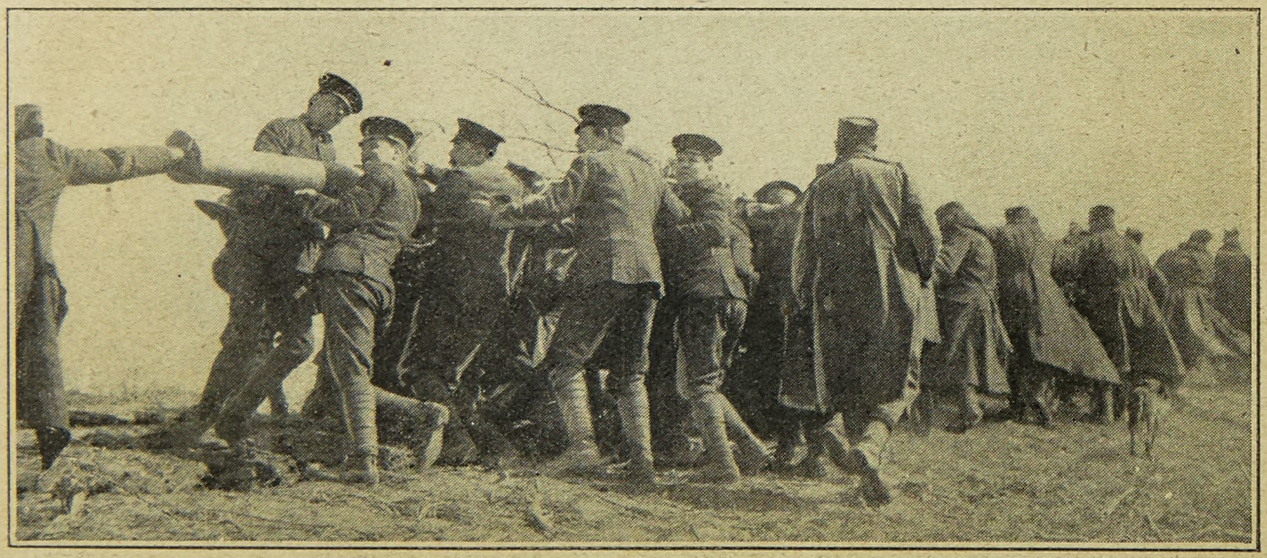
Unfamiliar Scenes in & around the City of Belgrade



Striking view of a heavy gun fixed in a new and well-chosen position, being trained upon the Austrian lines at Semlin, across the river from Belgrade.

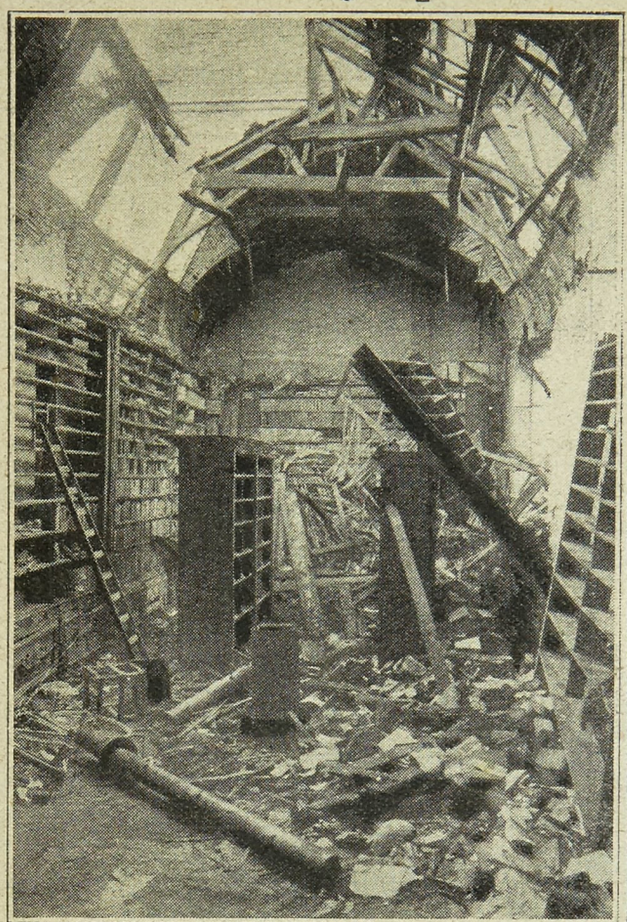


Group of stretcher-bearers and ambulance workers carrying through the streets of Belgrade a wounded soldier who has fallen a victim to a stray shot from the Austrians.

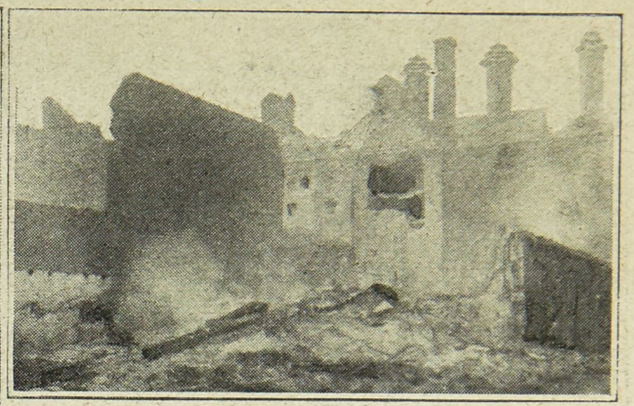


Another scene of strenuous activity when everyone had to lend a hand in moving over some difficult ground one of the heavy guns for the defence of Serbia.

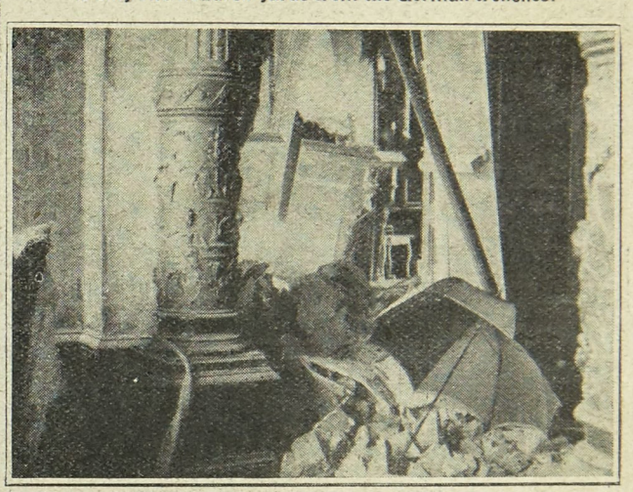
How Germany spreads Her "Higher Civilisation"



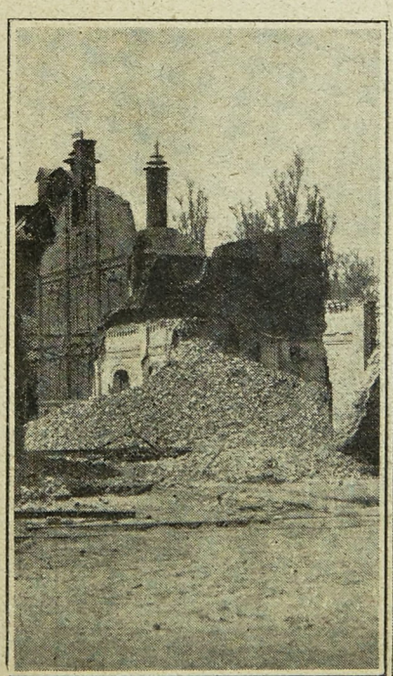
Interior of the tower of the beautiful library at Ypres after the Huns had vented their spleen upon it. Costly books and manuscripts that can never be replaced have here been wantonly destroyed.



Ruins of a large brewery in the neighbourhood of Arras. It is only two hundred yards from the German trenches.



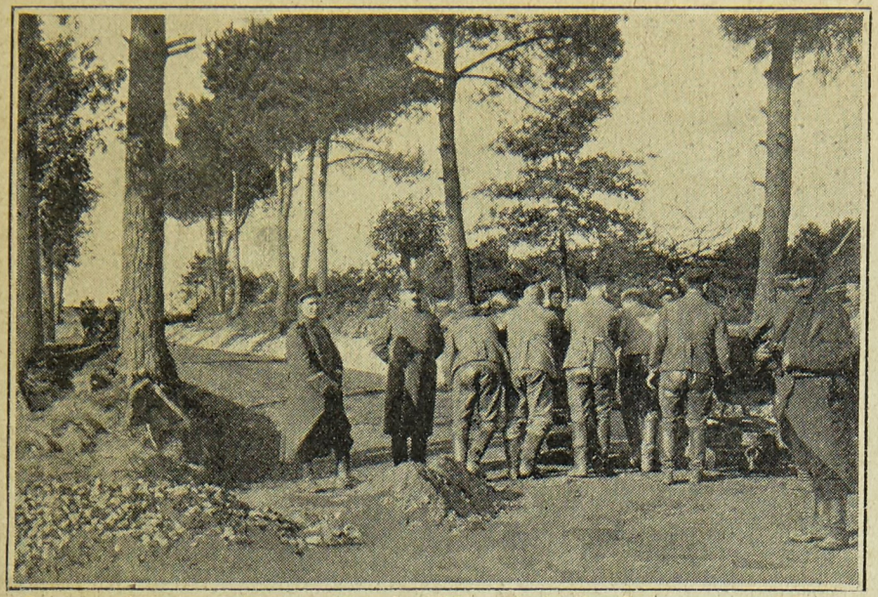
Corner of a room in a beautiful French chateau. The mantel-shelf and pilaster have been shattered beyond repair. An open umbrella will interest the superstitious.



Another view of the ruined brewery near Arras, whose destruction should make the beer-loving Huns unhappy.

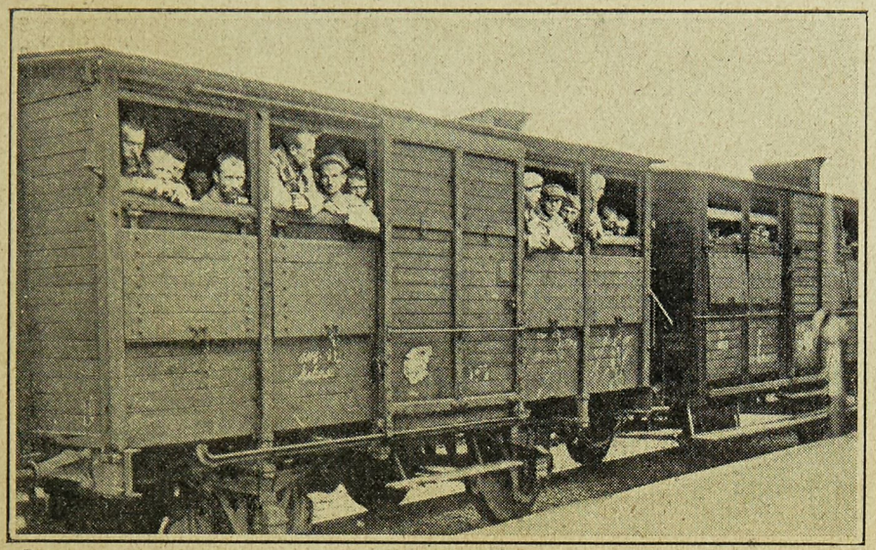
Beautiful statue in the grounds of a chateau near Arras that has suffered severely from German shells.

Another sacrifice to the Kaiser's "Good old God." Wanton damage caused by Germans in the vestry of a church.



German prisoners repairing roads, work which, no doubt, they find more agreeable than charging the British "stonewall" at Ypres. France has so many prisoners that her harvest may have the distinction of being German made.

German prisoners en route for Coetquidan, Brittany. As they roll through the quaint old Breton towns, the captive Boches are the object of derisive interest on the part of the characteristic peasants who crowd into the market-squares to see them.



The Kaiser's menagerie, as the German prisoner train is called by inhabitants in the neighbourhood of the encampment in Brittany, where these photographs were taken.

The last of "William II.," as our French friends amusingly described the pig which is being carried into the cookhouse of the encampment by German prisoners.

Sheep for the Blond Wolf · Strategists at Work

More "frightfulness." German soldiers driving a flock of sheep to the slaughter. It is estimated that there are at least a million German soldiers billeted in Belgium. The inhabitants of the country are compelled to go short in order to support this army of aggressors.

German and Austrian Staff officers in Bukovina, with General Schwarzenfeld in command. The Austrian forces in this province, which is situated in the extreme southern corner of Galicia, have been stiffened by battalions of German soldiers. The Dual Monarchy, now that it has to hold Italy, may withdraw further troops from this region.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

IN every part of the European field of war the summer campaign is now at its height. The Germans are preparing for another rush to Calais, and have for the past few days maintained tremendous artillery fire against our northern lines. There is constant activity all along the French front. The Italians have, by a series of brilliant moves, secured mountain positions admirable either for offence or defence. The costly fighting at the Dardanelles goes on almost without intermission. To the east the successful German armies are attempting one of the most daring and dangerous moves in the war.

Let us take the Russian situation first, for on the results here much will depend. Writing in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED early in April I forecasted that when the great German offensive in the east was renewed it would be directed against, not Warsaw, but the great fortified position of Brest Litovsk, some 130 miles east of the Polish capital. In this forecast I was merely following the recognised views of Russian military experts.

Russia's Possibilities

The Austro-German armies are now making this attempt, as anticipated, and are doing it with a boldness and audacity which will be termed genius if it succeeds and madness if it fails. They are pushing up from the south from every possible point in Galicia between the Vistula and the River Bug. Their main attack is apparently in the direction of Lublin, and at the moment of writing they are steadily advancing. Their first aim is to seize the line of railway between Lublin and Kovel, thus driving a wedge between the Russian armies, separating the forces around Warsaw and Ivangorod and on the banks of the Vistula from the Russian armies of the south-east.

A successful attack upon Brest Litovsk would do far more to shatter the Russian communications and destroy the Russian military position than could be accomplished by the capture of Warsaw. The very threat of it might even lead the Russians to evacuate Warsaw. It must be remembered, however, that the Russian General Staff have for years seen the possibility of an attack such as is now being attempted, and have prepared against it. The Germans are moving in a very difficult country, and they will find the problem of transport serious. Their advancing forces will be exposed to attack not merely in front but all along their left flank. If the Russian armies can command sufficient ammunition they ought to be able to call check to the enemy.

The Fighting in Flanders

If any of my English readers wish to obtain some realisation of the fighting now proceeding in Flanders, I would advise them to spend a day or two at Deal. There, when the wind is in the right direction, one can hear all day long and far into the night the unceasing roar of the heavy guns across the waters. You can make out, often enough, the very explosions of the tremendous shells now being flung towards Dunkirk. The Germans are paving the way for their new attack in the direction of Calais. My own very decided view is that unless they bring into play some new factor of which we to-day know nothing, the attack will again fail, although it will certainly be one that will tax our defensive resources to the utmost. In the big attempt last autumn the British casualties amounted to 45,000 out of an army of 120,000 men, the French 70,000, and the Germans 200,000. To-day we can bring to bear at this point an army at least four times as great as then. Our Belgian allies to the north have been re-strengthened, the French can pour in enormous forces if necessary, and we have had months to make ready line after line of defences and to accumulate the necessary ammunition. Every known fact here gives us reason for hope and encouragement.

The German plan of campaign is delightful in its simplicity. It is the same plan that failed last autumn. Calais is to be seized at whatever cost. The new great guns manufactured at Krupp's are then to command the Channel and to destroy Dover. The great Zeppelin raid is to follow, and under the confusion created by that raid an attempt is to be made to rush an expeditionary force over to England.

This is certainly comprehensive. But it is one thing to plan a campaign, and quite another thing to carry it out. The Kaiser was to have been in Paris on August 24th last year, and arrangements were even made for the great feast that he would give his victorious generals on that date. But the banquet is still uneaten. Calais was to have been in the possession of the Germans by November. The French hold it still. German officers issued invitations to their friends to a cotillion in Warsaw last winter, but so far their dances in Poland have been of another kind. The tall talk about the new Calais campaign comes under the same category.

The Steady Italian Advance

The Italian campaign is going very well, much better than at one time seemed probable. The Italian troops have proved their marked superiority over the Austrians in mountain warfare. They are aided by the passive sympathy of the Tyrolese. At the outset there was considerable danger that they would be divided by a vigorous Austrian offensive down the Brenner Pass and that the fighting would take place around Venice, Verona and even Turin, in the rich plains of Northern Italy. To-day this fear has for the moment passed, and the war is being fought in the enemy's territory. The Italians have accomplished in a few weeks what General Cadorna himself did not expect to attain until the autumn. To-day some of the most cautious and best informed of the Italian authorities believe that before the winter snows come the Brenner Pass will have been captured, and consequently Innsbruck itself will be in their hands.

The Italians were clever enough to use their diplomacy to delay war until the moment when it was impossible for Austria and Germany to bring their full forces against them. They used this advantage to such good purpose that to-day they have secured an exceedingly strong mountain barrier against possible invasion. They are concentrating enormous strength along the mountain passes, no less than 1,200,000 troops being employed. Their progress must almost inevitably lead to the diversion of considerable German forces against them at an early date. When the really critical fighting comes—it has not come yet—they ought to be able to win.

The Finest Feat of Arms

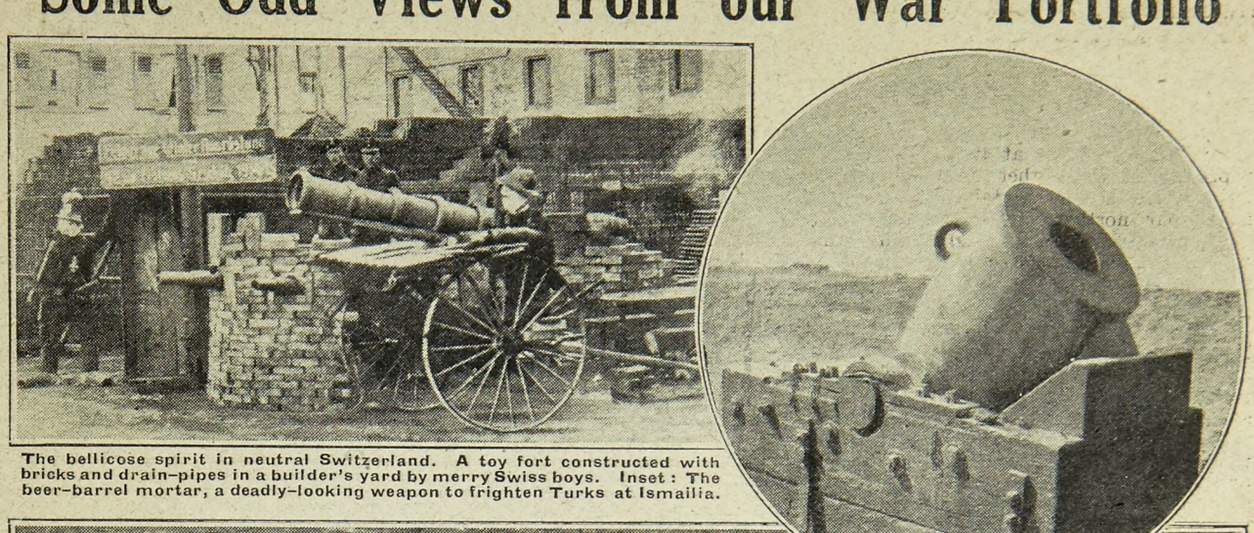
Sir Ian Hamilton's great despatch from the Dardanelles is a fitting tribute to the magnificent heroism of the allied troops there. The General's eulogy on the splendid valour of the Lancashire Fusiliers applies to others of his troops as well. "It is my firm conviction," wrote General Hamilton, "that no finer feat of arms has ever been achieved by a British soldier or any other soldier." The daring of the Lancashires and Worcesters, the magnificent dash of the Australians, the splendid valour of all our men may well thrill every heart. The pity of it is that the task of our troops was rendered so needlessly hard by the blunderings at the outset of the politicians at home.

No one wants to rake up unpleasant things for the sake of their unpleasantness; but the early stages of the Dardanelles campaign have writ one lesson large for the British people to see: Campaigns must be planned and carried out by soldiers and sailors, and not by politicians—not even by politicians who have served as junior officers and as war correspondents.

General Hamilton's great despatch brings home to the people generally the fact which most of us who write on this war have tried to make them realise: That the Dardanelles campaign is one of the most formidable, arduous and difficult undertakings possible.

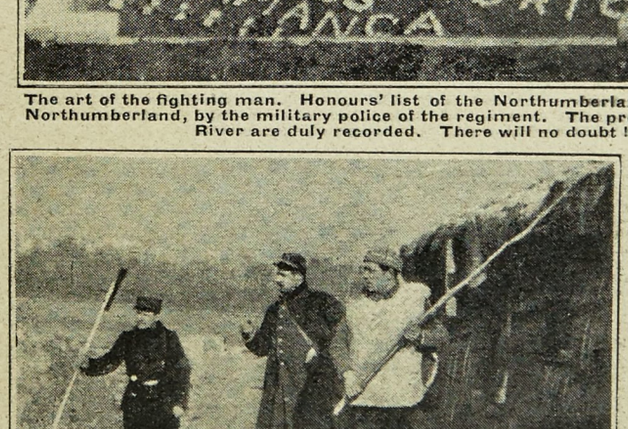
We have begun it and we have to go through with it.

Some Odd Views from our War Portfolio

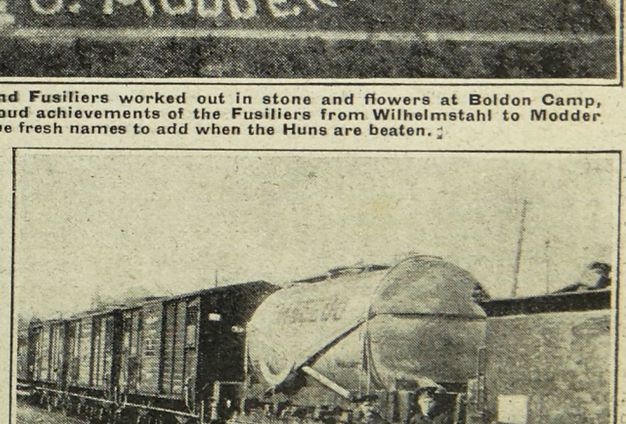


The bellicose spirit in neutral Switzerland. A toy fort constructed with bricks and drain-pipes in a builder's yard by merry Swiss boys. Inset: The beer-barrel mortar, a deadly-looking weapon to frighten Turks at Ismailia.

The art of the fighting man. Honours' list of the Northumberland Fusiliers worked out in stone and flowers at Boldon Camp, Northumberland, by the military police of the regiment. The proud achievements of the Fusiliers from Wilhelmstahl to Modder River are duly recorded. There will no doubt be fresh names to add when the Huns are beaten.



A night-light to frighten marauding Boches. French soldiers placing rockets and fuses in position to disclose the nocturnal movements of the enemy.



The bath-train, an essential equipment of the German Army. Stationed near the front, each compartment is fitted with a bath, which is supplied with hot water from the boiler.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

IN his notes last week Mr. Grey apologised to me for trespassing on the sea, but it is just such poaching which is the need of the time. The Services live too much in watertight compartments, and that is fatal to team work, or what is comprised by the three C's—Comradeship, Co-ordination, and Co-operation.

There never was a war where sea, land, and air did so intermingle. In proportion as we grasp this fact, we come nearer to winning the war. It is not possible to give crucial examples, but I can give some simple instances. On my table there are a number of Admiralty charts and War Office maps. The charts tell one next to nothing about the land, and the maps show the sea to be a uniform blue, and that is all they tell about each other. It is the same with the books like the sailing directions. And yet there have been hardly any operations which have not depended both on the depths off the shore and what exists above the low-water mark.

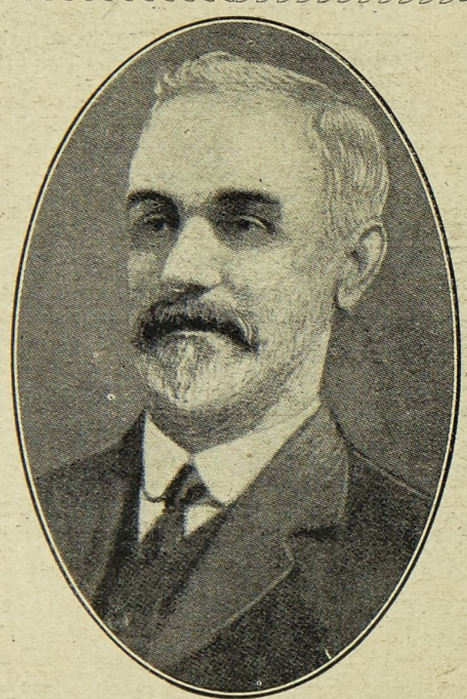
Away with Departmental Dallying

I would venture to affirm that, though Ostend and Zeebrugge were in the Allies' hands for many weeks, the unfortunate oversight which neglected to prepare those forts so as to prevent their being of use to German submarines arose from the typical Admiralty view that harbour defences were another department's yard-arm! There was, again, no authority to co-ordinate the demands of the War Office and Admiralty when they were competing against each other for munitions. As for comradeship, how easy it would have been for the Navy to have supplied most of its rifles and machine-guns, which are only of use on shore, to relieve the want of the Army. To meet all the failure to prepare the field for the tactics and strategy where sea, land, and air intermingle, there is really needed a small committee of the three arms, and the preparation of maps and books in which the central line will be the low-water marks of the coast, giving in detail the depths on the one side, and on the other the heights, features, railways, roads, etc. We are now starting an Inventions Committee under Lord Fisher, for the Navy, but what is needed is a Central Committee with branches for all the Services.

In a similar way we need some authority to override departmental "cussedness," such as has done much mischief in this war. Let me give an example of the right method in order to point a moral. The Italians had a German vessel, laden with huge quantities of munitions, which sought refuge in their ports in August. They have now, without waiting for a Prize Court, confiscated the cargo, and their polite answer to protest is that the legality of their action can be settled after the war. How have we acted? Our workers and munitions are literally starving for spelter. Huge quantities of German-owned spelter are in Australia, and the Government there are anxious that it should be used. Who prevented it? The answer is: British lawyers in the Government. Again, ship after ship has been chased, fired at, and torpedoed in a certain area. Not far away may be anchored a ship laden with munitions, and guarded by the very patrol craft which ought to have been protecting our merchantmen. Who is responsible but the lawyers who say that the contraband ships must await the decision of the Prize Court—and, of course, the subsequent appeal—which we have set up for the first time? Is there no Chatham to say "Enough of this foolery!" and to lead us along the Italian way? Believe me, it is the better way.

When one reads this week of the splendid fight made by a merchant captain, simply running under fire for four hours without a gun to reply, it is intolerable to think of the frittering away of fighting force. Surely there might have been some relief along a line which must have extended for fifty or sixty miles of fighting by this brave crew, hoping against hope for a response to their wireless S.O.S. call. It is worth noting that a German submarine off Berehaven resorted to the ruse of rigging up dummy canvas funnels with a dummy bow and stern, so as to make her appear like a deeply-laden steamer. Using the S.O.S. signal to attract steamers, as was done by the Emden, she would then resemble a vessel sinking on an even keel. It is a pity we cannot arm nearly every merchant vessel along the route to the South of Ireland with a gun in the stern, for then there would be some unpleasant surprises for submarines operating on the surface where they can move at speed. The difficulty is that America would regard it as contrary to neutrality; but surely we might ask her if, in the extraordinary character of the war, her neutrality law on this question ought not to be altered.

A HERO OF THE MERCHANT MARINE.



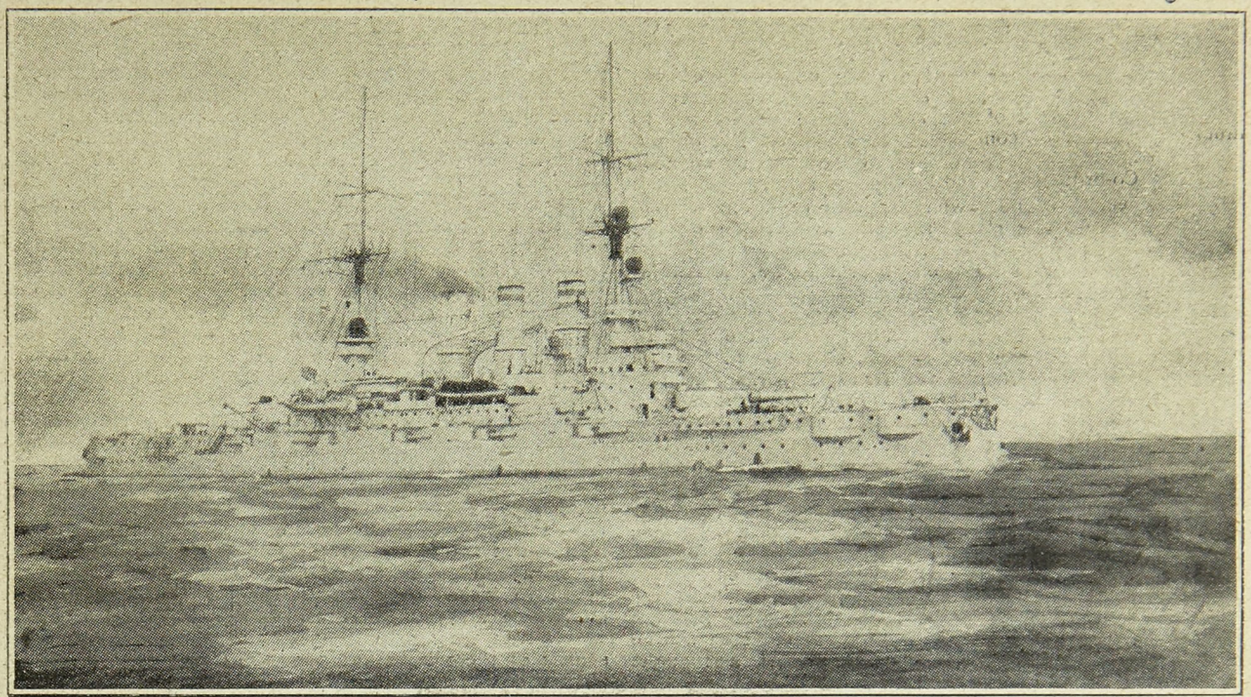
A chapter of immortal British heroism is the story of Captain Parslow of the Anglo-Californian. The ship was overhauled by a German submarine, but the commander refused to surrender and endeavoured to outmanœuvre the pirates. For four hours the U boat bombarded the defenceless Anglo-Californian, and Captain Parslow was killed. Thereupon his son assumed command and piloted the ship to Queenstown.

Where to Meet the German Fleet

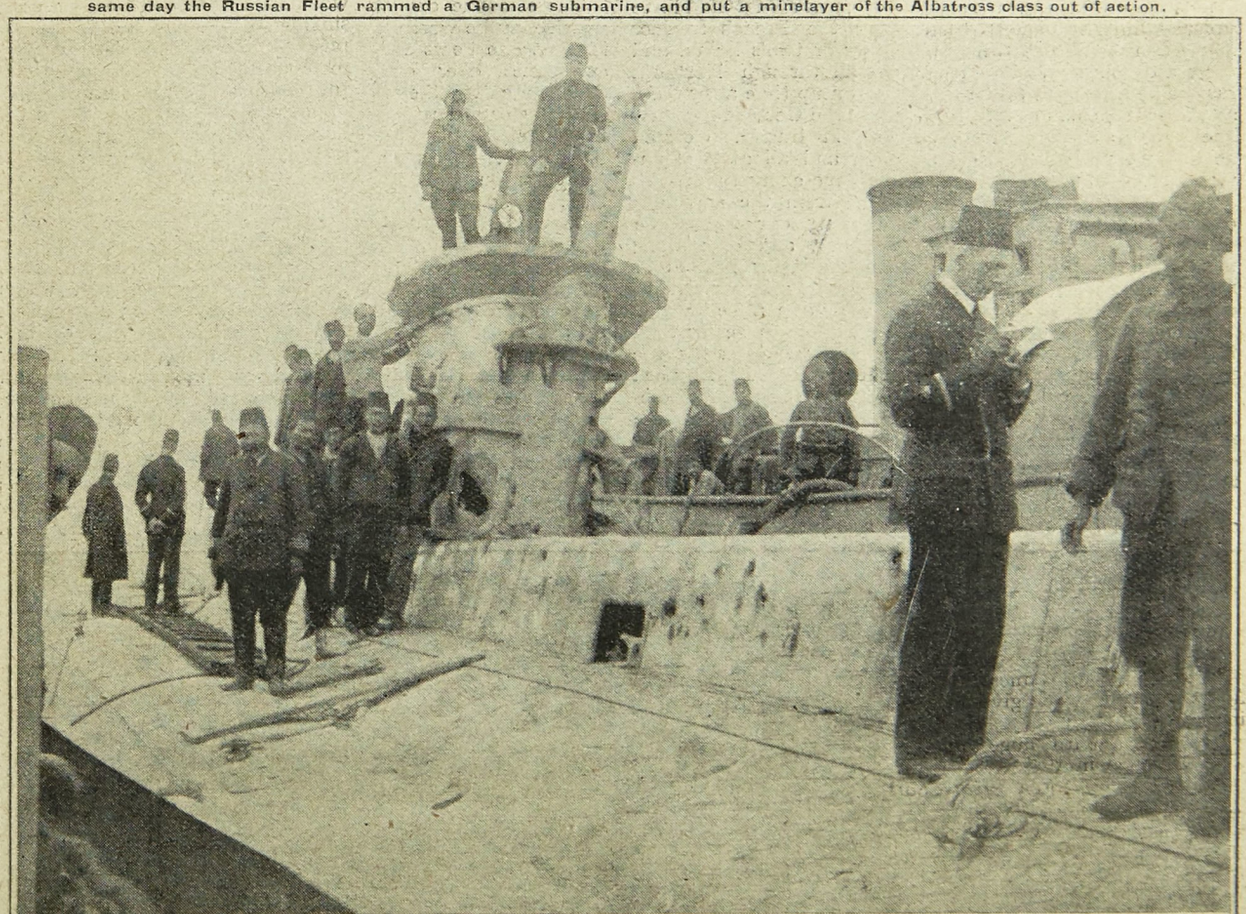
Admiral von Essen is dead, but his spirit lives on. The series of fights from June 28th to July 2nd have certainly foiled the co-operation of the German Navy with the Army on shore. They appear to pivot on the Russian coast at Windau to the north of Libau. Attempts to land here were beaten off early in June.

It is impossible to tell whether the series of operations are serious, or merely intended to divert Russian troops, or to impress Sweden. Under any one of these hypotheses they have certainly failed. The absurdity of Prince Henry of Prussia's speech at Libau (which was captured early in May), that it was the key of the Baltic, is clearly demonstrated. In three separate actions within four days the Russians have scored. The Germans, besides damaged vessels, have lost a battleship, the equivalent of one of our Formidables, the valuable mining ship Albatross, and a submarine. It is only a beginning, for there will be more fighting in the Baltic. It ought to be our aim to assist our ally in a sea where there is infinitely more chance of getting at the enemy than there is ever likely to be in the North Sea under existing conditions.

German Warship & British Submarine Destroyed



A German battleship of the Deutschland class sunk by a Russian squadron near Dantzic Bay on July 2nd. This is a serious loss to the German navy, as she was a powerful battleship displacing 13,200 tons, and armed with four 11 in. guns. On the same day the Russian Fleet rammed a German submarine, and put a minelayer of the Albatross class out of action.



The British submarine E15, which grounded on Kephez Point, Dardanelles, on April 17th, and was subsequently torpedoed to render it useless to the enemy in the brilliant exploit of two picket boats from the Majestic and Triumph. This photograph shows the Turks in possession of their valueless prize, which has been pitted by shot and shell. A German naval officer is making notes.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

FOR the last week or two the daily papers have been entertaining us with columns upon columns of matter about our air fleets. Some papers tell us that we need tens of thousands of machines, but do not trouble to say what type we need. Others tell us we need different and better aeroplanes without saying how many we need. Both classes are right, and both are a trifle indefinite; so without giving anything away to the enemy, it may be well to point out what many and better aeroplanes can do, drawing from the enemy's own air fleet lessons as to what might be done.

First of all, as to aeroplanes in vast quantities. The general idea of the advocates of big numbers seems to be that if we had thousands of aeroplanes we could keep on raiding Essen with bombs till Krupp's works had disappeared in holes in the ground. Essen seems always to be their mental goal. Therefore, it is interesting to see an intelligent American, reported in the "Daily Mail," saying that the opinion of German experts is that Essen is so far from any territory held by the Allies that any aeroplanes which tried to get there and back would have to carry so much petrol and oil that they would not be able to lift any quantity of bombs worth while. Which, unfortunately, is quite true; so Krupp's and Essen may be reckoned as fairly safe till such time as we can force the Germans back about as far as Liège, in Belgium, and the line of the Meuse generally in France. Then Essen will be a nice handy distance for raiding aeroplanes, and ought not to exist for very long afterwards.

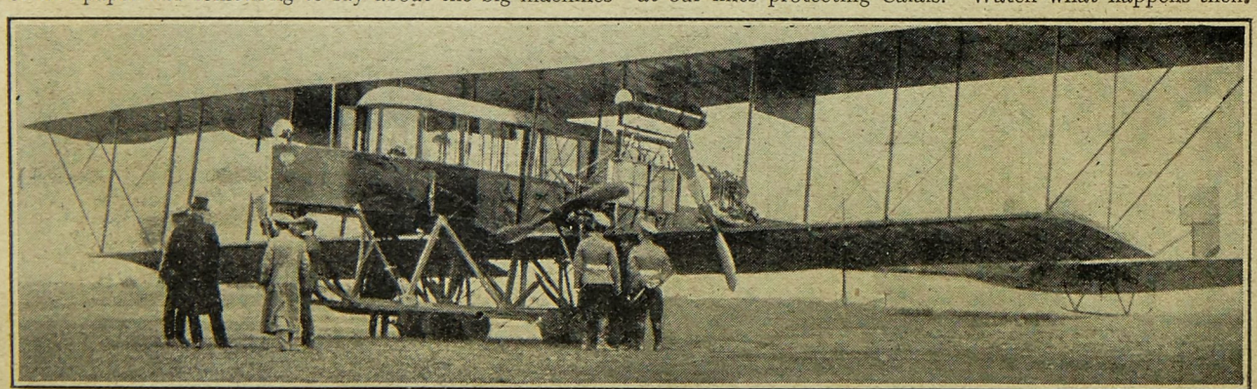
The Need for More Machines

Meantime there are manufacturing towns along the Rhine valley which can be reached from the French frontier opposite Belfort and Toul in an hour or two's flying, and there are railway lines and bridges all through Northern France and Belgium which can be blown up time after time, so that supplies and reinforcements to the German fighting-line will be delayed, or even lost, in transit. German headquarters billets can be bombed, and all sorts of unpleasant tricks played as soon as we have enough machines and pilots to be able to spare some from the necessary everyday work of reconnaissance along our immediate front, and of "spotting" for artillery, and of making individual raids to drop bombs on particular bridges or railway junctions which it is immediately important to destroy. The military authorities are quite alive to this fact, and doubtless nothing would please them better than to have an unlimited supply of aeroplanes even for the present number of pilots, so that the individual pilot need not worry whether he damages his machine or not. Therefore, it is just as well to awaken the public mind to the need for more aeroplanes, so that the people who hold the official purse-strings may be the more ready to part with the money necessary to build them.

As to better types of aeroplanes, I have in previous issues of this paper had something to say about the big machines with more than one engine, such as the Russians, Italians, and Germans already possess. The handiest of these are the twin-engine biplanes, like that German machine mentioned by the official "Eye-Witness" recently. It is small enough to be easy to handle and to land in a small field, and it is big enough to carry a respectable weight. The whole machine probably weighs twice as much as a single biplane, but it also lifts twice as much, and as it need only carry at most a pilot and a gunner-observer-bombdropper ("three single gentlemen rolled into one"), just what any other biplane half its size carries, the other half of it can be devoted to carrying bombs. That is to say, one engine carries half the machine, the crew, and some bombs (say, one hundred pounds or so), and the other engine carries the other half of the machine and a similar hundred pounds of bombs, and the weight of the men (say three hundred pounds) in bombs, which makes a total load of five hundred pounds of bombs. It might even carry a pilot-bomb-dropper alone, in which case it could carry an extra one hundred and fifty pounds of bombs, or six hundred and fifty pounds of bombs—which is rather more than a quarter of a ton—so that three such machines would carry pretty nearly as much in the way of bombs as a Zeppelin would. They would not travel as far without coming down, but they ought to travel about thirty miles an hour faster, and climb several thousands of feet higher. Thus one sees how very advantageous it would be to us to have a very large supply of these improved aeroplanes, and why a certain amount of well-directed agitation is a very good thing.

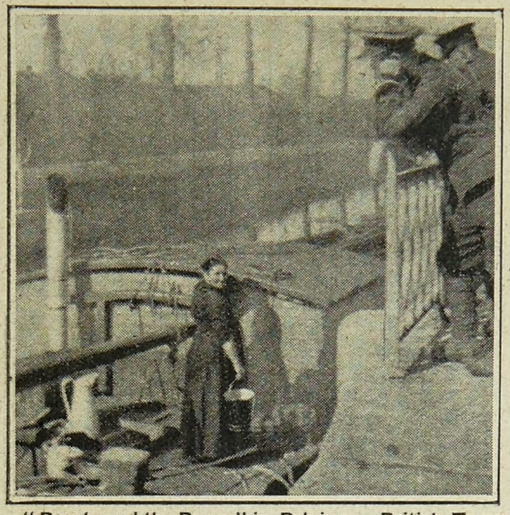
Is a Big Raid Pending?

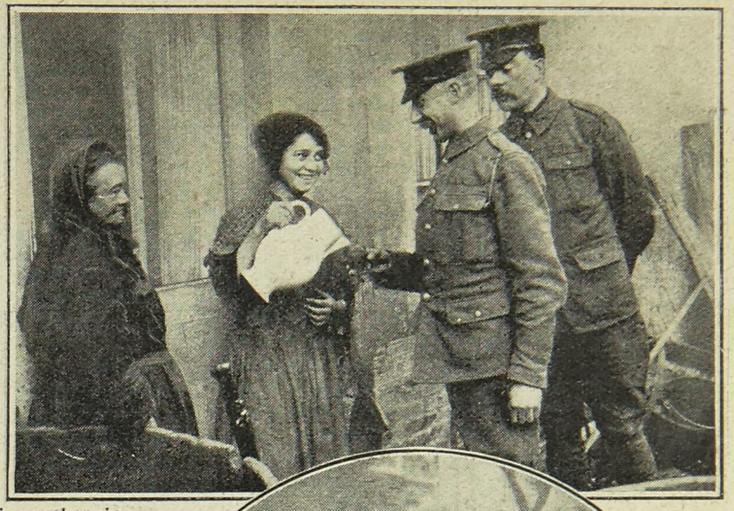
There is one curious point about the German air fleet which may be worth noting in case of future events. That is, that one hears very little in these days about German aeroplanes over our lines. Newspaper correspondents do not mention them. Our official reports say little about them. German reports hardly ever record bomb raids on towns behind our lines. And my own friends at the front tell me that they sometimes do not see a German aeroplane for days on end. There is something suspicious about that. I know that before the war Germany had over a thousand aeroplanes in hand ready to fly, and I know that her output of aero-engines was between one hundred and one hundred and fifty a week, and each engine means an aeroplane. German losses in aeroplanes and pilots have been enormous, but they have never been big enough to absorb such a stock and output. What does this absence mean? It means one of two things: Either that the Germans, having all their best men in the trenches, cannot find the right men for pilots (which I do not believe, because they have sense enough to pick men out of their infantry and cavalry and train them to fly), or that they are simply saving up machines and men for a big raid at the moment that suits them, probably when their best troops are brought back from the Russian front for that big blow at our lines protecting Calais. Watch what happens then.



Largest biplane yet invented. The gigantic Sikorsky machine, a feature of the Russian Air Service, which is driven by four 120 h.-p. engines working four separate propellers. The biplane is fitted with a large cabin designed to carry as many as twenty persons.

Phases of Woman's Interest in Men of Arms



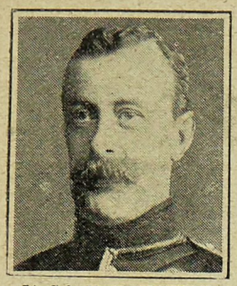


"Beauty and the Barge" in Belgium. British Tommies exchanging pleasantries in "pidgin-French." Right: Charming snapshot from France that might well illustrate Ben Jonson's immortal lines: "Drink to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine."

"Washing done here." An enterprising French villager who "does" for British soldiers, puts a very English notice in her cottage window. Above: Italian patriot's mother and sweetheart proudly marching with him through the streets of Rome.

Parting words of good advice. An Italian mother talking to her soldier son just before he leaves for the front. Above: The universal attraction! Italian nursemaid with her military escort in a Roman park; the soldier holding the perambulator is a Bersagliero.

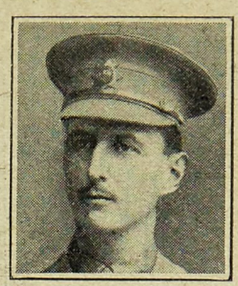
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



Lt.-Col. H. M. HANNAN, 8th Cameronians.

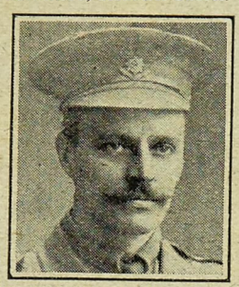
Major B. H. BARRINGTON-KENNETT, Grenadier Guards.

Major J. F. S. LLOYD, 6th North Staffs Regt.

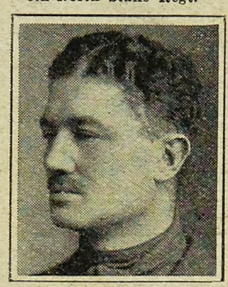


Capt. J. D. D. WICKHAM, 1st Lincs Regt.

Major W. A. C. FRASER, Dorsetshire Regt.

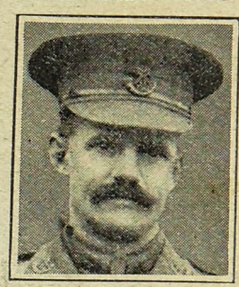


Capt. E. H. M. RUDDOCK, 13th Worcester Regt.



Capt. the Hon. JULIAN H. F. GRENFELL, D.S.O., 1st Dragoons.

Capt. the Hon. C. H. MEYSEY-THOMPSON, Rifle Brigade.



Capt. T. AVERY, Shropshire Light Infantry.

Lieut. I. K. HAMILTON, 1st Royal Warwickshire Regt.

Lieut-Col. H. M. Hannan saw much service in the South African War, and was awarded the Queen's Medal with five clasps. Gazetted an honorary lieutenant in 1902, he obtained his majority in the 8th Battalion of the Cameronians in 1907.

Major B. H. Barrington-Kennett entered the Grenadier Guards in 1906. In 1911 he was attached to the Air Battalion of the Royal Engineers, and subsequently gazetted to the Royal Flying Corps. In our issue of June 12th we published, through an oversight on the part of the photographer, a portrait purporting to be this officer, which was in reality that of his brother, Lieut. V. A. Barrington-Kennett.

Capt. John Dobree Durell Wickham was a member of the British Expeditionary Force to the Cameroons. Invalided home with black fever, he recovered, rejoined the Lincolns, and proceeded to the front, being fatally wounded within three weeks.

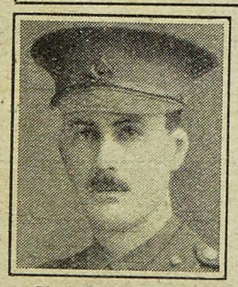
Capt. the Hon. Julian H. F. Grenfell, D.S.O., 1st Dragoons, was eldest son and heir of Lord Desborough. The portrait which appeared over this gallant officer's name in our issue of June 26th was published in error, being that of Capt. Francis Grenfell, V.C., of the 9th Lancers.

Capt. the Hon. C. H. Meysey-Thompson, 3rd Rifle Brigade, was the only son of Lord and Lady Knaresborough. He received his commission in 1906, and was gazetted to his company in August last.

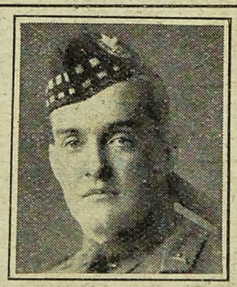
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *invites relatives of officers killed in action or dead from wounds to lend photographs, with brief biographical notes of these heroes, for inclusion in "Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead." Address:* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *The Fleetway House, London, E.C.*

Lieut. R. W. H. M. EMPSON, Royal Marine Light Infantry.

Lt. J. O'GRADY DELMEGE, 4th Dragoon Guards



Lieut. C. M. BERLEIN, Oxford & Bucks L.I.

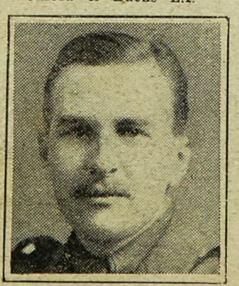


Lieut. F. M. BENTLEY, 3rd Gordon Highlanders.

Sec.-Lieut. A. R. K. AITKENS, 7th London Regt.

Sec.-Lt. C. J. DUDLEY-SMITH, 1st Grenadier Guards.

Sec.-Lt. M. C. N. R. YOUNG, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



Sec.-Lieut. H. C. M. FARMER, 4th King's Royal Rifles.

Sec.-Lieut. A. F. GEDDES, 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Lieut. BARTLE BRADSHAW, Border Regt.

Sec.-Lt. P. W. J. STEVENSON, 23rd London Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Downey, Elliott & Fry, Hughes & Mullins, Swaine, Hughes, Lambert Weston.

The War Illustrated, 24th July, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Truth about the Dardanelles, by H. W. Wilson

The War Illustrated

2d Weekly

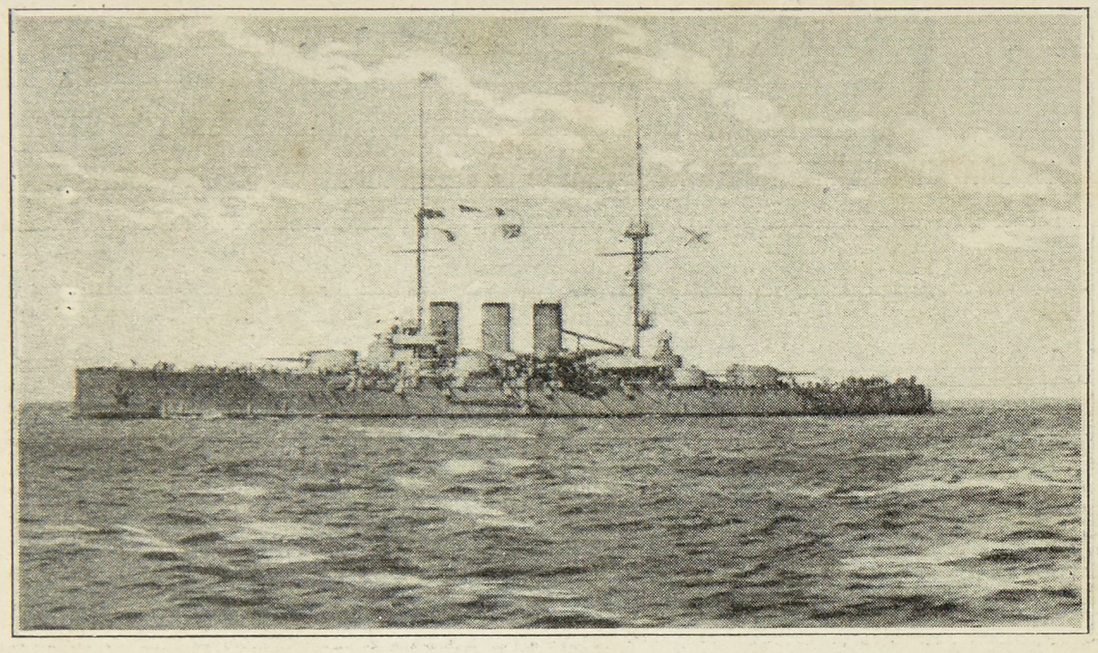
Drawn by C. M. Sheldon, after photographs.

Vol. 2

Sir Ian Hamilton, leader of "The Great Adventure" in the Dardanelles

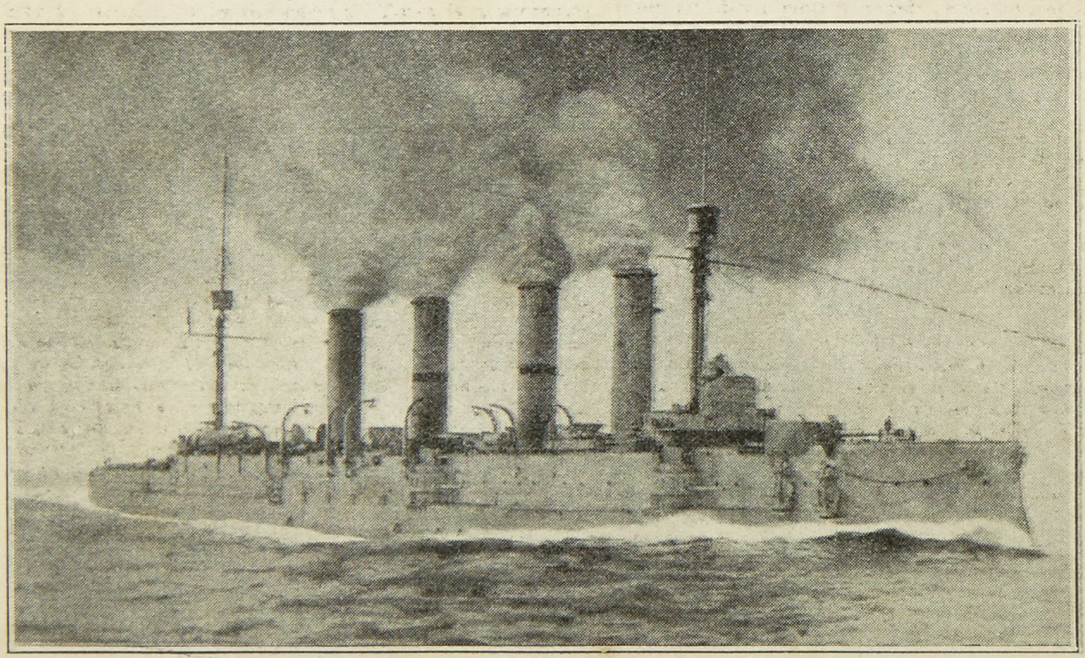
No. 49

THE FIGHTING SHIPS OF OUR RUSSIAN ALLIES



The Armoured Cruiser Rurik

which took part in the recent naval engagement in the Baltic, putting the German mine-layer Albatross out of action and greatly damaging three German cruisers of the Augsburg, Roon, and Bremen classes. The Rurik was completed in 1908, and has a normal displacement of 15,000 tons. Her largest guns are four 10 in. and eight 8 in.



The Armoured Cruiser Bayan

which also participated in the Baltic action. She was completed in 1910, has a displacement of 7,775 tons, and is armed with two 8 in., eight 6 in., twenty-two 12-pounders, four 3-pounders, and two submerged torpedo-tubes.

THE WAR *Illustrated*

No. 49. Vol. 2
24th July, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

A HERO OF HEROES.—Conspicuous among the individual soldiers whose gallant qualities have singled them out for special mention in Sir John French's despatch, was Private Lynn, of the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers. His exploit was rather greater than saving the guns, or like heroism. A poison-gas cloud loomed up from the German lines, and Private Lynn, without waiting to adjust his respirator, rushed to his machine-gun, and was able single-handed to check the German advance in time. Exhausted by the foul fumes the gallant private was carried to his dug-out, but hearing that another attack was imminent, he endeavoured to reach his gun again. Twenty-four hours later Private Lynn died, in great agony—a posthumous V.C.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

THE officials who are responsible for the suppression in England of facts about the war well known in every neutral country are doing the worst possible service to the nation. Each week affords fresh examples of it. Here are three: We were officially informed on May 5th that the Germans had obtained a footing on Hill 60, whose capture had three weeks before caused general rejoicing in England. Next day it was officially stated that some of the lost trenches had been recaptured by our men. Now, in his admirable and fascinating despatch dealing with the summer fighting, Sir John French tells us that on May 5th the Germans recaptured Hill 60 by the use of asphyxiating gas. The Germans, of course, knew this at once; every neutral nation knew. The British people were kept in ignorance.

The Mysterious Zeppelin Attack

Another illustration. Mr. Granville Fortescue, one of the ablest American correspondents, an officer in the American Army and one of the military aides of Mr. Roosevelt when President, published a book in America and here on his experiences in the war. The British edition was delayed for nearly three months, although it dealt only with events that were long over, and then it was badly mauled by the censor. Americans knew what was in the book, Germans knew, but the British were not allowed to know.

A third illustration. Not long ago there was an air raid on a place unnamed on the East Coast. Official reports gave the number of killed as four. Everyone knew that the figure was absurdly wrong. The spoken comment became so caustic that a fortnight afterwards a revised statement was issued and the deaths given at twenty-four. Who is to blame for it? It is customary to blame the Press Bureau. But the Press Bureau merely carries out the instructions of the higher departments.

No one asks that our authorities should publish facts likely to be of help to the enemy. There is a necessary secrecy in war which responsible journalists are the last to wish to have removed. But what object can there be in concealing from the British people criticisms and facts which are known everywhere outside our own country.

General Botha's Triumph

The surrender of the German forces in South-West Africa brings to an end one of the most brilliant and splendid chapters in the history of the war. Many people best acquainted with German South-West Africa were emphatic a week or two ago in their declaration that Botha and his men had attempted an impossible task. The difficulties of the country, the delays in transport, the slowness of travel, were all obstacles in Botha's way. Many people believed that at the best he must be faced with a long, dangerous, and difficult guerilla war. When the story of the rapid advance of the South African Army comes to be known in full, the world at large will realise even better than it does to-day the debt of gratitude we owe to Botha's men.

The spectacular victory of our forces will, it is believed, have another much-needed effect. The war between white men in South Africa increased to a great degree the ever-present danger of troubles among the native tribes. We may now expect to hear little more of these. The South African campaign adds yet another chapter to the splendid record of the Dominions in this war.

Two remarkable reports have recently received wide circulation. The first is that Turkey is tired of the war, is making tentative offers for peace, and is so short of ammunition that she will have to abandon the defence of the Dardanelles. The second is the declaration of the German Emperor to a delegation of Berlin bankers that there will be peace by October.

The first report sounds too good to be true. There is, of course, and there has always been, a strong pro-British party among the Turkish people, a party over-ruled by the ambitious, determined group headed by Enver Pasha. The capture of the Dardanelles and a settlement with Turkey would do more for us than a great victory in Flanders.

A settlement with Turkey would remove all danger of a concerted Mohammedan movement against the Allies. The first attempt at this failed. German agents have, however, been ceaseless in their attempts to revive it. Our difficulties in the Dardanelles have been used by them to the full. If the British public were for a long time kept in ignorance of the full details of the Dardanelles fighting, every native bazaar, from Zanzibar to Kelat, whispered its tales—tales that were mostly absurdly false. The occupation of the Dardanelles would do more than any other single factor to bring the wavering Balkan States to our side. It would help Russia industrially by opening the world markets again to her. It would greatly solve the problem of food supplies in England.

The Kaiser's Dream—

The report of the German Emperor's prophecy—a forecast at first disbelieved but now confirmed—has caused surprise and much speculation. A deputation of Berlin bankers obtained an interview with the Emperor to point out to him the grave financial position of their country, and the serious risks that would be run by continuing the campaign through another winter. A prolonged war, the delegates declared, meant utter bankruptcy for the German Empire. In reply the Kaiser assured them that the war will end in October. He meant, of course, that it would end by then in favour of Germany.

On what do the Germans base their hope of early triumph? They will, of course, launch, probably early in August when the roads are at their best, their great summer-autumn campaign in the west. They have made long preparations for this, and have made various tentative efforts. They have talked so much about striking again for Calais that their main blow will probably be made in quite another direction, maybe towards Paris. Every day that this great attack is delayed enables Britain and France to elaborate more carefully their preparations against it. I gave my reasons last week why we may regard the prospect of a German attack in the north-west not with complacency, but with some confidence. On the eastern side the Germans must be aware that even if they captured Warsaw, Ivangorod, and Brest Litovsk by October—and the most extravagant German optimist scarcely expects to accomplish this—the vital strength of Russia would remain unbroken.

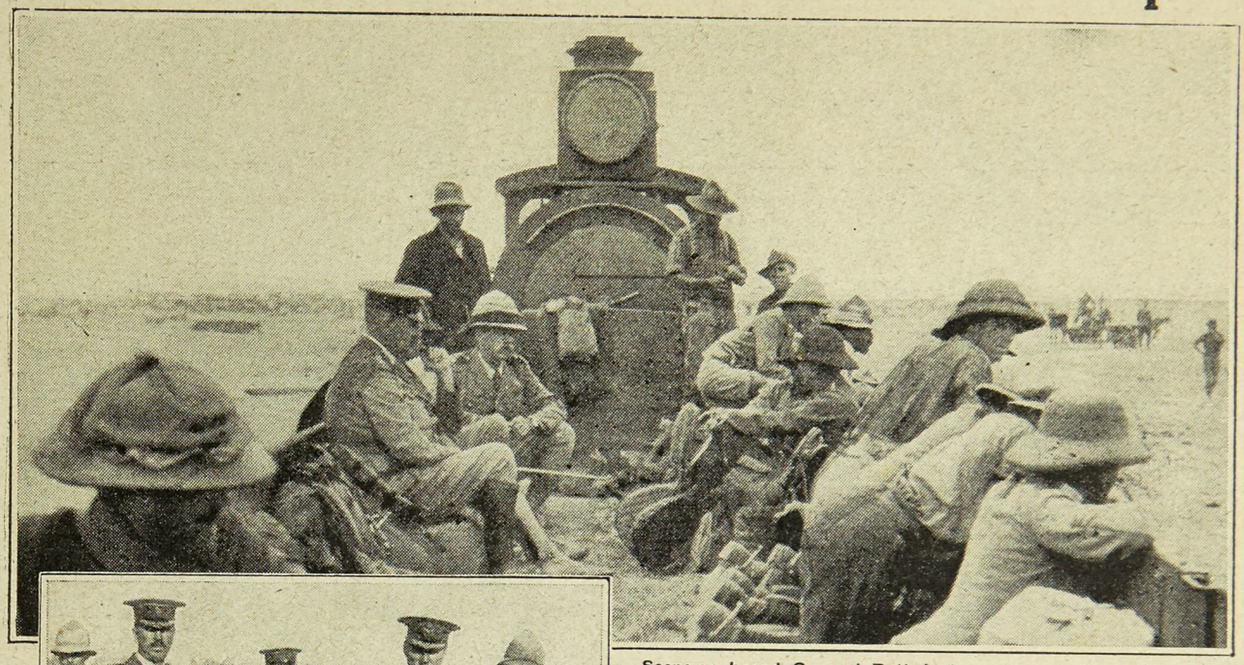
The German Emperor and his advisers probably base their expectations on three grounds—further international complications against Britain, the submarine, and the coming Zeppelin attacks against us.

—and the Hopes of Germany

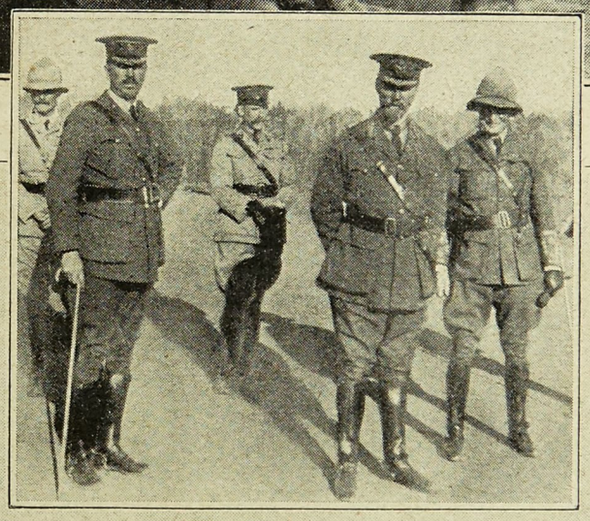
The Germans count, with some confidence, that despite the Lusitania incident, there will be serious friction between Britain and America within the next few months over the rights of neutral ships on the sea. They are more confident than ever that Sweden will join them, and they are doing everything possible to win that land to their side. They have by no means lost hope of the active co-operation of Rumania, and they feel confident that they will at least be able to keep Bulgaria neutral. These expectations seem very far-fetched. But even if they were fully realised they would scarcely end the war.

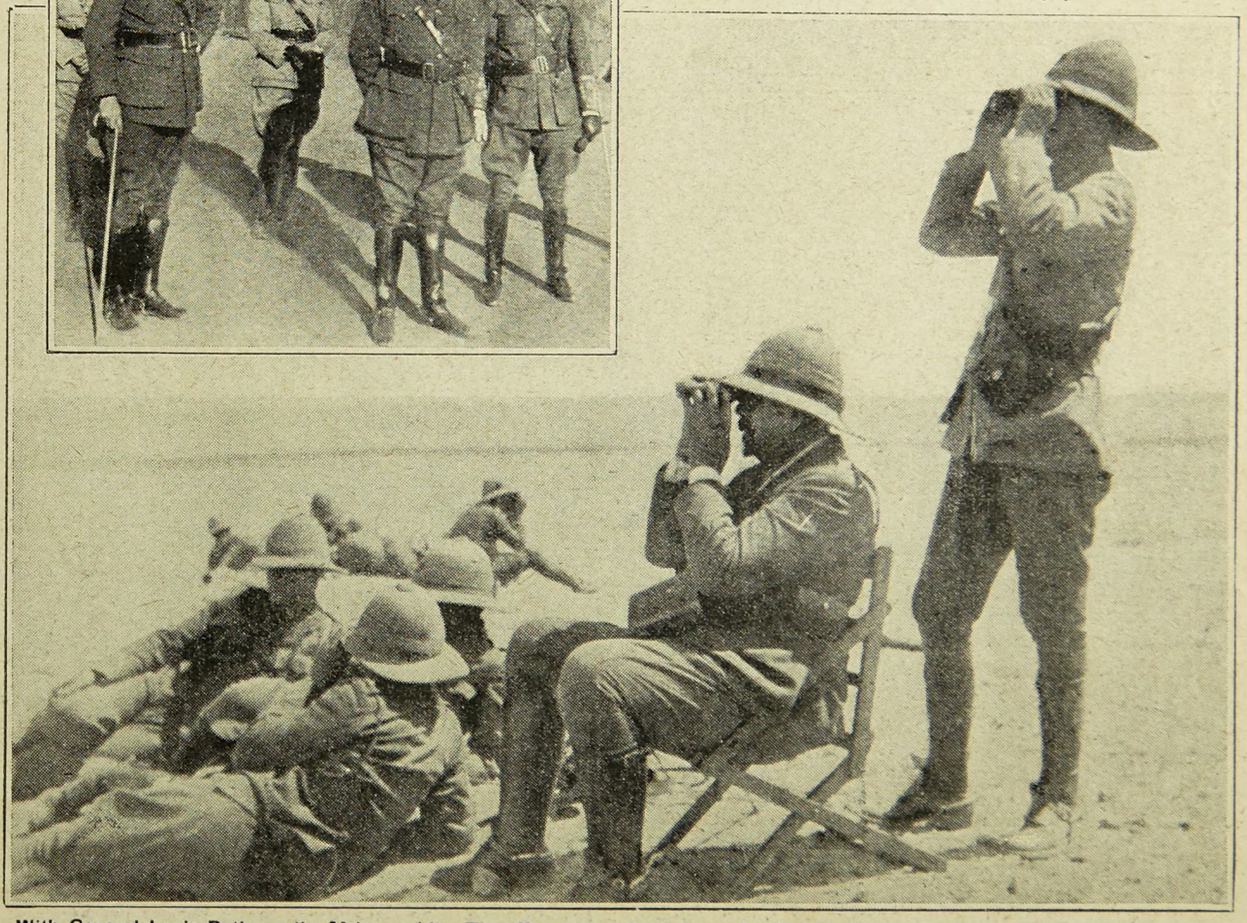
The submarine campaign is Germany's most powerful weapon in the naval war. It is not for me on this page to discuss the possibilities of the submarine campaign beyond saying that, even if the new submarines compel our merchant ships to travel under convoy, and send our food prices much higher than now, they will not by this means make us yield. If Germany imagines that a successful series of Zeppelin attacks on this country would lead us to sue for peace, it does not understand England. The more closely one examines the Kaiser's forecast the more surprising it appears.

Botha's Great Work for the Union and Empire



Scene on board General Botha's troop train while traversing German South-West Africa. Officers and men alike of the Union Forces travelled in these straw-strewn, open trucks.

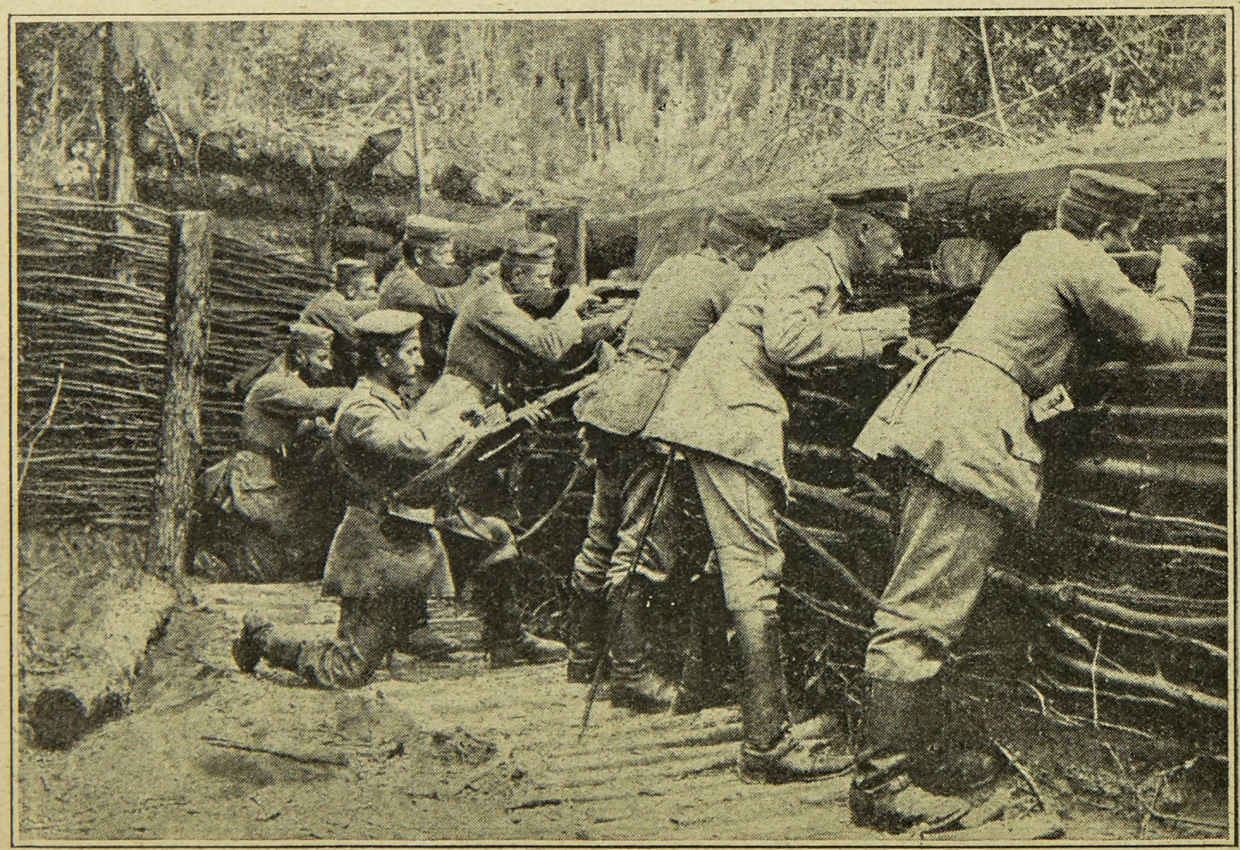




With General Louis Botha on the African veldt. The officers have their glasses levelled in different directions for signs of the enemy, who proved really less troublesome an opponent than the barren, waterless country. Inset: General Smuts (centre), General Botha's right-hand man, to whom considerable credit is due for the conquest of German South-West Africa.

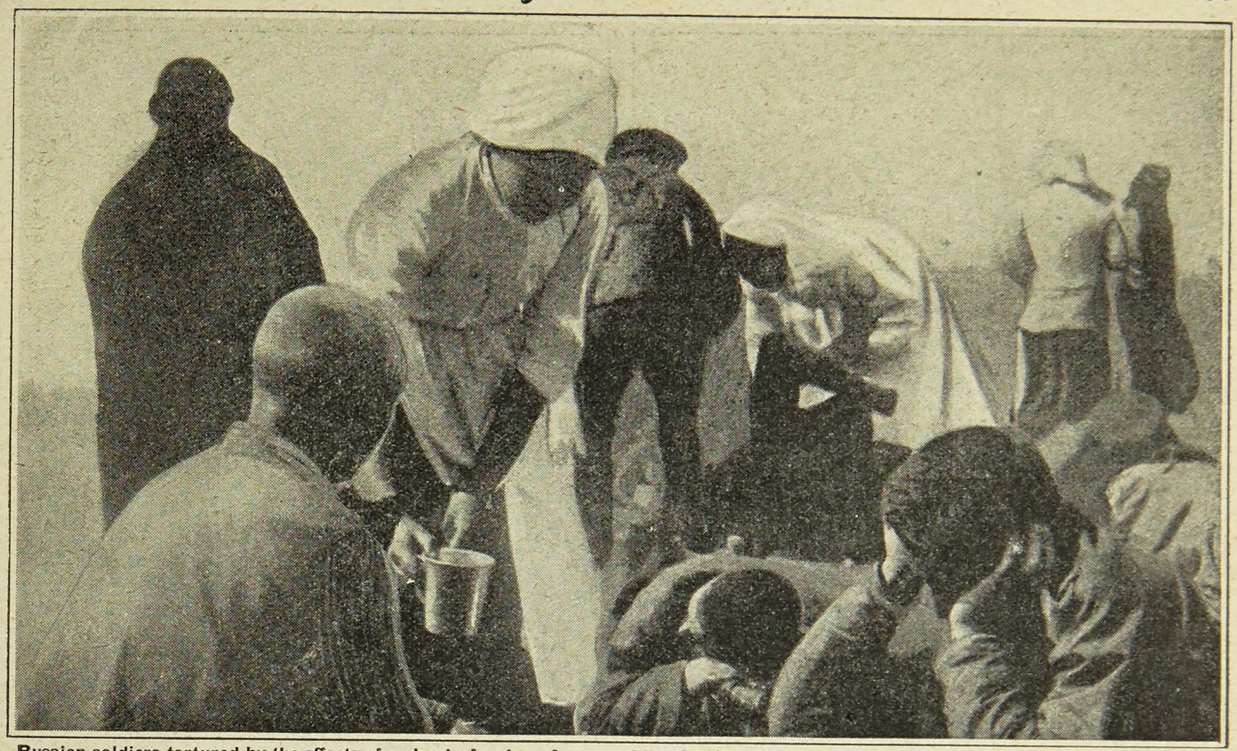
The Lurking Foe in Wooded France & Belgium

After a year of fighting it must be a source of considerable chagrin to the Kaiser to think that his gigantic war-machine has not been able entirely to crush little Belgium. Although the Huns are in possession of the greater part of this unhappy land, there still remains a small corner in which the Belgians put up a dogged resistance. This photograph shows a party of Uhlans on the look out for patrolling Belgians in a wood near their first-line trenches.



Type of German trench "somewhere in the wooded Argonne." Elaborately constructed with tree-trunks and wattles, well screened by summer foliage, the difficult task of dislodging the enemy from these defences may well be imagined. Only a preponderance of "75's" ranged to miraculous precision has any effect on these creations of "thoroughness."

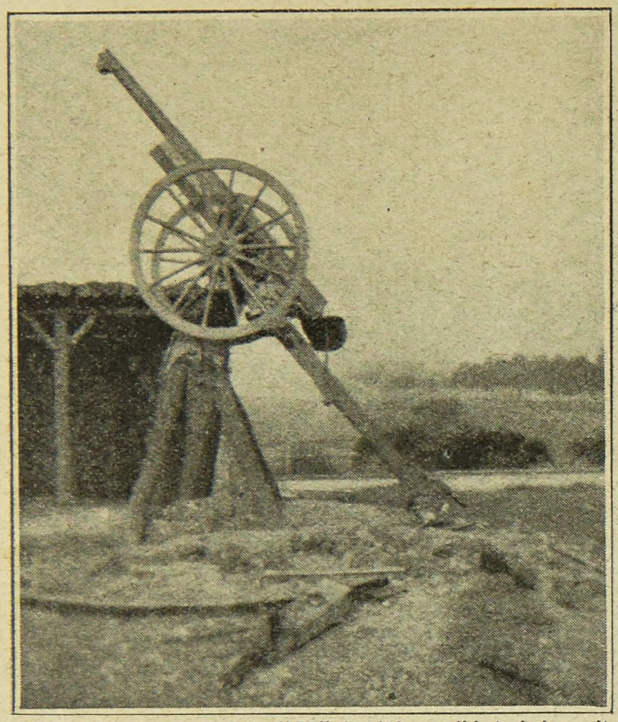
Russians Racked by the Terrible Poison Gas



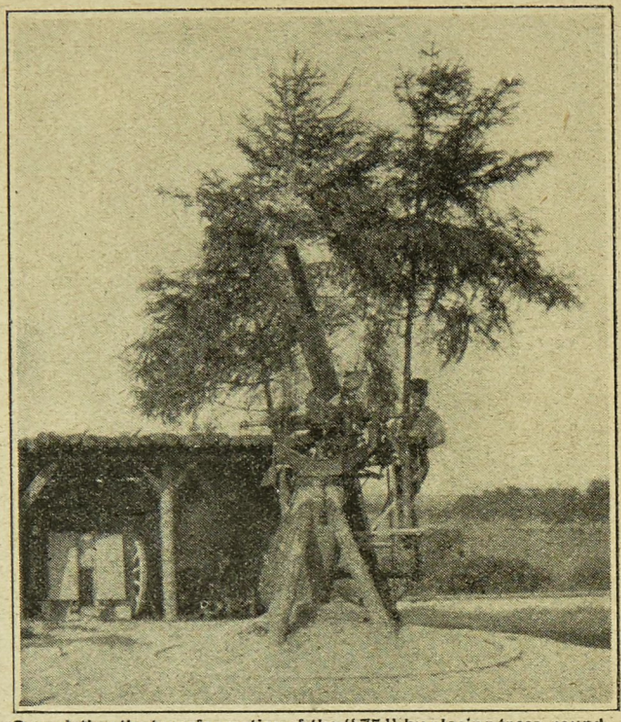
Russian soldiers tortured by the effects of a cloud of poison fumes, which fiendish form of warfare the Germans are employing on the eastern fronts, as well as in France. Russian nurses are distributing cooling drinks to ease the agonies of the men as they fight for breath.

Scene of pitiful suffering at a Russian field hospital just after a German attack with poison gas. These soldiers of the Tsar, many without a scratch, and perfectly strong but for the fearful poison that has entered their lungs, are suffering the agonies of slow asphyxiation from which few recover.

The Wonder Weapon of the War in a New Rôle



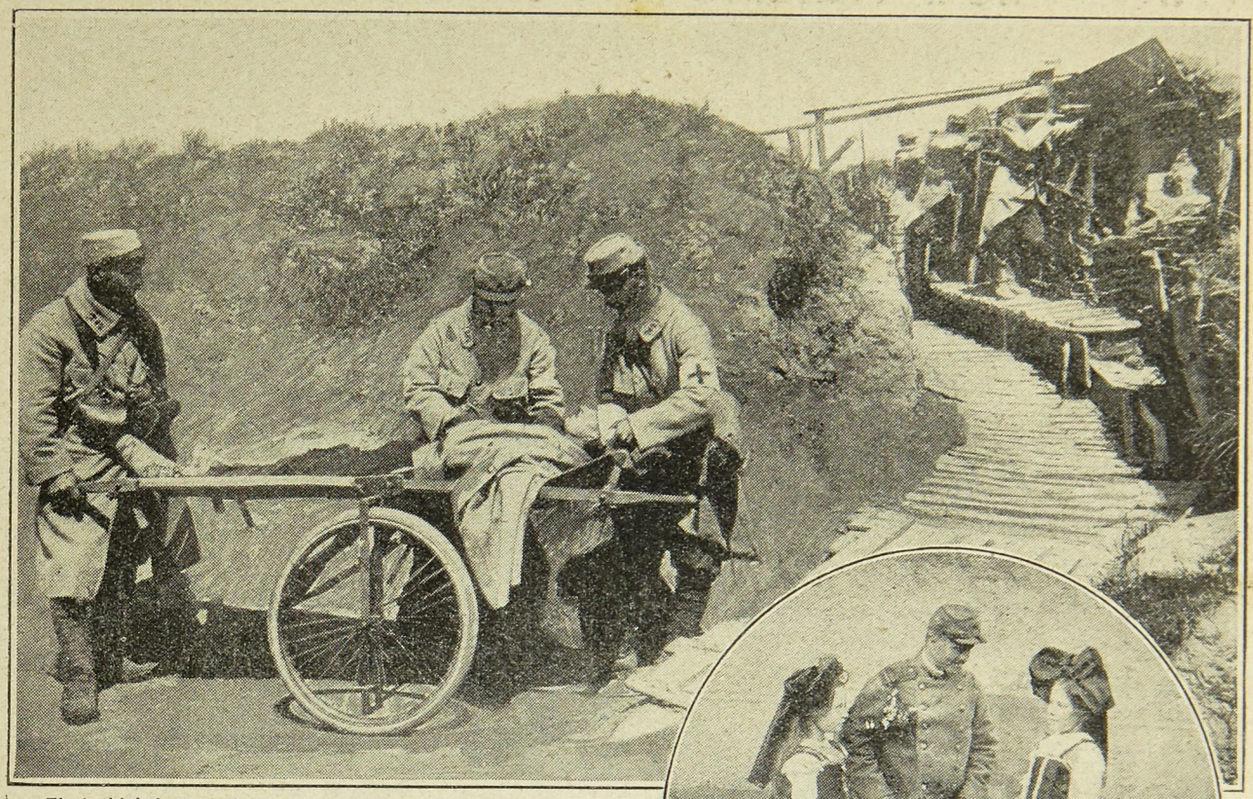
So slight is the recoil of the "75" that it is possible to balance it on an improvised wooden tripod in order to use the weapon as a high-angle anti-aircraft gun.



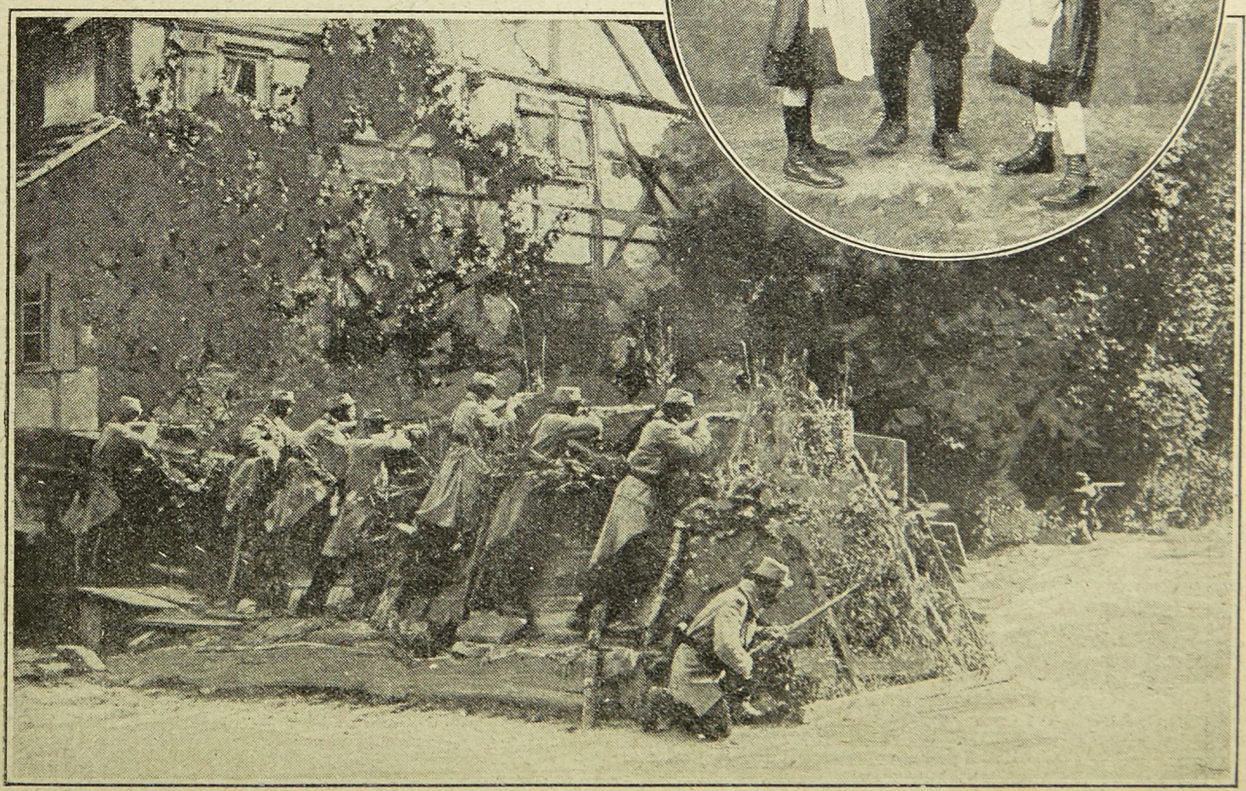
Completing the transformation of the "75" by placing trees round it, thus to hide it from the German "Taubes," against which its fire is to be directed.

Concealed "75" gun "somewhere in Alsace" in action against aircraft. A special mound-like emplacement has been made so as to elevate the barrel. An officer and some of the crew are following the career of the shell, while a gunner is ready to load another.

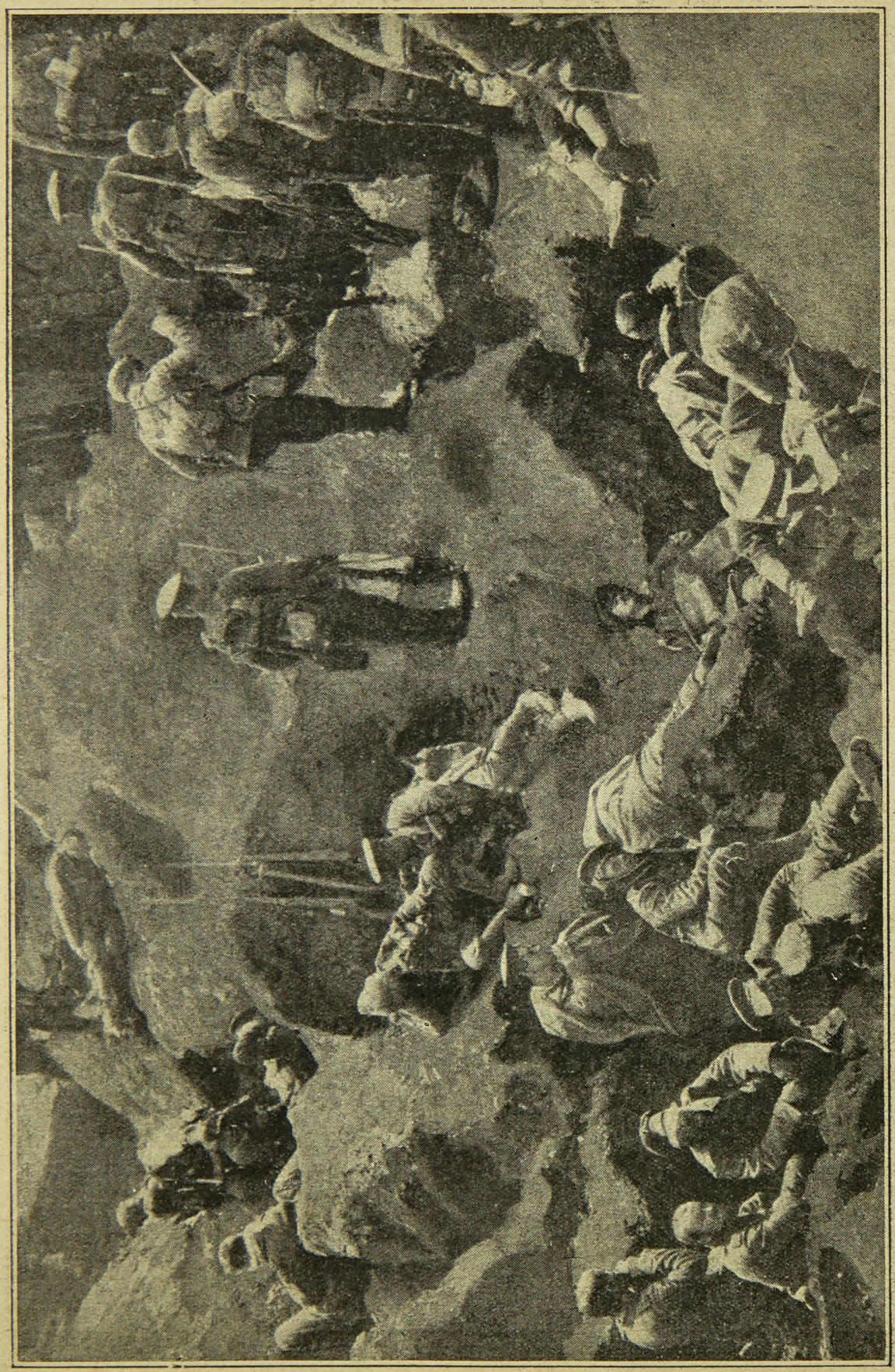
France and Alsace once more Affianced



First-aid being administered to a wounded soldier in a picturesque French trench of Alsace-Lorraine. Inset: Little girls, wearing typical Alsatian costumes, and taught to welcome "La Revanche," have decorated the French soldier with flowers.



French outpost on guard behind a barricade disguised with flowers and foliage. France first ruled Alsace in the seventeenth century, and Lorraine in the eighteenth, the territory remaining French until the war of 1870-1. With so many Alsatians of French origin and with French sympathies, most of the people have welcomed the French soldiers now in occupation as deliverers.



LAST SCENES IN A MINED GERMAN TRENCH.—This wonderful record, illustrative of a daily occurrence in the first line of war, brings home again to us the Homeric struggle of men and machines in the greatest conflict of all time. A few moments ago these calcined boulders and clay were the site of a German trench, but after days of labour sappers have succeeded in mining the position. The explosion has taken place, and our infantry have charged, to find those Germans left alive among the occupants of the trench too dazed to offer resistance. The dead are scattered willy-nilly with the living. Wounded Huns, lying in attitudes of despair and huddled together as if for warmth and sympathy, are not sorry that they are going into humane captivity. Some British soldiers, also wounded and fatigued in the ordeal (note the one with a German helmet attached to his belt), are resting with the vanquished foe, while their comrades, still with fixed bayonets, keep vigil over the maelstrom of hopeless misery, and await the order for a further advance.

"The Great Adventure"

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE DARDANELLES CAMPAIGN

By H. W. Wilson

Author of "With the Flag to Pretoria," Editor of "The Great War," etc.

Starting as obscurely as some subsidiary operation, only looming into mysterious greatness as the truth began to trickle through to the British public, our attack on the Dardanelles is now dimly understood to be one of the most gigantic efforts of the war. Weeks and weeks ago Mr. Winston Churchill assured us that in the Dardanelles we were "within a few miles" of the first decisive victory of the war. People have since been asking daily when those few miles are likely to be traversed. In this article one of our foremost military and naval experts tells the readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *in calmly reasoned phrases the cold truth about "the Great Adventure," as it has been called. It is sincerely to be hoped that these "few miles" which the optimistic ex-First Lord spoke about will, some day, have been successfully covered, but, meanwhile, it is wise that all of us should realise the dangers our heroic soldiers and our gallant allies have to face in this, the most difficult of all the areas of the Great War.*

THE special difficulties and dangers which confront our heroic troops at the Dardanelles are due to two main causes—the ample warning that was given to the Turks, thus enabling them to make every conceivable preparation, and the peculiar geographical conditions. Before even a shot was fired our British politicians began to talk of forcing the Dardanelles—a signal to the enemy that an attack was coming in this quarter. Next an allied squadron opened a bombardment of the outer forts on February 19th. The public looked for news of the landing of an expeditionary force forthwith. No such news came. The operations of the fleets and the armies were not co-ordinated.

Not until April 25th was the expeditionary force ready to begin its disembarkation. The Turks were given more than two whole months to get ready. They were able, in consequence, to concentrate a great force by recalling their army corps from the Egyptian frontier, from Mesopotamia, and from Armenia. The factor of surprise which sea-power placed in the Allies' hands was not utilised. The enemy was, as it were, told what to expect and placed thoroughly on his guard, and this was an enemy who could assemble with little difficulty half a million fighting men. These men, moreover, would be organised and equipped with German thoroughness. We can only blame ourselves if the perils of the enterprise were inordinately increased by the manner in which it was planned and carried out.

An Arid and Waterless Land

The heavy loss which the Fleet suffered on March 18th, when three old battleships were sunk by mines or torpedoes, without any real impression being made upon the main Turkish forts, proved what seamen had known before the attack—that the Straits could never be forced by warships alone. The only remaining course was to assault the forts which guard the channel by land. The shore of the Gallipoli Peninsula dominates the Asiatic coast, and for this reason, apparently, the Gallipoli Peninsula was chosen as the point of attack. It is a most difficult country—a tangle of hills riven with deep gorges or nullahs, overgrown with a low thorny bush which is almost as effective an obstacle to the rapid movement of troops as a mass of barbed-wire, and which serves admirably to conceal hostile snipers. The land is arid and almost waterless in summer. Whereas there are good harbours on the Asiatic side, the Gallipoli Peninsula shows to the Ægean an iron-bound coast. From the moment an allied descent upon it was apprehended the Germans set their servants, the Turks, to work to cover it with barbed-wire, to dig entrenchments, to construct machine-gun and artillery emplacements, to measure every range, and to obstruct, with mines and underwater entanglements, every one of the few miserable beaches where troops might essay to land. The whole area became one immense fortress, crammed with Turkish troops, bristling with guns and machine-guns.

The idea of landing in the face of such preparations almost freezes the blood. That a landing should have been effected is proof of such superlative heroism, such divine courage and love on the part of our troops that we can only bow the head in admiration for their valour and praise of their indomitable spirit. Nothing in history is finer than their achievement, not even the deed of the immortal Six Hundred or of the Athenians who died for freedom at Marathon with the gods fighting at their side. They have created new legends. Their position, however, after all this superhuman bravery is this. They are split up into two bodies. The main force is to the south under Achi Baba, that grim hill which rises about six miles from the extremity of the Peninsula. The Australians are eight miles off to the north, with the Turks in between.

Every Inch Within Turkish Range

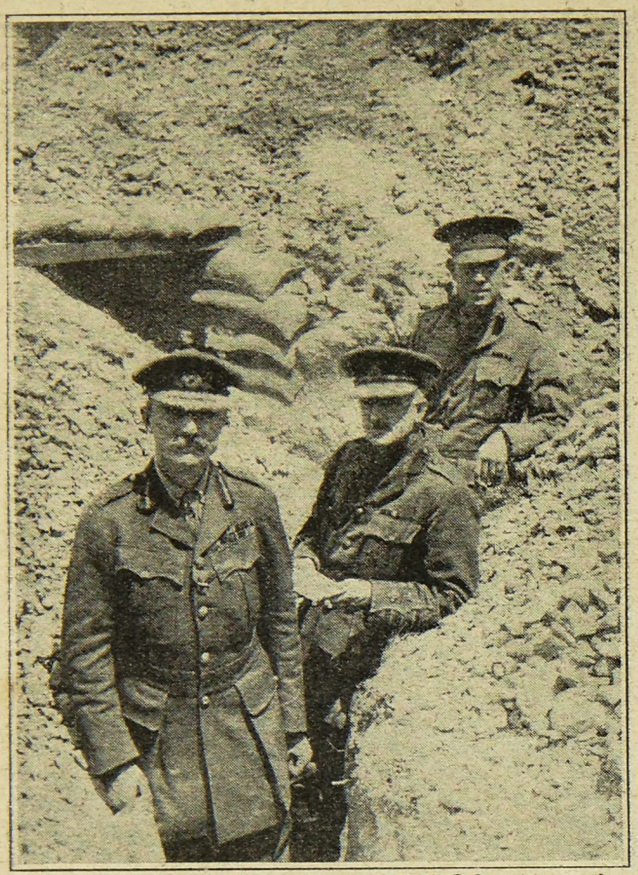
The British despatches show that the northern force holds only a very narrow strip of ground. The southern or main force has advanced rather more than four miles from the southernmost point of the Gallipoli Peninsula. As the range of the modern field-gun is more than four miles, no point of the ground which the Allies hold is safe from shrapnel or shell, and every foot can be searched by the big howitzers and heavy guns which the Turks, according to a neutral correspondent, Mr. Granville Fortescue, have available.

When the British landed to attack Sebastopol, in the Crimean War, they very speedily secured a tolerable harbour at Balaclava, and without it they would have been in very hard case. When the Japanese opened the Siege of Port Arthur they secured Dalny, which was a magnificent base. The unique and extraordinary feature in the Dardanelles campaign is that the Allies have no harbour, no base, nothing but open beaches on which to land the innumerable articles required by a great army engaged in siege operations. This distinguishes the Dardanelles war from all others, and aggravates its difficulties and dangers. For days and, occasionally, for weeks, at certain seasons of the year, the weather in the Ægean is such that the landing of heavy stores and supplies on an open coast is impracticable. Thus between February 19th and 25th a veritable hurricane blew, and the British naval operations thereafter were constantly interrupted by storms and squalls.

No Harbour of Refuge for Our Ships

The situation is further complicated by the presence of enemy submarines. The German reports are to be treated with great suspicion, but may contain some truth, and according to them there are seven of the largest German boats in the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles. One has been seen, according to French sources of information, bearing the number 51, which means that she is a very recent and powerful vessel. Now it is possible to protect surface ships against submarines under two conditions: The first that there are plenty of destroyers or small fast craft to guard them on passage, and the second that secure ports are available for them to ship and discharge cargo. The second condition is wanting at the Dardanelles. The enemy submarines have excellent bases at hand in Turkish waters. The British transports and supply ships have no point on the Gallipoli coast where they can lie secure from the weather and from the enemy.

(Continued on page 533)



Major-General A. M. Hunter-Weston, C.B., D.S.O., with two of his Staff, in the trench leading to his dug-out, the entrance to which, protected by sand-bags, is seen in the background. Sir Ian Hamilton spoke highly of the Major-General in his despatch.

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE"

Continued from page 529.

The allied force ashore, according to Mr. Granville Fortescue, who is our chief neutral source, is outnumbered in the proportion of at least two to one. Its immediate objective is the ridge of Achi Baba, a hill which figures on the maps as 700 or 730 feet high, but appears really to be only 600 feet high. This ridge is held by the Turks. It cannot be turned or outflanked because it runs from sea to sea. Its total length is only a fraction over three miles, so that it can be held by a comparatively small force. It overlooks the entire British position, and from it all that is passing in the allied lines can be discerned, and fire can be directed on any point within those lines. It is, to quote Reuter's correspondent, "a series of smooth slopes, terraced at intervals, an ideal defensive position." It is fortified with every art known to man, and it abounds with "those inventions of the devil—machine-guns and barbed-wire." The barbed-wire, according to Sir Ian Hamilton, is of a special type, very thick and strong.

After Achi Baba—others to follow!

A French official report has stated that the entanglements of wire are so formidable that the Turkish works cannot be rushed. The only practicable manœuvre is to take the trenches line after line with the bayonet, after the wire has been smashed by a terrific bombardment. This necessarily involves a prodigal expenditure of that very ammunition the lack of which in Flanders has been the theme of Mr. Lloyd George's speeches.

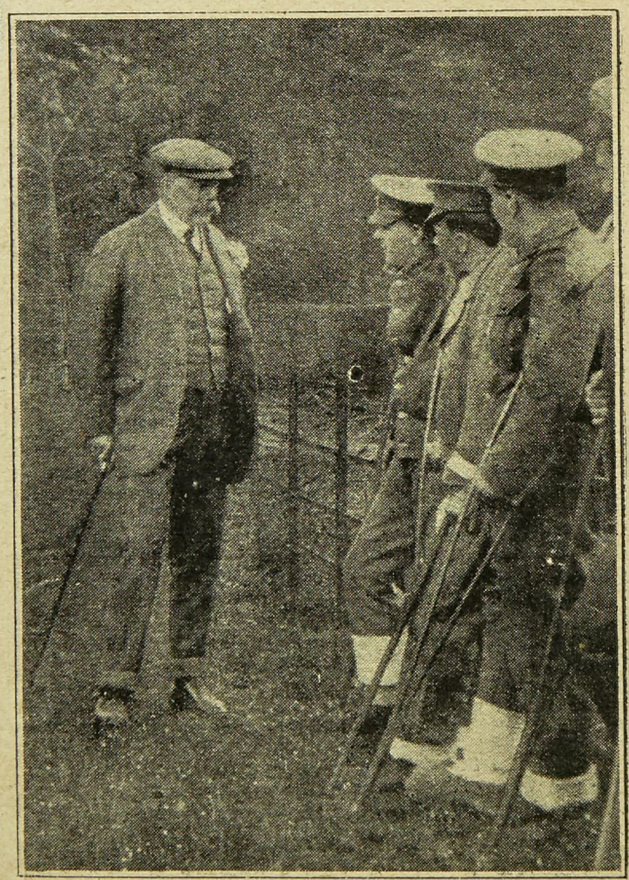
When Achi Baba is taken there are, according to Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, who has been on the battlefield, "other positions at least as formidable behind it. And these must be taken hill by hill, trench by trench, before the army can open a gate to the fleet." A slow trench warfare has to be conducted by the Allies as in Flanders. To reach the Narrows, where the main forts dominating the channel are situated, a distance of seven and a half miles has to be covered by the southern force of Allies. In Flanders the allied armies in nine months have nowhere gained more than one and a half miles.

While the Allies have no base, no secure communications, no ground in their occupation which is free from the peril of hostile shell fire, and no space in which to deploy larger forces, should these be landed, the Turks have ample space behind their front and can, without the slightest difficulty, find cover against everything except the largest naval shells, which are not likely to be employed in random firing. They can maintain their supplies. British submarines have rendered the Sea of Marmora altogether unsafe for Turkish transports and supply ships, but, according to neutral correspondents, they cannot work in the Narrows, and it is a comparatively simple matter to ferry stores and men over the water there when the British light craft are not at hand. There is also a tolerable road which, from the map, would not appear to be under the fire of the allied warships.

The One Hope of Turkish Failure

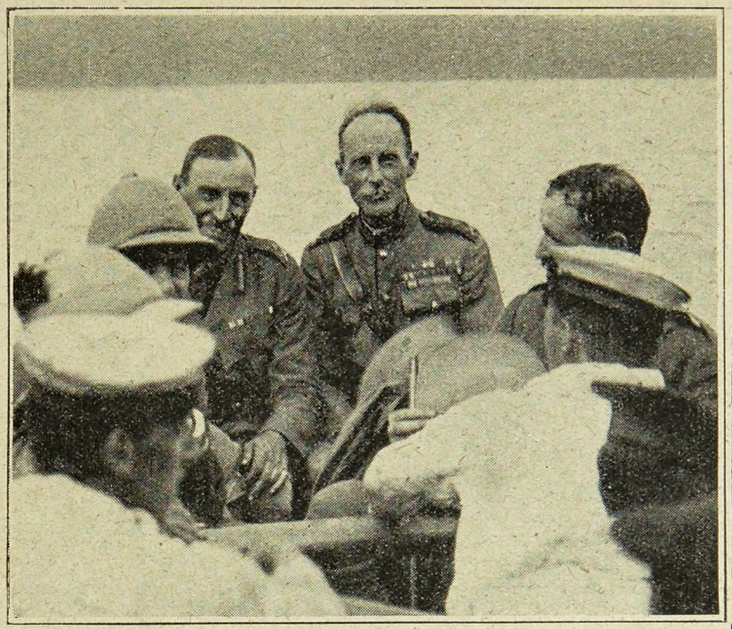
When the Gallipoli Peninsula has been cleared of Turks the operations against the forts on the Narrows, which are the real aim of the war, have to begin. The reduction of these forts will be a slow and laborious business for—again to quote Mr. Fortescue—in the last three months "every position that offered a field of fire in the least suitable has been turned into a battery. The banks of the Straits bristle with guns." An enormous siege train will be wanted with an unlimited supply of ammunition. The Turkish forts have been carefully modernised by the German engineers and prepared for the attack that is to be expected.

We must look forward, then, to no swift and easy success, but to months of campaigning. The one favourable element in the situation, apart from the incredible valour of our men, is the possibility that the Turkish supplies of ammunition may fail.



A pleasant pictorial record of Lord Kitchener's well-known personal interest in the welfare of the private soldier. The great leader photographed at Broome Park, his country seat, while talking to soldiers from an Army nursing-home near Folkestone.

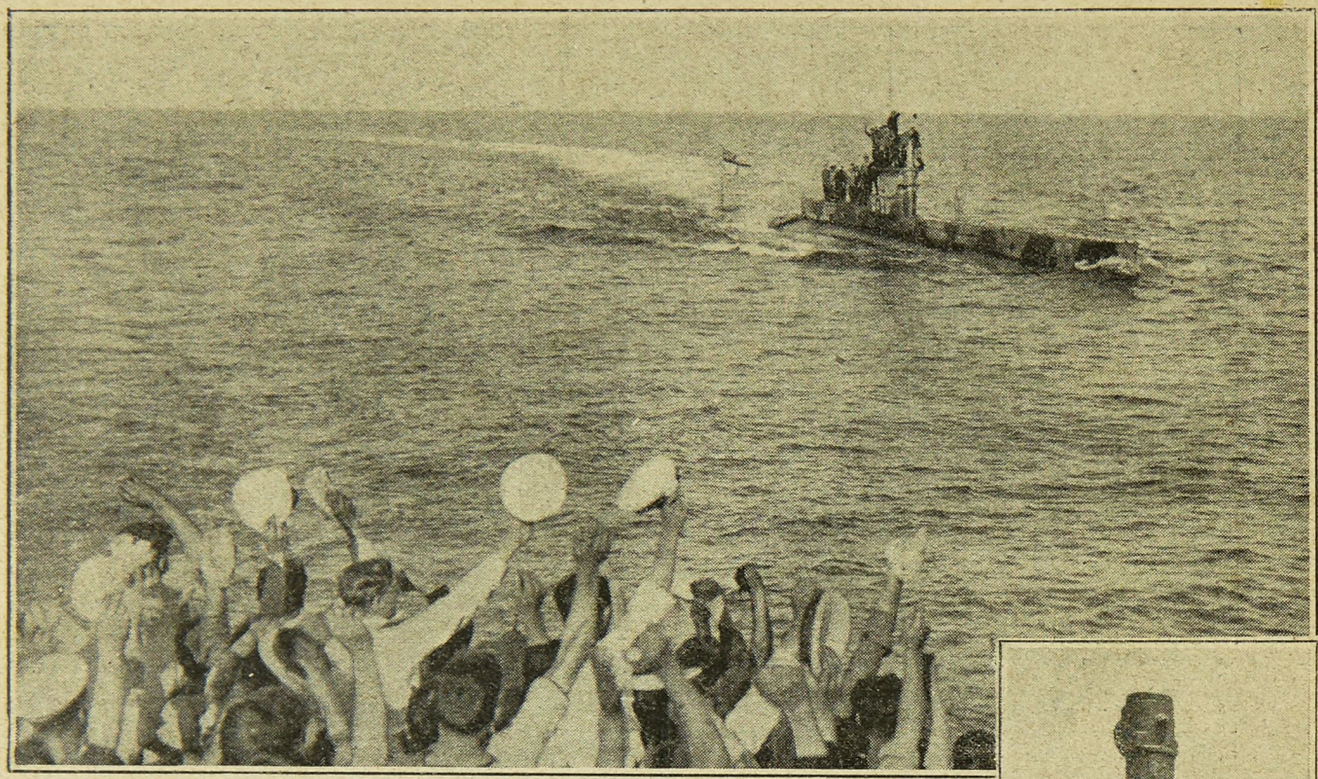
With General Sir Ian Hamilton in Gallipoli



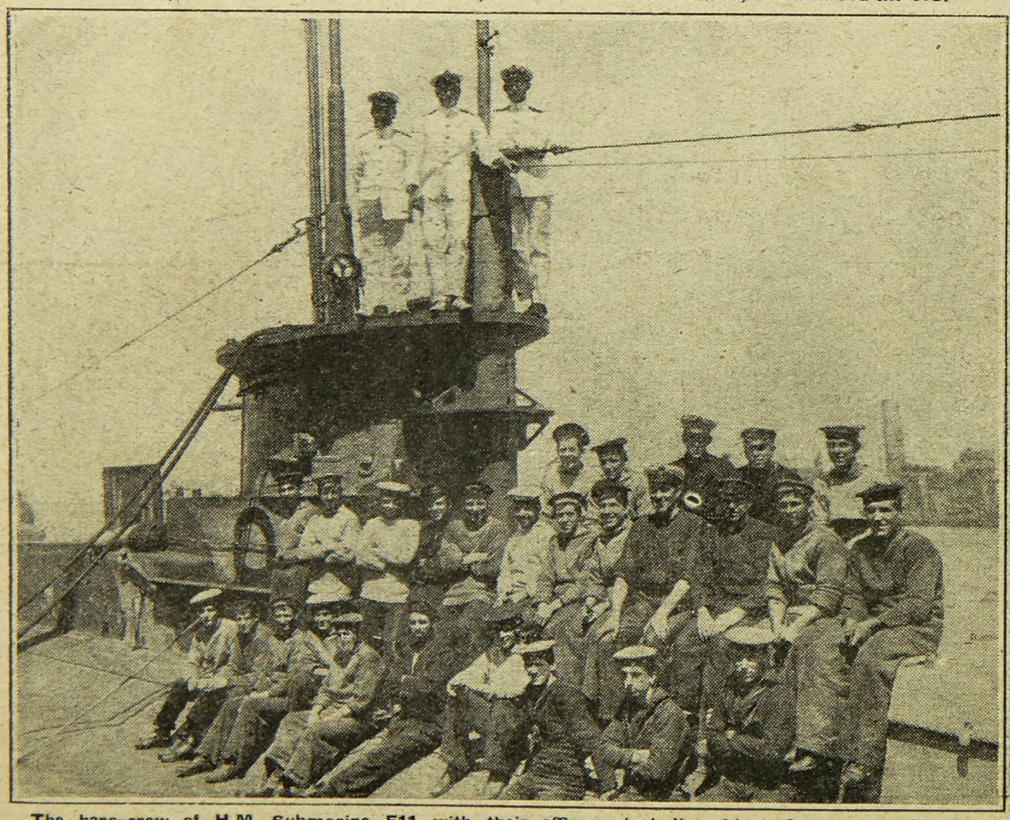
General Sir Ian Hamilton (centre) and General Braithwaite being rowed to the Gallipoli shore. Inset: The proverbial kindliness of the British "Tommy" is here again illustrated. A ragged, wounded Turkish prisoner has asked for water, and his request is being immediately complied with by his captor.

General Sir Ian Hamilton leaving for his Headquarters after having inspected the Royal Naval Division, which is seen lined up in the background. The Commander-in-Chief's task for the Empire in the Levant has been regarded as one of the most difficult undertakings in the history of warfare.

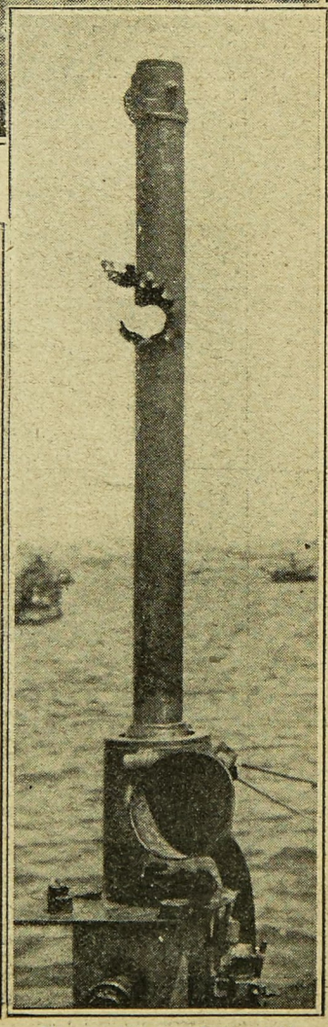
"The Great Adventure" in Gallipoli:



The crew of H.M.S. Grampus giving an enthusiastic welcome to the victorious heroes of the E11 on their return from the Dardanelles Straits, after their daring exploit at Constantinople. It will be remembered that the E11 made a wonderful dash through the Sea of Marmora, and destroyed nine Turkish ships. For this feat the commander, Lieut.-Com. M. E. Nasmith, was awarded the V.C.

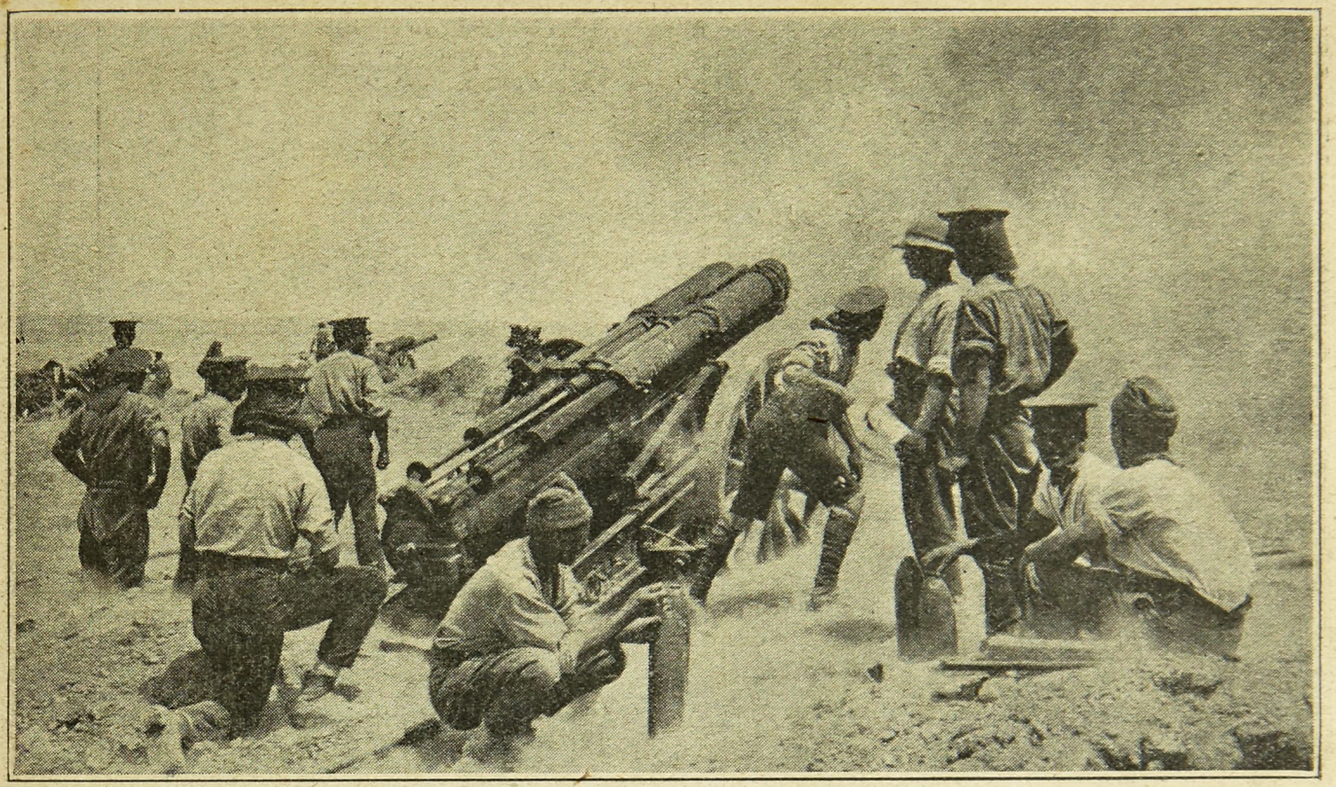


The hero-crew of H.M. Submarine E11, with their officers, including Lieut.-Commander M. E. Nasmith, V.C., on the conning-tower. These men achieved with their submarine what is probably the most recklessly clever exploit of under-sea warfare, and succeeded in giving the German-trained Turks one of the biggest frights they have yet had. The officers and crew have been honoured for their gallantry.

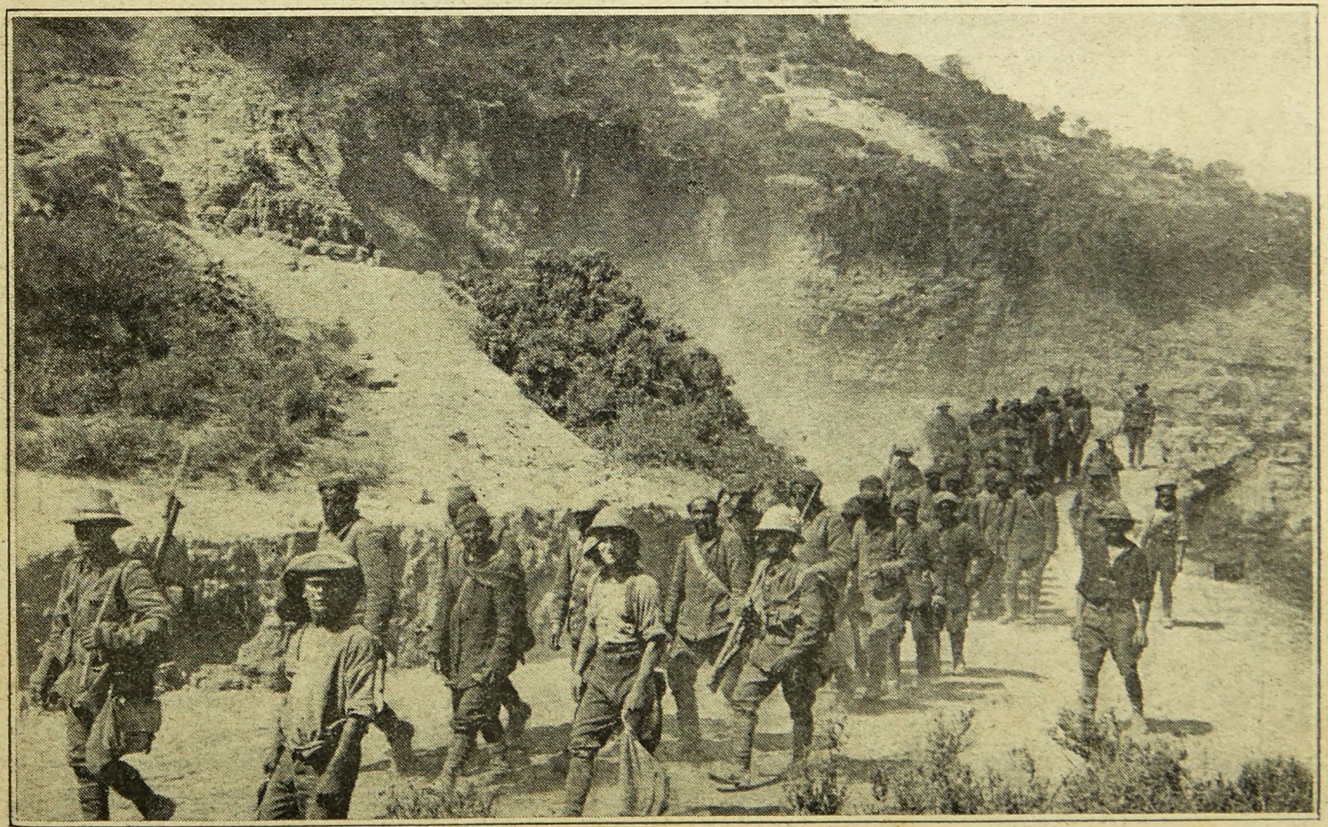


The periscope of the E11, showing the damage that it suffered from a Turkish shell in the Sea of Marmora.

Forcing the Dardanelles Inch by Inch

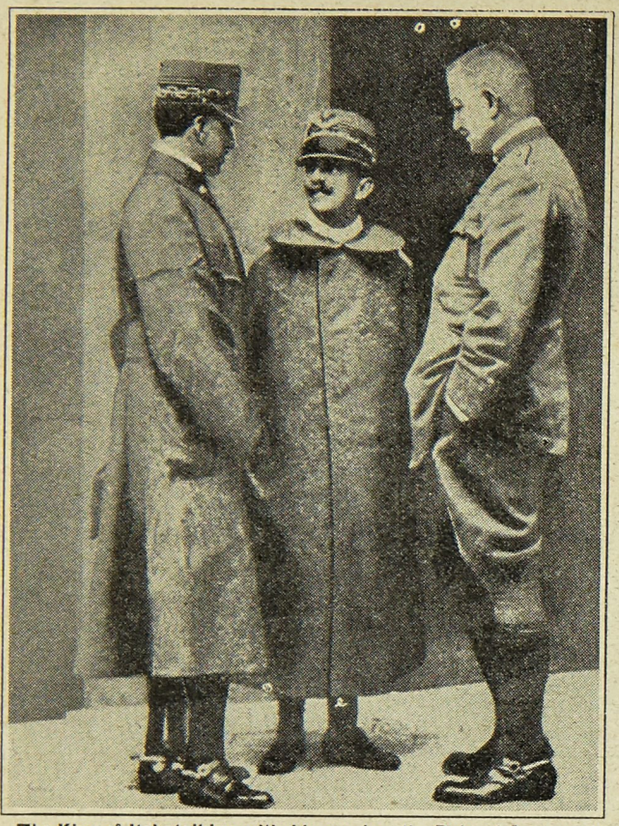


"Annie" in action. Thrilling photograph of a British battery at its deadly work on a sand-ridge in Gallipoli. The gun in the foreground has been christened "Annie" by the gunners, and the name is chalked on the breech. The men are wearing shields attached to the backs of their caps in order to guard them somewhat from the sun's scorching rays.



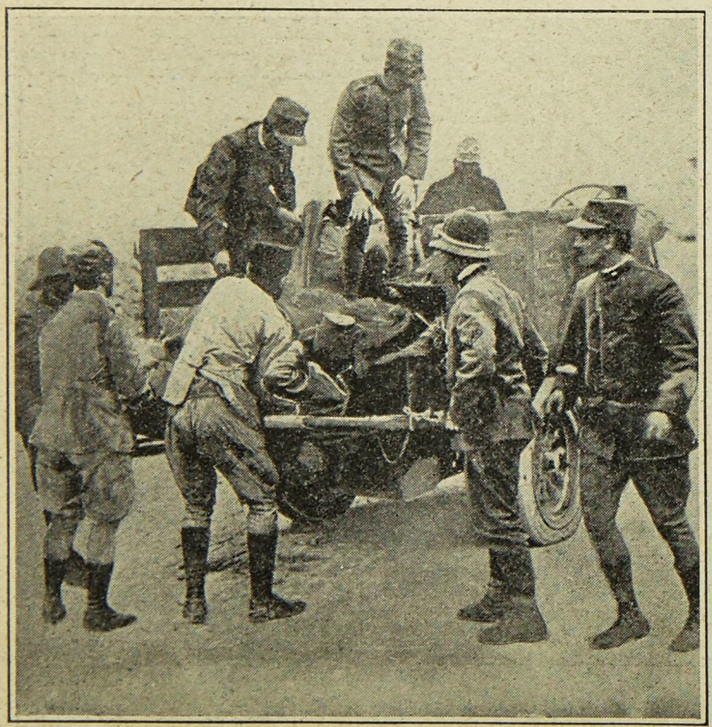
Turkish prisoners, captured during the hard fighting on the Gallipoli Peninsula, being taken through a deep gully to an internment camp. The ground, rocky and broken in character, covered with a layer of choking, blinding sand, and overgrown with vegetation (though pleasantly picturesque in a photograph), forms one of the main difficulties that our Dardanelles Expeditionary Force have to encounter.

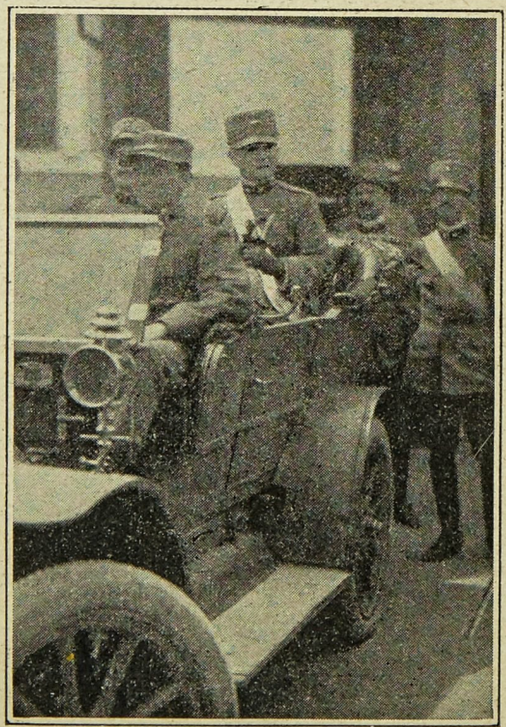
Italy's Heroic Monarch on the Isonzo Front



The King of Italy talking with his cousins, the Duke of Aosta and the Count of Turin, at a villa on the banks of the Isonzo. This photograph is the first taken of his Majesty at the front.

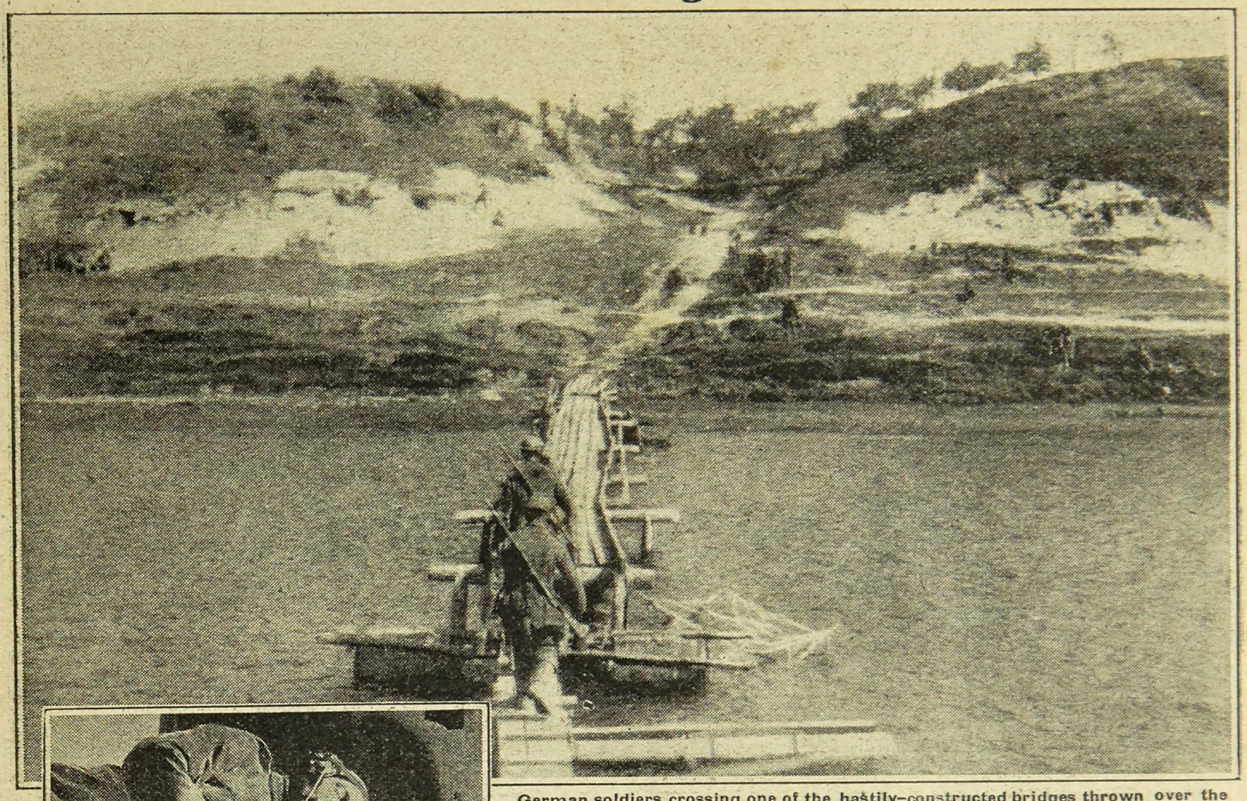
Officers of Italy's famous 28th Light Cavalry with the colours in front of Santa Crose, Florence, the national Pantheon, on the occasion of an impressive ceremony inaugural of Italy's war of Liberty.



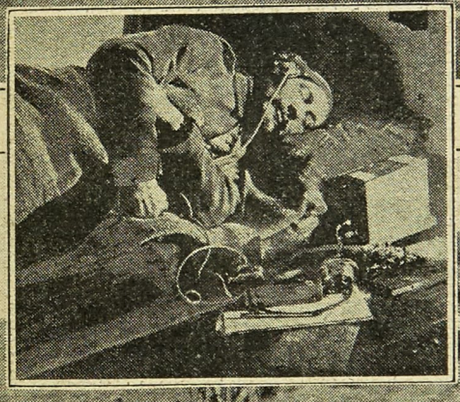


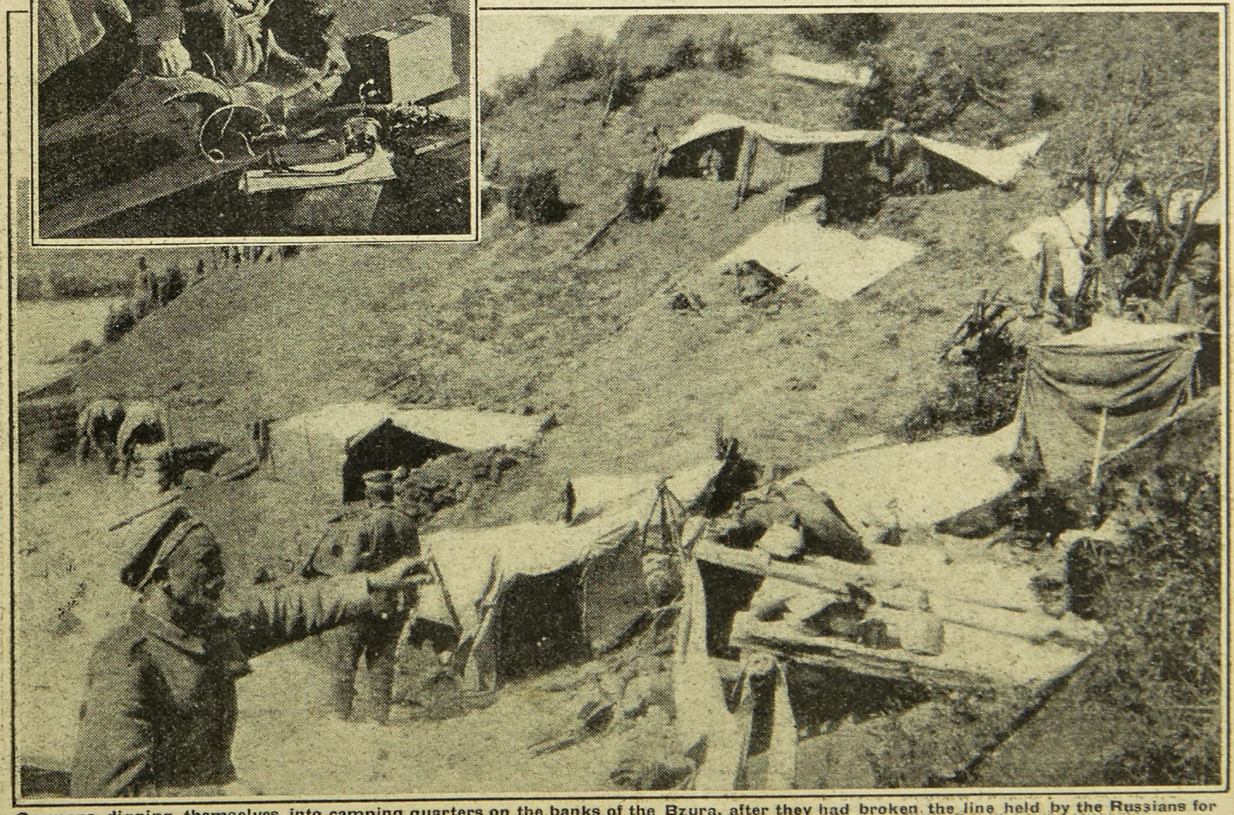
Italian motor-transport waggon requisitioned to carry wounded from the field during our ally's latest advance into Austria. Right: Chevalier Guglielmo Marconi, the famous inventor, who has been appointed Chief of the Italian Military Wireless Department.

The German Tide along the Bzura Banks



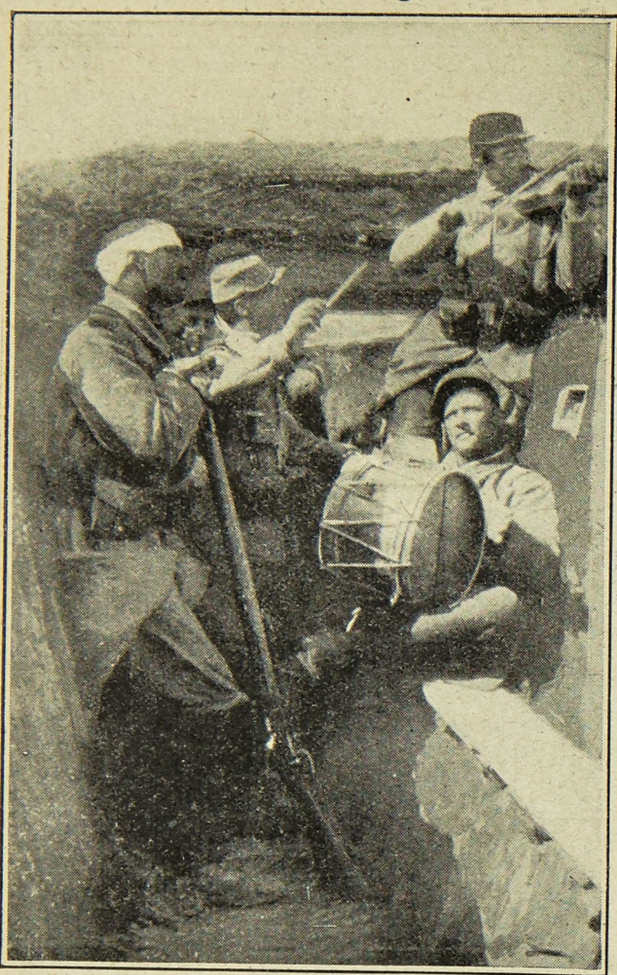
German soldiers crossing one of the hastily-constructed bridges thrown over the Bzura during their recent operations against the Russians, when by sheer weight of overwhelming artillery and numbers they forced the Bzura line in Poland.





Germans digging themselves into camping quarters on the banks of the Bzura, after they had broken the line held by the Russians for six months. On the left men are filling bags with sand. Inset: German military telephone operator sleeping with the receiver fastened round his head, so that he is always ready for a "call."

Crotchets and Quavers in the First Line Trenches



Accompanied by a violin and a drum, a wounded French soldier sings a popular comic song to cheer his comrades in the trench.

The skirl of the bagpipes heard in Belgium after a lapse of a hundred years. These same pipes were used at Waterloo.

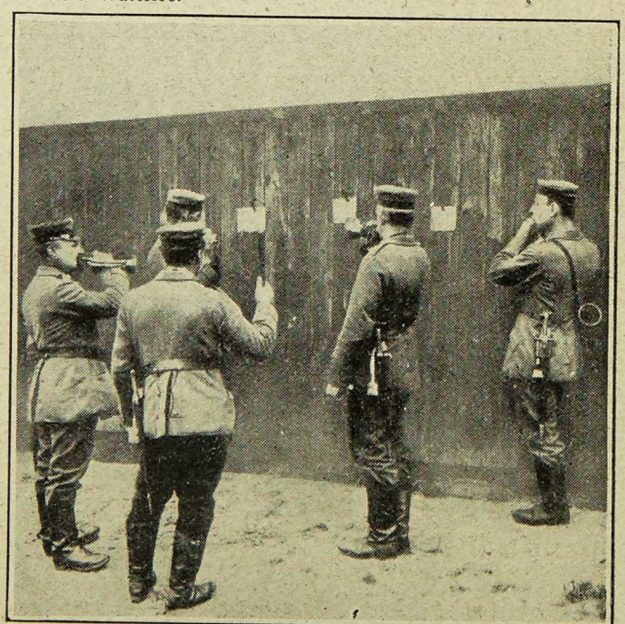
IN these days of war, music, that universal language, has spoken to us in little else but martial strains. In place of "music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies," we have had the music of a great awakening, given with insistent voice through the blare of the bugle, the rattle of the drum, the barbaric skirl of the pipes. Although our regiments no longer march into battle to inspiriting strains from their bands, music of a sort is not altogether absent; at least there is the mouth-organ, to whose noise even the fastidious might become reconciled when he had grown accustomed to it!

The enemy, with his usual thoroughness, woos culture with his bands of music at the front whenever possible. Though some of these bands are composed of weird instruments, they enable the Hun to make a noise, and doubtless serve to remind him that the Fatherland bore Wagner, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, and Schumann!

Our French comrades, too, with their love of music and song, take every opportunity of gratifying their tastes, though it must be difficult to reconcile oneself to a violin and a drum, played together!

The bagpipes in the above photograph have returned to Belgium after a hundred years, to cheer the men of the Rifle Brigade on many marches and in their trenches; these same pipes were played at the Battle of Waterloo.

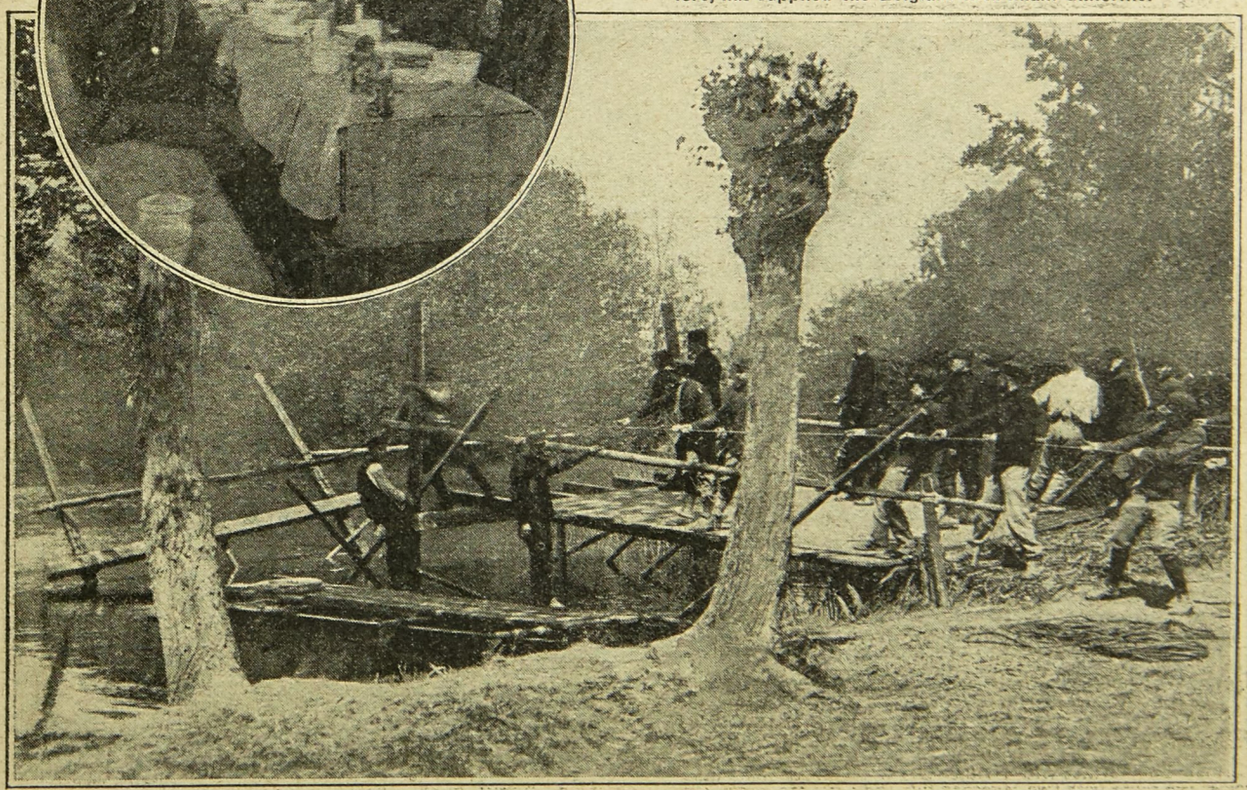
German band formed with a zither and a trumpet, while other noises are made with two saucepan lids and a garden water-can.



German band formed for a serious purpose, for the Huns are practising British bugle-calls in the hope of deceiving our men.

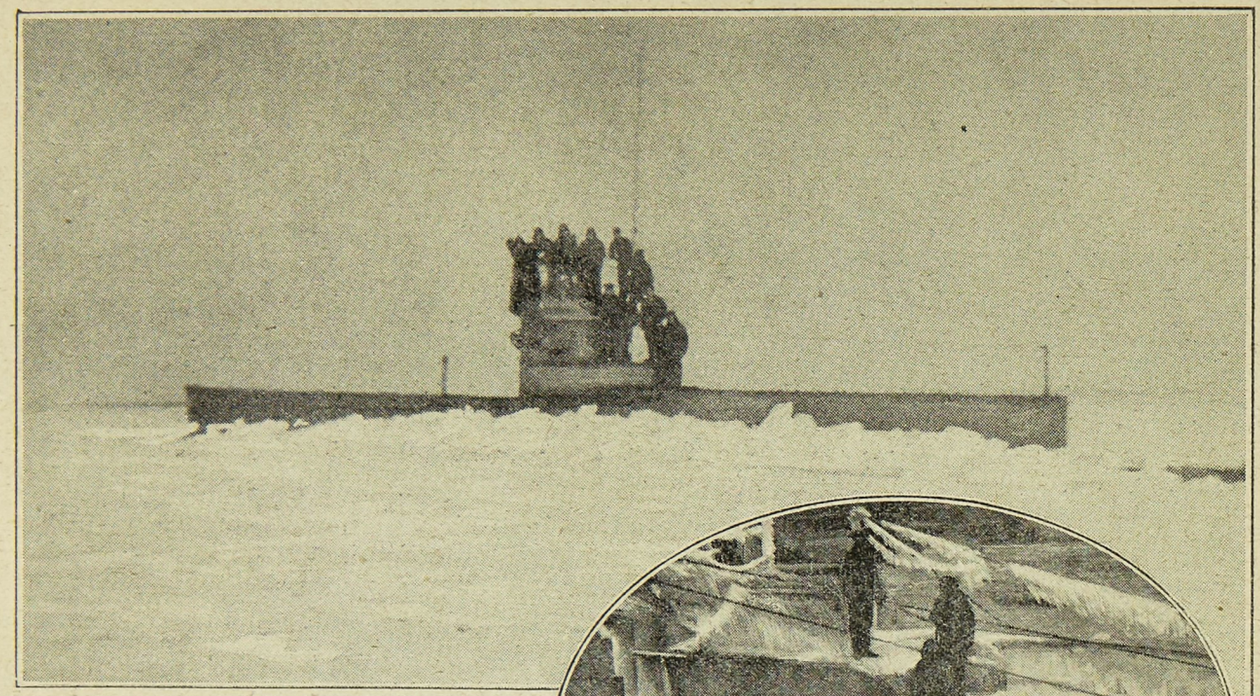
Entente Episodes with Belgium's Gallant Sons

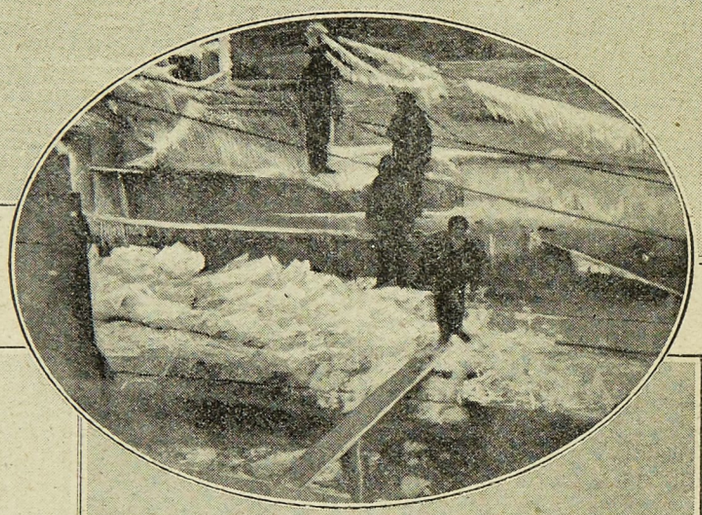
The sartorial entente. Now that the manufacturing towns of Belgium are in the hands of the Huns, our ally has been unable to procure necessary material for their national uniforms. Great Britain, therefore, has supplied the Belgians with khaki uniforms.



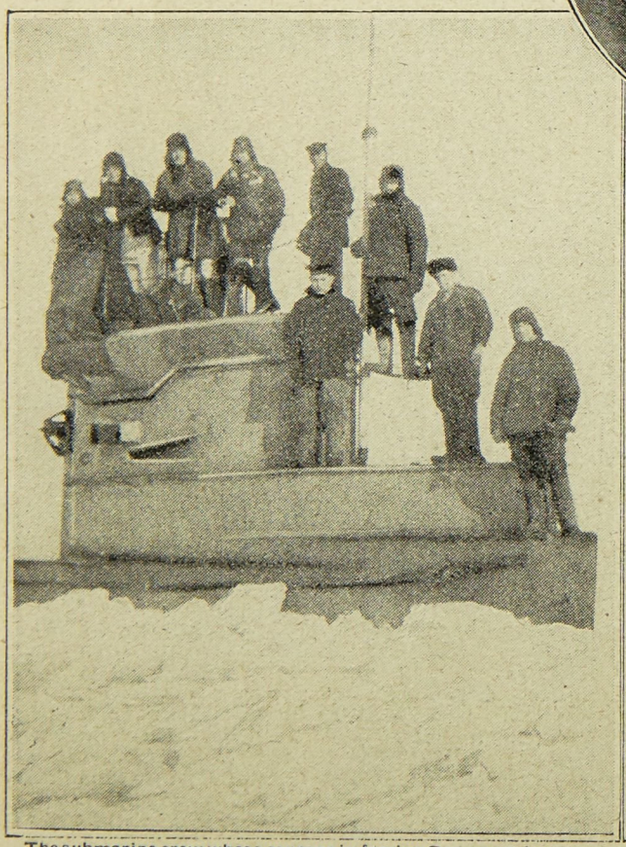
Belgian engineers throwing a bridge over a stream in France. They are seen hauling a support into position. Inset: The Allies' tea-party within sound of the guns. Belgian armoured-car squad enjoying the hospitality of a British squad of the same arm of attack.

British Submarine's Triumph in the Baltic

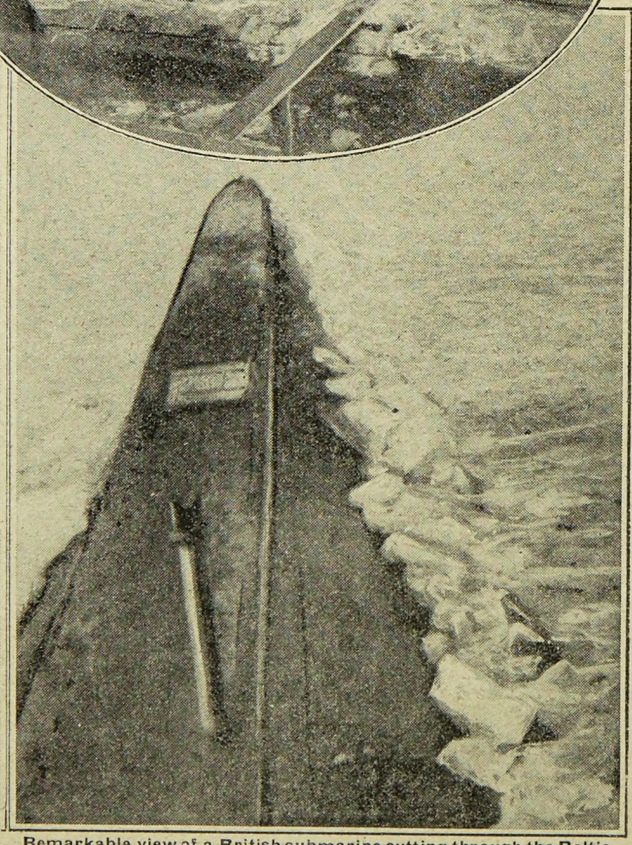




Following upon a suggestion made by Commander Bellairs, "The War Illustrated's" naval expert, that we should attack the German fleet in the Baltic, came the unexpected news that a British submarine had sunk a German battleship of the Deutschland class near Dantzic Bay. These two photographs show British under-seas craft among the Baltic ice-floes.

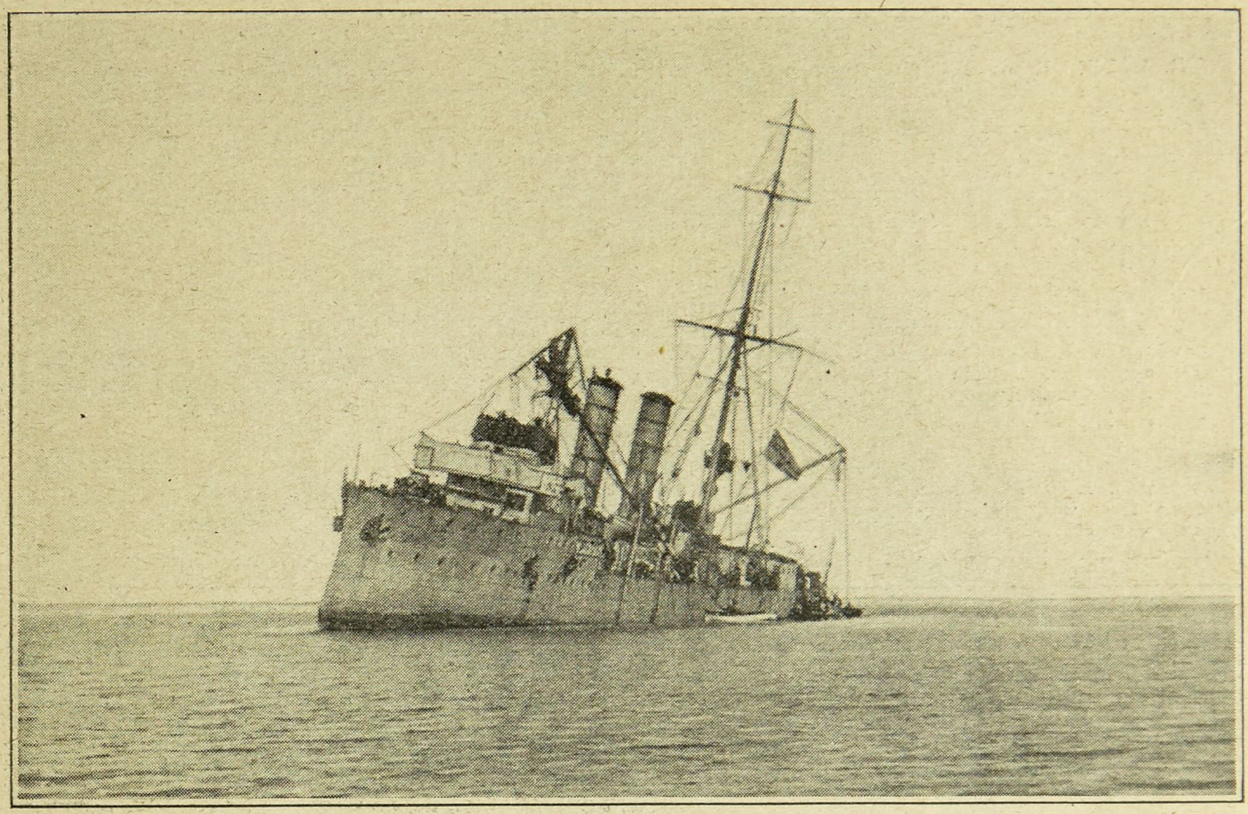


The submarine crew whose courage in forcing German mine-sown waters, the Skager-Rak and Cattegat, is highly commendable.

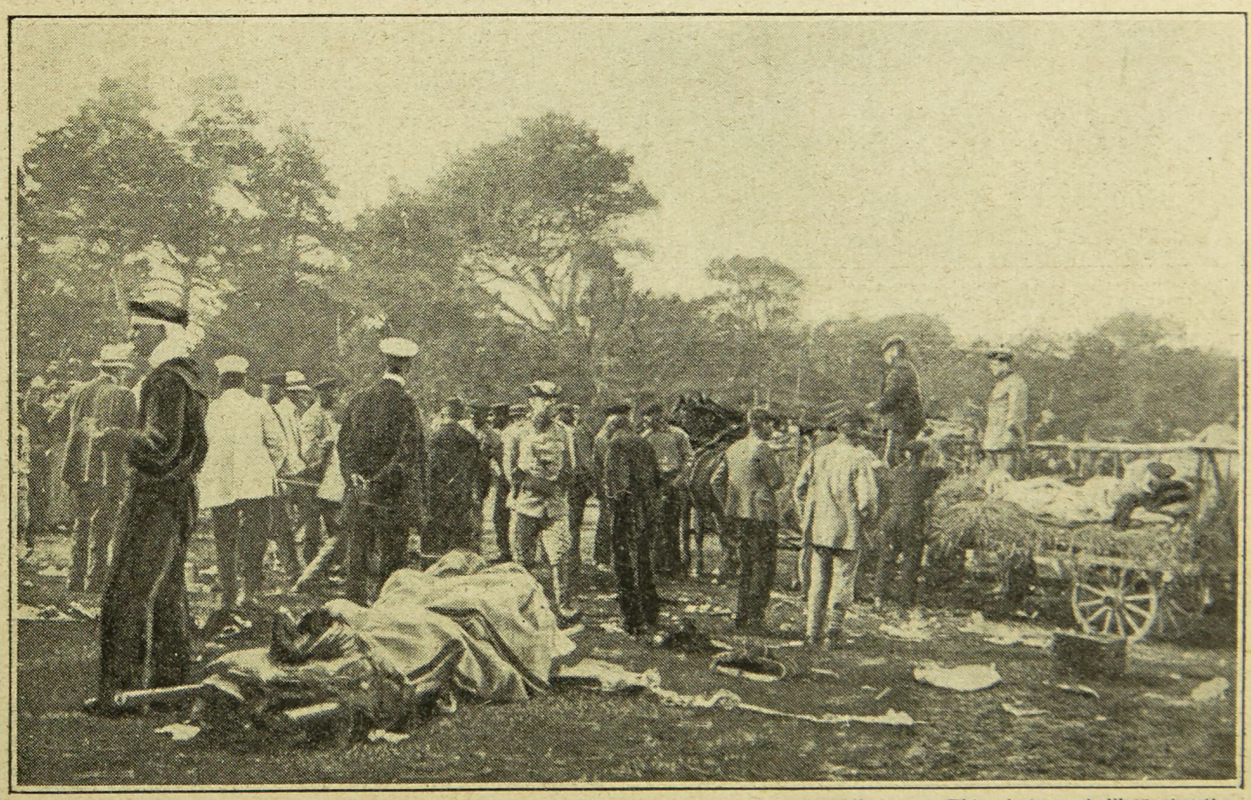


Remarkable view of a British submarine cutting through the Baltic ice, awaiting the tardy appearance of part of the German Fleet.

The Last of the Kaiser's Luckless Albatross



The wreck of the German mine-layer Albatross off the Swedish island of Gothland. Pursued by four Russian cruisers, she ran aground in an endeavour to escape in a fog. Her foremast has gone by the board, and her hull has been holed by Russian shells.



Hospitable Swedish soldiers and peasants took care of the wounded sailors from the Albatross. This photograph illustrates the scene on the coast, whence the Germans were subsequently transported inland for internment by the Swedish Government.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

MR. BALFOUR has taken a wise step in the formation of Lord Fisher's Inventions Committee. Let us have the utmost publicity as to its requirements, and the utmost secrecy as to its achievements. It must have occurred to many that surely, out of this great self-reliant British Empire, with its individualistic, adventurous spirit, we ought to have gone far ahead of the dragooned German Empire in military inventions. The reason why we did not do so, I believe, is that an alien system of secrecy was grafted on to the Services. This tended to exclude the civilian mind without, and to repress the junior mind within the Services, and they became "mysteries," like the feudal guilds, and progress tended to come only from within and above, instead of being reinforced from without and below. It would be gross exaggeration to say this had actually taken place, but the tendency was there.

The Naval Inventions Committee

We have wasted nearly a year in attempting to wage war without identifying the people with the war in every conceivable way. Let the Government now say plainly in what direction they want inventions and the conditions the inventions must fulfil, and appoint men of broad sympathies and acute perceptions to judge the value of what is sent in. By all means give rewards; but, above all, give sympathy. We do not want the men whom Dr. Johnson described as of narrow views and grovelling conceptions, who "treat every new attempt as wild and chimerical, and look upon every endeavour to depart from the beaten track as the rash effort of a warm imagination. Such," added the doctor, "have been the most formidable enemies of the great benefactors of the world."

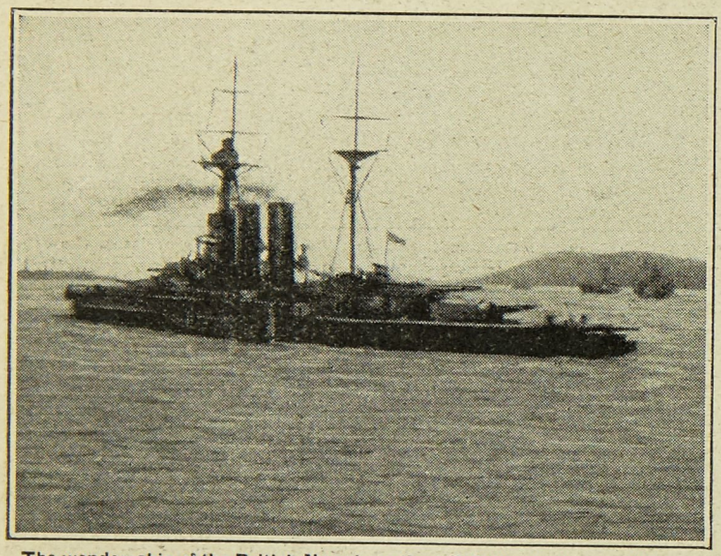
The overthrow of accepted ideas is an act of indiscipline, and the Service tends to uphold things as they are on what we call "the sealed patterns." Let the new committee remember, as Sir John Herschell once pointed out, that what were apparently the most unprofitable speculations have almost invariably been those from which the greatest practicable applications have resulted.

Mr. Balfour must feel flattered by the promptness with which the United States has followed his lead. His own appointment of Lord Fisher as chairman is preferable to the American one of Mr. Edison. The former has shown what his driving energy can do with other people's inventions, as in the case of oil fuel and turbines; whereas Mr. Edison, though a great inventor, misses the primary qualification of understanding military requirements.

In my notes early in January I stated that the only operation, outside the use of submarines and mines, which Germany would attempt in the North Sea was one in which "the fastest ships venture out like frightened rabbits to scurry back on the mere threat of a superior force." Then came the battle of January 24th, when the Blücher was sunk, and in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED of the following date I wrote of the North Sea: "Compare the guns, weigh the situation, and the conclusion is that Germany will not worry us for some time to come, except with her submarines."

The Importance of the Baltic

I suggested that our correct course was to get surplus fighting strength from the North Sea into the Baltic, where we could meet the enemy at sea. So much was this dominant thought put forward that it was clearly stated that with a break up of the ice in the Baltic the next naval action would be fought there. Though one swallow does not make a summer, it is a relief as well as a source of pride to know that it was a British submarine that torpedoed the Deutschland in the Baltic, one of the last batch of German battleships built before the adoption of the Dreadnought type.



The wonder-ship of the British Navy in action off Gallipoli shore. Without the covering fire of the Queen Elizabeth and other allied ships, the gallantry of whose crews was specially mentioned in Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch, the landing of the Expeditionary Force would have been impossible.

The Fate of the Konigsberg

Though we are waging this war in alliance with four first-class navies, we still find that we have not a ship too many. In the case of the submarines, if we could have the number and types of submarine destroyers we now see to be necessary, the problem would be an easy one, and instead of being so much on the defensive, we would wage a vigorous offensive. We had almost forgotten the Königsberg's existence, and that the necessity of watching her was wasting our strength. A vessel that attacks another on the sea has time to cover up her tracks, but the Königsberg was so ill-advised, with the west blocked by Africa, to attack the Pegasus at Zanzibar. Her height out of the water was probably noted, to give an indication of the coal she had on board, and a converging movement drew round and located her in the Rufigi River last November. Now the Admiralty, by using the monitors, have wisely got rid of her altogether.

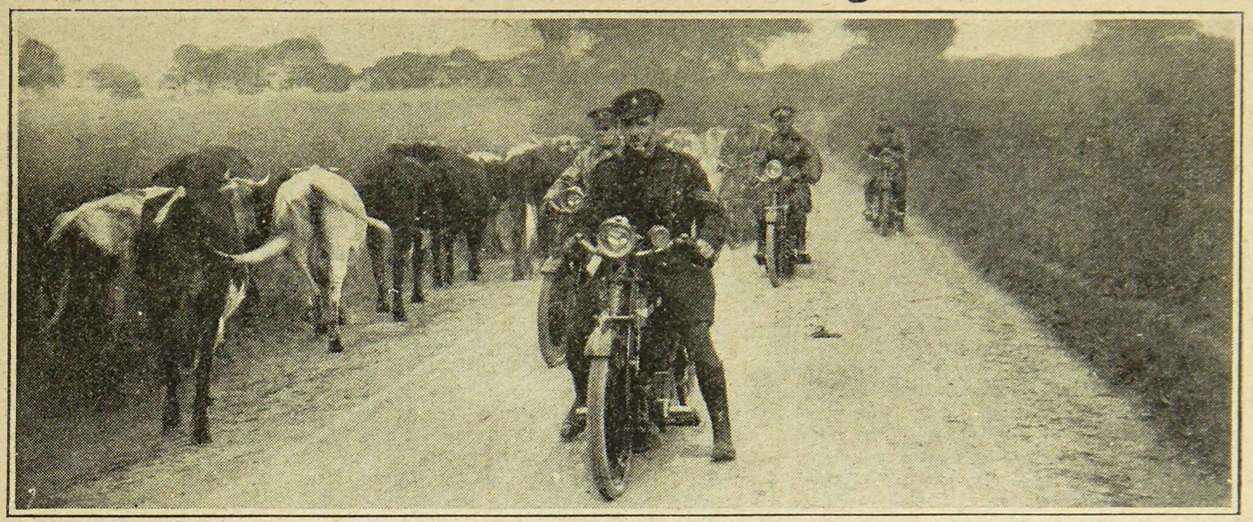
Why Not Attack Heligoland?

One meets from time to time a sort of unreasoning demand that the Navy should do something against the shore, and Heligoland is a favourite point indicated. Let me emphatically say one thing: In every single case where the ships have engaged in operations against the shore, where the shore is able to defend itself or to summon mobile defence, the ships have suffered without any compensation. This does not apply to ships seconding the necessary operations of an army on shore, as was done by Hood's squadron. Take a number of examples:

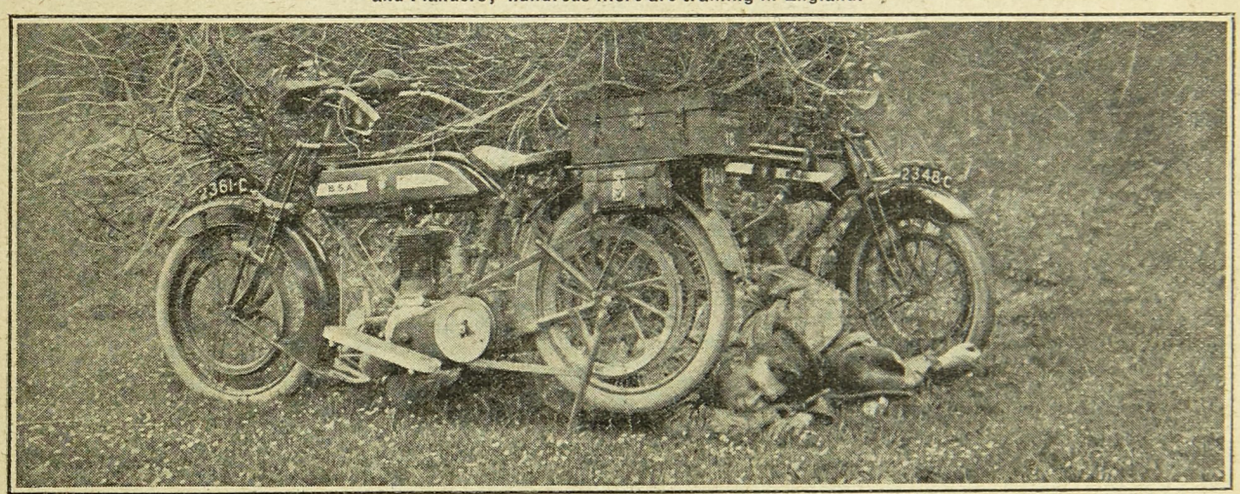
1. Emden attacked Cocos Island. Emden lost.
2. Von Spee goes to attack Falkland Islands, and thereby discloses himself. Result, annihilation.
3. German raid on Yarmouth. Cruiser lost in returning.
4. German raid on Scarborough, and squadron narrowly escapes owing to a fog. Collision of Von der Tann on return.
5. Allies' attack in Dardanelles. Loss of battleships.
6. Germans attack Windau. Loss of ships.

The Russians achieved nothing in the Bosphorus, and elsewhere in the Black Sea they have wisely confined their efforts to destroying shipping and port accommodation, to stop all Turkish supplies of coal. They have not indulged in bombardments, whereas the Turks have irreparably damaged their squadron by yielding to this temptation.

"Dare-Devil Riders" in Training for the Front



By their splendid achievements at the front, the motor-cycle despatch-riders have earned from our soldiers the proud nickname of the "Dare-devil Riders." Many a "road-hog 'nut'" of yesterday is to-day "scorching" under fire along the rough roads of France and Flanders; hundreds more are training in England.



Despatch-riders using their motor-cycles as shelter and cover. With the two machines forming the sides of the improvised shelter, they are roofed with bundles of faggots and foliage, which effectively screen both men and machines from reconnoitring aircraft.

An ambush of motor despatch-riders in training. They are lying in wait for a "suspected" motor-car that they have received orders to search. The men are armed with Service revolvers. (These photographs are exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

A WEEK or so ago a list was published of N.C.O.'s and men of the Royal Flying Corps who had been awarded Distinguished Conduct Medals. In two cases the names were those of sergeants who had done good work as pilots, and both have been given commissions in the R.F.C. as well as getting the D.C.M.

One of them, Sergeant Scholefield, is a young man of means, who would easily have got a commission at the start of the war if he had not chosen to enlist, as being the quickest way of seeing active service.

The other pilot to win the D.C.M. and a commission is Sergeant Carr, who at the beginning of the war was chief instructor and chief mechanic at the Grahame-White School at Hendon. Prior to that he had been Mr. Grahame-White's personal mechanic on all his big flights. When "looping the loop" became popular as a spectacle, Reginald Carr was almost the first British pilot, after Mr. Hucks and the late Mr. Gustav Hamel, to attempt the performance, and as a "looper," he was one of the cleverest in the country.

As a general rule an air-mechanic never leaves the ground, and spends his time repairing, tuning up, cleaning, and generally caring for the machines flown by the officer pilots. The landing grounds chosen by officers of the R.F.C. are always some miles behind the firing-line, so as to be well out of shell-range. Thus it comes about that the N.C.O.'s and men are hardly likely to see any fighting. Their work is, in fact, very hard, very dull, and singularly unrelieved by any excitement or diversion.

Airmen's Narrow Escape

Occasionally, however, it does happen that they come under fire. During the retreat from Mons, when the Germans were following our retiring army at a pace which had hitherto been regarded as impossible, the enemy got within range of one of the R.F.C. landing grounds before all the aeroplanes had time to clear out. The bursting shells came nearer and nearer to the ground. Gradually machine after machine got away till only one was left, the engine suffering from some minor defect which prevented it from starting.

The Germans then got the exact range of the ground, and the shells began landing closer and closer to the spot where the remaining mechanic and officer-pilot were working furiously to get the motor going.

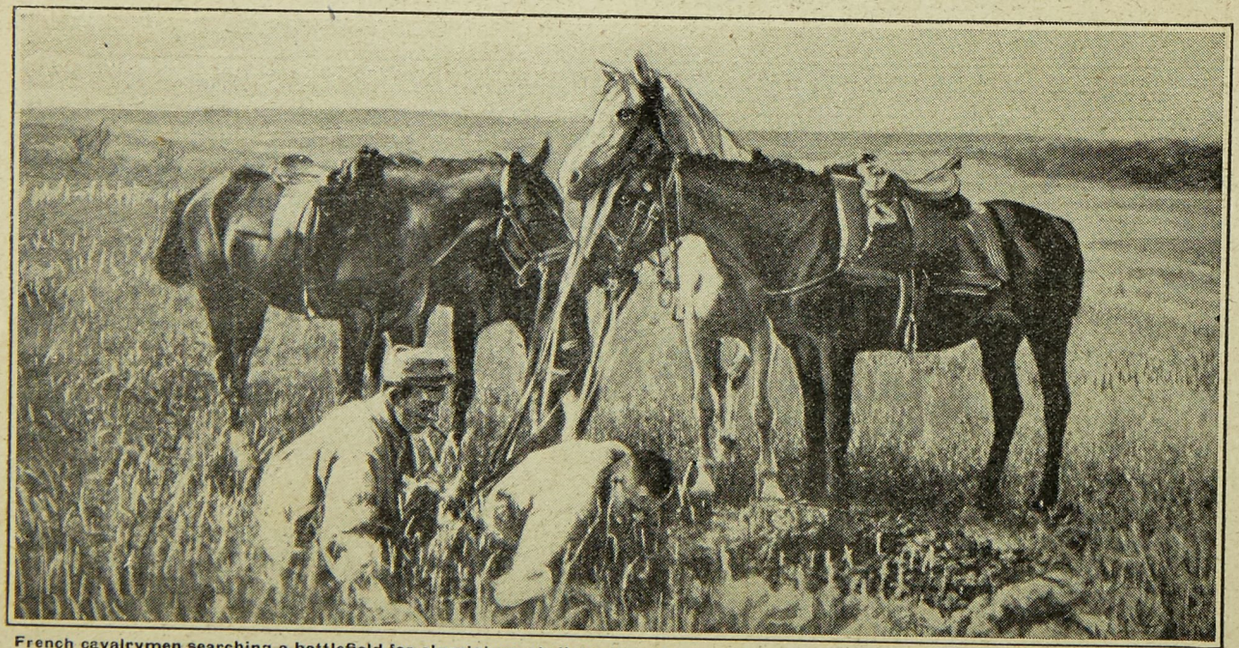
A shell burst only thirty or forty yards away, just as the last nut was tightened up. The pilot jumped into his seat. The mechanic rushed round and started the engine, scrambling into the passenger's seat as the machine began to move. In a second or two they were scudding along. As they gathered way the mechanic glanced back just in time to see the next shell burst on the very spot the machine had left a few seconds before.

Air-Mechanics Under Fire

As an example of how the R.F.C. mechanics had to work during that ghastly retreat, it may be noted that this particular man had not shaved or taken his clothes off for between three and four weeks.

Even under present war conditions, where the lines of the two armies are as clearly marked as the boundary wall of a park, it sometimes happens that air-mechanics come under fire. For instance, if a machine is hit while just over the German lines and the engine stops, the pilot can generally glide down easily to the British lines; but it means that he probably lands fairly close behind them, and he naturally chooses an open field for his landing. If that field happens to be visible from the German side, of course the Germans turn their guns on to it; and even if it is not visible, it may happen to be an area which the German artillery are "sweeping"—firing by the map instead of by sight—on the off chance of hitting something in that area.

When an aeroplane does come down in this way, a squad of air-mechanics is sent out, either to repair it or to salve from the wreck as much as may be of value, such as the motor, instruments, and so forth. In this case their lot is far from being a happy one, especially if the machine is visible to the German gunners, even at very long range, for although the bull's-eye of a target is less likely to be hit than any other part of it, the sensation of being the bull's-eye is by no means pleasant, and that is about what it amounts to when one is working on a machine which is under fire. One may easily appreciate how much cool courage it takes to keep steadily at one's work under such circumstances, without a trench or a dug-out into which to retire when the shelling becomes too hot.



French cavalrymen searching a battlefield for aluminium shell-heads to be sent home as souvenirs of war and used for pencil-cases. The kneeling soldiers and their mounts have made a composition that might have come from a painter's brush.

New Names on the Scroll of Heroic Fame

Driver S. W. W. MARTIN, awarded the French Military Medal for distinguished gallantry.

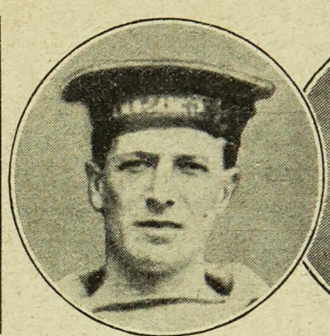
Driver S. W. W. Martin was awarded the French Military Medal for distinguished gallantry in helping to rescue two wounded French soldiers, the only survivors of a shell-shattered battery on the Aisne. Commander H. Crosby Helelian, R.N., has received the new naval award, "Letters on Vellum," in which the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty express their approbation of services and conduct. Commander Helelian gained the Letters for services in mounting naval guns on shore, and operating them against German batteries in Belgium.

Lieut. D. B. Mein, 55th Coke's Rifles (Indian Army) gained the Military Cross for his great ability and coolness in bringing up rations and ammunition for his regiment under heavy shell fire near Ypres. Lieut. Kenneth D. Lorne Maclaine of Lochbuie, King's Hussars, received the Military Cross for gallant and skilful work in action. Before the war the Maclaine of Lochbuie appeared on the music-hall stage in America, in order to retrieve the fallen fortunes of his clan. Sec.-Lieut. W. A. Salt, 1st East Lancashire Regiment, gained the Military Cross for his heroic exploits in action. He has twice been home wounded, once after the retreat from Mons.

Sergt. A. G. Fulton, 16th London Regiment (Queen's Westminsters), who has been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal, is a crack rifle-shot, and won the King's Prize two years ago. Company-Sergeant-Major Frederick Barter, 1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers, gained his Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery at Festubert. With eight men he volunteered to attack the German position with bombs, and captured three German officers, one hundred and two men, and five hundred yards of their trenches, thus enabling the British line to be extended. Company-Sergeant-Major C. Hopkins, Gloucester Regiment, received the D.C.M. for a daring reconnaissance in daylight, when he gained a position only ten yards from the enemy.

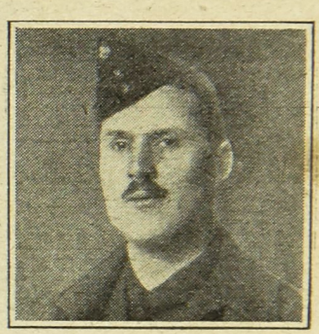
Com. H. C. HELELIAN, R.N., received approbation of Lords of the Admiralty for services ashore in Belgium.

Lieut. H. PIRIE GORDON, R.N.V.R., H.M.S. Doris, awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for bravery under fire with landing-parties on the Syrian coast.



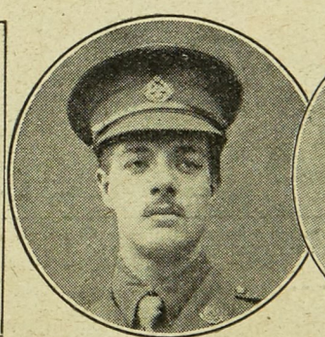
Petty-Officer F. W. MOTTERAM, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for bravery in action.

Able-Seaman E. DIMMACK won the Distinguished Service Medal for his gallant conduct under fire.

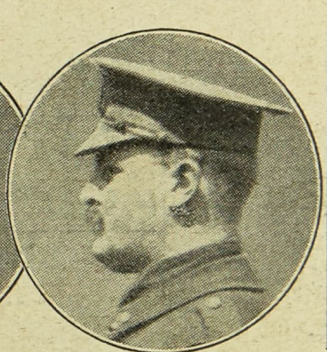


Lieut. D. B. MEIN, 55th Coke's Rifles (Indian Army), awarded the Military Cross for coolness under heavy shell fire.

Lieut. KENNETH D. LORNE MACLAINE of Lochbuie, King's Hussars, received the Military Cross for gallantry.

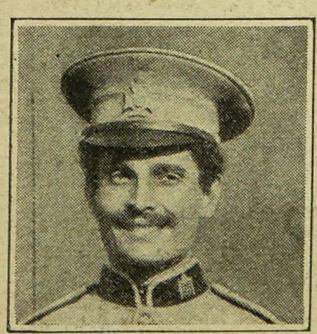


Sec.-Lieut. W. A. SALT, 1st East Lancashire Regt., gained the Military Cross for heroic exploits.



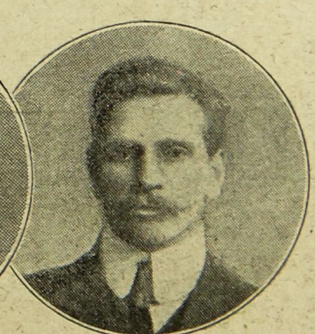
Sec.-Lieut. FREEMAN, Royal Field Artillery, awarded the D.C.M. for heroism while wounded.

Com.-Sergt.-Maj. M. SAYERS, East Lancashire Regt., given the D.C.M. for conspicuous bravery.

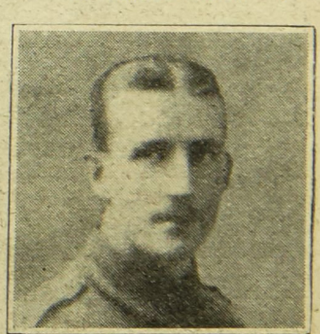


Sergt. A. G. FULTON, Queen's Westminsters, gained the Distinguished Conduct Medal "for great devotion to duty."

Com.-Sergt.-Maj. C. HOPKINS, Gloucester Regt., won the Distinguished Conduct Medal for his daring within ten yards of the enemy.



Sergt. A. E. CLEALL, North Somerset Yeomanry, mentioned in despatches for "gallant and distinguished service in the field," and since missing.

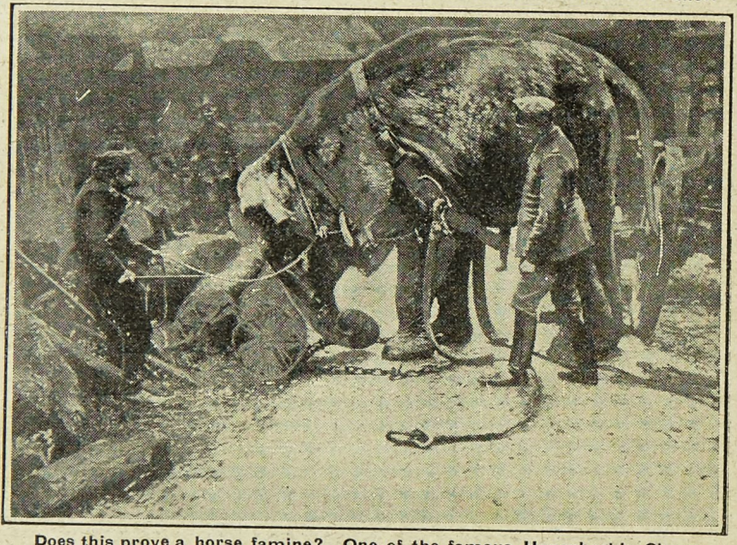


Com.-Sergt.-Maj. F. BARTER, 1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers, awarded the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery at Festubert.

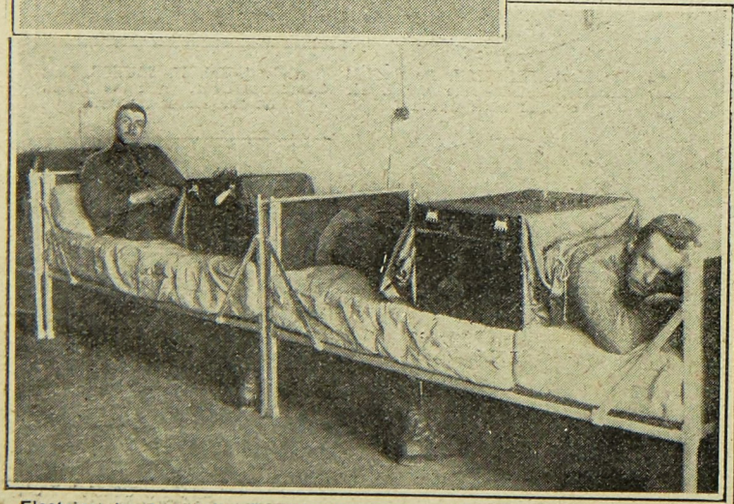
Curious "Cranks" in Prussia's Military Mechanism

Staff of German poison-gas laboratory at work in Poland, where a Russian prisoner (on extreme right) is made to help poison his comrades.

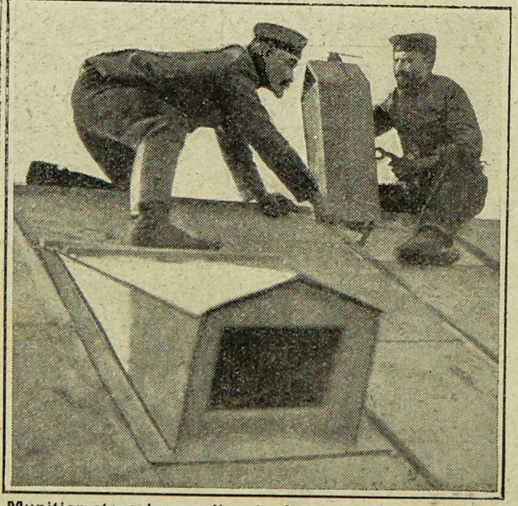
German soldier-diviners, with twigs in their hands, trying to discover water behind their lines in France.



Does this prove a horse famine? One of the famous Hagenbeck's Circus elephants now used for transport. Left: Uniformed military chimney-sweeps, a curious feature in the German Army.



Electrical treatment for German wounded. Novel scientific device for restoring health and strength to soldiers in a German hospital.



Munition store-house disguised to look like a private dwelling. Huns erecting a dummy chimney.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED GALLERY OF LEADERS

GEN. THE HON. JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS, K.C.

Minister of Finance and Defence and General Botha's Second in Command

THE NEW TERRITORY WHICH GENERAL BOTHA HAS ADDED TO THE EMPIRE

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Map of that portion of South-West Africa that was formerly Germany's richest possession over-seas, and which, thanks to the able campaigning of General Botha and the Union forces, is now in British safe-keeping.

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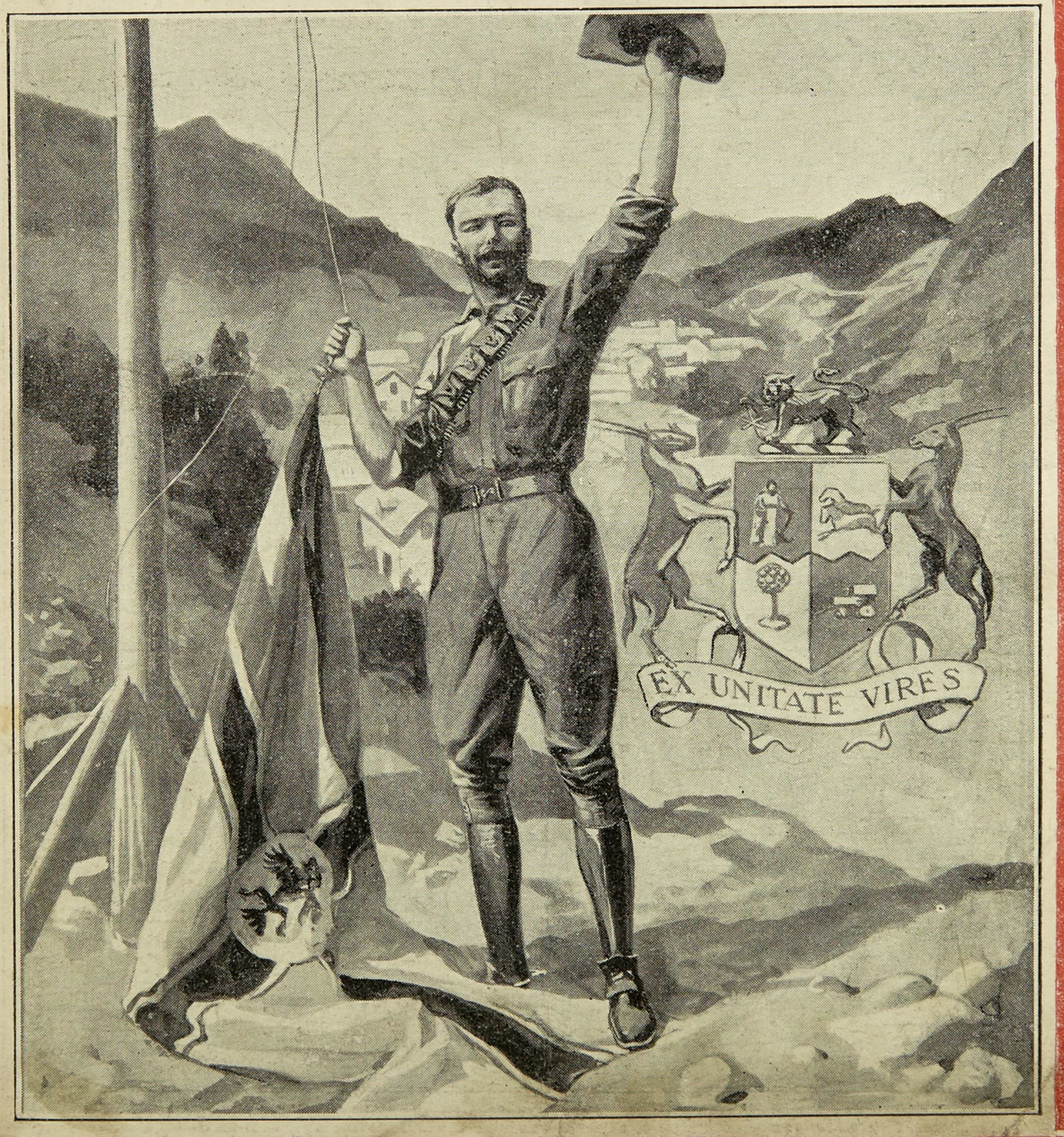
The Real Facts about "The Poison War"

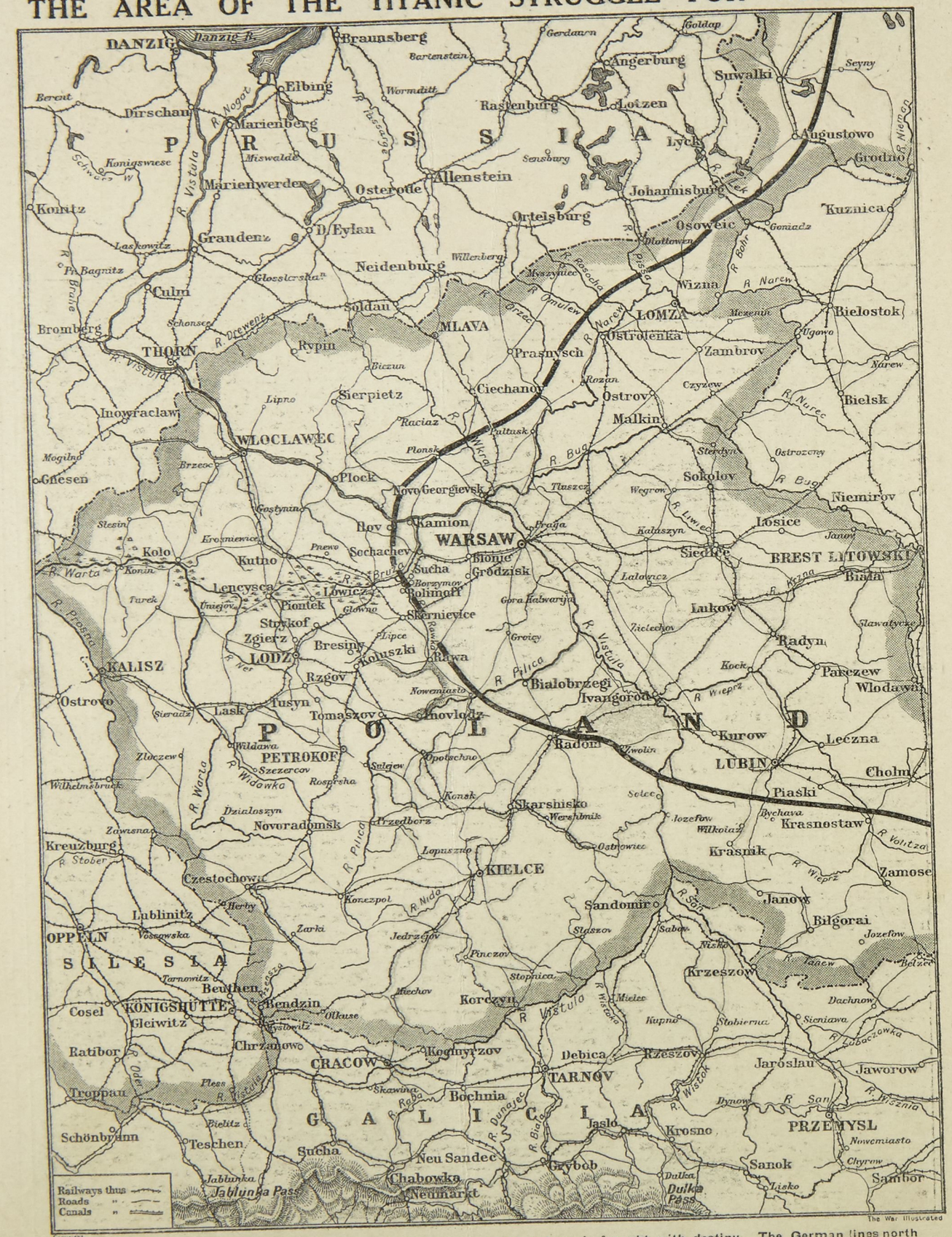
The War Illustrated

2d Weekly



Vol. 2 Young Lions of the Old Empire—III. South Africa haul's down the German Flag **No. 50**

THE AREA OF THE TITANIC STRUGGLE FOR WARSAW



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Events are moving rapidly along the eastern front and each passing hour is fraught with destiny. The German lines north and south, have all but surrounded the tragic Polish capital. The Grand Duke Nicholas, with the masterly strategy for which he is renowned, has so far preserved his armies intact, and is withdrawing them within a triangle with the Brest Litowksi fortress as its apex. The heavy black line on this map shows the position of the conflicting nations at the end of last week.

No. 50. Vol. 2
31st July, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

THE WAR BY NIGHT.—In these days of scientific, mechanical phenomena, the sombre shadow of night brings no rest to the wearied man-of-arms. Star-shells and rockets transform the lovely, tranquil summer nights in France, Flanders, and Poland into a fascinating, Dantesque inferno. Powerful automobiles, like the above, bearing searchlights as brilliant as those of a battleship, race hither and thither along the front, throwing the whole countryside into bold relief, helping to direct artillery fire, and generally "keeping a bright eye" on the restless foe. (Photograph exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

The Horrors of the Poison War

While we read a great deal and hear even more about the horrible savagery of the Germans in their use of poison-gas and asphyxiating shells, there is much confusion in the public mind on this subject. The facts are even more abominable than is currently supposed, yet from certain points of view the ruthless Hun, who in his war methods has fallen in humanity as much below the untutored savage as his herr professors are intellectually above the ape, is not without justification of a sort. It may be news to some that Britain was not a protester against asphyxiating shells, but it is the nature of the gases employed that marks the German for the inhuman brute he is. This little article puts the subject in a new light.

THERE is a considerable amount of confusion in the public mind regarding the manner in which the Germans have broken the conventions of civilised warfare. As a matter of fact, the enemy has either openly or secretly resorted to so many extremely savage methods that in one respect only has he anything still to learn from the head-hunters of the Solomon Islands or the Aztecs of ancient Mexico. He has not yet eaten his fallen or captured foes, but with the single exception of cannibalism the fellow-countrymen of Luther have completely resolved civilisation into a nightmare of scientific savagery.

With, however, our characteristic slowness of mind we have selected for popular criticism the only point in German methods of warfare for which some justification might be found. The employment of asphyxiating gases has entirely preoccupied the public attention, and the result is that in another direction the most dreadful, and the most deadly crime committed against the allied troops is being carried out almost without the knowledge of the British public. Until we clearly understand the main factor in the German poison war we cannot appreciate the continual sufferings of our heroic troops, and the urgent need there is for everybody in the British Empire to come to their help.

Use of Asphyxiating Gas Legitimate

First, let us clear our minds of cant. The use of asphyxiating gas is legitimate. The Germans have infringed no convention by employing methods of asphyxiation. At The Hague Conference Admiral Mahan, the United States delegate, voted in favour of the use of asphyxiating shell, and our representative at the Conference, Lord Pauncefote, supported the vote of Admiral Mahan. Germany, on the other hand, agreed not to use asphyxiating gases against the armies of nations who also agreed not to do so, but it was plainly stated that: "The present declaration shall cease to be binding from the time when, in a war between the contracting Powers, one of the belligerents shall be joined by a non-contracting Power." We were a non-contracting Power, and so was Turkey. Therefore the use of asphyxiating gases became legitimate.

The only sound objection that can be raised against the enemy's use of asphyxiating gases is that he has adopted the most cruel method of overcoming his opponents. Instead of employing a painless method of stupefying or slaughtering the allied troops, he obtained, by long and careful experiments on tethered dogs, a mixture of heavy gases which produced a diabolical form of torture—a long, lingering, ghastly agony lasting at times for days. He deliberately caused unnecessary suffering in contravention of Article 23 The Hague Agreement of 1907, and his use of scientific torture was deliberately developed by him for the purpose of terrorising the allied troops.

The Germans did not, as we know, succeed in their purpose. Far from terrorising our men, their method of torture only lifted the Canadian and British soldiers to a height of desperate heroism, which completely defeated the new German plan of campaign. But long before the Germans resorted to the use of torture gas, they had broken their bond with civilisation by a general employment of poisoned missiles. From the beginning of the war the allied troops have been systematically poisoned by the Germans in a manner publicly unknown. But their secret use of the worst form of poison has at last been clearly revealed by a British man of science, Mr. A. A. Roberts, Member of the Chemical Society of France, and Member of the Society of Chemical Industry. His terrible little book, "The Poison War," published by William Heinemann, should be read by every man and woman in our country.

The Brand of the "Blonde Beast"

Since the days when the Senate of ancient Rome laid down the famous rule: "War is to be carried on by arms and not by poison," the observance of this rule has been one of the grand landmarks of civilisation. It is the principal convention of warfare, established before Christ was born. When the nations of Europe were linked together in a common faith in divine brotherhood, the force of the old Roman rule was greatly increased. But at the present time when both the dogmas and sentiments of Christianity have been undermined by various schools of freethinkers, a vacuum has been made, especially in the German mind, which is emptied of both the fine pagan notion of honour and the noble Christian ideal of brotherly love. The directing intellects of modern Germany have neither the conventions of classical pagan civilisation nor the almost superhuman aspirations of Christian spirituality. The consequence is that in matters of urgent practice, during a time of extreme national crisis, the German governing class has nothing left to guide it but the elemental brute instinct of self-preservation at any cost, which is the mark of the beast. The modern German freethinker, who looks upon life purely as a struggle for plunder and power, is really a new kind of savage of the most ferocious type, armed with scientific instruments of destruction and organised for slaughter by highly scientific means.

The Poison War Prepared in 1911

As his country has become remarkable for its chemical industries, owing to its large natural resources of potash and other salts, the German has been able to engineer a subtle and deadly form of poison attack upon an unparalleled scale. The German poison war was prepared in 1911, four years after the signing of The Hague Convention; for poison shells made at Düsseldorf and Hanau in 1911 have been found in the stores of German ammunition captured by the French after the conflict on the Marne.

The first poison shells captured were shrapnel for the enemy's light field-guns. They contained the ordinary boxes of bullets, and the ordinary explosive charge, but at the base of each box was a quantity of violet or reddish-brown powder. Moreover, the shrapnel bullets, instead of being smooth, were especially holed and dented. When analysed by a French Government chemist the coloured powder was found to consist of a mixture of white and red phosphorus. The holes in the bullets were designed to carry the chemicals into wounded bodies. The phosphorus powder has since been found in common shell, shrapnel shell, high-explosive shell, and rifle cartridges used by the German Army in France, Flanders, and Russia. The German high-explosive shell, known to our men by the nickname of the "Woolly Bear," which detonates with a cloud of thick white smoke, is one of the latest forms of poison missiles.

White phosphorus is a powerful irritant poison of a highly deceptive nature. It gives off a poisonous vapour, and when mingled with the oxygen of the atmosphere white phosphorus is converted into phosphoric acid, which is also highly poisonous. The Germans could not use

[*Continued on page 548.*

The Poison Gas Terror and a German Lie

British wounded soldier now home from the front wearing the respirator which saved his life in a recent poison-gas cloud.

French officer ready for the next poison-gas attack. It will be seen that he is wearing special goggles in addition to a respirator.

German lie to "justify" poison war. This photograph purports to show a Hun equipped "against British poison gas."

Some Belgian soldiers who have donned their respirators before going to the trenches, as more German "frightfulness" is anticipated. The respirators, if kept moist and properly fixed, form an effective check to this scientific barbarism.

HORRORS OF THE POISON WAR

(Continued from page 546.)

white phosphorus alone, as it ignites by mere friction and burns away too rapidly. So they combined it with red phosphorus, which is the stuff used on the striking sides of the ordinary safety matchbox. The red phosphorus prevents the mixture from igniting by friction, causes it to burn in a slow fashion, while it is itself at last transformed by the heat into the deadly white phosphorus.

Tragic After-effect of Phosphorus

The poison enters the body of the stricken victim by the wound made by the poisoned bullet or fragment of shell. In most cases the wound is slight, this being particularly the case in injuries from shrapnel bullets. There is at first considerable difficulty in getting even a slight wound of this sort to heal. Usually, however, it is when the wound is at last healed or healing, and when the soldier is resting and hoping to recover his strength, that the phosphorus introduced into his blood begins strongly to work. Soldiers have been known to depart from the hospital on leave, light-hearted and contented, and then to be stricken with terrible liver and kidney disorders, from which they may never recover; for the symptoms of phosphorus poisoning are generally very deceptive.

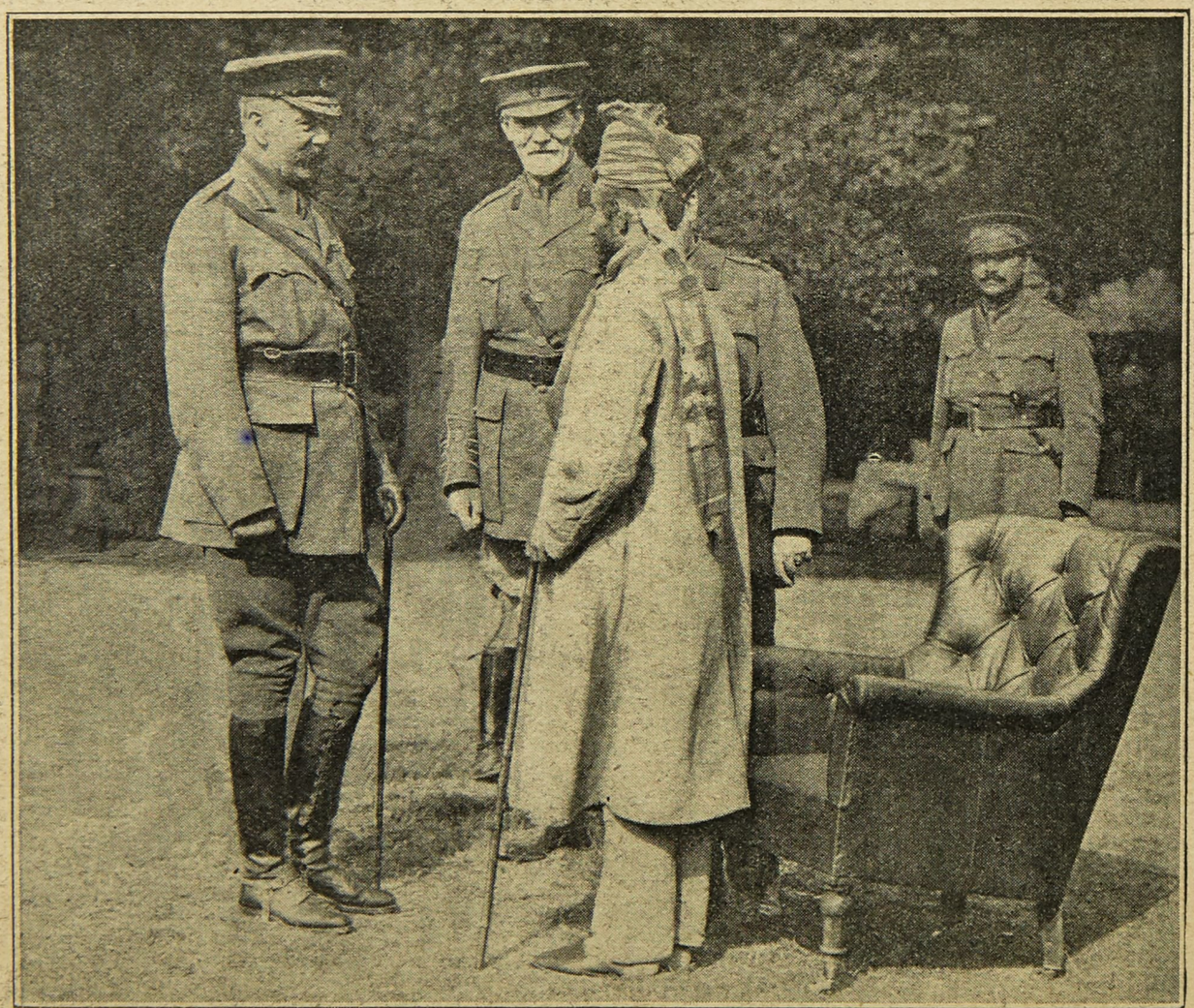
Owing to its slowness of action, the patient may give the impression of being almost cured, and then be stricken with what seems a new illness, among the features of which are fatty degeneration of the liver, jaundice, and violent pains. For many months the doctors and surgeons in the allied armies were puzzled by the extraordinary outbreak of diseases among the wounded men they attended. Small light wounds became gangrened in a frightful number of cases. It was at first thought that the highly-cultivated soil of France and Belgium, dressed for centuries with manure, was responsible for the alarming outbreak of poisoned wounds. The number of men in our R.A.M.C. Corps who had actual experience of phosphorus poisoning cases was very small.

Wounds that Shine in the Dark

But after the discovery of the store of German poison shells French surgeons became alert, and on January 6th 1915, Surgeon Figuiera sent a paper on the matter to the Société de Chirurgerie, in which the question of the German crime was definitely solved. A French soldier was wounded in the arm by a fragment of German shell, and Figuiera who treated the case, noticed that the wound shone in the dark. The man died at the end of seven days, after a continual terrible agony, although his wound was so slight that, if there had been no poison, he would soon have recovered.

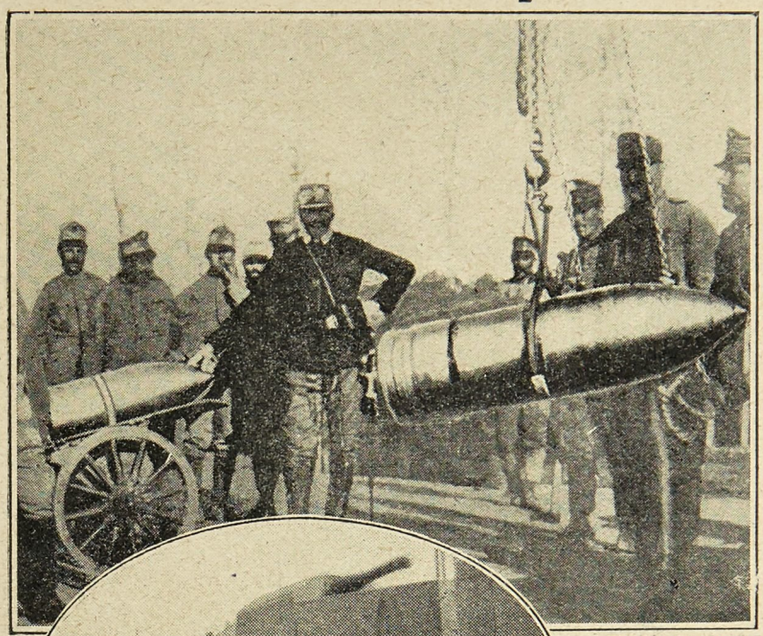
There the matter at present rests, and perhaps it is best to make no comment upon it at the present time, except to point out that if things are allowed merely to drift, we may at last have to engage for many long, terrible, years in a war of extermination.

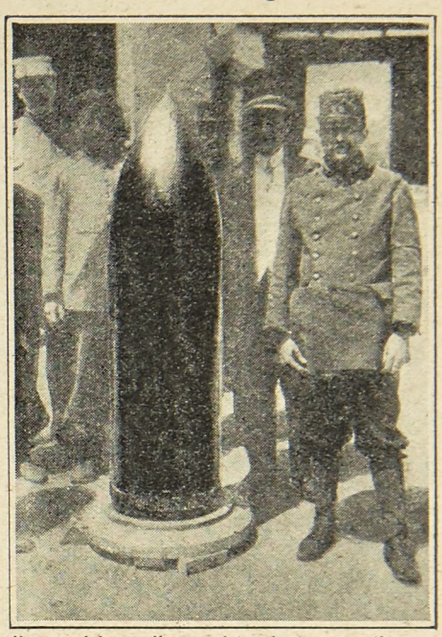
EDWARD WRIGHT



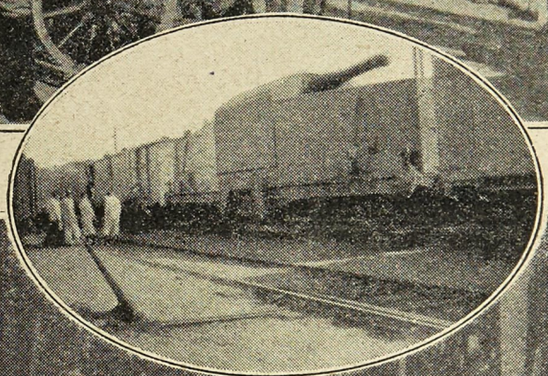
Lord Kitchener, during a recent visit to Brighton, talking with an Indian hero, Subadar Mir-Dast, 55th Coke's Rifles, who has gained the V.C. and the Indian Order of Merit. With Lord Kitchener is Colonel J. N. Macleod, Officer Commanding the hospital for wounded Indian soldiers at the Dome, Brighton.

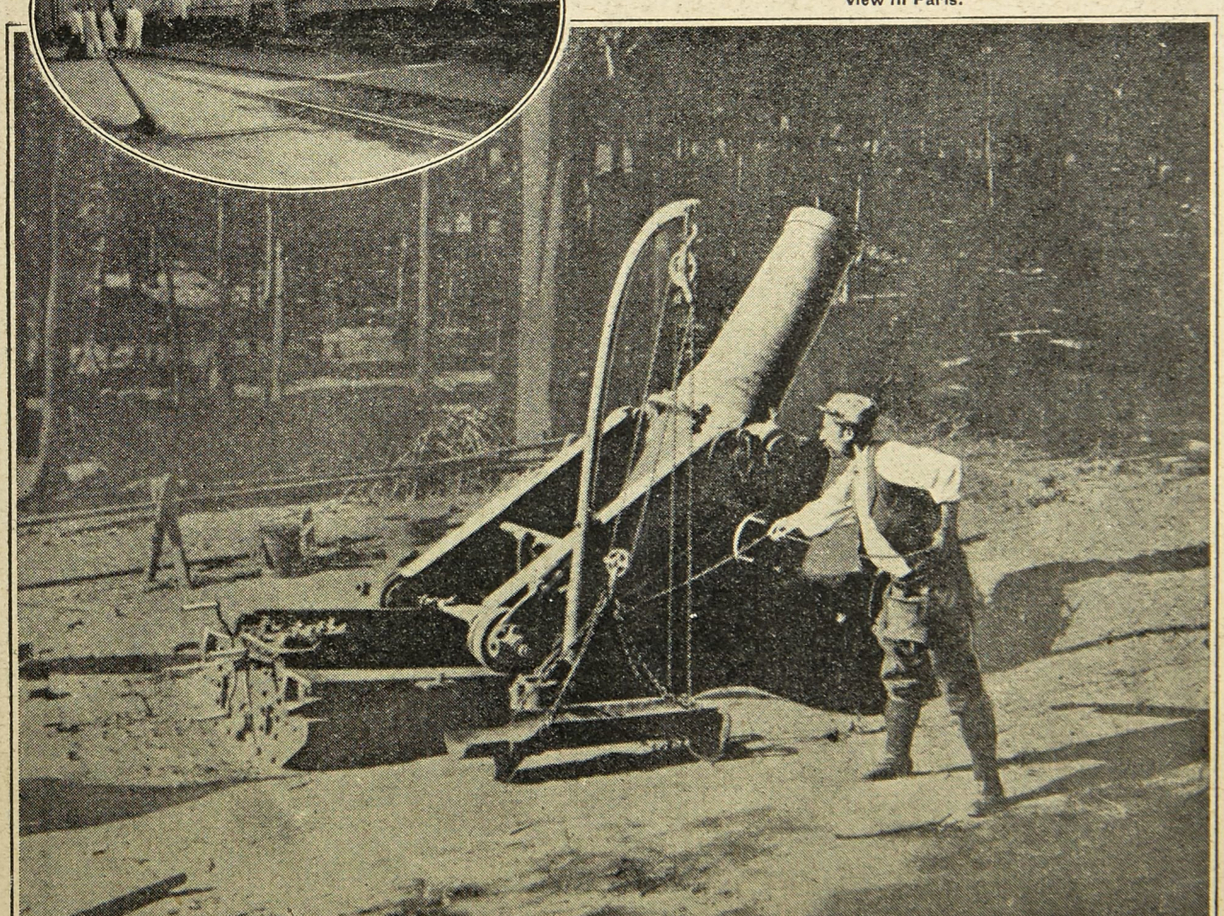
More Monster Weapons and Giant Projectiles





Types of the huge shells, requiring pulleys and trucks to move them, that the Austrians are using in Galicia. Above: Giant German shell, standing 5 ft. 7 in. high, and weighing over 2,000 lb., that is now on view in Paris.





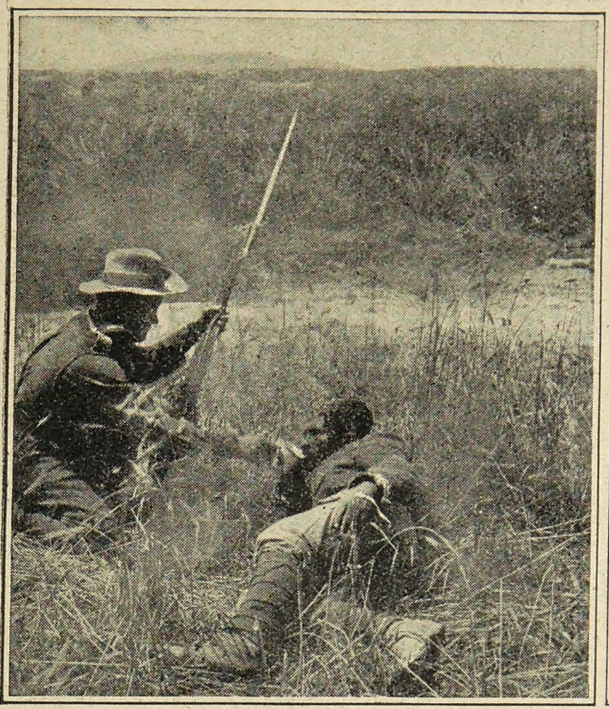
Colossal French siege-mortar about to be fired in a forest. On the near side are the pulley and truck which enable the necessarily large and heavy projectile to be placed in the breach. Inset: French armoured train manned by Marines.

The Allies Shoulder to Shoulder in the Levant:

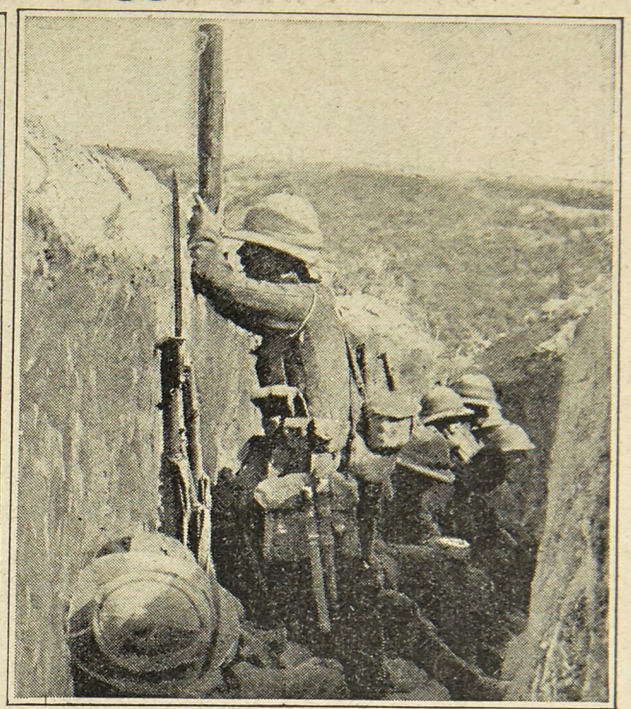
Charge! The best photographic record of a charge yet published, showing men of the Royal Naval Division leaving the trenches in Gallipoli to attack the Turk with cold steel. On the extreme left the officer is seen leading the attack, while the hills in the background are typical of the difficult country to be traversed before Constantinople falls to the Allies.

Getting ready to meet the Turk in Gallipoli. Some of our Gallic allies putting in the final courses of training near Mudros on the island of Lemnos, which was ceded to Greece by Turkey after the Balkan War.

Incidents in the Grim Struggle for Achi Baba

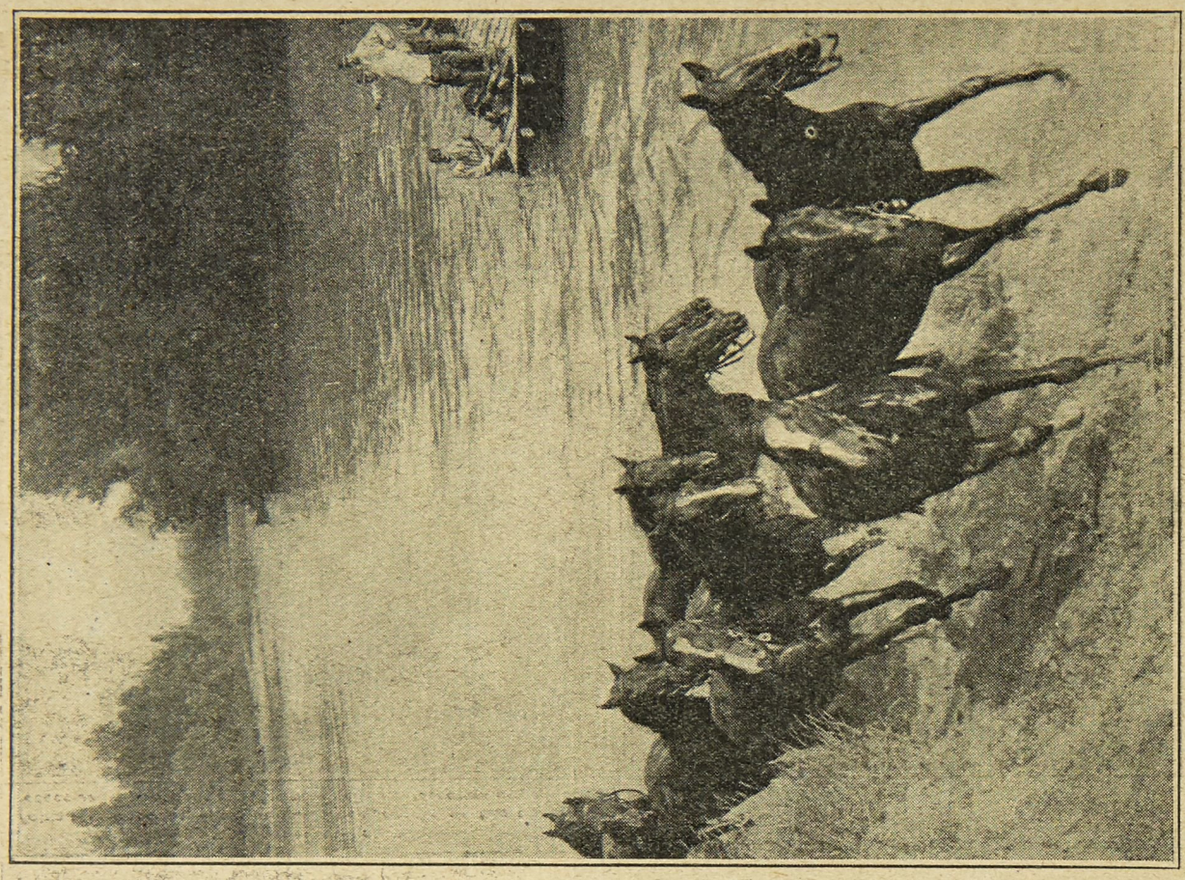


Chivalrous British captor befriends a Turkish soldier wounded in a recent engagement in Gallipoli. The friendly regard entertained by enemies towards each other is a paradox of war.

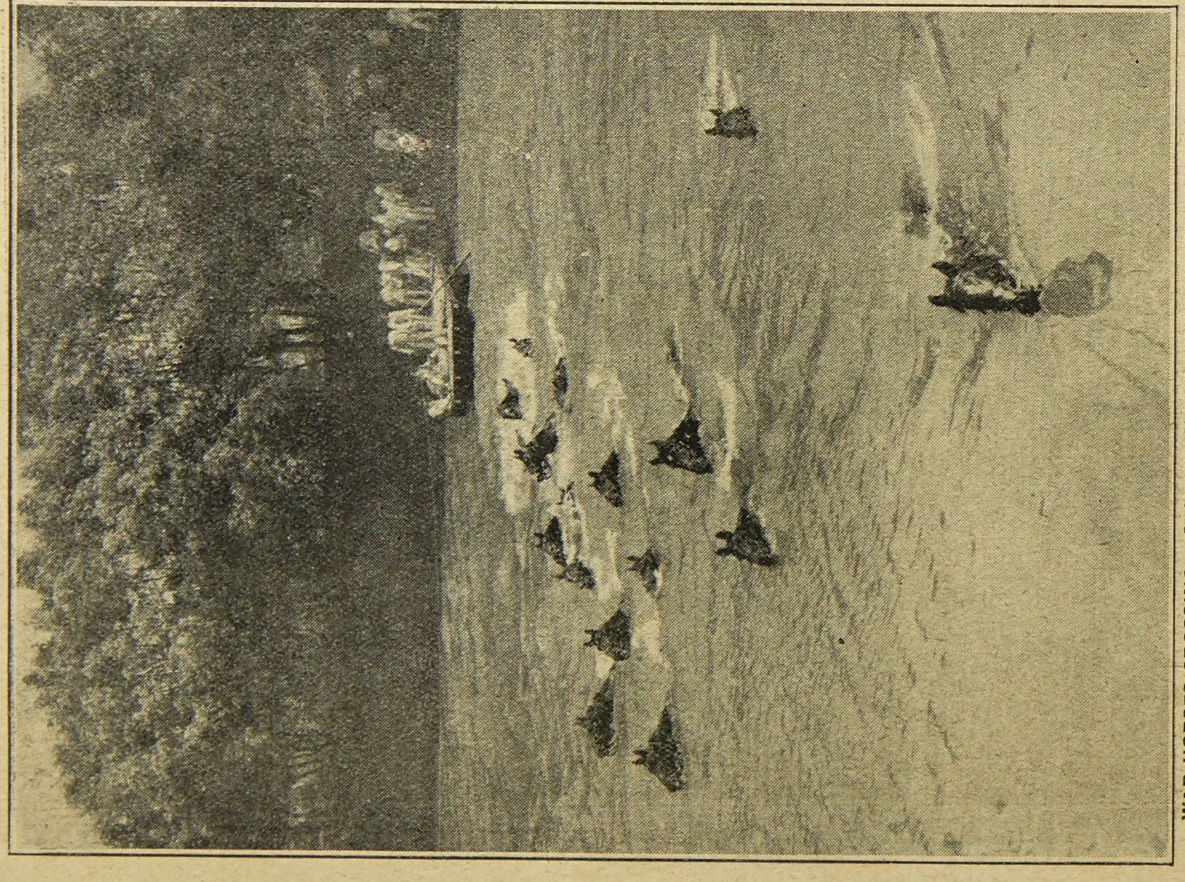


The unseen watcher. British soldier, with the aid of a periscope, keeps an eye on the Turkish trenches while his comrades enjoy a well-earned repose.

After a hard fight in the region of Achi Baba. British Staff officers are seen in this photograph interrogating Turkish officers on the field of battle. Two Tommies, with bayonets fixed, keep guard. In the background some British soldiers can be faintly discerned resting and cleaning the dust of battle from their uniforms.

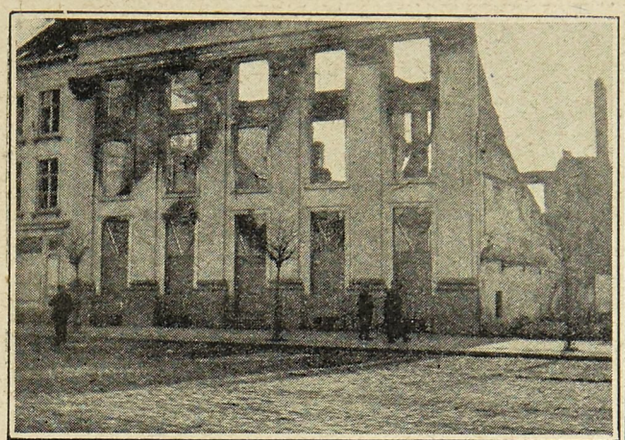


bridges, but most of them swam. Driven into the water, the handsome, agile creatures soon made their way to the opposite bank, racing along the wooded slopes on landing, having fully enjoyed their dip.

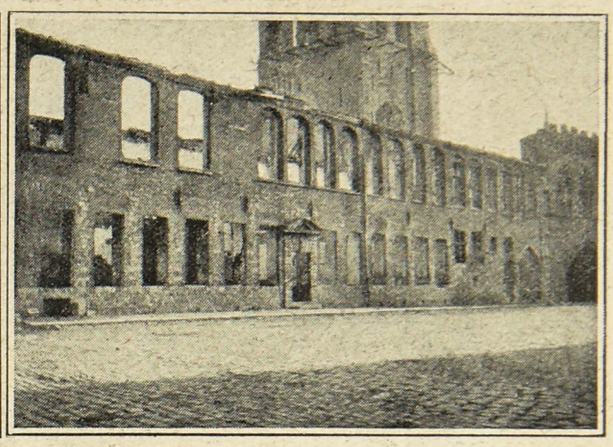


WAR-HORSES CROSSING A STREAM IN NORTHERN FRANCE.—A body of cavalry was ordered to take up a position in the French lines, and the engineers were detailed off to get the horses over the river in record time. Very shy ones were got across on pontoon

"Wipers": The Dead City after last Bombardment



Gaunt skeleton of a beautiful old house at Ypres. Only the windowless facade, blackened by the shells, remains. There is not a building in this stricken city which has escaped bombardment.



How the Cloth Hall at Ypres looks to-day after many months of intermittent shelling. But the four walls of this fourteenth-century relic remain, a gaunt indictment of German "Kultur."

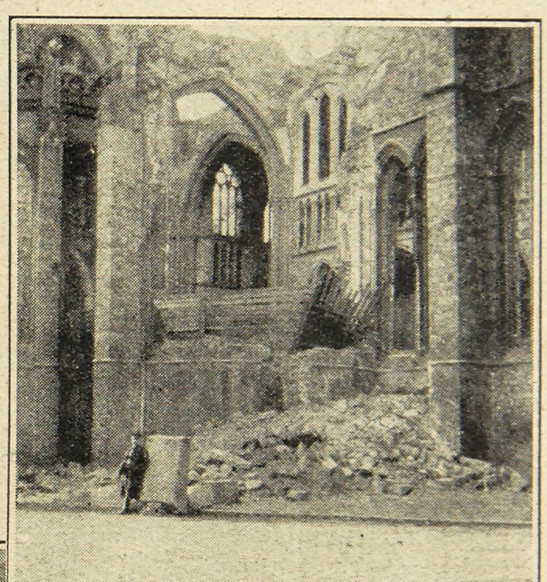
YPRES is dead! As beautiful a city as ever graced the smiling lowlands of Flanders has passed for ever, but its name will live as long into history as letters will formulate the words of speaking peoples.

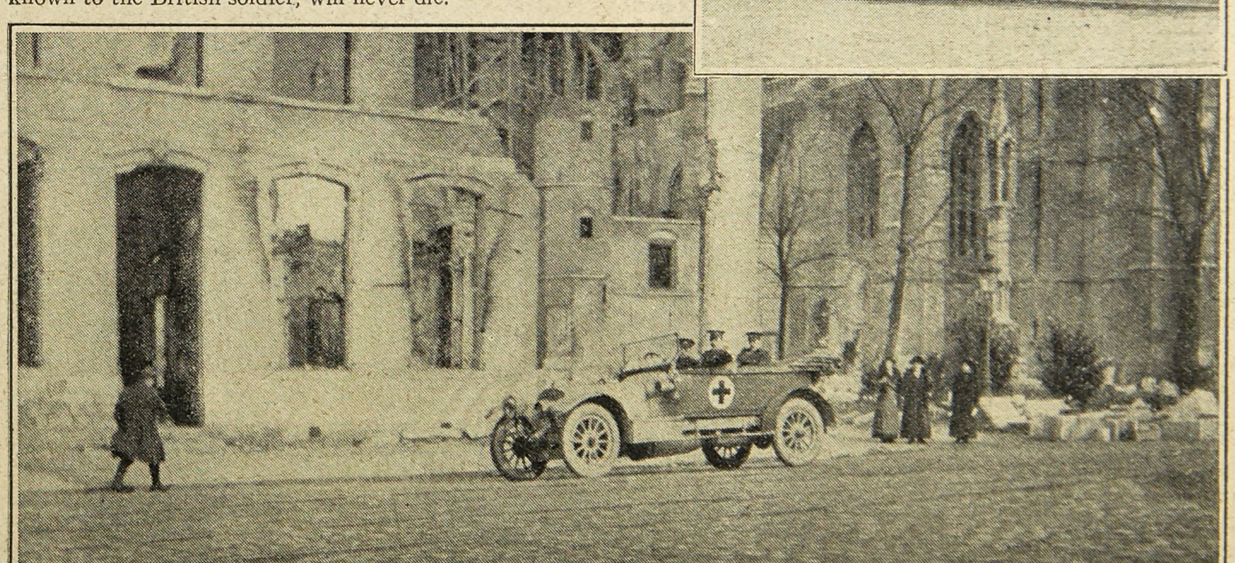
At this precise spot has the might of Britain held up the enormously superior hordes of modern Vandals with a heroism, determination, and grandeur beside which the memory of Agincourt, Crecy, Ramillies, and Waterloo must pale from very insignificance.

Contemporary with this conflict as we are, it is difficult for us to realise that this is Britain's greatest military effort. Only will it be seen in true perspective through the lens of posterity.

Slumbering in the direct line of the great German advance on Calais, this relic of the Middle Ages little dreamt that round its ancient walls portentous issues would be decided—that the German oligarchy of "Kultur" and the Empire of Britain, representing civilisation, would be locked here in a life-and-death struggle.

This momentous position has been held against every crack German regiment, against every device of war—legitimate, and infernally in contravention to the laws of God and man. Little by little the noble city is being turned into a dust heap by German shells, but these ashes are already impregnated with the spirit of Albion's immortal glory. Ypres, or "Wipers" as it is popularly known to the British soldier, will never die.





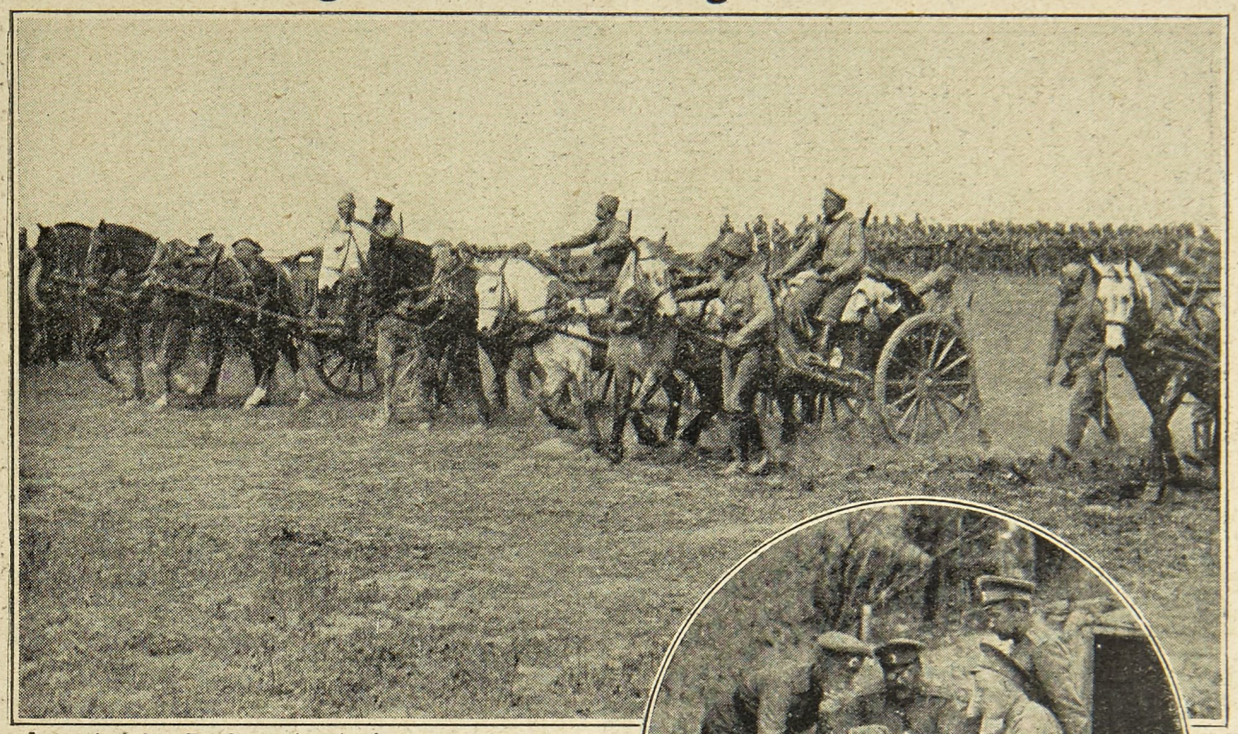
The only vehicle now to be seen on the streets of Ypres. A Red Cross car on its way to the hospital. Behind it are seen three heroic English nurses, who are working strenuously for the wounded. Inset: A corner of the shattered cathedral.

Russia's Stubborn Effort to hold the Warsaw Way:

On a Galician road. Some of the men who are taking part in the defence of Warsaw. A body of stalwart Cossacks, renowned the world over for their horsemanship, which, unfortunately, owing to conditions of modern warfare, has served them to little purpose. Most of these soldiers have been fighting in the trenches.

Our Russian allies, in retreating before Mackensen's and Hindenburg's colossal armies marching against Warsaw, are compelled to destroy everything likely to be of use to the enemy. This photograph shows the interior of a textile factory in Galicia wrecked by the Russians. Inset: The Kaiser, facing Marshal von Mackensen, who is in charge of the northern phalanx directed against Warsaw.

Scenes along the Far-flung Front of Slavdom



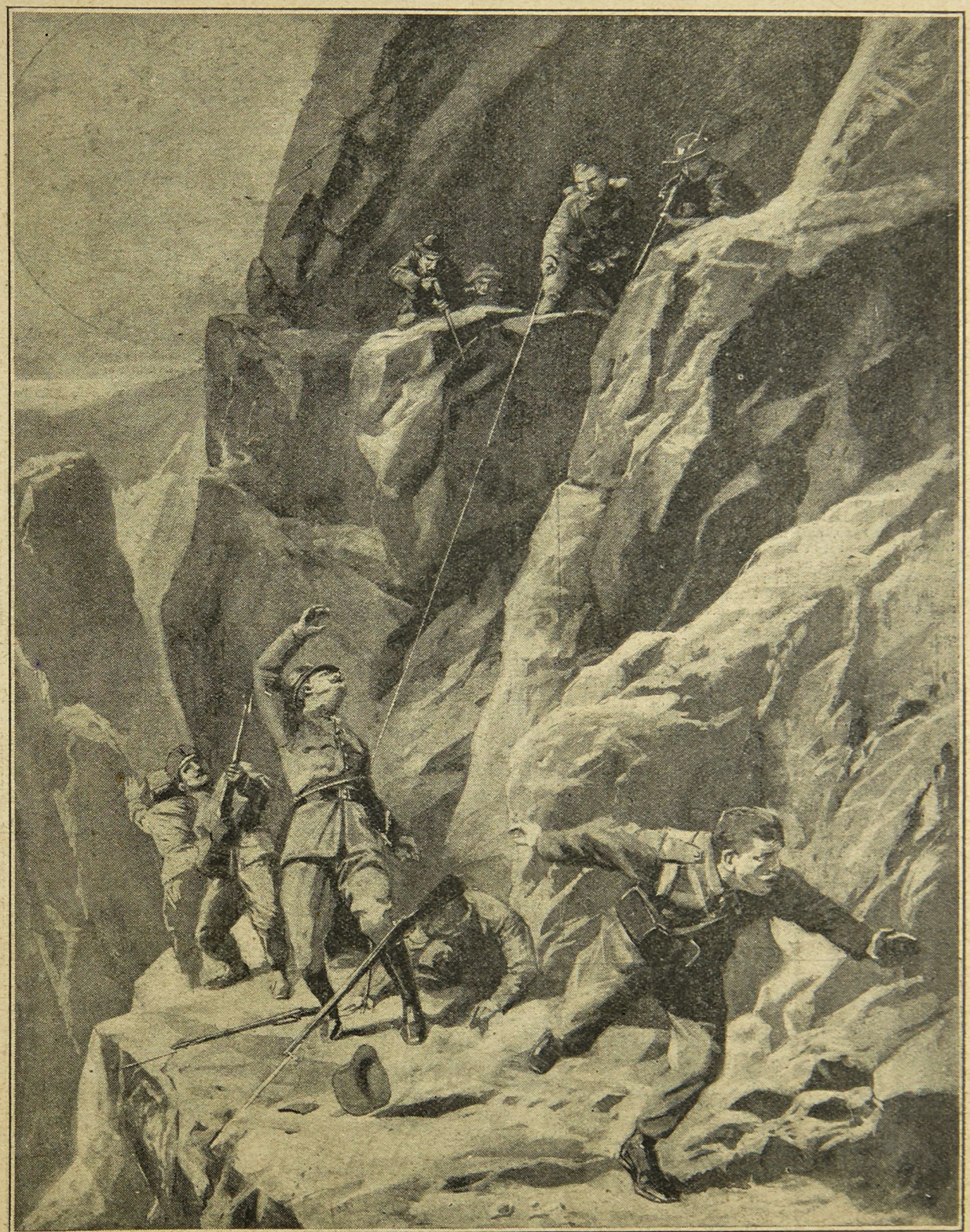
A parade before Russian regiments of captured German guns. The movement of the powerful war-horses and the mass of soldiers looking on in the background give the picture a real touch of old-time martial pageantry and romance.

Russian encampment in Galicia. These comfortable enough looking tents are a feature of the Russian Army, and take the place of dug-outs and billets. In the foreground a row of ovens for baking bread is seen, with stacks of fuel. Inset: Group of Russian officers studying plans, "somewhere in Galicia."

The "Brain Centre" of Britain's Big Guns

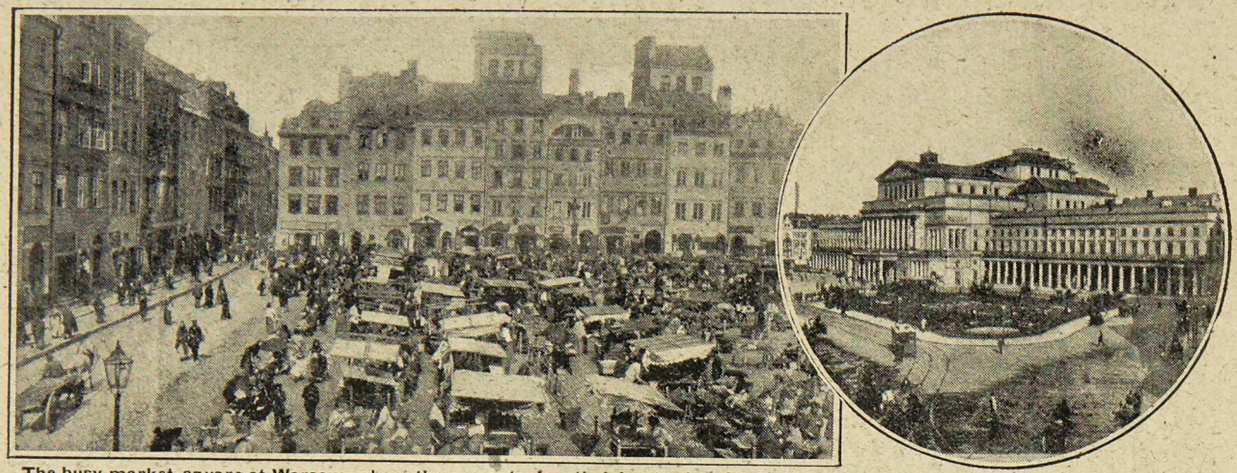
Installed in the remains of a shell-wrecked building, or in a dug-out, perhaps as much as two miles in front of the British guns, the artillery Forward Officer watches carefully the effect of the shell fire and also the movements of our infantry—noting, for instance, that here they are progressing, there being forced to give ground. These facts are telephoned to the Battery Commander who directs the fire, giving orders for the alteration of aim, range, and time-fuses. A mistake might mean that British shells would kill our own men. The Forward Officer's observation post is just in the rear of the infantry firing-line.

Austrian General lassoed by Daring Sicilian



The British soldier, confined at times for days on end in a trench, must envy his Italian comrades, whose methods of war by reason of geographical conditions are replete with the element of surprise and excitement. Many remarkable feats have been performed by the Italian soldiers, gradually forcing their way into Austrian territory, but certainly one of the most amazing was that depicted in this drawing, showing a Sicilian soldier lassoing an Austrian general on the Isonzo heights. For this act of courage and skill King Victor Emmanuel awarded him a gold medal and a purse containing forty pounds.

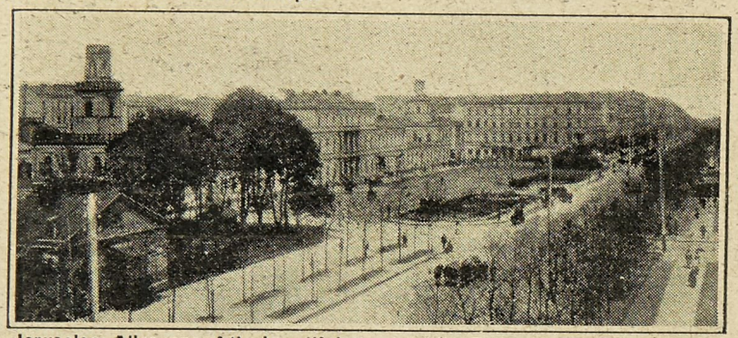
Tragic Glories of Warsaw, the Barbican of Russia



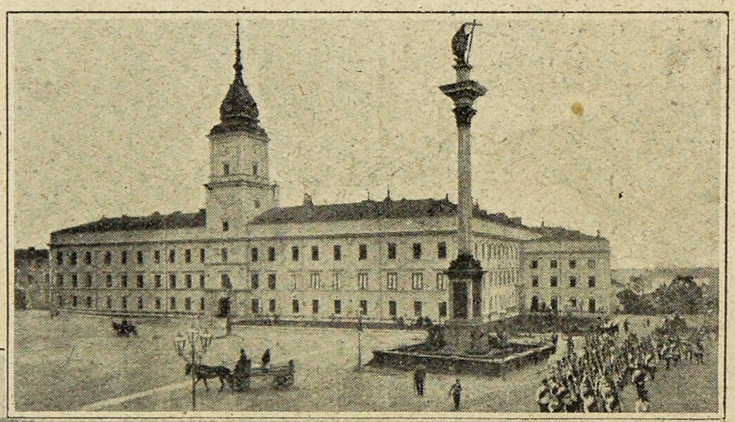
The busy market-square at Warsaw, where the peasants do a thriving trade. Right: The Grand Theatre, the home of Polish drama and the ballet. This magnificent building contains two theatres under the same roof. The capital of Poland is one of the most pleasantly animated cities of Eastern Europe.

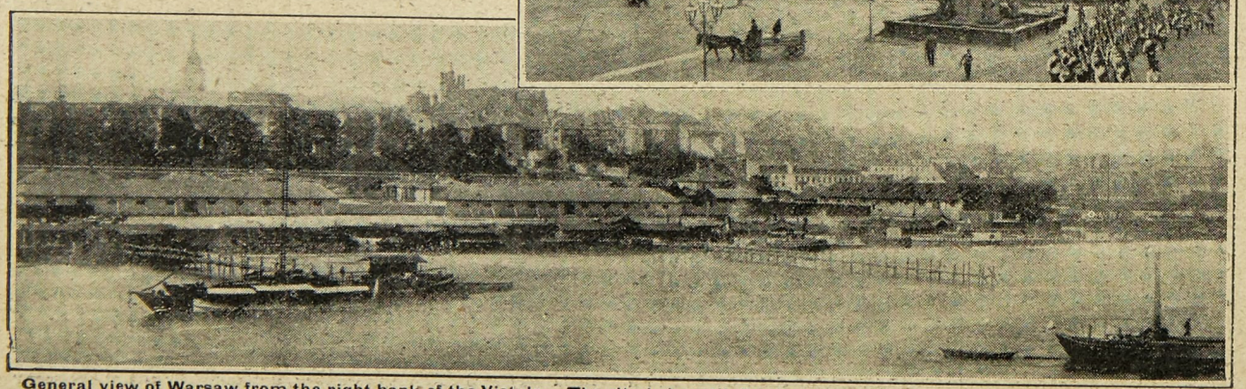
LIFE has never been dull in Warsaw since the wild tribes of fair-haired, blue-eyed Mazovians founded the city on the Vistula a thousand years ago. Very picturesque and stately the old capital of Poland shows, with its golden domes and its many palaces clustering round the ancient castle of the Mazovian dukes. Apparently no nation on the Continent could remain content until it had captured Warsaw. The Poles took it in 1526, and made it their capital; the Swedes stormed it in 1655; the Poles regained it in 1656; the Swedes again occupied it in 1702; the Russians conquered it in 1764; the Prussians won it in 1795; the French tramped across Europe and captured it in 1806, and gave it back to the Poles the following year. Then the Austrians stormed it in 1809, and afterwards surrendered it to the Russians, who put down the last Polish insurrection in 1906.

In the modern railway era Warsaw became in Russian hands the principal fortress of Poland. Its six trunk lines were protected by the Alexander Citadel, and the bridge fort of Sliwicki in the city itself, with the great entrenched camps of Novo Georgievsk and Ivangorod on either side of it. For Warsaw is only 387 miles from Berlin, while it is 695 miles from Petrograd. When Warsaw falls, the great river defences of the Vistula, Bug, and Narew fall with it. But beyond Warsaw is the veritable base which Russia has built up against the invader. This base is the great entrenched camp and railhead of Brest Litovsk, from which the central Russian armies have been fed, munitioned, and reinforced during the war. Not unless and until Brest Litovsk is captured is Russia crippled, so long as her armies remain intact.



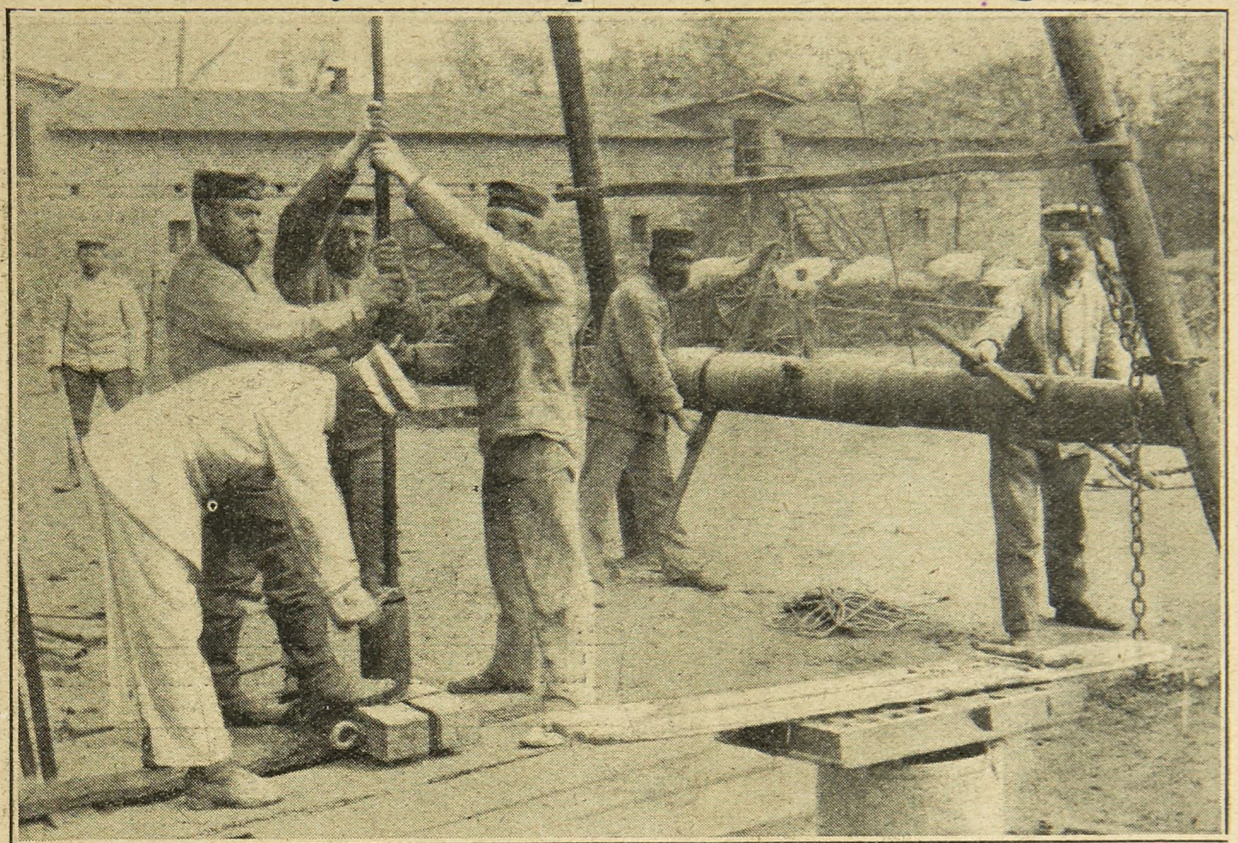
Jerusalem Allee, one of the beautiful streets of the Polish capital. Warsaw is adorned with many elegant gardens and fine public buildings, historic palaces of the nobility, and cathedrals, churches, theatres, and the university.



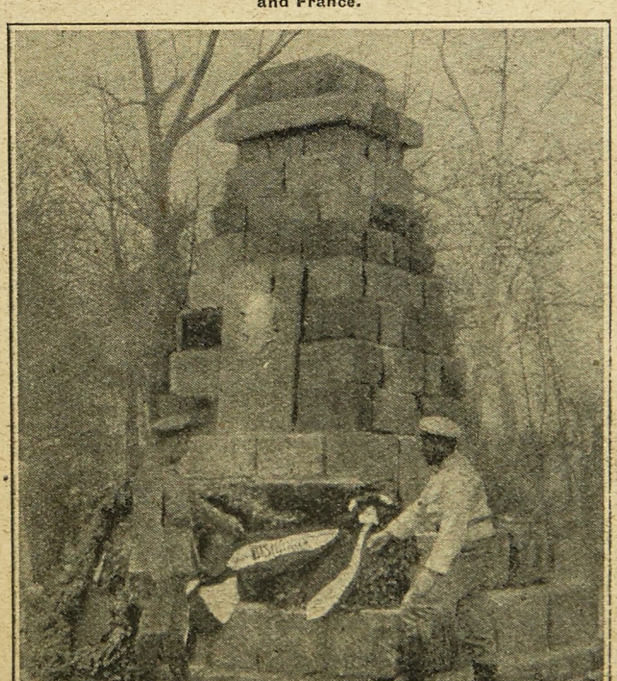


General view of Warsaw from the right bank of the Vistula. The city is beautifully situated on a terrace nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the river. Inset: Former castle of the Kings of Poland in the Sigismund Square, the centre of the fashionable life of Warsaw. The castle was built by the Duke of Mazovia, and enlarged by Sigismund III., whose memorial faces it.

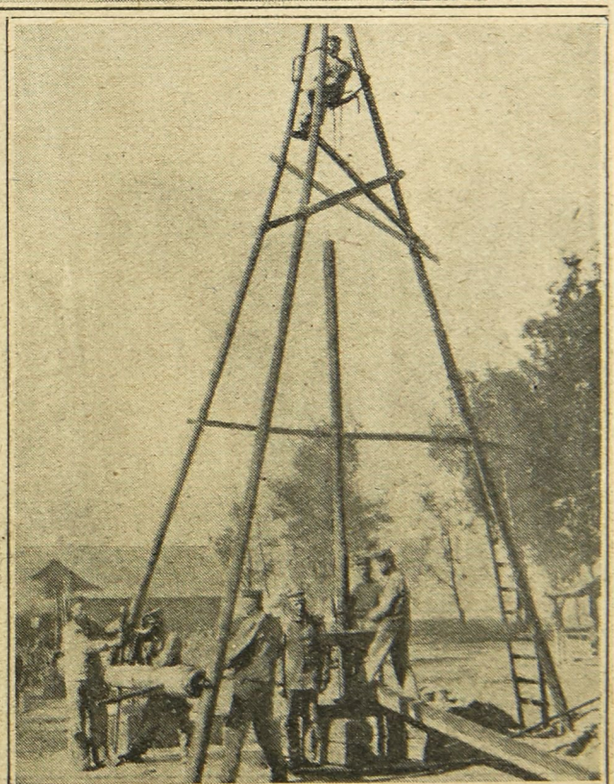
Hun Industry and Impudence on Ravaged Soil



In pursuance of their principle of appropriating everything of value in invaded territory, some German soldiers are depicted in this photograph sinking an oil-well in Russian Poland. Thus they utilise to the full the natural resources of conquered land in the east just as they have exploited the coal and iron fields of Belgium and France.



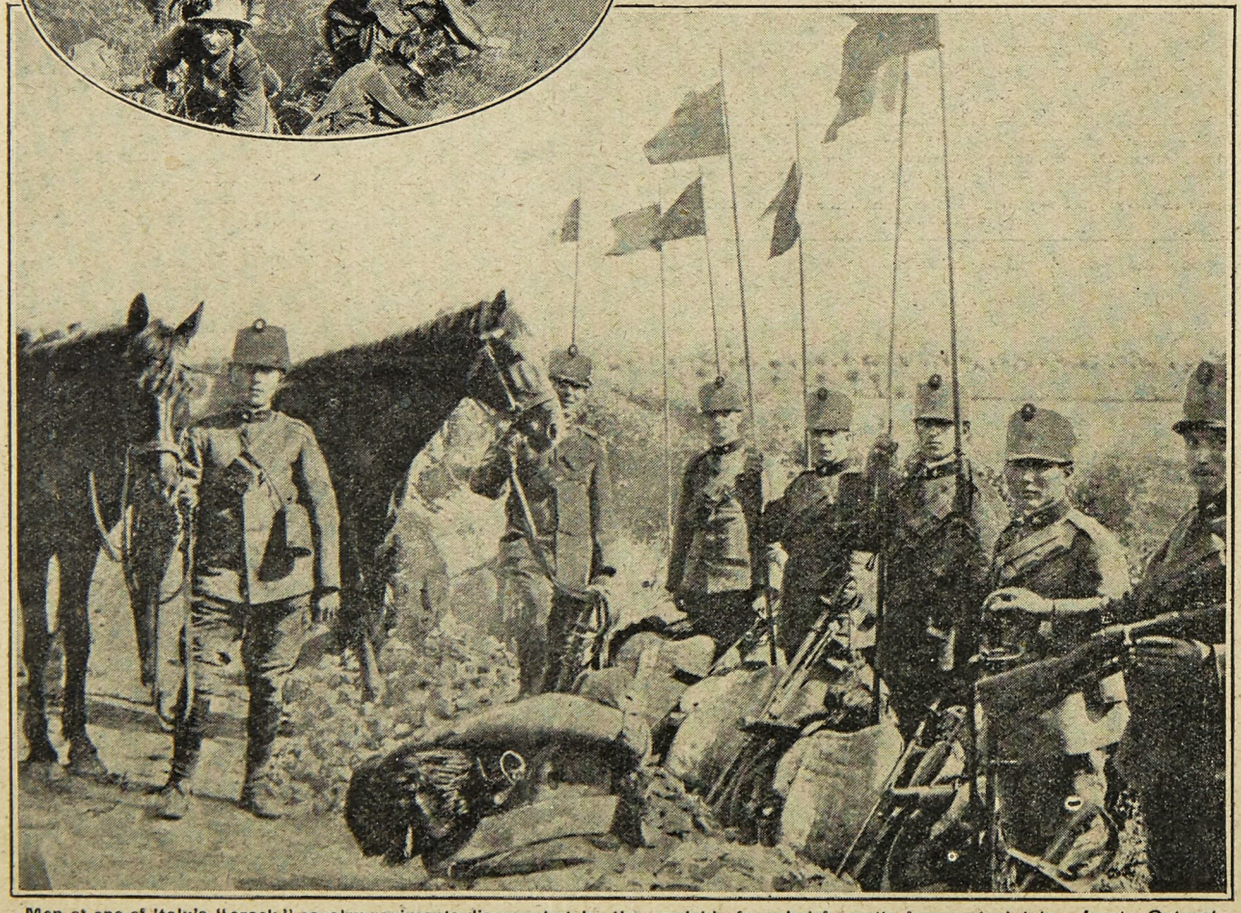
Wanted! A well-placed "75" shell. The Huns have actually had the effrontery to erect a Bismarck monument at Rethel, Aisne.



Another view of the well-head in Poland, and German engineers fixing in position the pipe through which the oil is expected to flow.

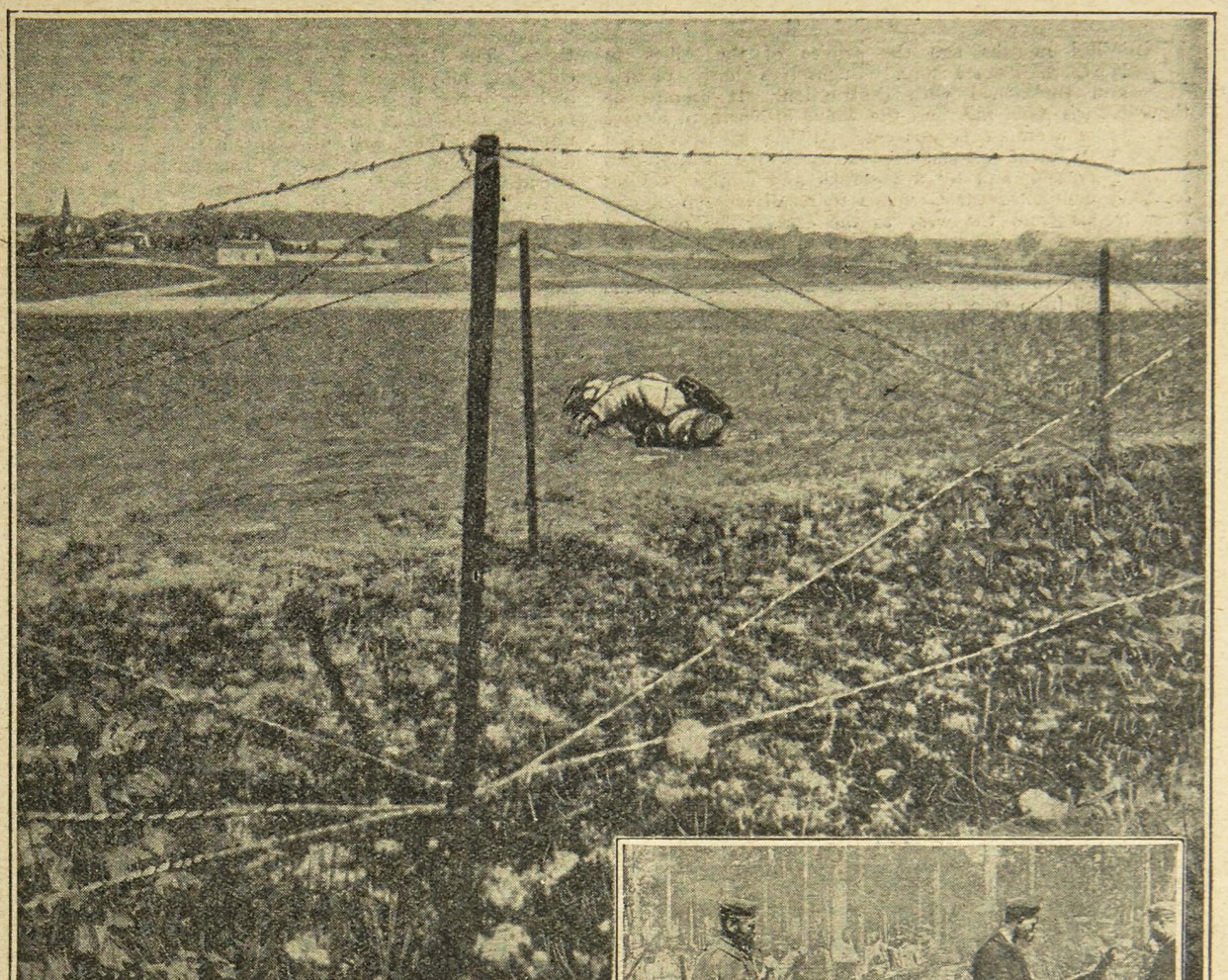
On the Isonzo with Italy's Bersaglieri & Cavalry

Light-hearted Italian infantrymen marching from the base to battle on the Isonzo front, there to relieve their comrades in the firing-line.

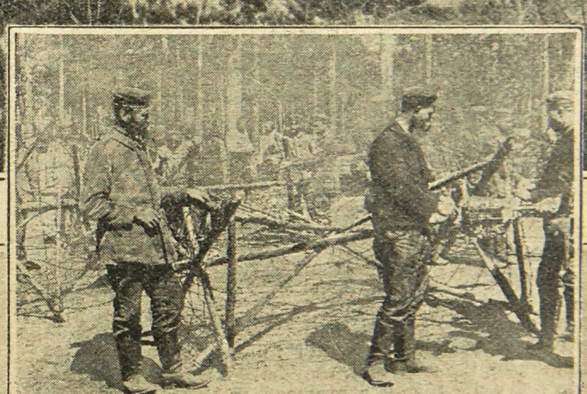


Men of one of Italy's "crack" cavalry regiments dismounted by the roadside for a brief respite from patrol duty. Inset: Outpost of Bersaglieri, the famous plumed sharpshooters, guarding a road near the Isonzo.

Frontier Death-posts of "No Man's Land"



Fallen foeman in "No Man's Land." This German had been sent at night to attempt to cut the barbed-wire, but was shot while crawling between the opposing trenches.



Barbed-wire entanglements, partly demolished, near Carency, after the French retook the town during the Battle of Arras. This part of the desolate area of conflict was captured and recaptured several times, and some of the barbed-wire was erected by the French and some by the enemy. To the right are several German dead. Inset: Germans erecting elaborate wire entanglements in Poland.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

ELEVEN months ago the armies of the Allies in Northern France found themselves hotly pressed and threatened with destruction. It seemed as though Paris must fall, and the whole of Northern France pass under German occupation. At the moment when things were most critical Russia threw her armies into Eastern Prussia, and by a vigorous and almost reckless offensive compelled the Germans to recall large bodies of their troops from the west to the east. The result of this move—a very costly move, as it happened, for the Russians—was that the Franco-British armies were able to rally and to drive the Germans back. The Russians saved us all from great disaster.

To-day Russia is threatened as her western partners were close on a year ago. The gigantic Austro-German offensive, stretching over a front of between eight hundred and nine hundred miles, is being pressed with a determination and an impetus never equalled in modern war. Close on two million Austro-German troops, backed by an almost overwhelming strength in artillery, and by apparently unlimited supplies of munitions, are attacking the Russians everywhere from Courland in the north to the borders of Galicia in the south. To-day Russia turns to us for help.

Why Have We Not Helped Russia?

Can we do the same for her that she then did for us? Can we, by a quick offensive, cause a diversion of the German forces? "Our Allies could not do a greater service than by seizing the moment to make an energetic thrust en masse, even if it were only of brief duration," writes the "Russki-Invalid." What the newspaper says in restrained language hosts of the Russians are saying in more emphatic form. Now is the moment to strike.

So far as the public are allowed to know, we are not striking, and we are unable to strike because our armies are not yet equipped with sufficient munitions to make a serious offensive possible. It may be that this is wrong, and that even as I am writing this a great forward movement is going on of which we know nothing. But the fact that there has been a pause on our side when there ought to have been an attack should surely afford the most convincing proof to the plain man of the real seriousness of the situation we have to face. Our ministers and our generals in the field know the urgency of the Russian need. We may rest assured that what is said in the Russian papers and by Russian citizens has been said still more clearly and insistently by Russian statesmen.

The Situation on the Eastern Front

The man in the street sometimes complains that between conflicting statements he does not know what to believe. But here surely are facts that talk for themselves, and that show that, great as our military preparations have been during the past year, they have not been great enough. I do not write this as a reproach or as an accusation, but as an appeal. We have to do more than we have done, and better than we have done, if we are finally to crush Germany. That is the brutal, fundamental fact. The sooner we all realise it the better.

Let us review the Russian situation as it is at the moment of writing this article. The Russians believed that the main Austro-German attack would come from the south. The great armies there, which had pushed the Russians back over the Carpathians, out of Galicia, and back on to the Lublin-Cholm railway, are still maintaining their attack. The Russian Commander-in-Chief has put large numbers of his best troops along this line, and they are doing very well. While, however, the Russians concentrated their best forces in this direction, the Germans accumulated fresh forces right in front of Warsaw itself, to the north-east, and away up north in the direction of Riga. Attack after attack has followed around Warsaw, and Riga itself is threatened. Important points have been taken, and the outlook is not at all bright for us there. The Germans are attempting one of the greatest encircling movements ever known in the history of war, and are trying by frontal attacks and by driving in wedge formations to make the whole first line of Russian defences untenable. They are planning nothing less than the destruction of the enormous Russian army under the Grand Duke Nicholas.

The first Russian line to the north-east is defended by a series of seven great fortifications and fortified camps from Lomza to Warsaw. Experience in this war has made the world somewhat sceptical of the value of old-time fortifications when attacked by modern artillery. This line of Russian positions, is, however, exceedingly well placed, the forts being mostly along the River Narew, and surrounded by marsh land, which makes it difficult to put hostile artillery in position. Should the Germans succeed in their wedge movement to the south, the Russians will have to retire upon their second line of Brest Litovsk-Kovno, abandoning an enormous area of fertile country to the enemy and running grave risks of disaster in the retreat.

Munitions—and the Fate of Warsaw

Were it not for one thing the Russian prospect could be regarded with some assurance. The one uncertain factor, however, is the question of ammunition. Have the Russians sufficient munitions to resist the attack? Can they bring the required supplies up in time along the available railway routes? They are brave, enthusiastic, well led, and resolute. If they have adequate guns and munitions the German attack will fail. If not, Russia will be thrown on her secondary line to re-accumulate her resources, and vast German armies will be set free to attack the Allies in the west.

It will be noticed that the Germans have made one more great change in their plans of war. At the beginning their scheme was, first to destroy Belgium, then to overwhelm France, then, and not till then, to proceed seriously against Russia, and to leave Britain to the last. Their scheme for overwhelming France failed completely. France to-day is in better fighting form, stronger in men, better equipped in guns, and keener in spirit than ever before. The Russian campaign, which was to have waited till the German armies were free, is being undertaken while between one and two million Germans are engaged on the western front.

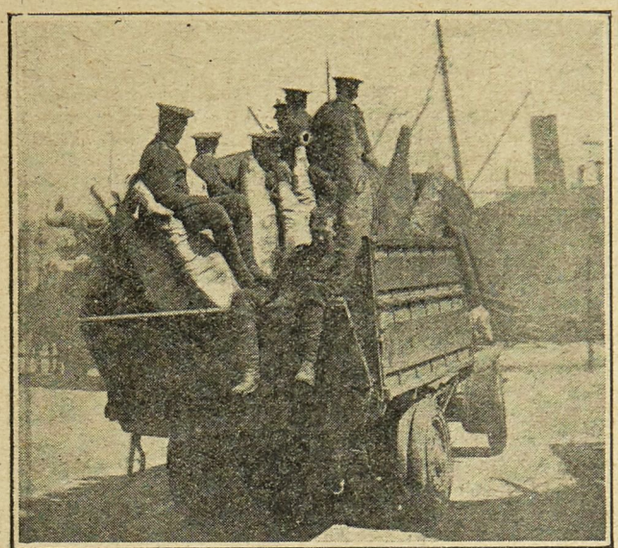
Russia Will Stand Fast

The retirement of the Russian forces on the Brest Litovsk-Kovno line, even if successfully carried out, would be a bad blow for Russia. It is foolish to pretend otherwise. The surrender of a great city such as Warsaw, one of the most beautiful and prosperous centres of Eastern Europe, and the yielding of a vast area of Russian territory, would, of course, be disastrous. The people who tell us to-day that the loss of Warsaw would be a trifle, as they told us eight months ago that the capture of Calais would be a mere minor inconvenience, are simply foolish. But, while the loss of Warsaw would be a disaster, it would not be an overwhelming disaster. The great heart of Russia would remain untouched, and would present for any invader problems as serious as those which Napoleon and his Grand Army had to face.

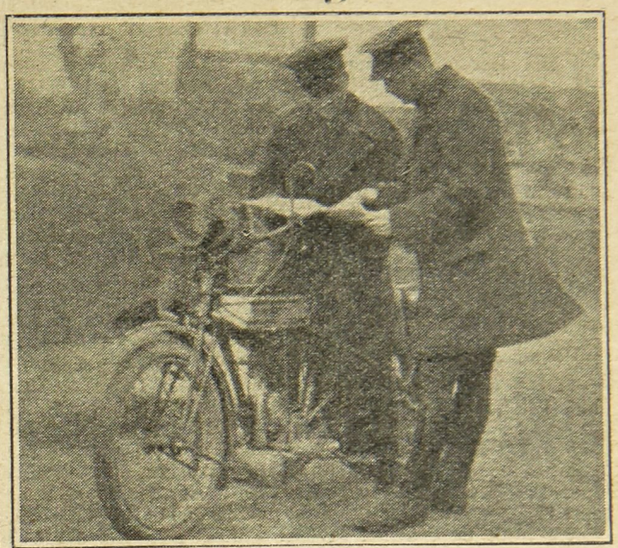
One final question remains: How would such a set-back affect the spirit and the determination of the Russian people? Here we can simply judge from what has happened in the past. The experience of centuries has shown that Russia is never so dangerous as when she fights with her back to the wall. Bonaparte learnt this, and the price of his lesson was his throne. The Kaiser may learn it at an equally high price.

Warsaw has not yet fallen at the time of writing. It may stand all shocks. The German armies may be driven back from the very outskirts of the city they are now approaching. But it is wise at a moment of crisis to review those possibilities of the situation which tell against us.

How the "Machine-made" War wages Awheel



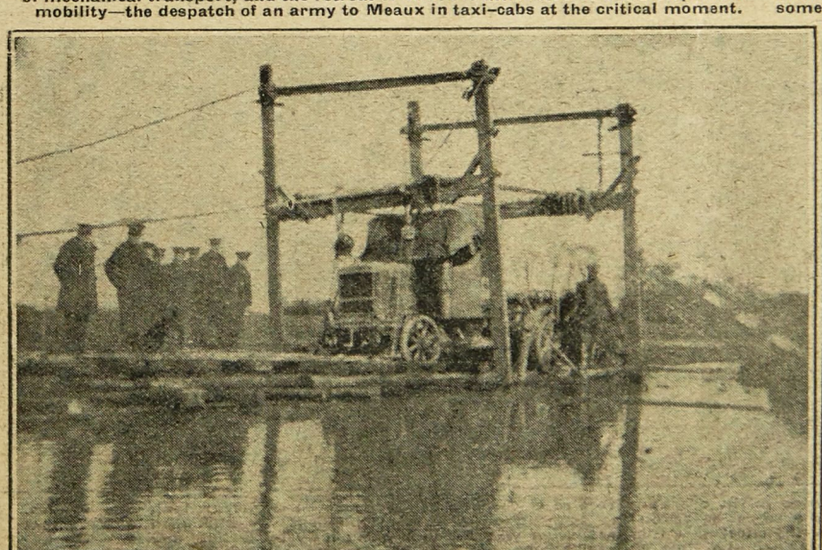
Prime English meat for Tommy. Consignment of meat just arrived by transport from England on the way to a point near the front.

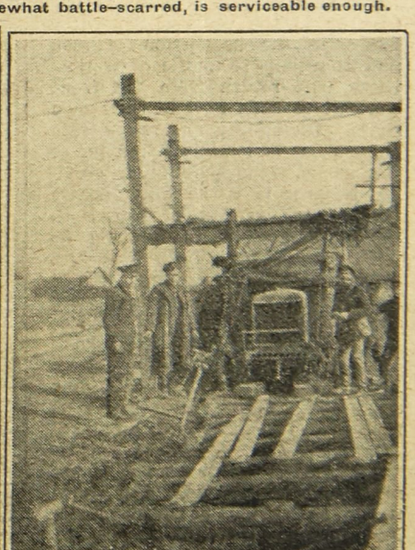


British despatch-rider on his fleet iron steed halts a moment to inquire the way from a comrade.

New French auto-bus used for troop transport. Our ally realises fully the value of mechanical transport, and the retreat of Kluck is attributed to a masterpiece of mobility—the despatch of an army to Meaux in taxi-cabs at the critical moment.

A joy-ride to the trenches. Cheery French soldiers avail themselves of a Paris auto-bus, which, though somewhat battle-scarred, is serviceable enough.





Erstwhile London street omnibus which has come to grief on a French road, and is being "unditched" with the aid of an improvised crane. Right: Another view of the same lorry, giving an idea of the difficulties incumbent upon a side-slip with a heavy vehicle.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE German submarine attack on the Cunard liner Orduna may settle one controversy and revive another. It has been accepted almost without question that those submarines which operate at a distance, as in this case thirty-seven miles south of Queenstown, can go twenty knots on the surface and sixteen knots submerged. In this column it has been maintained that constructional reasons make it highly improbable that such a high surface speed with the oil engines is obtained in association with a sixteen knots submerged speed from the electric accumulators. The utmost speed of the Orduna is sixteen knots; and yet she showed a clean pair of heels to the submarine when that vessel fired at her from the surface. What would have been the position of the Orduna with a gun in the stern for defensive purposes?

It is not merely that a gun may disable the submarine, but the fact that the target is firing back tends to cause bad shooting. The merchant vessel firing from the higher platform has a great advantage. What is more to the point is that by arming merchantmen the submarines will be forced to operate entirely from below the surface, where their speed is poor, and their vision the narrow one of the periscope.

We have approached several neutral governments and obtained permission to arm merchant vessels using their ports in this way. We do not, however, appear to have armed vessels in the American trade, which is far more important than the Argentine trade. The vessels in the American trade run short trips, and are therefore more often in the danger zone of submarines. This will tend to be more the case as the submarines go farther afield.

Now, though we do not appear to have approached the Government of the United States—a question will be asked in Parliament on this point—there can be no doubt that the Americans will allow such armed ships to use their ports. On September 20th the State Department issued a statement saying that "a merchant vessel of belligerent nationality may carry an armament and ammunition for the sole purpose of defence without acquiring the character of a ship of war." The statement defined the course which the owners must take to prove that the vessel is not armed for offensive purposes. This statement does not appear to have been republished in England, but it appeared in the American Press.

The Dardanelles

In many respects the Dardanelles situation is far the most interesting in the war, because of the elements of uncertainty. These latter have clouded the operations from the beginning, and though the theatre of operations is the smallest in the war—and yet the largest in the proportion of men and munitions to a mile of front—those who return from the front can tell us little beyond their own share. The all important siege train on shore is absolutely a matter of conjecture. It is so doubly interesting because it is the only theatre where every weapon of war, both ashore and afloat, is playing its part. It combines both siege and assault from sea and land, and it has proved that submarines have augmented the power of navies; for where the surface craft have failed to penetrate into the Sea of Marmora, the submarines have gone again and again, and well-nigh paralysed the Turkish communications by sea.

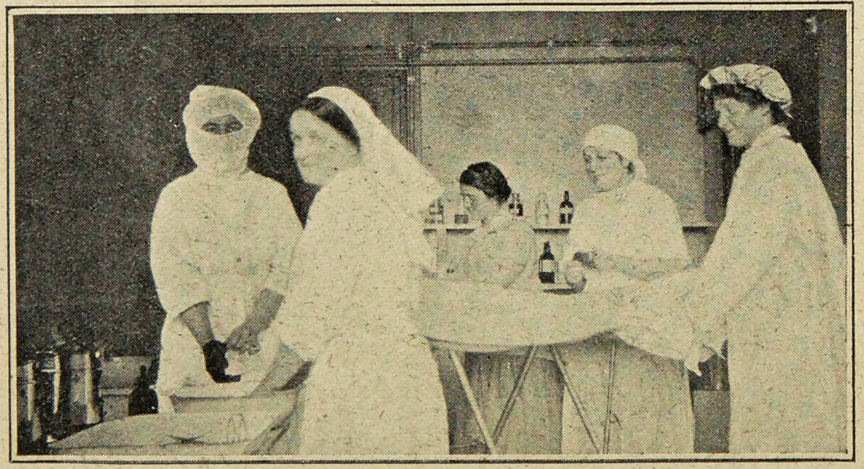
Small as is the theatre it is the master-key of the war, and hence the menacing tone of the Germanic Powers to Rumania concerning the transit of munitions. It may be that the decision not to take the offensive in the west may prove the salvation of the campaign in the east, for a concentration on the Dardanelles campaign may win through, bring in the Balkan nations, eliminate Turkey as a factor, and carry copious supplies to Russia through the Black Sea. We have no right to be despondent because there has been so much bungling in connection with the Dardanelles campaign and because time has rendered the problem so much more difficult. We have overcome the worst, and now is the time to win through. We have many sympathisers in the Turkish camp, and they will grow in numbers in proportion as we show determination and skill.

Mr. Asquith has given our total casualties in the Dardanelles ashore and afloat, to the end of June, at 42,434. Allowing that 60 per cent. of the wounded return, this total is reduced to 27,602; and the probability is that about 6,000, out of the 7,536 returned as missing, will come back to us if we win the campaign.

The Adriatic

The Italian communiqué of July 19th discloses the fact that a number of the old Austrian battleships have taken refuge at Cattaro. In carrying out this reconnaissance with four old armoured cruisers the Italians lost one vessel to a submarine attack, after bombarding the railway. Cattaro is one of the finest ports in the Mediterranean, and could take a fleet of any size. Situated as it is near to the Montenegrin frontier, it is likely to come to the front as a sphere of operations before long. Incidentally, the report that two Austrian submarines have been given up as lost, suggests something of the happenings of this war of which we may hear a great deal more when peace comes. It is that submarines are peculiarly liable to the risks of navigation, and yet one never *hears* of vessels so lost. Apart altogether from our own operations, the Germans have probably lost a number of submarines through what is euphemistically spoken of in maritime law as the "act of God."

The Italian note of the operations since July 7th describes an "intense and sometimes very close action (which) has developed with ships and aircraft against the enemy's coast on the Lower and Upper Adriatic." Writing at the opening of this war, on June 5th, this offensive was indicated and reasons were given for there not being any corresponding offensive on the part of the Austrians. It was then stated by me that in addition to the old battleships there had been a couple of new submarines and ten new destroyers at Cattaro. The ascendancy of the Italians is shown by the fact that a weak cruiser squadron could not tempt the Austrians out.

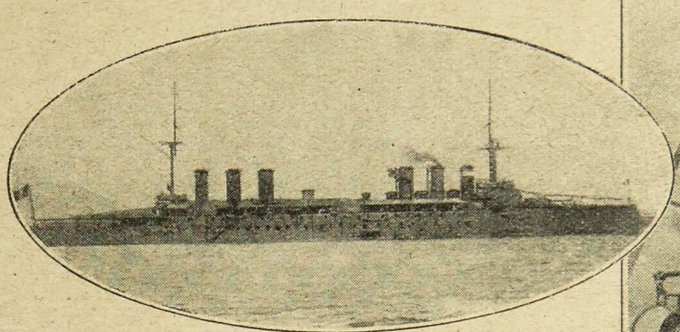


Scene in the operating theatre of the new military hospital at Royaumont, Oise, France. In a recent issue, on the information of a correspondent, we published a statement to the effect that this institution was "staffed exclusively by Society ladies." We are informed that this is incorrect, as the hospital, working under the French military authorities, has a full staff of qualified doctors and nurses.

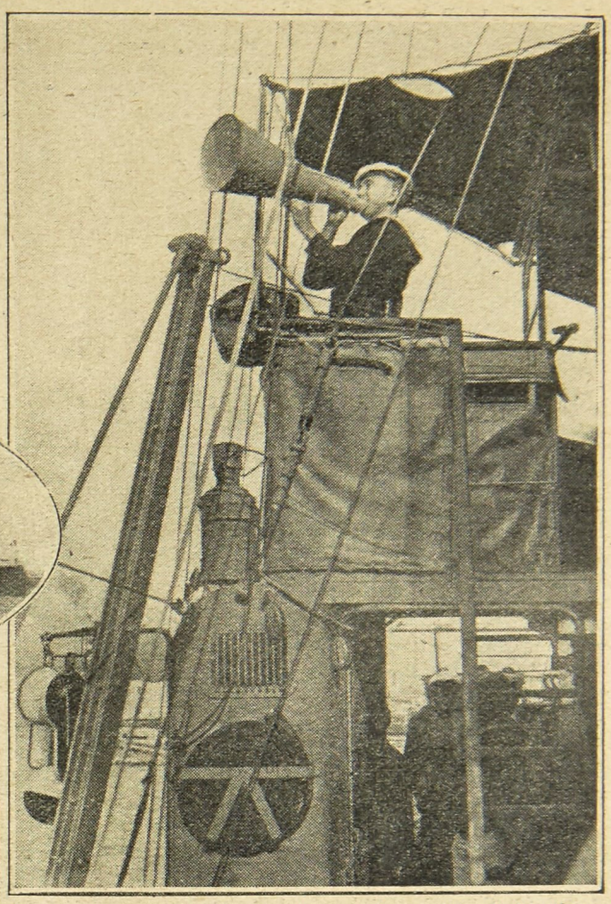
The Fighting Navy of a Nation of Soldiers

ONE shudders to think what would have been the position of the Allies but for the great work of Britain's "Watch-dogs of the Sea." The apparently passive part which has been cast for our Navy by "High Canal" Admiral von Tirpitz by hiding his own fleet is apt to be misinterpreted by our Allies and neutrals. There is no question that the British Navy has, to a great extent, saved the coasts of France, though in the prominence given to the Grand Fleet, that of our French ally is apt to remain somewhat in the background. The photographs published on this page will therefore be interesting as showing various types of French cruisers and battleships.

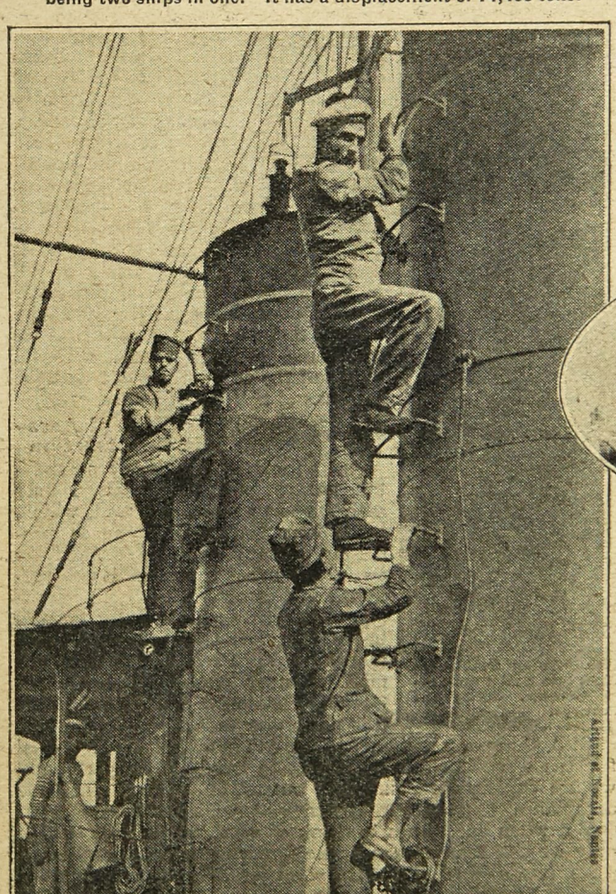
In the Dardanelles the French Navy has done much useful work, and has, as well as ourselves, paid its toll of disaster in its various losses.



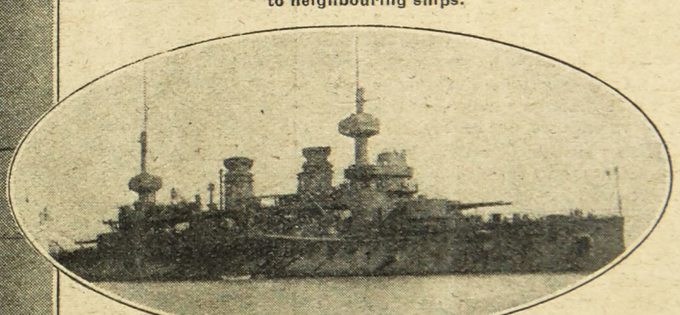
Armoured cruiser Waldeck Rousseau, which has the appearance of being two ships in one. It has a displacement of 14,400 tons.



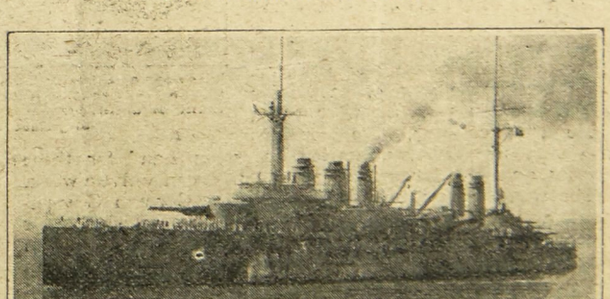
Look-out man on board a French man-of-war giving instructions to neighbouring ships.



Handymen going up aloft. Sailors about to clean the funnels of a French torpedo-boat.



The Charlemagne, an old battleship, built in 1895. Her largest guns are four 12 in. weapons.



The Voltaire, a recent battleship of the Danton class, of which there are six ships. She has a normal displacement of 18,400 tons.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

MR. ARTHUR LYNCH'S awkward question to Mr. Tennant in the House of Commons last week draws attention again to the question of the big fighting aeroplanes which have been discussed at intervals since a German official announcement recorded the presence over the eastern fighting-line of the smaller type of Sikorski biplanes.

Mr. Tennant admitted that German machines driven by more than one engine had appeared in the western war area, but he was unable to say whether they carried guns bigger than the ordinary machine-guns, and he refused to say whether we, in this country, have had any multiple-engine aeroplanes flying either before or since the outbreak of war.

It will be remembered that Mr. Tennant stated in the House of Commons some time ago that we have certain big aeroplanes in course of construction, which seems to be a tacit admission that none of our multiple-engine machines have actually flown on active service, and if they had done so the Germans would have seen them, so there seems little object in refusing "in the public interest" to disclose whether we have used them or not.

Fast and Heavily-Armed Craft

My own information, chiefly from French sources, is that quite a number of new German multiple-engine biplanes have recently appeared, and that they seem to carry something fairly heavy in the way of armament, the general opinion being that the gun they use is somewhat bigger than the old familiar 1-pounder pom-pom, and that it fires a self-bursting shell like a shrapnel.

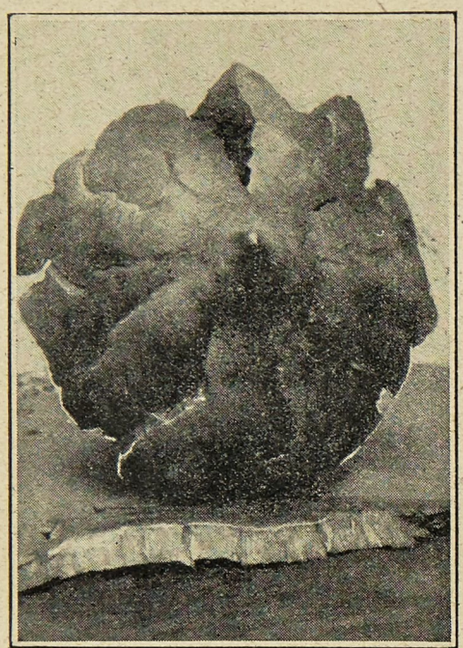
It is also stated that the newest German machines, whether with one or more engines, are extremely fast.

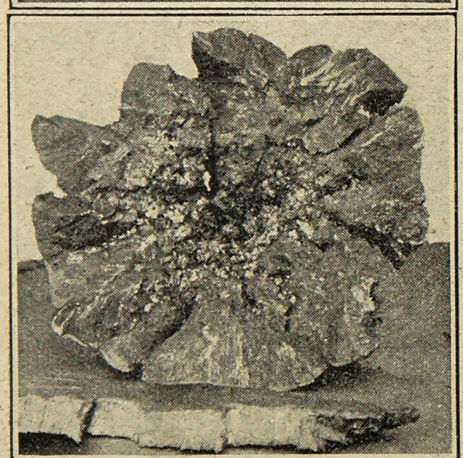
Hitherto the Germans have used practically one type of engine only, a six-cylinder vertical engine, which looks almost exactly like an ordinary motor-car engine, and is made by the Canstatt-Daimler Company, the makers of the famous Mercédés cars which have always been one of the two or three best cars in the world. This engine gives 100 horse-power, against the 80 horse-power used in the majority of French and British aeroplanes, and it is regarded by motor engineers as being one of the most beautiful pieces of work produced in any country. Long before the war, when hardly any aero-engines at all were being made in this country, the Mercédés firm had practically unlimited orders in hand for these engines, and were turning out as many as twenty-five a week.

The whole output was booked by the German Government, and although two German aeroplanes with an older type of Mercédés engine were sold to this country early in 1914, the newer type was unobtainable even by Italian aeroplane manufacturers at a time when Italy was supposed to be a member of the Triple Alliance.

Two other German firms, the Argus and the Benz, both of whom made excellent engines of very similar type and of the same horse-power, were also kept fully employed by the German Government, so that the combined output of the three firms was fully fifty engines a week, and that at a period when the British output was about two aero-engines a month.

It is therefore fairly easy to see why Germany has always had plenty of aeroplanes, when one realises that an engine takes about twice as long to make as an aeroplane does. Also, one sees why Germany could afford to put two engines into one aeroplane while, as Mr. Tennant explained in the House, our people were discussing "the preliminary question of design."





The nose of a faulty German 8·2 shell that burst within five yards of a British gun and a detachment of artillerymen, but without doing the slightest damage.

The latest information I have is that the newest Mercédés engines are of 150 horse-power instead of 100. Whether this information, which comes from a man who generally knows what he is talking about, has arrived from Germany via a neutral country, or whether such an engine has been captured after being brought down behind our lines, I am not sure, but just before the war I heard rumours that the Mercédés people had something bigger than the 100 horse-power engine coming out shortly, and apparently it has arrived. This makes the task before our aeroplane constructors and our aeroplane pilots all the more difficult.

In Sir John French's recent despatch he mentions the indebtedness of the Royal Flying Corps to our chivalrous allies, the French, for help in procuring material. It is, of course, quite an open secret that we have had to depend on France for practically all our aeroplane engines ever since the beginning of the war until quite recently. It is not that we, who are supposed to be the greatest manufacturers in the world of all kinds of metal products, especially iron and steel, cannot make the engines ourselves, but simply that we could not get the special material to stand the work when cut as light as it has to be for aeroplanes.

Difficulties of Aeroplane Construction

As an example of the cosmopolitan nature of special steels, I may mention one particular brand, which, for a long time, was alone in possessing certain qualities desired by engine manufacturers. This was produced in Germany from Swedish iron ore. It was then specially treated in Belgium, and the whole supply was marketed in Paris by an Englishman. Under these circumstances Germany has now the control of all this particular metal.

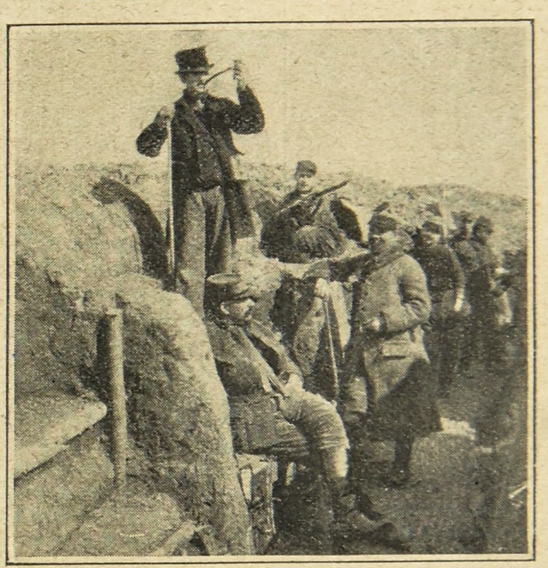
Still, things are improving; we can now get the material for the work. We are learning to handle it properly, and we are rapidly increasing our output of both engines and aeroplanes.

But when one comes to think of what might have been if only we had realised the prime importance of aircraft of all sorts, and compared it with what actually is, it makes one wonder whether everybody in authority is really the right man in the right place.

At any rate, we are permitted to hope it is so.

"Comic Relief" in the Tragic Drama of War

At a recent Grand Fleet concert Sir John Jellicoe is reported to have "brought the house down" with a rendering of "Sister Susie." This photograph shows the variety entertainers of H.M.S. Iron Duke, Sir John's flagship. On the left: Members of the R.F.A. in France amuse their comrades with a "ventriloquial" turn.



Mysterious "potentate" and suite make their appearance on a British patrol ship. Their disguise is distinctly impressive if somewhat amateurish. Right: A turn for the benefit of the Boches. French soldier actor shows his courage by standing on the parapet and looking towards the Germans.

Another group of cheery R.F.A. "comedians" "Perhaps this photograph will help to get a few more for Kitchener," says our soldier correspondent.

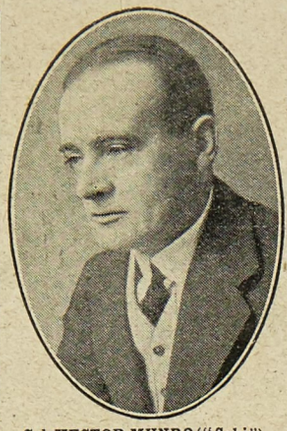
Fearsome "village band" attached to one of the Lancashire regiments. The weird instruments collected by these bonny buccaneers have a most awe-inspiring effect. Thus our soldiers are fortunately able to make merry.

Some Authors who have exchanged Pen for Sword

Capt. A. E. W. MASON, Manchester Regt., the novelist and dramatist, author of "The Witness for the Defence," "The Turnstile," Running Water," "The Truants," etc.

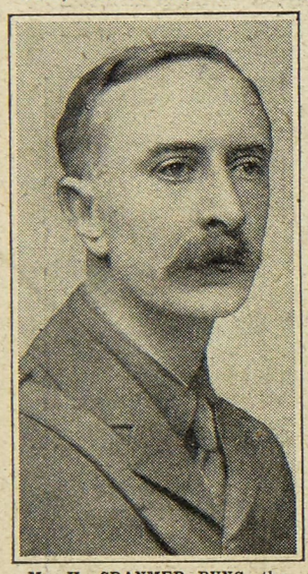
Lieut. W. B. MAXWELL, Royal Fusiliers, author of "The Ragged Messenger," "The Guarded Flame," "In Cotton-Wool," "The Devil's Garden," and other novels.

Capt. HORACE WYNDHAM, whose novels mainly deal with the Army and the Stage; amongst them are "The Queen's Service," "The Call of the Drum," "Limelight."

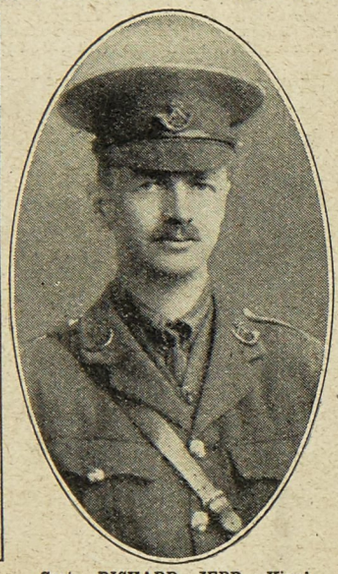


Cpl. HECTOR MUNRO ("Saki"), author of "The Chronicles of Clovis," "The Unbearable Bassington," "Beasts and Super-Beasts," and many amusing social satires.

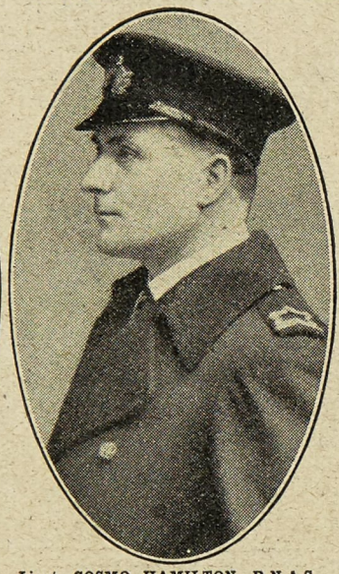
Lieut. STEPHEN GWYNN, B.A., M.P., Connaught Rangers, famous author and journalist, who has written over twenty books, including novels, essays, and verse.



Mr. H. CRANMER BYNG, the well-known writer and lecturer on Eastern literature, and the author of "Chinese Poetry."

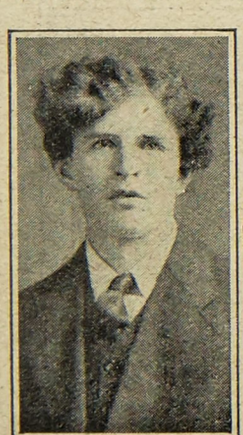


Capt. RICHARD JEBB, King's Shropshire L.I., author of "Studies in Colonial Nationalism," "Twelve Months of Imperial Evolution," "The Britannic Question."



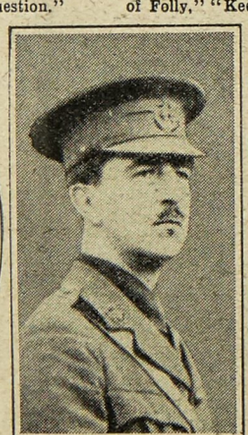
Lieut. COSMO HAMILTON, R.N.A.S., the well-known playwright and novelist, author of "The Blindness of Virtue," "Mrs. Skeffington," "The Wisdom of Folly," "Keepers of the House," etc.

Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD, the poet and novelist, is with the Red Cross. Two of his best-known works are "The Everlasting Mercy," "The Widow in the Bye Street."

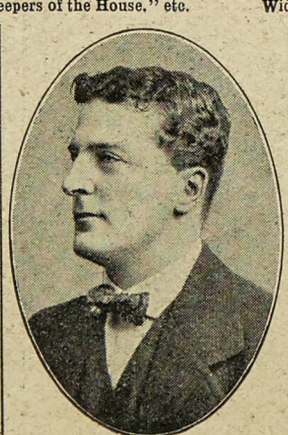


Pte. PATRICK MACGILL, London Irish, famous as the "Navvy Poet," who wrote "Songs of the Dead End."

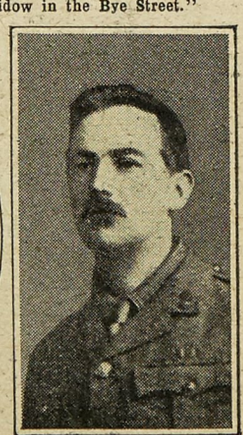
Pte. OLIVER ONIONS, the well-known author of "The Compleat Bachelor," "Good Boy Seldom," "Widdershins," and other novels.



Capt. DESMOND COKE, 10th Loyal N. Lancs. Regt., the author of "The Bending of a Twig," "The Pedestal."



Lieut. D. CLAYTON CALTHROP, R.N.V.R., the author, who has written and illustrated many picturesque works.



LORD DUNSANY, R. Innis. Fus., author of "The Gods of Pegana," and other poems and romantic plays.

Portraits by Lafayette, Hoppé, Elliott & Fry, Russell. Those of Lord Dunsany and Patrick MacGill are reproduced by courtesy of Elkins Mathews and the Year Book Press, Museum Street, W.C.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Lafayette

GENERAL SIR BRUCE M. HAMILTON, K.C.B.
Commanding the Sixth Army

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE

1915 1925

DURING the time of the Boer War many people regularly took in "With the Flag to Pretoria." The majority had their copies of that intensely interesting and most useful publication bound. To-day, in 1915, they are using their bound volumes more than ever. Nearly every day one sees points raised in the papers in connection with that war. Fortunate indeed is the man who can take his bound volume down from the bookshelf, and study in detail any points he may wish to compare with present-day happenings in the war which is now being waged within less than 200 miles of our homes.

Every week we are reading, and studying with interest, the various phases of this gigantic struggle which is being so cleverly, succinctly, and clearly portrayed by pen, brush, and camera in our copies of "The War Illustrated." All the details of the wonderful retreat from Mons, the glorious stands at the Battles of Ypres, the terrific onslaught against clouds of poisonous gas, and torrents of shells and bullets at Festubert, and the almost superhuman task of effecting a landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula are vivid in our minds to-day. But how much of them shall we remember in, say, ten years time? Let us take a peep into the future for a few moments.

THIS war, the greatest in the history of the world, is going to occupy our attention for years to come. Our children will always be asking us questions about it, and what will they think of us if we are unable to answer them? "I say, Daddy, who was Lieutenant Warneford?" is a likely sort of question which is sure to be asked by thousands of children in a few years' time. It would seem, therefore, that the easiest way of answering this question, and similar ones, would be to take down a bound volume of "The War Illustrated" and read them the thrilling account of that hero's wonderful achievement as told in the pages of this paper.

To-day we all have loose parts of Volume 2 of "The War Illustrated" lying about at home. In a fortnight's time this volume will be complete. What will it be in ten years' time? That rests with each one of us. Those of us who are wise have already ordered the strong and handsome binding cases which the publishers supply at only 1/6 each, so that our first 25 parts, which went to make up Volume 1, are already neatly bound and have made a handsome addition to our bookcases. Their chief attraction, however, is the most valuable reference they afford when bound—each volume is complete, and there are no lost, torn, or dirtied parts.

This part is No. 50, is it not? Well, then, as part 52 completes Volume 2—there being 26 parts to each volume—you should order your binding case to-day, so as to make sure of having one directly your parts are ready to be bound. For, after all, your memory may fail you in 1925, but a bound volume will never fail you, be it in 1925 or 1955. You know very well that loose parts very soon get lost or spoiled. So order your binding case, or cases, to-day for "The War Illustrated," and make a treasured possession of it for you and yours for the years to come.

THE publishers' registered binding cases for Volume 1—parts 1 to 25—are still on sale. The price is only 1/6 (post free from the Publishers, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. for 1/10). The newsagent who supplies your weekly copy can also supply the publishers' binding case and arrange for the binding. A beautiful coloured plate of Admiral Jellicoe for use as a frontispiece is presented free. It is not too early to order binding cases now for Volume 2—parts 27 to 52—which will be complete in a fortnight. An exclusive coloured plate of General French, from a painting by his son, will be presented free for use as a frontispiece in Volume 2.

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The War Illustrated, 7th August, 1915.

Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

'What I think of the Turk,' by Sir W. M. Ramsay

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly

Vol. 2

History repeats itself in the Great War! The steel caps, breastplates, body shields, and leg guards now used by bomb-throwers take us back at least to the days of the Civil War in the matter of armour.

No. 51

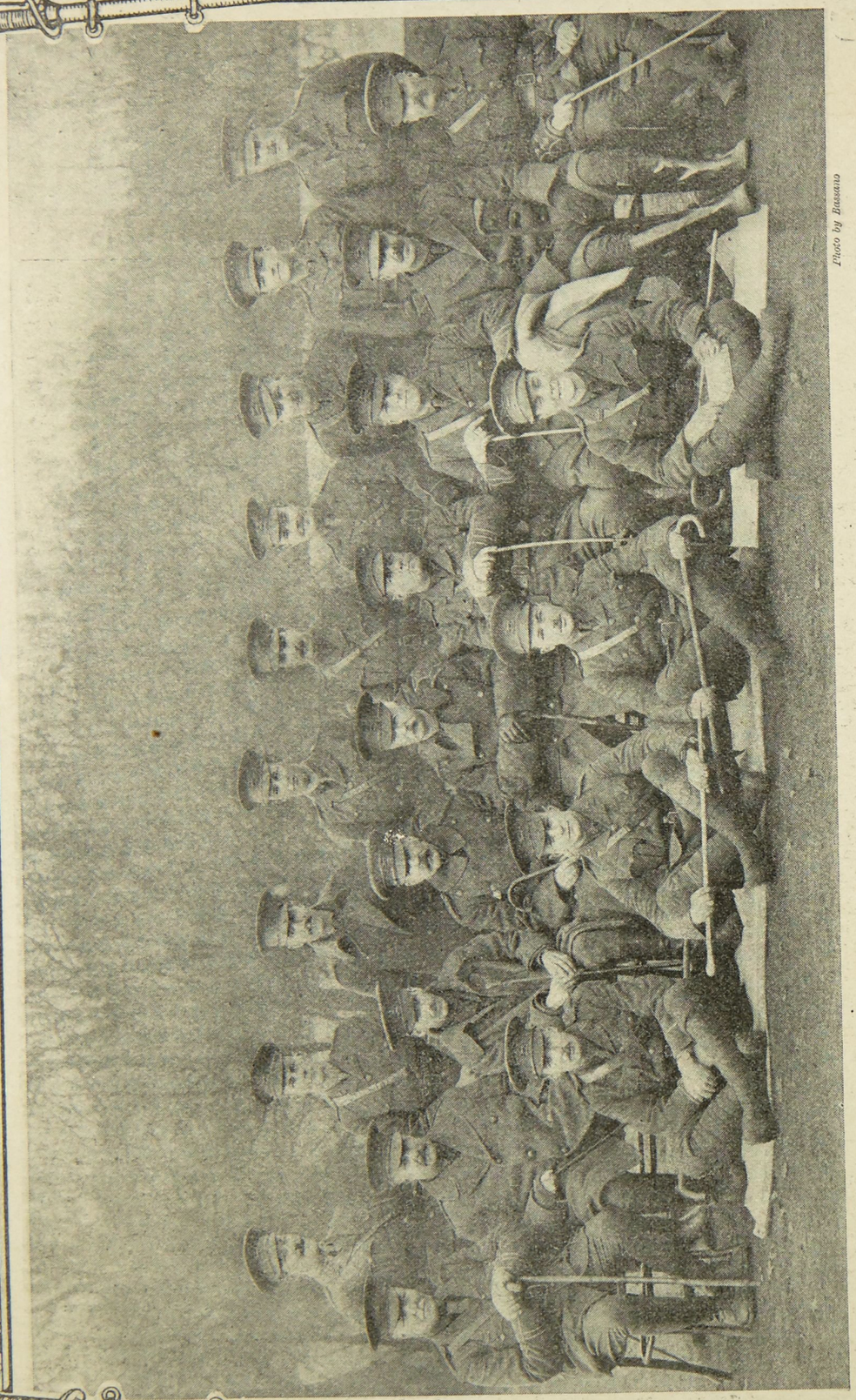


Photo by Bassano

OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—NO. VIII.

8th LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.—Back row (left to right): Lieut. Beardsley, Lieut. Downes, Capt. Ironside, Lieut. Warner, Lieut. Hadley, Sec.–Lieut. Ward, Lieut. Haines, Lieut. Baldwin. Middle row: Capt. Capper, Capt. Jaques, Capt. Morris, Major Knowles, Colonel Shepherd, Major Manley, Major W. J. P. Benson, Capt. Bellville, Capt. Griffen. Front row: Lieut. White, Sec.–Lieut. Abbott, Lieut. Elliott, Capt. Clark.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 51. Vol. 2
7th August, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

NOT TOO OLD TO RESIST THE HUNS.—The Germans are in occupation of nearly the whole of Belgian territory, but there is not the slightest spiritual recognition of this alien yoke on the part of the inhabitants. This photograph illustrates a touching incident which occurs regularly at a certain village in the war zone. The old, enfeebled peasant, although his house is razed to the ground by shells, refuses to leave for ever the scene where he has passed the greater part of his life, the spot dear to him with associations of a lifetime. He returns daily, only to be warned off by German soldiery.

What I Think of the Turk

By SIR WILLIAM M. RAMSAY

Author of "Impressions of Turkey," etc.

Sir William Mitchell Ramsay, the celebrated Oriental scholar, probably knows more about the Turk at home than any other British writer. His famous archæological work in Asia Minor, carried on for many years, afforded him unrivalled opportunities for studying the Turkish people, and several of his books are entirely devoted to Turkish life. He also wrote in 1909 an important work on "The Revolution in Constantinople and Turkey." So many false impressions abound as to the real character of the Turk, so little is clearly understood by the general public as to the different races of the crumbling Ottoman Empire, that we have asked Sir William to put his knowledge of this subject at the disposal of the readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *and the result is the very interesting and informative article printed below.*

ONE must always distinguish between the simple, natural, uneducated Turk and the Turk who has been subjected to the process called (and in his case miscalled) education. Educated Turks, in the real sense, I have not met; because when I find a Turk who is educated, I also find that he has the minimum of Turkish blood in him. A member of the Turkish Parliament, who had education, knowledge, ideals, and a library, and who had suffered much under the reign of Abdul Hamid, said to me, "What is Osmanli? I call myself an Osmanli, but my father was an Albanian and my mother was a Circassian." He had not a drop of Turk—i.e., Osmanli—blood in his veins.

The very word "Turk" is colloquially used to express a certain degree of contempt. "Turk-head" is a term of opprobrium, meaning "stupid fellow"; it does not express violent dislike or antagonism, but a sort of good-humoured blame for well-meaning stupidity. "Osmanli" is a term of respect, but it is not strictly racial; it indicates strictly the people of Osman, the great Turkish leader of the early fourteenth century, who raised his own tribe of Turks to be predominant among all the Turkish peoples of Asia Minor. In talking to a stranger, one who is polite does not ask if he is a Turk; one asks if he is Osmanli; later, when it is clear that the term is used about blood and race, one may ask if he is Turk.

European Education and Bad Morals

Pure Circassians, living for two generations in Asia Minor, however, would rarely accept the designation Osmanli, but proudly claim to be Circassian, unless they have been born and bred in the official class. All alike talk of "Turk" with the same innuendo; it carries the same connotation that "Handy Andy" does to readers of Lover's novel.

This explanation gives some idea of the meaning of the name Turk, and it suggests why the pure Turk is almost incapable of taking on education.

He learns little except the faults that go with European education; he becomes treacherous, scheming, and plausible. He is always polite in his manners, and bad education turns his politeness into plausible falsehood and deceit. Still, I must confess that, if I am to be cheated, I prefer to be cheated politely; and I have often experienced a certain pleasure in talking to Turkish officials, whom I knew to be merely plausible liars, who spoke with superficial courtesy while they were longing to get rid of me as quickly as possible.

A military attaché at one of the Embassies in Constantinople said to me, when the telephone was recently introduced to connect the various Government offices, that the new device greatly increased the difficulties that he had to encounter. The head of one office would refer him to another and send him to it armed with the strongest and most cordial letter of recommendation, and when he arrived at the other office in the shortest time possible he found that the chief to whom he was commended had evidently been instructed by telephone to pay no attention to the letter.

In the olden time the same result was obtained by other means, through the use of secret marks or special forms; but these could be learned by the experienced European and guarded against. The telephone is easier and more effective.

It is from the mis-educated Turks of the official class in Constantinople and the Turkish Embassies abroad that the old proverb "false as a Turk" arose.

The proverb is as true as any proverb ever was. Many Turks have been educated in France, chiefly in Paris; and their character accounts for the proverb. They have left there a bad impression on the lecturers and professors with whom they came in contact; they are described as lazy, idle, and conceited. When the "Young Turk" régime began in 1908, I was among those who entertained high hopes of the movement, for there were in it some whose ideals were pure and noble, and more who were capable of being kept on a good level of conduct and aspiration.

England's Contempt—Germany's Opportunity

But they were not well handled by most of our people, and they were thrown by our neglect and contempt over to the side of the Germans, although the first unanimous feeling among all classes was that England was their friend, as it had consistently opposed Abdul Hamid. We would have Kiamil Pasha, or nobody; and when Kiamil Pasha fell from power, we left the "Young Turks"—i.e., the extremists of the new party—to stew in their own juice, which meant leaving them to the Germans.

Most of the young officers had been trained by Germans, or even in Germany; and thus the power in Turkey was lodged more and more in the hands of the military party, until Enver, one of the two heroes of the first rising, became a mere tool in German hands. My disillusionment with the "Young Turks" began with their conceit and ignorance; they were completely unaware of what had to be done to reform Turkey, or to place "it on a level with any ordinary European State in equipment and material power." (I am not referring to moral character, which has been almost as low in Europe generally as in Constantinople).

They were always talking of Japan and its startlingly rapid increase in power. Turkey would do like Japan. They forgot, or rather had never known, about the patient toil, the long, laborious training by which Japan became master of so much knowledge and power.

Turkish Character—Official and Unofficial

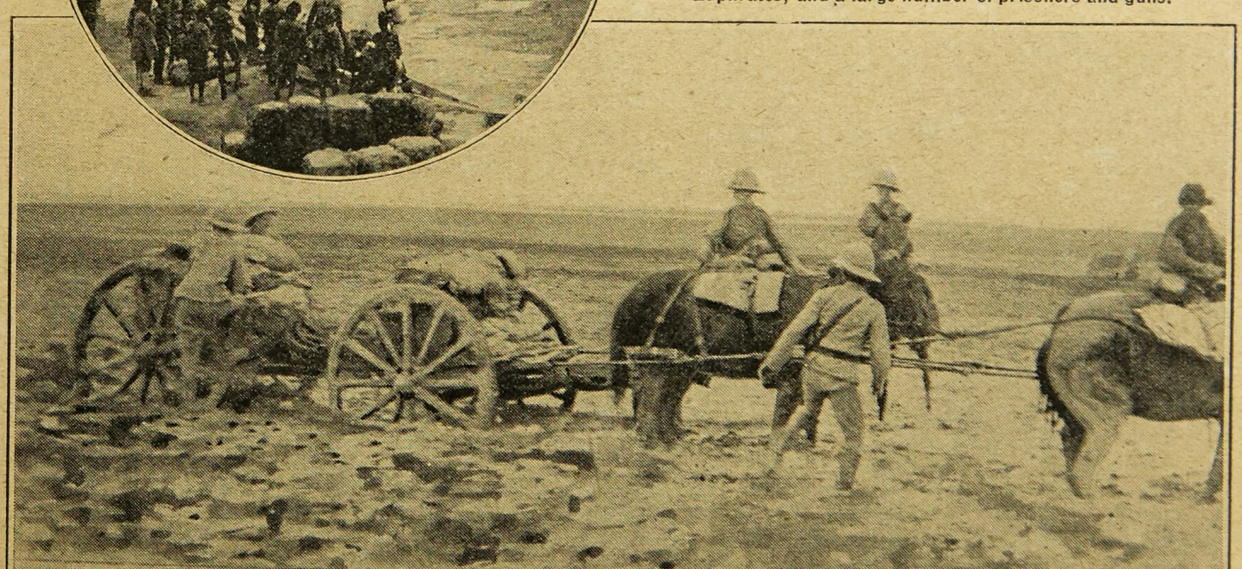
Everyone knows the character of the official Turks; but most people, and especially the mere tourist, who has spent a few months or years in Turkey, contrast the honesty of the uneducated peasant with the falseness of the official class. The peasants—i.e., the vast mass of the rustic population—have many good qualities, and are, as a whole, pleasant to deal with and to remember. They are simple in mind and straight in action towards Europeans.

A large proportion of them can be trusted with the charge of large sums of money or stocks of merchandise for conveyance from place to place. Yet, strange to say, they are not honest to one another. I have known quite extraordinary instances of the way in which men, who dealt with us quite honestly, cheated and lied to each other in their trading relations. That is the effects of the Turkish system.

[*Continued on page 572.*

Britain's Victory by the Flooded Euphrates

A British infantry camp flooded near Basra, at the Persian Gulf. Although the operations of our troops have been considerably handicapped by the heavy floods that have inundated miles of country, they captured on July 24th important enemy positions on the Euphrates, and a large number of prisoners and guns.



British gun that had sunk in the thick mud at Basra. Our men have had to march through miles of water, often reaching to their knees. Inset: Picturesque scene showing wounded soldiers being conveyed over the floods near Basra in small Arab boats.

WHAT I THINK OF THE TURK

(Continued from page 570.)

Every peasant cheats his neighbour if he can, and knows that his neighbours expect him to cheat them, and they will cheat him when they can. From top to bottom the whole system of a centralised bureaucracy is one of bribery and corruption. A wealthy and aged Turk of the old territorial aristocracy—one of the two or three old families which to my knowledge still survive—a man of sincere piety, who fasted many months every year and prayed continually, could hardly contain himself when he spoke of the Turkish system: "We are all thieves," he said, "we are trained to steal, from the Sultan downwards.

"If the Sultan came into this tent he would look out for something to slip under his coat and carry away with him. Then he would turn to our Turkish workmen and say, 'You call these English infidels (Giaour), it is we who are the infidels, and they who are the honest people.'"

It is the system that is wrong; the system makes it impossible for the poor man to be honest; he can live only by cheating and deceit. So the people feel and say; and so the traveller who lives and works for many years among them learns.

Yet one has the deep-rooted feeling that the people are fundamentally good, if goodness had a chance to live and flourish; but when the alternative is apparently "cheat or die," they prefer not to die. They accept the inevitable in this as in all things.

Kismet! The Password of the Turks

A striking quality of the Turks is their patience under misgovernment. Whatever the government is they accept it quietly. Such in the will of God. Whatever be the evils they are called on to endure, they submit patiently. There is a certain dignity in their attitude. They do not rebel.

But they have no affection for any government. If an abler and stronger despot overthrows and kills or imprisons the Sultan, they recognise the will of God again, and accept the new master with equal patience. The "Young Turk" revolution of 1908 and 1909 was not an uprising of the Turks. It was made by the Albanian part of the Empire, and the Jews of Salonica pulled the strings. The "Young Turk" government was popularly called in Constantinople the government of the Jews. That revolution and the new government were made by a few persons, and the real Turks accepted the result.

Those who lived in Constantinople were pleased at the change; but the Turks of Asia Minor were almost all "Old Turks," who disliked the new rule, so far as they had any personal feeling in the matter, but patiently submitted. The only sign of discontent, however, that I ever observed was that they usually declined to employ the official name of the new Sultan, Mehemet V.; they called him by his old personal name, Rehsad.

Recently it has been customary to praise the Turks as splendid soldiers. In the Crimean War they were laughed at, and showed themselves absolutely valueless. Three or four centuries ago the Turkish armies were the terror of Central Europe, but their strength lay in the Janissaries, who were mainly Christian children stolen in infancy and brought up as a trained regular army, at one time the only professional army in Europe.

The Ottoman's Hatred of the Hun

The Turkish forces began the battle and were usually defeated; but then the Janissaries destroyed the weary and disordered victors. The truth is that the Turks are brave and patient and able to work hard on little food, but they cannot produce officers, and hardly the superior non-commissioned officers.

They have not the skill and brains for those positions. But under European officers whom they love or fear they fight well. Even in the Crimean War they defended Kars very bravely; but they were led by General Williams. They dislike, and even hate, the Germans; but they fear them, and accept their domination as the will of God for the time being; but when the time comes, they will rejoice exceedingly to be freed from their masters. I have never known such hatred expressed openly for the Germans as in a small company of Turks who could trust one another and felt themselves free to speak their thoughts.

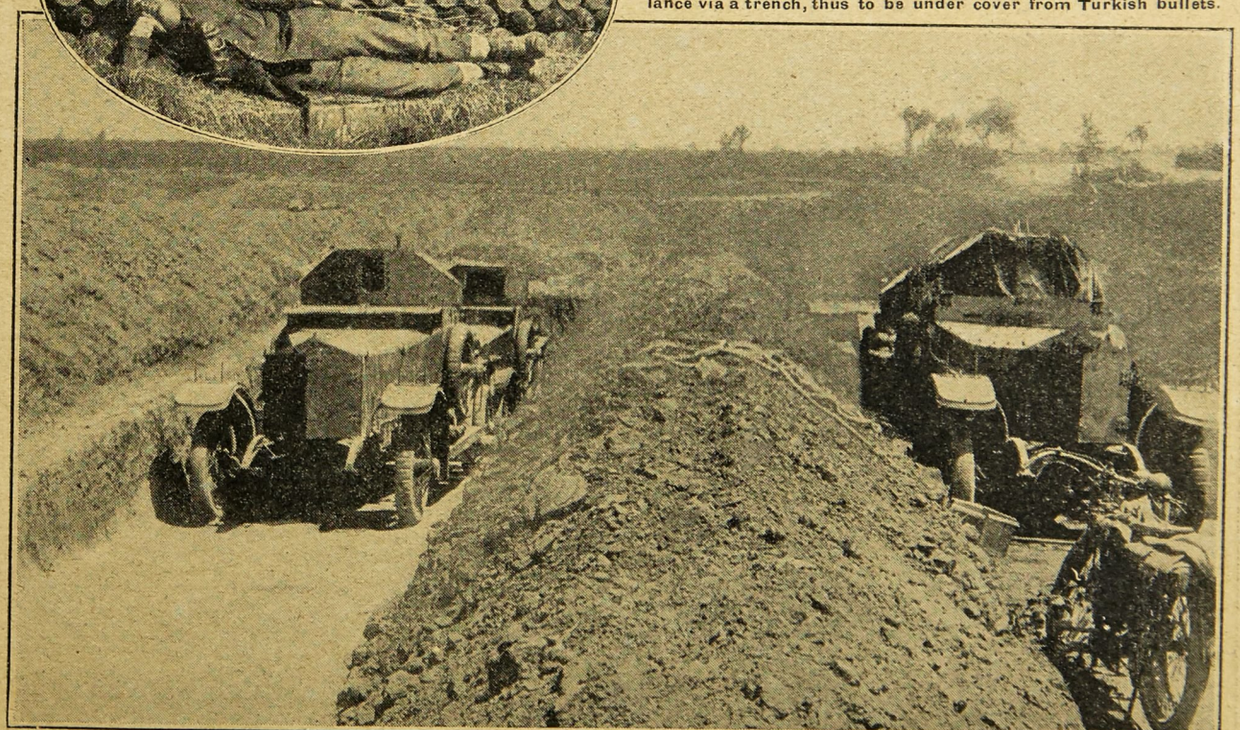
In the defence of Plevna, during the last Russo-Turkish War, the fame of the Turks as soldiers was rehabilitated; they were commanded by Osman Pasha, a Turk. But there should never have been a Siege of Plevna. The Turks ought to have defended it for a time, and then evacuated it. To sit there till they were surrounded was the sacrifice of a great and indispensable Turkish army.

But Osman gained from his error an enduring reputation and the title Ghazi, "Conqueror"; and the fame of Turkish soldiers was established.

General Joffre contemplating with satisfaction the result of a "nibbling" tactic in Alsace, being a large body of slovenly prisoner-Huns who are on their way to the rear of the French lines under guard. The apprehensive expression of these German captives regarding the great French Commander-in-Chief, who is doing so much to overthrow the power of their Fatherland, is interesting.

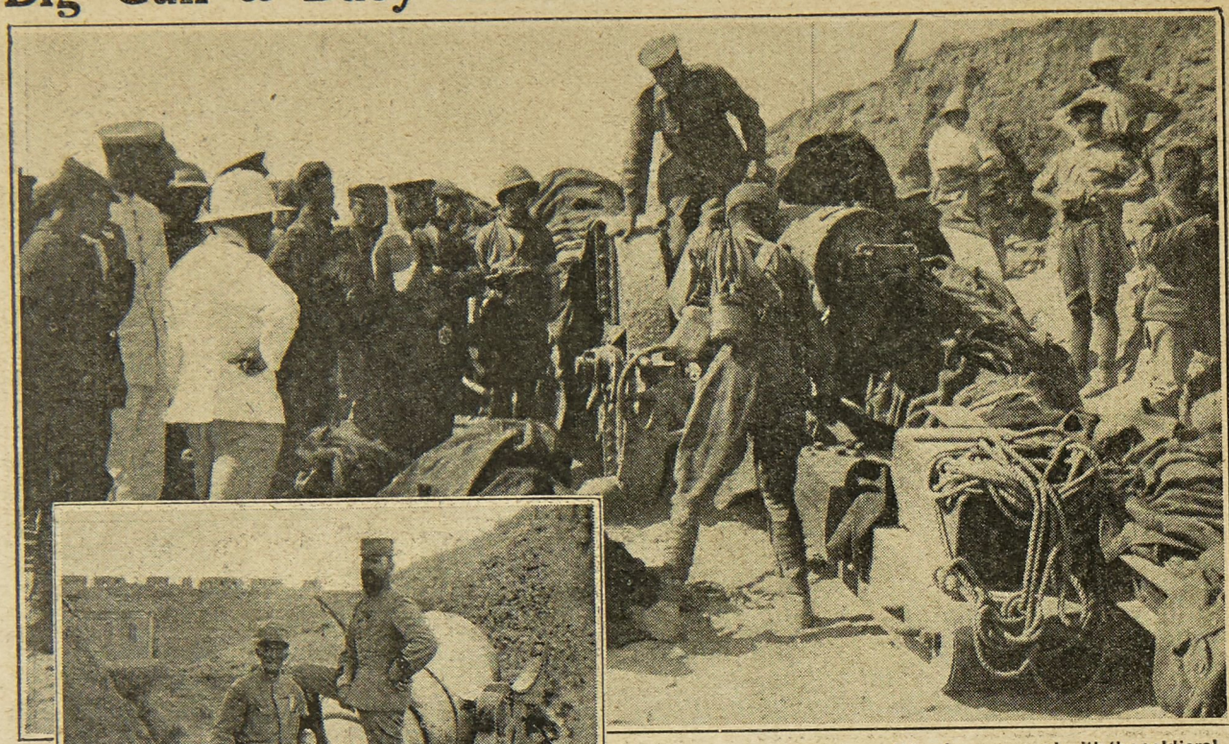
With the Official Photographer on Gallipoli

In the heat of battle the stretcher-bearers are ever on the spot to remove the wounded to safety. This photograph shows two R.A.M.C. men carrying a sorely-injured soldier to the ambulance via a trench, thus to be under cover from Turkish bullets.



Crude garage of the iron war-horse. This photograph shows how armoured cars are hidden from Turkish observation posts. The value of such weapons on Gallipoli, where there are no roads to speak of, must be rather questionable, though armoured cars have rendered great service to the Allies in France and Flanders. Inset: Another of those concrete beds. British soldier resorts to a distinctly hard pillow, though he has plenty of ammunition near by if the Turk awakes him.

Big Gun & Busy Ambulance at the Dardanelles

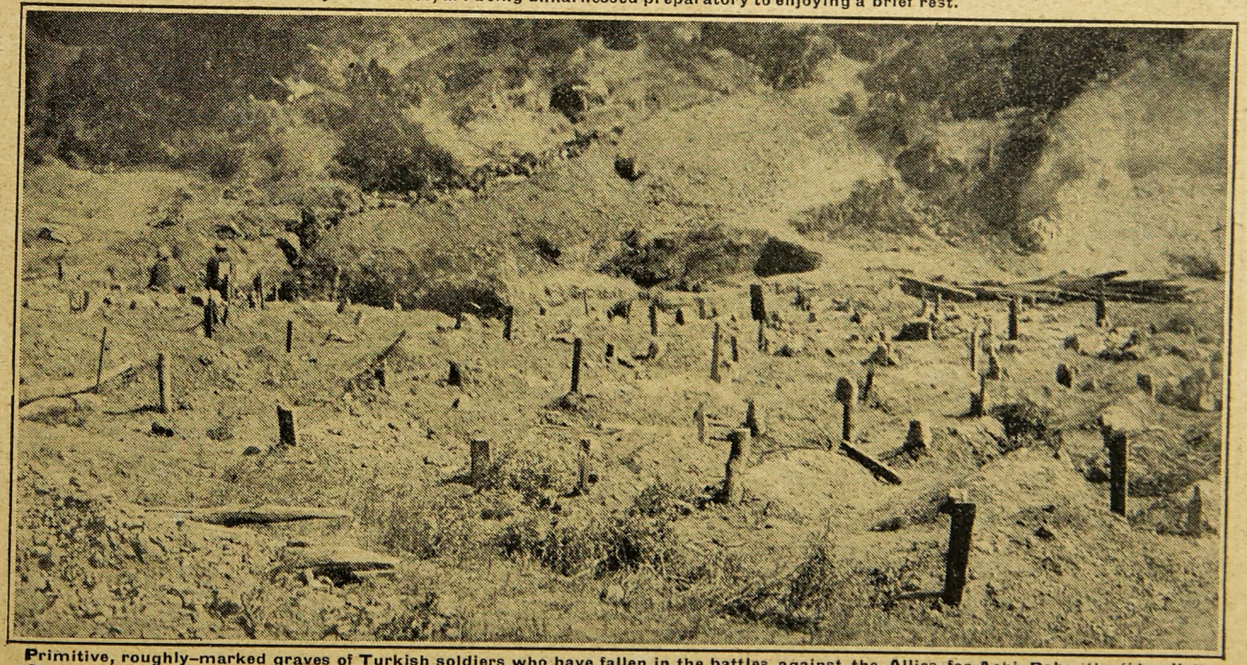


A naval gun at Cape Helles. It has been covered with the soldiers' overcoats in order to hide it from the Turks, who have the range of every inch of the Allies' position on Gallipoli. Admiral Nicholson, in whites and a pith helmet, is seen on the left.

One of the overworked R.A.M.C. waggons passing through a gully near the battlefield. The great number of our casualties at the Dardanelles came as a shock to many people. Inset: The hope of France at the Dardanelles. The two French Generals Gouraud (wounded subsequently to the taking of this photograph) and Bailloud at the fort of Seddul Bahr.

Horse Dug-outs · Turkish Soldiers' Cemetery

In the British horse-lines at Gallipoli. A rough sort of trench-like "dug-out" has been provided for the horses that, after many days of service, are being unharnessed preparatory to enjoying a brief rest.



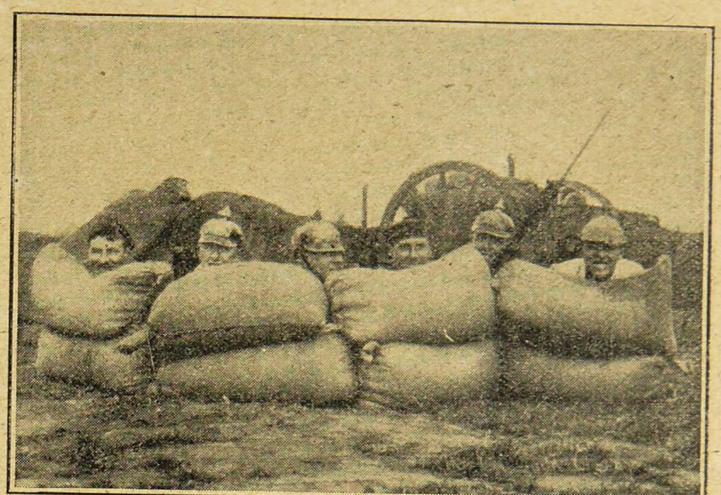
Primitive, roughly-marked graves of Turkish soldiers who have fallen in the battles against the Allies for Achi Baba, the "key" to Constantinople. This battlefield graveyard is outside Krithia, near Achi Baba. The Oriental fez adorns some of the crude stakes, a Turkish burial custom. (These are official photographs from the Dardanelles.)

Making Bandages and Bombs on the Battlefield

Surgical operations al fresco on Gallipoli. Wounded prisoner Turk receiving treatment by Lieut.-Col. H. G. Parker commanding the 1st S. T. East Lancs Field Ambulance. A British soldier who has injured his hand is also being attended.

A bomb factory at the Dardanelles. There is always plenty of work to do at the front, even when the enemy is shy. This photograph shows two British soldiers seated among a heap of jam-tins, fragments of shells, etc., which are being converted into bombs. They are actually cutting barbed-wire into small pieces, an effective "ingredient" of these unwelcome prize packets. Inset: The whole of the Allies' position on Gallipoli being within Turkish range, it is imperative to find places for Red Cross hospitals such as the one shown in this photograph, where they will not be so accessible to shell fire, accidental or intentional.

Some City Men's Summer Vacation, 1915



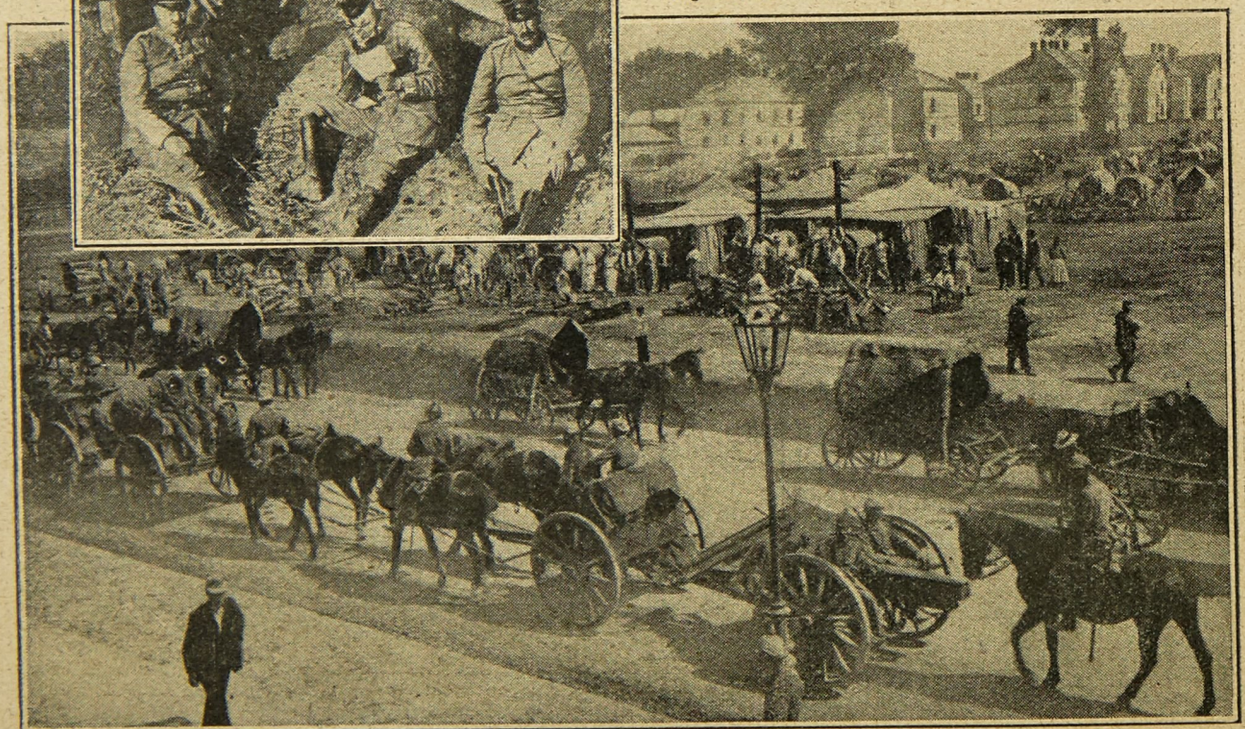
Men of the H.A.C., posing as Huns in captured German uniforms, imitating the enemy's invariable action during a bayonet charge. Right: Soldiers "playing at soldiers" at the front. H.A.C. humorists "disguised" as Germans.

Battalion of the H.A.C. marching back to the first-line trenches after a few days' rest behind the lines. Right: Men of Britain's oldest regiment at rest "after a week of careful killing," to quote a correspondent's phrase.

Member of the H.A.C. wearing his "respy"—their abbreviation for respirator. Above: The summer vacation of thousands of one-time City men. A special correspondent recently wrote: "I wonder how many friends of this famous regiment would have recognised the cropped, unshaven assemblage sitting on army blankets in a cow pasture."

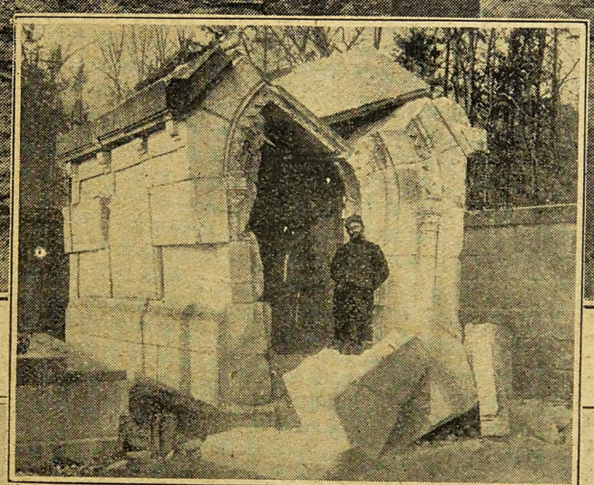
With Mackensen's Phalanx on the Eastern Front

Russian soldiers captured by the Germans in the neighbourhood of Lemberg with their machine-guns, which their captors compelled them to drag along. Inset: The Kaiser's second son, Prince Eitel Friedrich, speaking into a field telephone before his dug-out, behind the German first-line in the eastern area.



Animated scene of military activity at a village in Poland during the German advance on Warsaw. Guns and munitions in an endless stream are rumbling along the road, while on the village green a number of camp-kitchens are lined up.

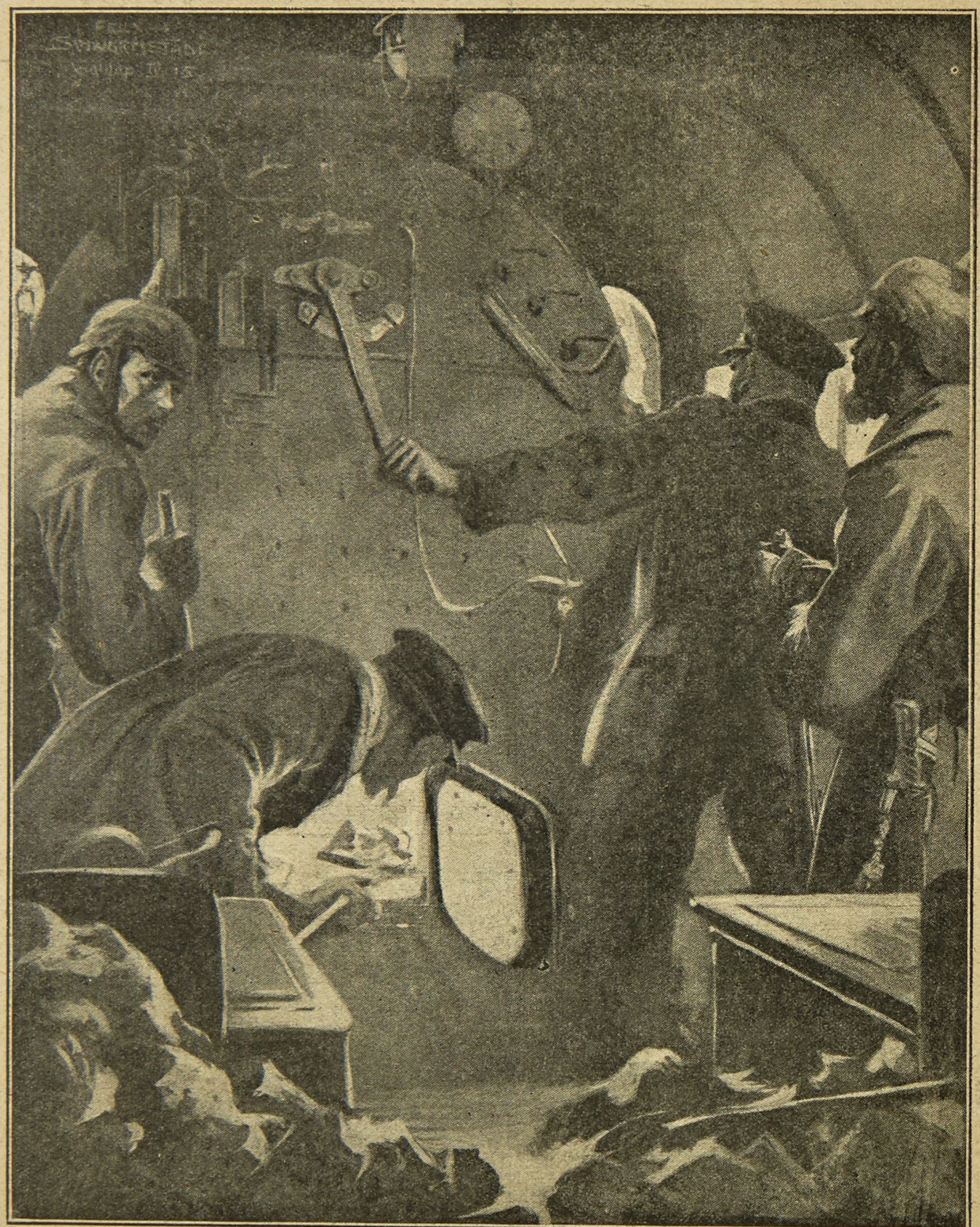
German Sacrilege & French Reverence of the Dead



That the Germans are devoid of human feelings, respect for the living, or reverence for the dead, has been proved time and again. This photograph shows a German barricade in a churchyard in Poland, where the tombstones have been requisitioned in the cause of "Kultur."

Contrast the first photograph with the one depicting a soldier's cemetery at Mareuil. Each grave is tended by kindly hands, and a "couronne immortelle," or wreath of artificial flowers, is seen on every side. Away in this pleasant solitude, far from the din of battle, sleep some of our ally's hero-dead, loved and mourned by the whole French nation as one. Inset: A mausoleum at St. Combarde, which has been shattered by an enemy shell.

"Full Speed Ahead into the Enemy Country!"



Of all the machines of war the armoured train is surely the most awe-inspiring. The aeroplane, the battleship, even the big gun do not quite stir the imagination so quickly as this giant freak of mechanism, rattling into enemy territory at high speed, wreaking as much havoc as possible in the shortest space of time, and in the event of a check, retiring along the same lines. This drawing from a German paper gives a vivid idea of the interior of the engine-cab on board a German armoured train working full speed ahead somewhere on the eastern front. The title is that which the German artist gave to his sketch.

"'Ware Gas!" Sounding the Alarm in the Trenches

Every precaution is taken at the front to guard against the fiendish poison-gas, for whenever the wind is in favour of the enemy this dastardly means of attack is invariably resorted to. Necessity is the mother of invention, and the British Tommy is seldom caught napping. Various devices for warning soldiers of the approach of the vapour terror are in vogue. The one illustrated in this drawing is a frequent method, showing a private hammering on a tin with the hilt of a bayonet. The alarm sounded, his comrades in the trench adjust their respirators, while those in the dug-out are being warned by word of mouth.

A Matter of Shells & Skittles on the French Front

A giant of the forest severed by a "75" shell. One half has fallen alongside a French sergeant's grave; the other, reduced to matchwood, still stands erect.

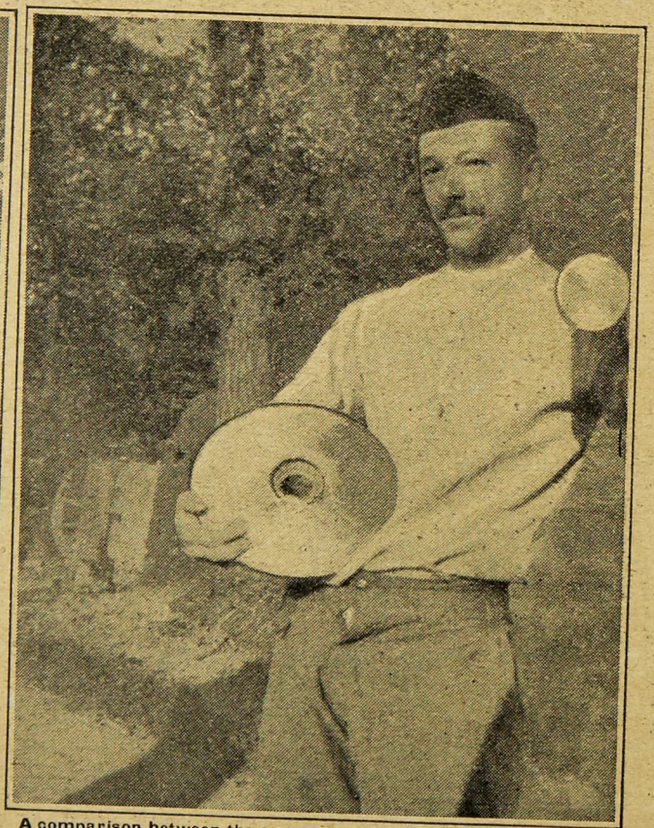
Further havoc wrought by the little melinite "75" projectile. Debris of a German ammunition waggon.

A LITTLE over a year ago there was a scandal in French political circles regarding faulty defences and ammunition, and the Germans, with their usual credulous avidity, took this for a sign of French decadence and general inability to stand up against the full weight of their "kolossal" war-machine to be launched against the French frontier in the course of a few days.

Whatever may have been the result of the alleged inefficiency, one thing is certain, and that is that the "75" gun of our strenuous and gallant ally is immeasurably superior to any German ordnance of a like character. That France had adequate supply of these weapons on the outbreak of war has been regarded as her salvation.

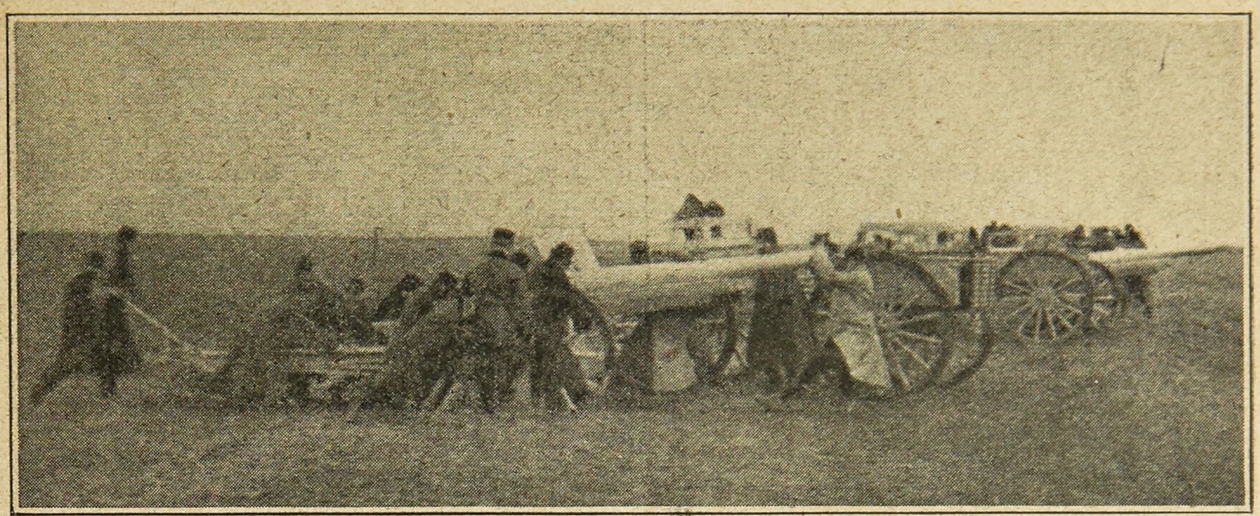
Two of the photographs on this page show various objects after being struck by the formidable 3 in. melinite shell, while the last one is exceptionally interesting as illustrating the exact proportion of one of these shells to the largest German projectile used in the Kaiser's service.

French soldiers playing a game of skittles composed of German cartridges. The ball is attached to a string, and the idea is to swing it through the two cartridges without knocking them over.

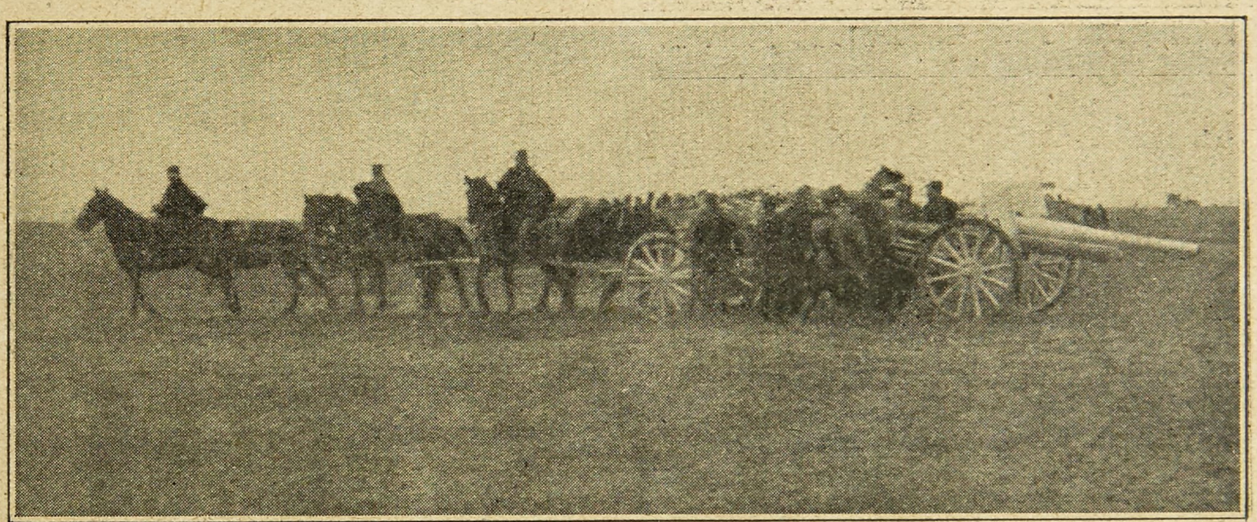


A comparison between the size of German and French projectiles. The gunner is holding in his right hand the gigantic end of a 320 mm. shell, and in his left is seen that of the well-known "75."

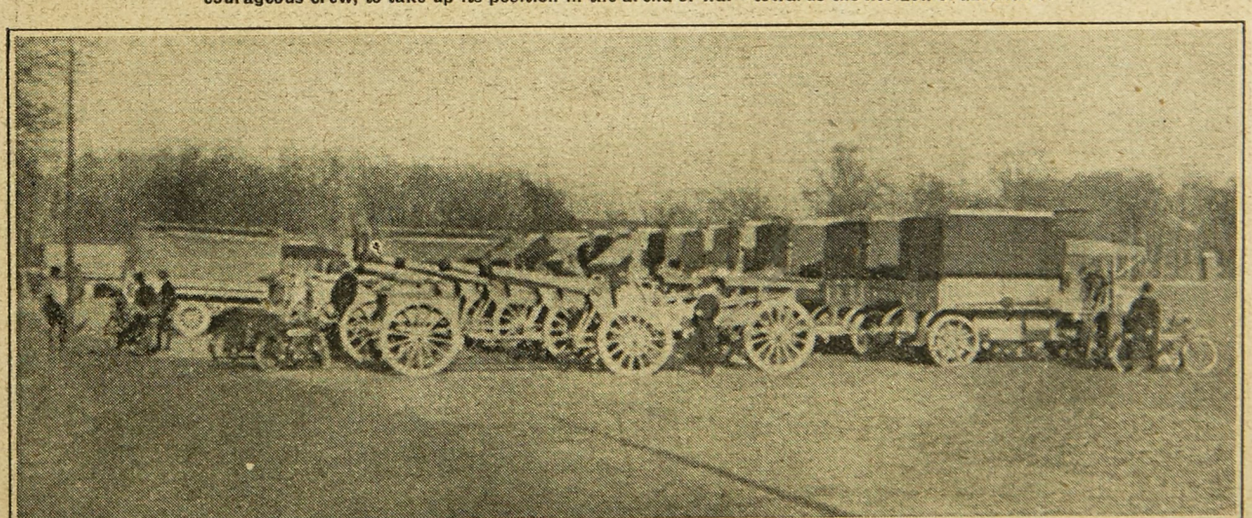
New Big Guns roll up for the Glory of France



Some of the new French "105" guns, a larger version of the famous "75," are here seen in the course of being placed on carriages ready for their journey to the front.

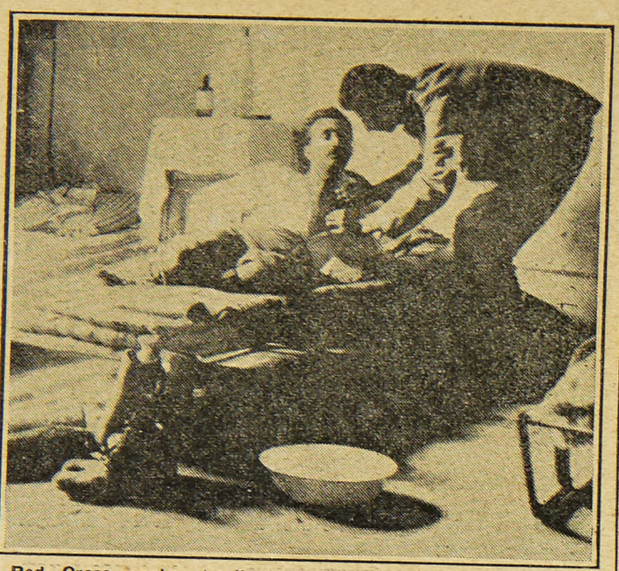


The next phase. The weapon mounted, a team of powerful horses is harnessed, a brief word of command, and away it goes with its courageous crew, to take up its position in the arena of war—towards the horizon of adventure.

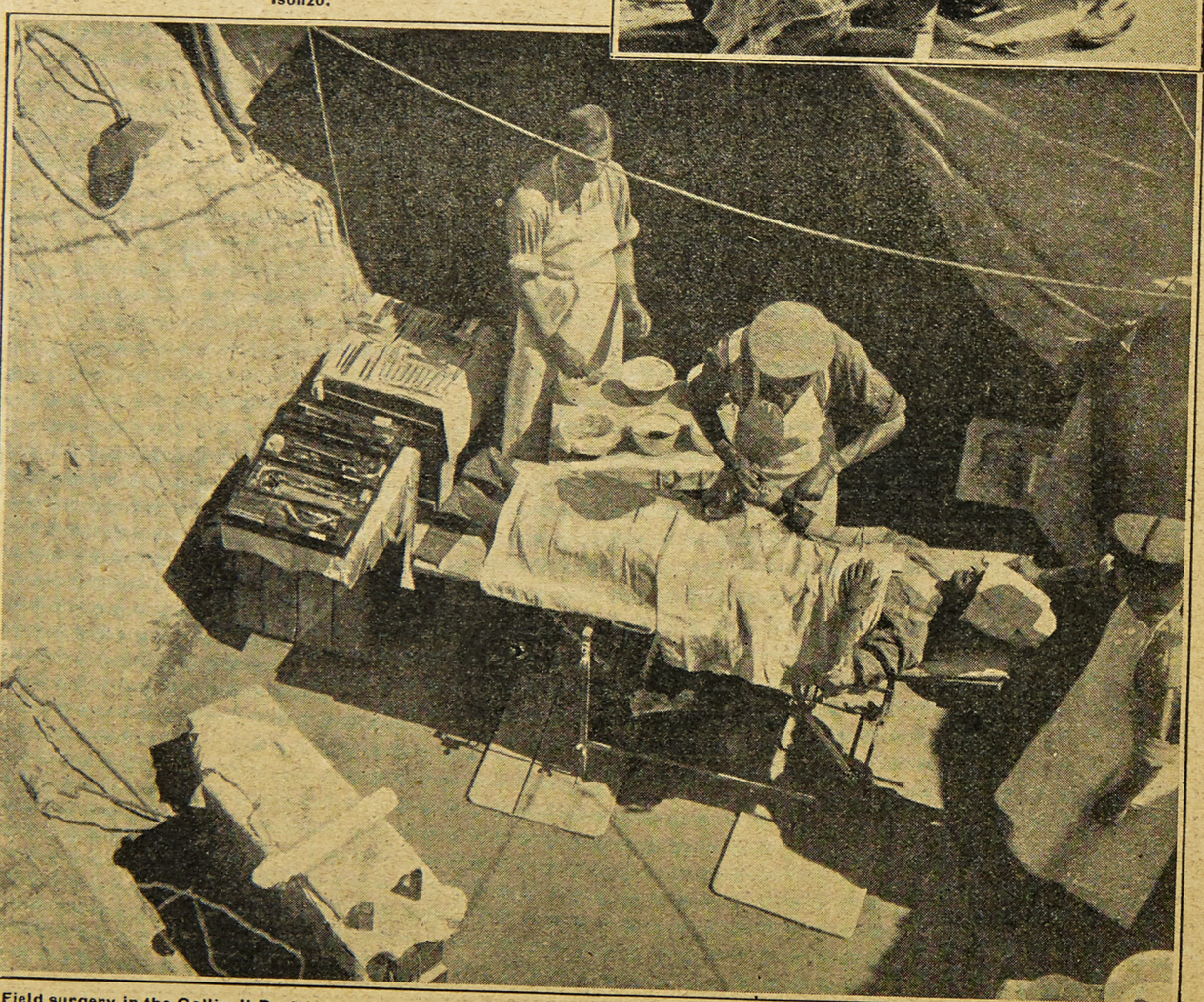


And there are more and still more to follow to replace the inevitable wastage, with that thrifty discrimination which is the character of France. Our allies make munitions with incredible rapidity and organisation, and keep them in readiness. (Exclusive photograph.)

Surgical Succour within Range of Shot and Shell



Red Cross worker tending a wounded Italian soldier at a temporary hospital in a farmhouse on the Austrian side of the Isonzo.



Field surgery in the Gallipoli Peninsula—a surgeon removing a bullet from a soldier's arm in a field-ambulance tent attached to the East Lancs Territorials. Inset: Wounded and "gassed" Belgian soldier receiving first-aid after an engagement.

Child Victims of the Kaiser's Lust for Power

The plight of Polish peasant-folk is as tragic as that of the people of Belgium. In this ill-fated buffer-land, between Slavdom and Teutonism, most frightful carnage and devastation are continual. This group of picturesque inhabitants, among whom the inevitable Polish Jew is conspicuous, have brought their infants for medical inspection by members of the German Red Cross.

At the expense of their beloved Queen Elizabeth these little boys and girls, from the neighbourhood of Ypres, are on the way to peaceful Switzerland, there to await the deliverance of Belgium. Inset circle: Unique specimen of a Hun who looks quite human with his French infant charge—or is this another attempt of the German news photographic bureau to convince the world of Teuton gentleness?

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

ARE we on the eve of a great advance in the west? Every week in which this advance is delayed adds to the difficulties of the international position. Russia is calling on us to help her by making a diversion on our front. From France there come complaints that some of the people there at least think we are not doing enough. Part of this uneasiness abroad is due to the deliberate secrecy which has enshrouded many of our most successful movements.

For close on six weeks we have had a pause in Flanders. One jocular Canadian soldier, just back from the front a few days ago, declared that those who wanted excitement along our lines got it now from baseball and football. "Plug Street," said he, "is a flower garden. The trenches are shady dells for hot days. The Germans and ourselves ought to have taken six weeks' vacation, and both of us had a rest." This is, of course, only very partly true. While there are no great movements, there is plenty of minor activity along the main points of the line, and the man who tried to take it easy around Hill 60, for instance, would not try for long. But there is a modicum of truth behind it. A pause such as this cannot last long.

Britain Must Do More

What is ahead? It is no secret that our armies, thwarted in their plans for a forward movement in May because of shortage of ammunition, have since been strengthening themselves along the Flanders front in every possible way. The great advance may have already begun before this article sees the light. It cannot be delayed much longer, for we must strike soon and strike hard if we are to justify the confidence and support of our Allies. We must do more in the Continental land war. That is at once a military and a political necessity.

It may be taken for granted that in the coming advance we will be backed by almost overwhelming strength of artillery, and that we will employ various new devices of war. What these are I, for one, do not profess to know. If our advance succeeds, the first effect will be to force a diversion of part of the German armies from Russia to the west.

The Russians at Bay

The position along the Russian front is developing on the lines anticipated by all familiar with the grand strategy of Continental armies in days of peace. The Germans, while keeping great masses of the Russian armies engaged to the south and along the Vistula, have been quietly pushing troops up northwards. The attack on the Russians' fortified positions along the River Narew has been persisted in regardless of cost. The forcing back of the Russians at this point will, if carried as far as the Germans hope, threaten the entire line of Russian communications. The advance against Riga, which was at first looked upon in some quarters as a mere attempt to divert attention, now proves to have a very serious meaning. The Germans are accumulating enormous cavalry forces to the north. Once they can force the Russians to retire they hope to fall on their flanks, to drive them in towards the great marshlands behind Brest Litovsk, and to surround and capture the entire Russian Army.

This is the German plan of campaign. If they succeed in pushing down any distance from the north, the Grand Duke Nicholas has the choice of risking being surrounded or of retiring behind the second line of defence. If he retires it must be to the north-east. The big, almost impenetrable district behind Brest Litovsk—the Polyésye or forest land, as it is known in Russia—blocks the centre. It is almost triangular in shape, 33,600 square miles in size, and consists of a succession of forests, lakes, marshes, and meadows, impossible for an army to manœuvre in. For forty years the Russians have been trying to drain this place and make it passable. They have not yet succeeded.

The surprising thing of the past fortnight has been the stubbornness and gallantry of the Russian defence. At point after point they have fought the enemy to a standstill. It may yet be that, when the prospect seems from the outside darkest, the Russians, by their mere weight of resistance, and by their unflinching bravery, will permanently hold up the German campaign. In that case Germany will enter on to this second year of the war with failure facing her, not as a far-distant prospect, but in a future earlier than any of us at one time dared to deem possible.

The Real Glory of Britain

There is scarcely a county in England to-day but hugs with pride the tale of what its Territorial troops have done. Scotland has given the pick of her sons. Many a Highland village has not a man of fighting age left, and scarce a Scottish chieftain but is in mourning. Ireland, north and south, has lived up to its ancient reputation. More it could not do. Wales has taken a fresh place in the fighting ranks of Britain.

It must not be forgotten that our position was, almost at the outset of the war, made especially difficult by the heavy losses in our Expeditionary Force. This Expeditionary Force was the very heart of the British Army. It included thousands of highly-trained officers, and still more thousands of expert non-commissioned officers, all full of the traditions of the Army, and fit to lead their men. Of the privates, the best eulogy has been passed by German critics when they said: "They fought like an army of non-commissioned officers." The brains, the knowledge, and the heart of British militarism were centred here.

The enormous destruction wrought in this force during its great retreat—the most wonderful retreat in modern military history—was a blow not to be estimated by the number of men lost. We had to build up a new army with most of the old foundation gone.

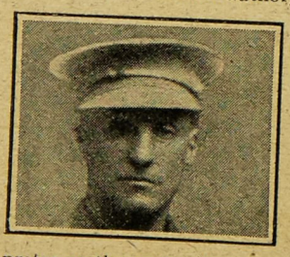
The Value of the Territorial

It was not a surprise that the Expeditionary Force did supremely well. Those of us who knew the quality of its men expected it. The surprise came when the Territorials took to the field. The value of the Territorial had been seriously questioned by the majority of military experts. The experts for once were wholly wrong. The Territorial troops proved their value immediately. Called up as they were at the beginning of the war, put under the hardest training, thrown into France in the hours of greatest crisis, they have shown in the hours of fiercest trial that they can stand against the best of the German Army. The citizen soldier has triumphed.

Kitchener's Army has not yet been proved to any extent in the fighting-line. Its training has been exceedingly thorough, and the boys have shaped well. In some cases, as everyone knows, there have been delays in equipment. We have reason for confidence in Kitchener's men.

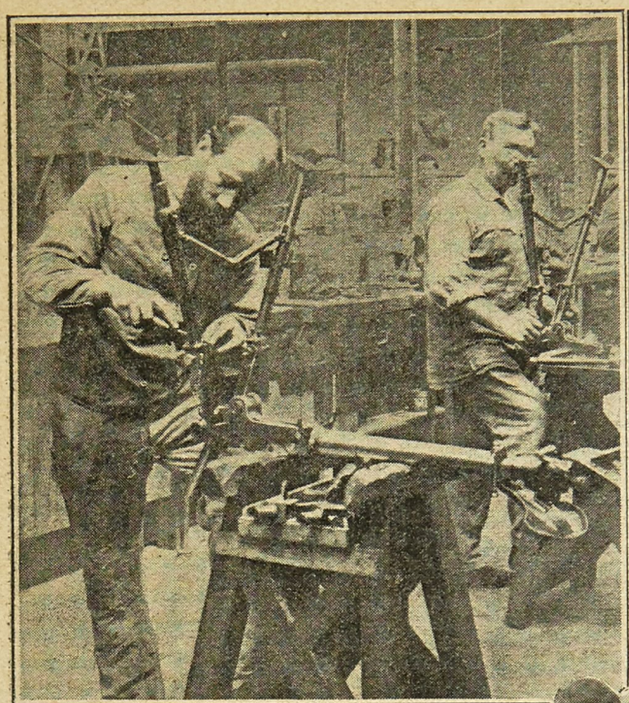
A Missing Soldier-Author.

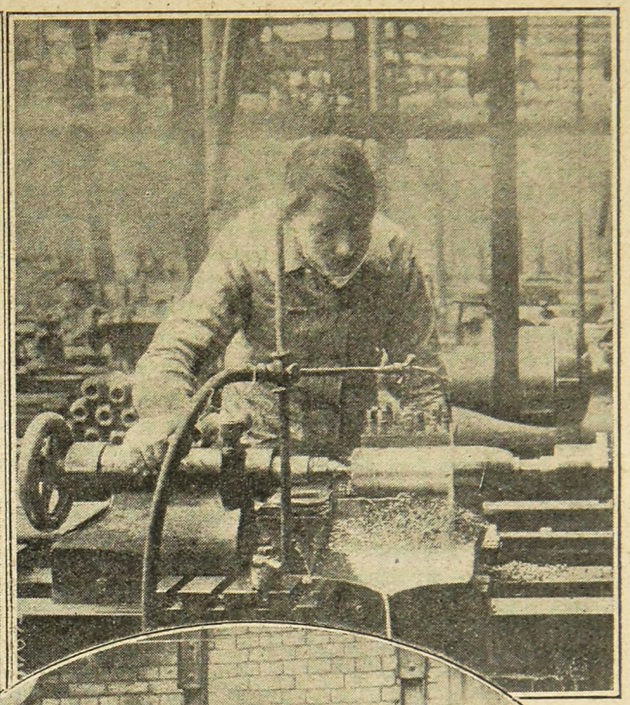
Lieutenant George L. Calderon, King's Own Scottish Borderers, the soldier-author, last seen badly wounded at the Dardanelles in the battle of June 4th, after leading his men with great gallantry in an attack on Achi Baba. Any information concerning him will be received with deepest gratitude by Mrs. Calderon, 42, Well Walk, Hampstead, London, N.W.



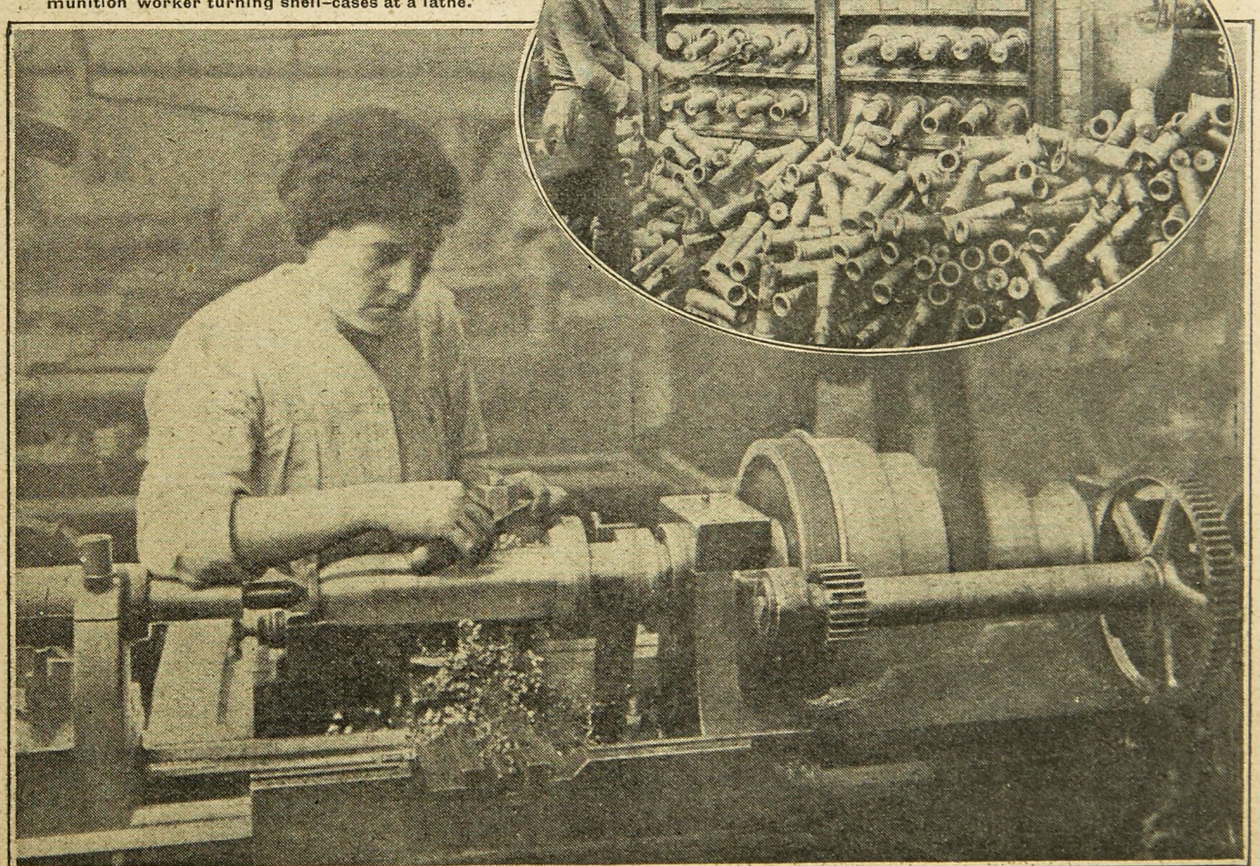
Lieutenant Calderon was a novelist, dramatist, scholar, and linguist. He rejoined the Inns of Court Territorial Battalion and went to Flanders as an interpreter on the outbreak of war. Joining, later, the 2nd Royal Warwicks as a combatant officer he was wounded on October 29th. On recovering he was sent to the Dardanelles in May.

French Patriots Answer the Call for Munitions





French veterans, too old for the Army, work hard in the munition factories of France. These are making parts for machine-guns. On the right: Youthful French munition worker turning shell-cases at a lathe.



Patriotic French girl working at a finishing lathe in one of our ally's great munition factories. Inset above: Piles of finished shell-cases. From these photographs, taken in one of the most important munition factories of France, it will be seen that the work is carried out chiefly by women, old men, and youths, thus enabling able-bodied men to serve as soldiers.

THE WAR BY SEA

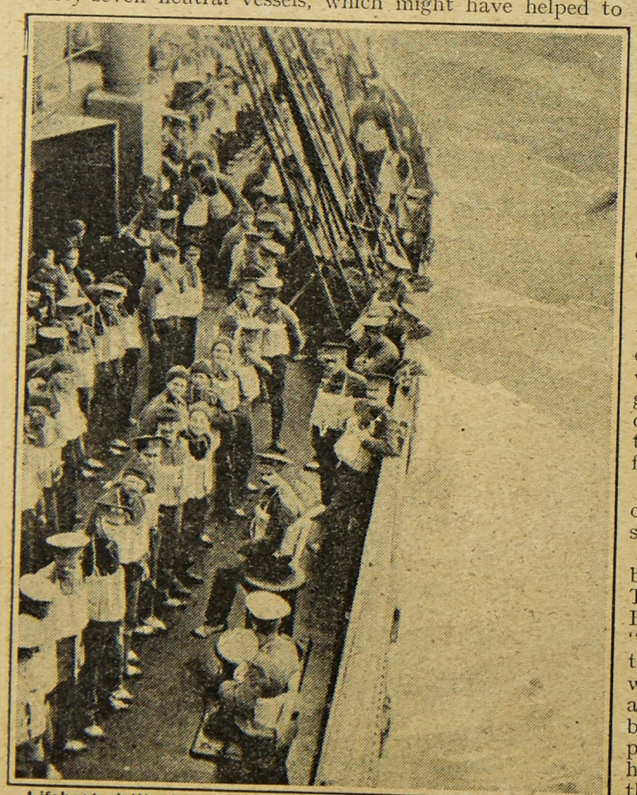
By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

LORD SELBORNE has recently warned the House of Lords that more and more submarines would be engaged on the task of attacking our merchantmen. "Therefore," he added, "we must expect the submarine menace to increase, and it would not be the fault of the German Government if they failed to deal a mortal blow at our carrying trade, and especially at that part of it which brought to this country the necessary food of the people."

All that Lord Selborne says on any subject is worthy of attention; but in this case I am bound to say he is needlessly pessimistic. So far from agreeing, I am of opinion that the submarine menace is only now for the first time being tackled, in that we are passing from the defensive to the offensive stage. The objection to any purely defensive stage in which the destroyers and patrol craft were grouped with our warships, our transports, and along the coast, was that the submarines operated in other parts when they were clear of our defensive arrangements, and could attack unarmed merchantmen. We shall not completely pass to the offensive stage until sufficient submarine destroyers have been built to hunt the submarines over wide areas in the North Sea and off the Scilly Islands, and a sufficient number of merchant ships have been armed to give the submarines unpleasant surprises if they operate on the surface when this higher speed comes into play.

Britain's Sea Toll in War and Peace

The point for us to fix our minds on then is that so far from a greater measure of success attending the efforts of the German submarines in the future, the reverse is likely to be the case in proportion as we pass from defensive to offensive tactics. Taking a period of one hundred and sixty-seven days, the measure of their success is exactly one hundred British vessels. With their blundering companion the mine, they have during the war also sunk ninety-seven neutral vessels, which might have helped to carry supplies to Germany. Disregarding the latter loss to the German cause and the antagonisms created, a toll which averages two hundred and forty vessels in a year is not one to intimidate a nation which builds so many ships as we do, and which is accustomed in peace time to pay a heavy toll in lost ships through collision, grounding, and tempest. It is difficult to see where Lord Selborne can find reason for alarm about our food supply, at a time when we are actually importing during this year more food in spite of submarines than we did in 1914 for the corresponding period of peace.



Lifeboat drill aboard a transport on the way to the front. Canadian soldiers prepared for all emergencies while in the possible zone of the lurking, but, so far as troopships are concerned, impotent U boat.

Are the "U" boats Under-manned?

Lord Selborne's case rests on the number of German submarines, and I respectfully submit that the number is of no account whatever. The only factor that matters is the number of trained crews, and especially of skilled captains who survive the stress of war. Men with eight years' practice in submarine work like Max Horton, who recently sank the Pommern in the Baltic, are simply priceless. I am doubtful if the Germans can find a training ground for submarines, even though they have "the wet triangle" behind Heligoland. There is always the fact that one has to make so terribly certain that surface warships, which also have to use "the wet triangle," are safe; and they can only look after themselves by treating every periscope as an enemy, for Max Horton himself won two successes in "the wet triangle." Lord Selborne knows better than I do how many German submarines our defensive measures have eliminated, and he is also aware that submarines with their crews are more prone than any other class of ship to perish from accidents of navigation, or "acts of God" as they are euphemistically called. The same week that brings us the refugee's story from Pola about two Austrian submarines which have failed to return, yields the announcement that the German submarine which created such consternation among our ships off Gallipoli has been wrecked in the Black Sea. My frank belief is that of the trained German submarine crews in existence at the beginning of the war not more than twelve now survive, and for the rest Germany is working with inferior crews, whose opportunities of perfecting themselves will be curtailed in proportion as we pass from defensive to offensive tactics. The submarine destroyers we are building take time to deliver, and guns cannot be given to merchant vessels until guns, mountings, and ammunition can be spared.

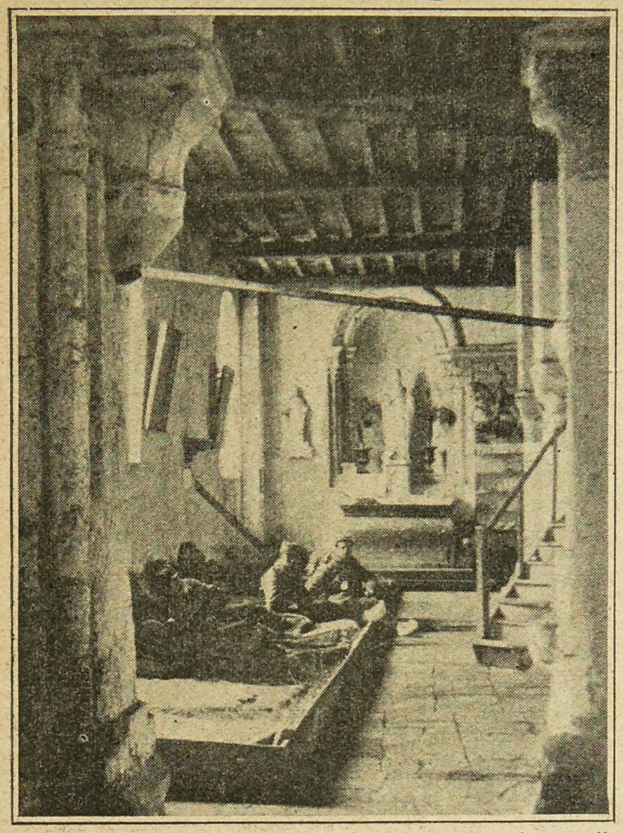
Germany's Misguided Policy

We hardly tackled the problem of hunting the submarine, until the so-called blockade, and now inventions are crowding on us for locating it even to microphones, which will detect it over ten miles away. Aircraft, too, offer great possibilities against submarines on account of the distance that can be seen into water from a height; but the land war has absorbed all that were not required for the Fleet and the coast.

Let me assure Lord Selborne that the submarine will cease to be a menace if the problem is tackled with sufficient resolution by the Government to which he belongs.

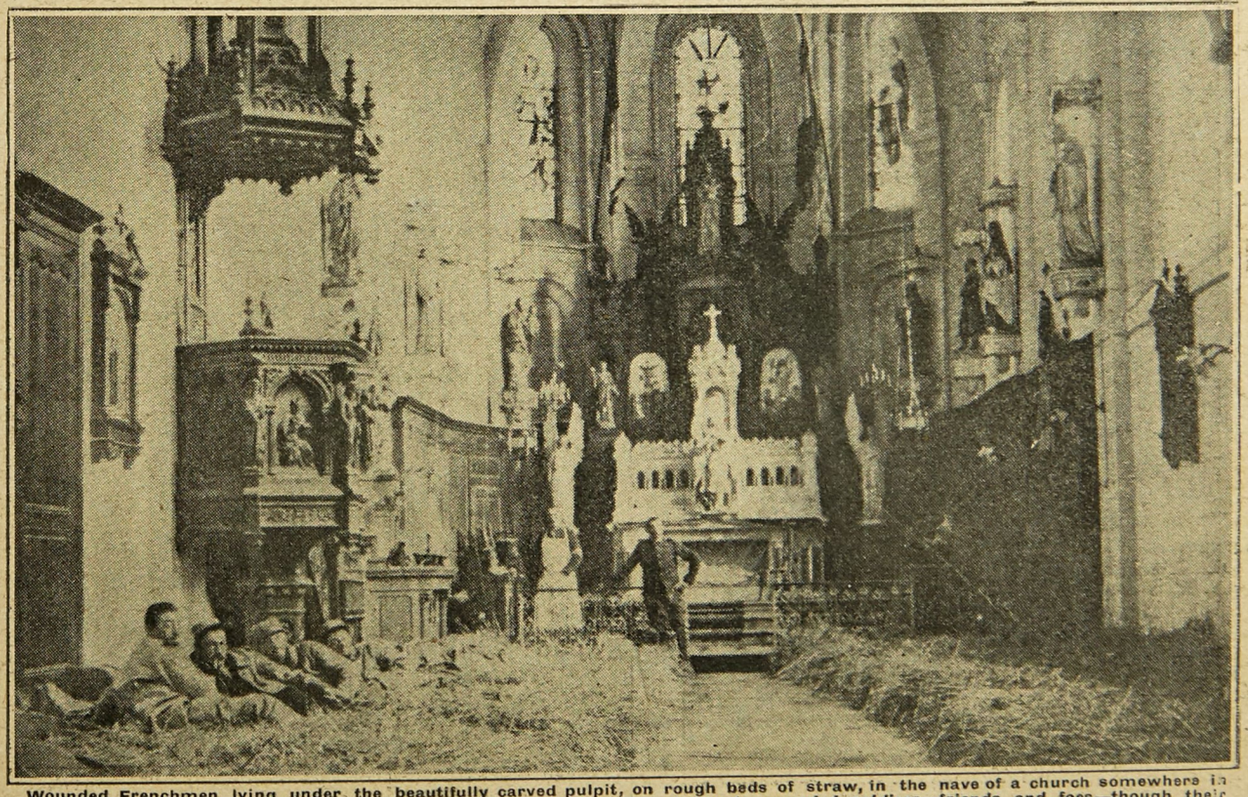
It is necessary to deal with Lord Selborne's speech, because it has been widely quoted in Germany, and the Von Tirpitz organ has an article from his spokesman, Count Reventlow, on the speech, concluding with the words "and so even out of the mouths of our enemies we learn that Germany is on the right road with her submarine warfare." Far be it from me to discourage Germany in a policy which turns her from the military ends of war to blows which only land her in difficulties. The correct policy is being shown against Turkey, where submarines have smashed up the sea-transport of the enemy both in the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, and have, with the help of the surface vessels, paralysed the coal supplies of Turkey so that transport systems and munition works may be brought to a standstill.

Mother Church gives Sanctuary to the Wounded



Wounded French soldiers resting before the altar of a small church in the war zone prior to their removal to a base hospital.

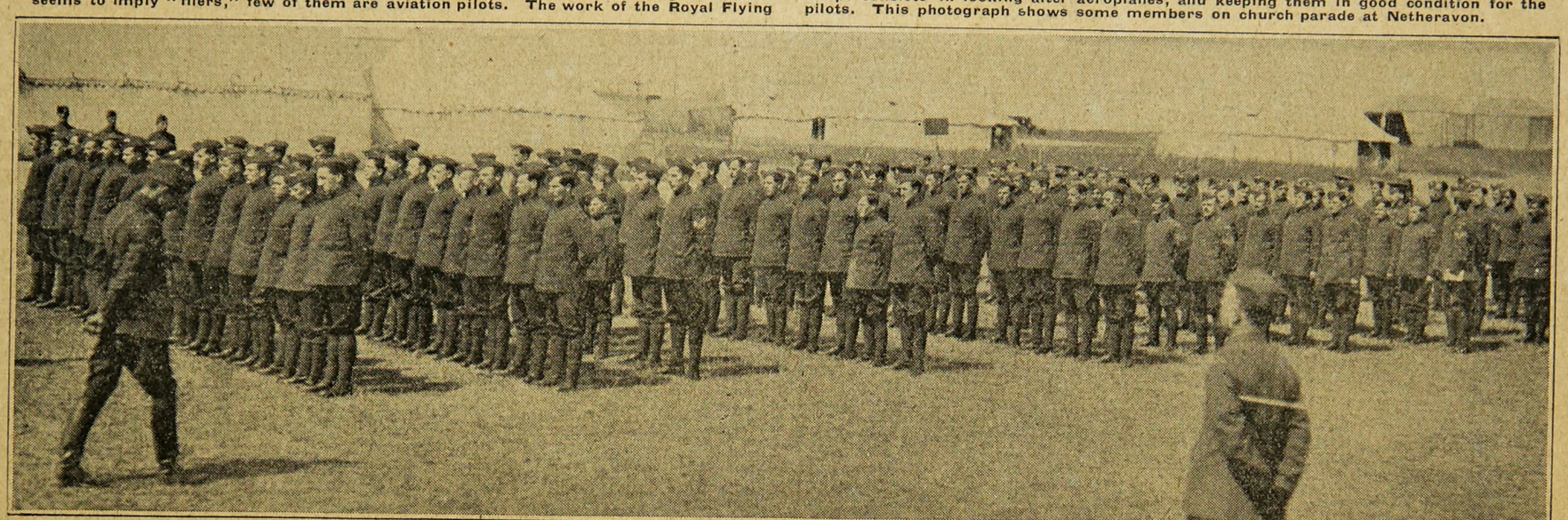
Russian wounded prisoners in the chancel of a Galician church. Their captors have used the altar as a table for medicaments.



Wounded Frenchmen lying under the beautifully carved pulpit, on rough beds of straw, in the nave of a church somewhere in Northern France. Churches in the various war areas are affording shelter to wounded soldiers—friends and foes—though their precincts are no longer endowed with full power to enforce sanctuary to the oppressed.

The Royal Flying Corps—Unique Branch of the British Army on the Continent

One of the newer branches of the Army is the Royal Flying Corps. Although the name seems to imply "fliers," few of them are aviation pilots. The work of the Royal Flying Corps consists in looking after aeroplanes, and keeping them in good condition for the pilots. This photograph shows some members on church parade at Netheravon.



The rank and file of the Royal Flying Corps is composed chiefly of civilian mechanics, most of whom have enlisted to gain experience in their trades. Their work on the Continent is very arduous. The whole round of the clock finds them busy tuning up and putting aeroplanes together, responsible work on which the lives of their officers depend.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

BY the time these notes appear this country will have been at war for almost exactly a year, so the moment seems opportune to review the work of the flying services during that period.

At the beginning of the war, while the Expeditionary Force was being conveyed across the Channel, the two biggest airships of the R.N.A.S. kept up a regular patrol twice a day between the mouth of the Thames and Flushing. These two ships (Nos. 3 and 4), the French Astra-Torres and the German Parseval, covered an enormous mileage during August and September, looking out for German warships and submarines.

During the same period naval seaplanes patrolled the Strait of Dover, and the R.N.A.S. land-going machines flew constantly up and down the East Coast watching for any German ships which might attempt a raid.

Great Work over the North Sea

An aeroplane station was also established at Scapa Flow to assist in protecting any of our ships which might be lying there against possible raids by submarines and destroyers. Seaplane patrols from that station went far out into the North Sea towards the Norwegian coast, watching lest any part of the German Fleet should attempt to break out into the Atlantic round the North of Scotland with the intention of damaging our shipping.

When it was firmly established that the German Fleet was effectually bottled in the Kiel Canal, and that the harbours at each end of the canal were boomed so that the Germans could not get out quickly and unobserved, the R.N.A.S. sent (in October) some land-going machines to Ostend to help the Belgians. Later this detachment was located at Dunkirk, and there it has remained ever since, chiefly engaged in bomb-dropping raids on German stores and airship sheds in Belgium.

The chief feats of this force have been the destruction of a Zeppelin and its shed at Düsseldorf by Flight-Lieut. Marix, the bombing of Cologne and Düsseldorf by Squadron-Commander Spenser Grey and Flight-Lieut. Collet (for which these officers received the D.S.O.), the destruction of a Zeppelin and its shed at Ghent by Flight-Lieut. Wilson and Flight-Sub-Lieut. Mills (for which they got the Distinguished Service Cross), and the destruction of a Zeppelin in the air by Flight-Sub-Lieut. Warneford, for which he received the V.C. Squadron-Commander Davies also received the D.S.O. for gallantly carrying out a bombing expedition, though severely wounded on the way to his objective. Wing-Commander Samson received a D.S.O. for various flights over the German lines while commanding the first detachment which went over.

Raids on Zeppelin Sheds and Scouting

Much good work has also been done by various machines which started from England to join in raids from Dunkirk.

Seaplanes conveyed in ships across the North Sea raided Cuxhaven and Wilhelmshaven on Christmas Day, and have done good work at sea ever since. Three biplanes raided the Zeppelin works at Friedrichshafen, and Squadron-Commander Briggs and Flight-Lieuts. Babington and Sippe got the D.S.O. for doing it.

Seaplanes and land machines have also done splendidly at the Dardanelles.

The work of the Royal Flying Corps has been of an almost entirely different nature, consisting of a regular routine of scouting, controlling artillery fire, and fighting German aircraft.

In the early days of the war four squadrons of aeroplanes, or something less than one hundred machines in all, flew to France, and during the battles round Mons and the subsequent retreat they had to do all the scouting for both the British and French Armies, the best of the French pilots having been concentrated on the eastern frontier, where the main German attack was expected.

It was in this period that the R.F.C. discovered that the German force confronting the little British army consisted of three army corps, when the land scouts estimated only three divisions. But for this discovery, it is probable that the whole of our Expeditionary Force would have been surrounded and cut up.

During the German retreat from the Marne to the Aisne the R.F.C. discovered the weak points at which it was advisable to strike, and so caused the German losses to be much bigger than would otherwise have been the case.

When the war assumed its present form, in which the two armies face one another in lines of trenches, and each makes periodical attempts to break through the other, the R.F.C. began its regular routine work.

Behind the German lines are certain roads and railways along which reinforcements of men and supplies of food and ammunition must be sent. By constantly and carefully watching the lines of communication, and the amount of traffic passing along them, it is possible to tell whether the Germans intend to strike at our lines or not, and approximately whereabouts they intend to strike.

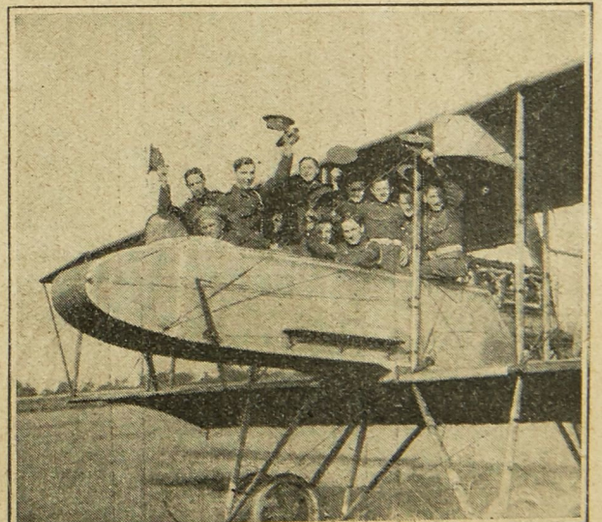
In order to keep this watch, it is necessary to have aeroplanes always in the air covering certain well-defined districts, and this is done most efficiently.

Patrol Work and Directing Artillery

Apart from this type of patrol work, certain machines of the R.F.C., of which many are fitted with "wireless," as an official report stated recently, are employed in watching the effect of artillery fire, and reporting their observations to the battery commanders, who correct their aim accordingly. In this way numerous German batteries have been destroyed, as well as German fortified posts.

The third regular duty is that of attacking and driving away German aeroplanes which penetrate over the British lines, so that they may not acquire any useful information. Machines used for this work are generally fitted with machine-guns, though ordinary rifles and even revolvers have been used with good effect.

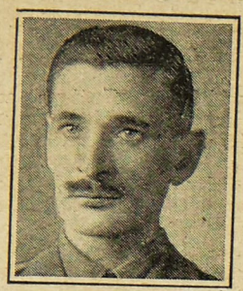
When a really big attack is in progress, the R.F.C. pilots, besides watching for the arrival of reinforcements to the enemy, have to take on the task of destroying important bridges and railways along the German lines of communication. It was in one such raid that Lieutenant Moorhouse lost his life and won the V.C. by struggling home to report what he had seen and his destruction of the bridge, although twice severely wounded.



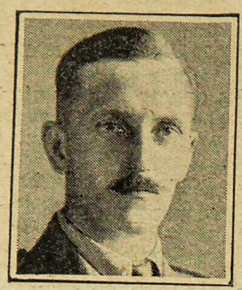
A holiday jaunt in the air at the Hendon Aerodrome. M. Osipenko, the Russian aviator, taking nine soldiers for a trip in his "omnibus" aeroplane. Suchlike huge machines have been doing valuable work for the Russians on the eastern front.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

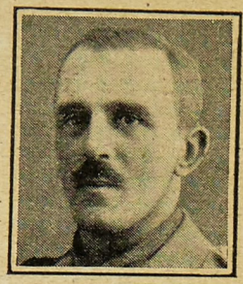
Major J. GRAY, 4th Royal Scots (Lothian Regt.).



Maj. J. N. HENDERSON, 4th Royal Scots (Lothian Regt.).



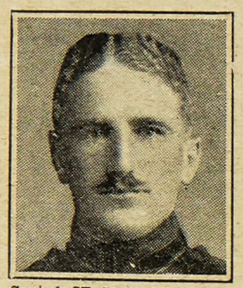
Capt. J. D. POLLOCK, 4th Royal Scots (Lothian Regt.).



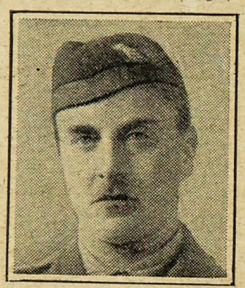
Capt. E. O. WARDEN, 12th Essex Regt.

Capt. H. J. CODDINGTON, 2nd Durham Light Infantry.

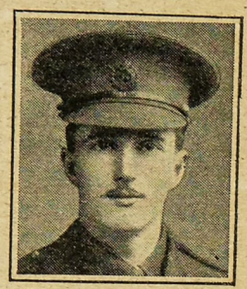
Capt. G. McCRAE, 4th Royal Scots (Lothian Regt.).



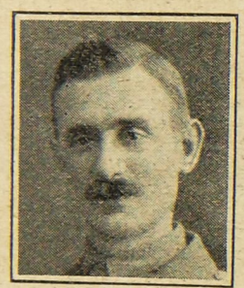
Capt. A. ST. GEORGE GORE, 1st Gurkha Rifles.



Capt. J. ROBERTSON, 4th Royal Scots (Lothian Regt.).



Lieut. A. R. R. WOODS, Royal Engineers.



Lieut. GEORGE MUCHALL, King's Own Royal Lancs Regt.

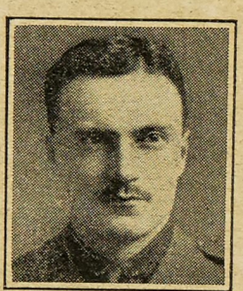
Captain Edmund O. Warden, 12th Batt. Essex Regiment, was gazetted an honorary captain in the Regular Forces in 1901 and placed in the Special Reserve of Officers, and on the outbreak of war was recommissioned. He saw active service in West Africa in 1900, and took part in the Ashanti Campaign, receiving the medal.

Capt. H. J. Coddington, 2nd Batt. Durham Light Infantry, entered the Durhams from the Militia in 1901. A year later he was promoted, and in 1913 was gazetted captain. He served with his regiment in the Boer War, and with the Mounted Infantry. During operations in the various Colonies he was several times slightly wounded, and gained the Queen's Medal with five clasps.

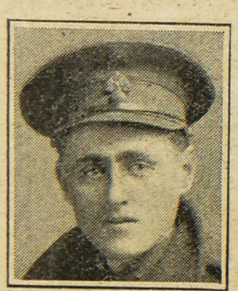
Captain A. St. George Gore, 1st Gurkha Rifles, was the son of Colonel Charles Gore, late commanding the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment). Captain Gore first joined the Royal Irish Regiment at Rawal Pindi, and afterwards the 110th Mahratta Light Infantry. Captain Gore, who held the Royal Society's testimonial for rescuing a Gurkha from drowning in India, was an all-round sportsman.

Sec.-Lieut. Rupert E. Gascoyne Cecil, 4th Bedfordshire Regiment, was the youngest son of Lord William Gascoyne Cecil.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *invites relatives of officers killed in action or dead from wounds to lend photographs, with brief biographical notes of these heroes, for inclusion in "Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead." Address:* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *Fleetway House, London, E.C.*



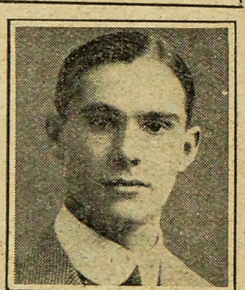
Lieut. A. C. HOBSON, 2nd Life Guards.



Lieut. A. G. KNIGHT, 9th Royal Fusiliers.

Lieut. N. A. de V. BEAUCLERK, 1st Essex Regt.

Lieut. D. G. F. MACBEAN, 2nd Gordon Highlanders.

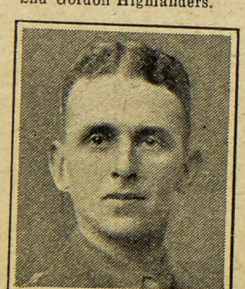


Sec.-Lieut. E. W. COREN, Royal Field Artillery.

Sec.-Lt. E. K. COLBOURNE, 1st Royal Berkshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. R. E. GASCOYNE CECIL, 4th Bedfordshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. A. R. L. BELL, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



Lieut. CLIFFORD W. GREEN, 1st Royal Berkshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. W. LEGGAT, 7th Cameronians (Scottish Rifles.)

Sec.-Lieut. H. G. ROGERS, 9th Somerset Light Infantry.

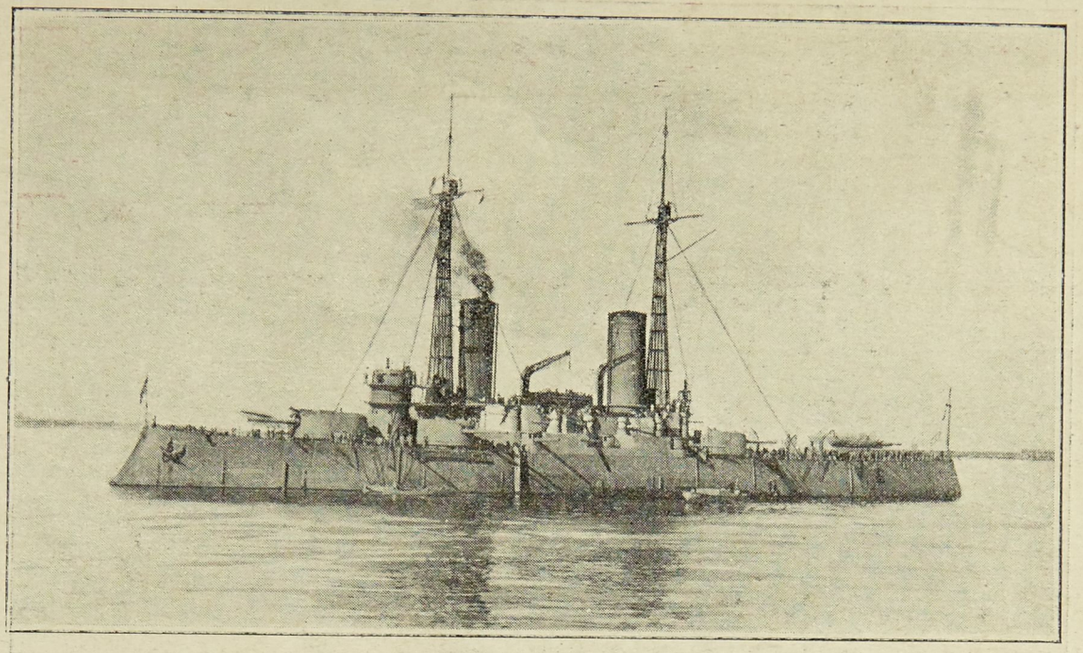
Portraits by Lafayette, Bassano, Hughes, Chancellor, Hills & Saunders, Elliott & Fry, Swaine.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Bassano

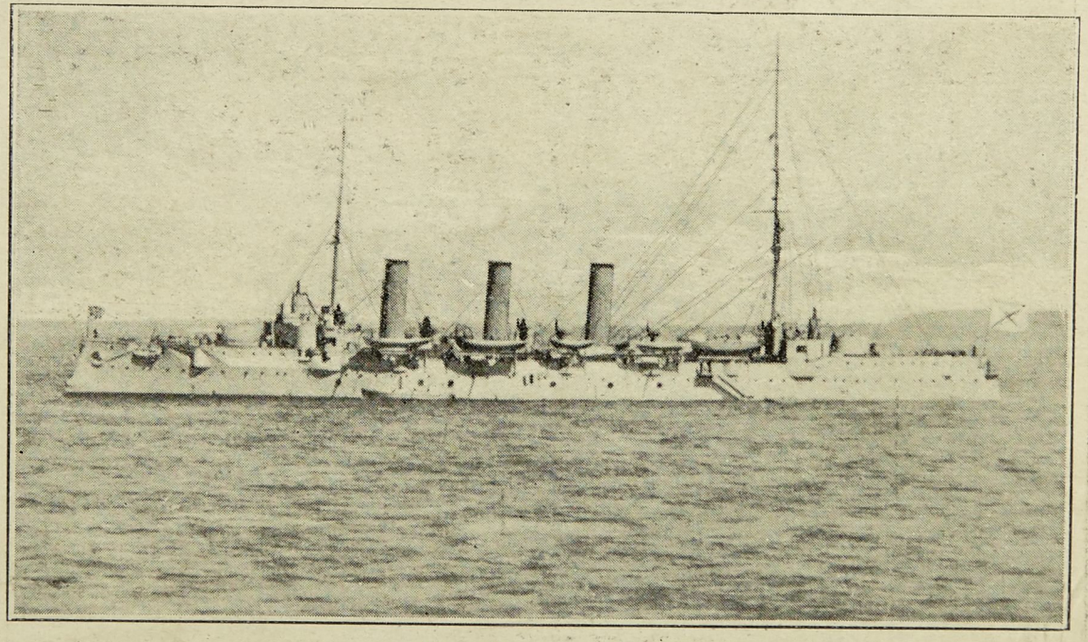
GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD HUNTER, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., D.S.O.
General Officer Commanding the Third Army

THE FIGHTING SHIPS OF OUR RUSSIAN ALLIES



The Battleship Imperator Pavel

One of the newest and most powerful ships of the Russian Navy. Completed in 1911, she has a normal displacement of 17,400 tons, a length over all of 460 feet, and is armed with four 12 in., fourteen 8 in., twelve 4·7 in., four 3-pounders, eight machine-guns, and three submerged torpedo-tubes.



The Cruiser Oleg

Completed in 1903, this ship displaces 6,650 tons, and is 440 feet in length. Her armament consists of twelve 6 in., twelve 12-pounders, eight 3-pounders, two 1-pounders, and four torpedo-tubes.

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The Great War's Balance-Sheet, by Sir Leo Chiozza Money

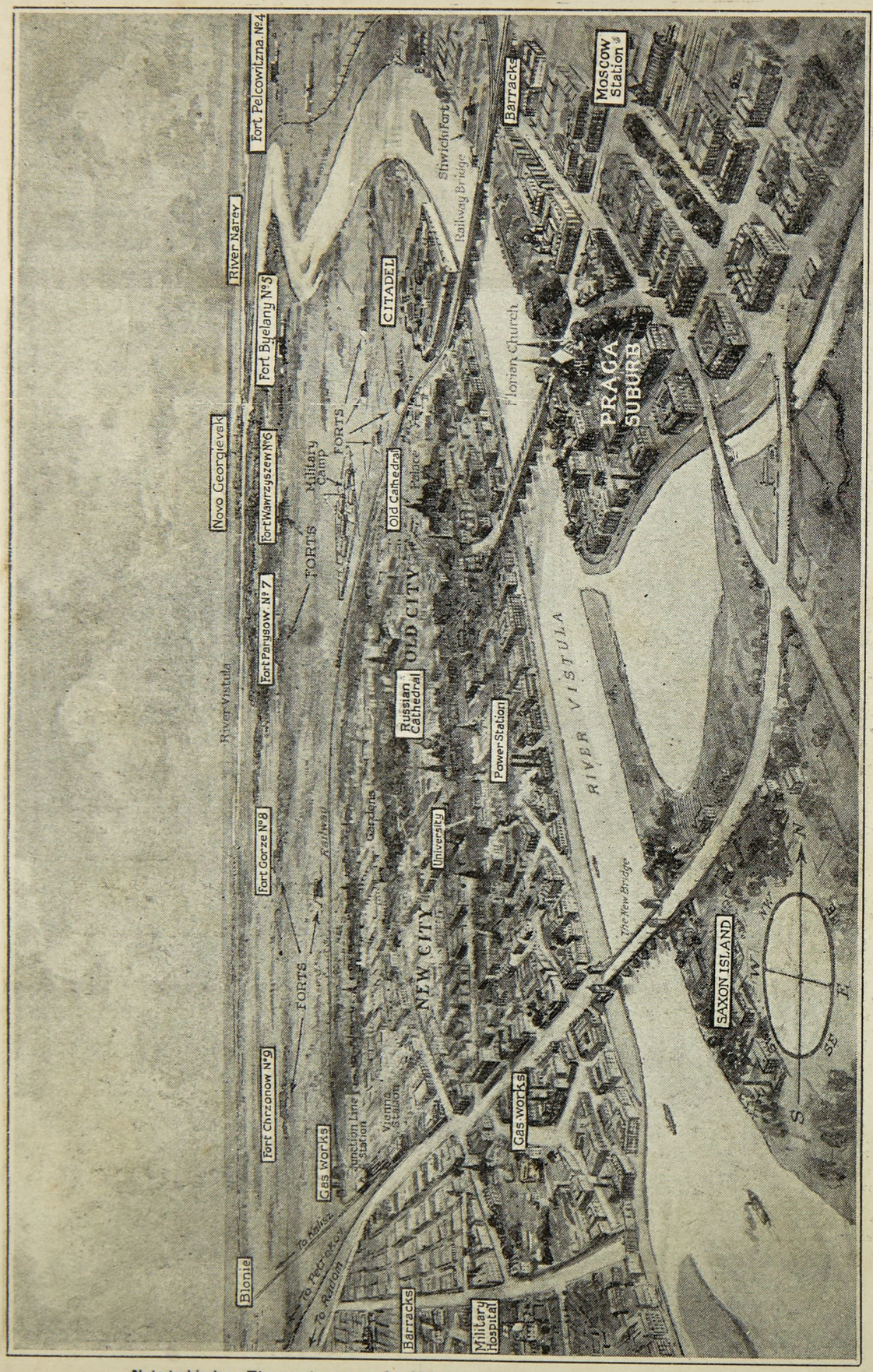
The War Illustrated

2d Weekly

Vol. 2

Indomitable Russia still defies the German Hordes

No. 52



DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF THE GOAL OF THE GERMAN ARMIES IN THE EAST.

Bird's-eye impression of Warsaw, showing the principal buildings within the tragic citadel and the important forts without, against which latter the German heavy guns are being brought up. The strongest "gate" to the capital of Poland is Novo Georgievsk near the junction of the Rivers Vistula and Narew, and hereabouts Hindenburg is believed to have concentrated his great phalanx, but the fall of Warsaw, though serious, is not likely to prove an incalculable loss to our Russian Ally.

Note to binder: These outer pages should be bound in the volume only if desired by the subscriber.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 52. Vol. 2
14th August, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

THE TSARITZA WITH HER HEROIC DEFENDERS.—Just as Queen Elizabeth is worshipped by her undaunted countrymen battling for Belgium, so is the Tsaritza the idol of every fighting Russian. Since the beginning of the war her Majesty and her beautiful daughters, the Grand Duchesses Tatiana and Olga, have laboured unceasingly for the wounded, and this historic photographic document illustrates the charming simplicity with which the Empress of All the Russias moves among her faithful soldier-subjects. The Tsaritza is distributing cigarettes to convalescent members of the famous 15th Regiment of Dragoons, which bears her name, and who are about to return to meet the enemy on the Polish front.

The Great War's Balance-Sheet

AN ACCOUNT OF PROFIT AND LOSS FOR THE FIRST YEAR

BY SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *completes with this part one year of publication, and the Great European War, which it has faithfully chronicled in a most remarkable series of camera-records, has endured for a few days over twelve months. The occasion, therefore, seems fitting to offer our readers a "summing-up" of the year that has gone—surely the most wonderful since the beginning of the Christian Era. Sir Leo Chiozza Money, M.P., eminent among writers who have the gift of making economics attractive and clothing the dry bones of statistics in living interest, has been asked to discharge this duty of presenting our readers with the first year's "balance-sheet" and some observations on the expenditure of the second year. His conclusions are such as give us heart of grace "to pray God, and go forward."*

WHAT has the first year of war cost us?

The figure is a high one, but it is not so high as is commonly supposed. We speak of our total daily expenditure as though it were entirely spent upon the war and entirely spent by ourselves. As a matter of fact, the figure "£3,000,000 a day," which is usually stated as being the cost of the war—and I am afraid that I have sometimes myself been guilty of this looseness of expression—is actually our total expenditure on peace and war purposes, and moreover, it includes not only our own expenditure upon the war, but the huge sums we are lending to our Allies—sums which will not be a burden upon the British taxpayer and which will be finally recoverable.

At the present moment our total expenditure is about £3,000,000 per day, but if the war had not occurred, we should be spending about £600,000 a day. Therefore, the true war expenditure at this time is about £2,400,000 a day. I put this at the beginning in order to clear up a very common misapprehension.

In the first year of the war we spent, on the average, not nearly as much as £2,400,000 a day. The precise figure it is quite impossible for me to state, but I can give one that is so near the truth as to be valuable for practical purposes.

It is probable that between August 4th, 1914, and August 4th, 1915, the British Government spent altogether £860,000,000. If there had been no war, however, we should have spent about £210,000,000, the latter figure including the ordinary Army and Navy expenditure in time of peace. Therefore the cost of the war in the first year was as follows:

Total expenditure in the 365 days, about . .	£860,000,000
Deduct expenditure which would have occurred if there had been no war, about	210,000,000
Therefore, the true expenditure caused by the war has been about	£650,000,000

So that in the first twelve months of the war we spent on it about £1,780,000 a day.

Of this £1,780,000 a day, no small part represents money lent to our Allies and Colonies. I cannot say how much, and it will be long before the true figure can be published. I imagine, however, that we have lent to our Allies and to our Colonies in the first year of the war at least £150,000,000.

Our Own Cost about £500,000,000

Therefore our own war expenditure in the first twelve months of the great contest has been, in round figures, about £500,000,000, or about £1,370,000 a day.

I am quite sure that the impression is current that we are spending very much more than this. The sum is huge enough, but it is a very great pity that so much exaggerated talk on the subject has been encouraged. We have every reason to be careful, and under no circumstances can there be any excuse for waste. Nevertheless, it is merely stupid to encourage panic-stricken ideas on the subject of finance. *We can afford the cost of this war far better than our poorer forefathers afforded the great struggle with Napoleon.*

The National Income (i.e., the aggregate of all the incomes of all the people in the country, rich and poor) in the first year of the war was probably not less than £2,200,000,000, or over £6,000,000 per day. That is why we have been able to bear the cost of the war with such comparative ease, and why the very people who are encouraging financial panic are living pretty much as usual even while they attempt to persuade themselves that they are really in a very bad way. The fact of the matter is that the average gentleman who makes an alarmist speech on finance is doing himself pretty much as usual.

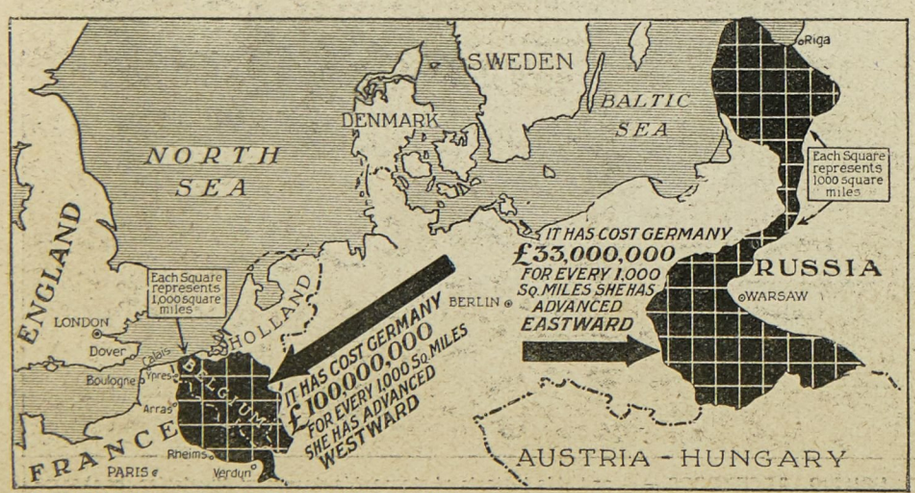
What of the Second Year?

Now let me return to the point with which I began, and which immediately concerns us, the present cost of the war.

In the second year of the contest, to August 4th, 1916, we shall probably have to spend very much more money than in the first year. Possibly, but not probably, the war will be over by August 4th, 1916, but we shall do well so to order our affairs as to prepare ourselves for the war lasting beyond that date.

It is impossible for me, or even for the Government, to say what the war will cost in its second twelve months, if it lasts as long. I can here only state what is probable, and the probability is that our *total* expenditure in the second year will be not less than £1,200,000,000. If, to get a true view of war costs, we deduct as before what we should have spent if there had been no war,

[*Continued on page 596.*



In the article on this page Sir Leo Chiozza Money gives an absorbing and reassuring forecast of Great Britain's war expenditure. By way of contrast the above diagram, based upon information contained in a paper read before the Royal Statistical Society by Mr. E. Crammond, an authority on war finance, indicates roughly the ruinous cost to Germany (per thousand square miles of invaded territory) of her attempt to carry out the ideal of Deutschland Uber Alles.

'Fix Respirators!' · Into Action by Motor-'bus

Gas attack signalled! An exciting moment in the first-line is when the poisonous vapour is seen looming up from the German trenches. To fix respirators is vital, and woe betide the man who has neglected to keep his guard in readiness. This photograph shows some British soldiers equipping themselves against the horrible fumes under an officer's supervision.

British soldiers leaving their billets for the first-line trenches. Calmly as if taking a trip from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush, they are off to do their "bit" once more, with that whole-hearted patriotism which ignores the thought of personal peril.

GREAT WAR'S BALANCE-SHEET

(Continued from page 594.)

viz., about £210,000,000, we get the gigantic sum of £990,000,000 as the cost of a second twelve months' hostilities. This amounts to about £2,700,000 a day.

Not Spending One-Third of Our Income

But again we have to remember that no small part of this sum represents money lent by us to our Colonies and to our Allies. It would probably include £250,000,000 of money so lent—money which would come back to us in due course. Therefore the true cost of the war to us in a second twelve months may be something over £2,000,000 a day.

Putting the two years together, we get:

First twelve months' war expenditure . . .		£650,000,000
Second twelve months' war expenditure . . .		990,000,000
Cost for two years		1,640,000,000
Deduct sums lent to our Colonies and Allies:		
First year . . .	£150,000,000	
Second year . . .	250,000,000	
	400,000,000	400,000,000
Our own war expenditure for the two years . .		£1,240,000,000

In these two years the nation's aggregate income may be estimated at not less than £4,400,000,000. Therefore, after allowing for recoverable sums lent to our Allies and Colonies, we may put it broadly that if the war lasts two years we shall have spent upon it in that period less than one-third of our income.

It is a curious fact that so great has been the growth of our wealth and income during the last fifty years that even if we considered the amount spent on the war to be an entire deduction from income, we should be better off than we were fifty years ago. It was in 1868, forty-seven years ago, that Mr. Dudley Baxter made the first detailed examination of the National Income. He estimated it to amount to £27 per head of the population. If that were our income to-day the aggregate National Income would be £1,242,000,000, so that after our war expenditure to-day we are much better off than the British people of 1868.

As a matter of fact, however, war expenditure is in actual practice no more wasteful in large part than ordinary peace expenditure. Our normal expenditure is so wasteful that what chiefly happens in war is that there is a *transformation in waste*. During the war we are actually more prosperous than in peace, save where the hand of death brings to a minority of our families a real sacrifice.

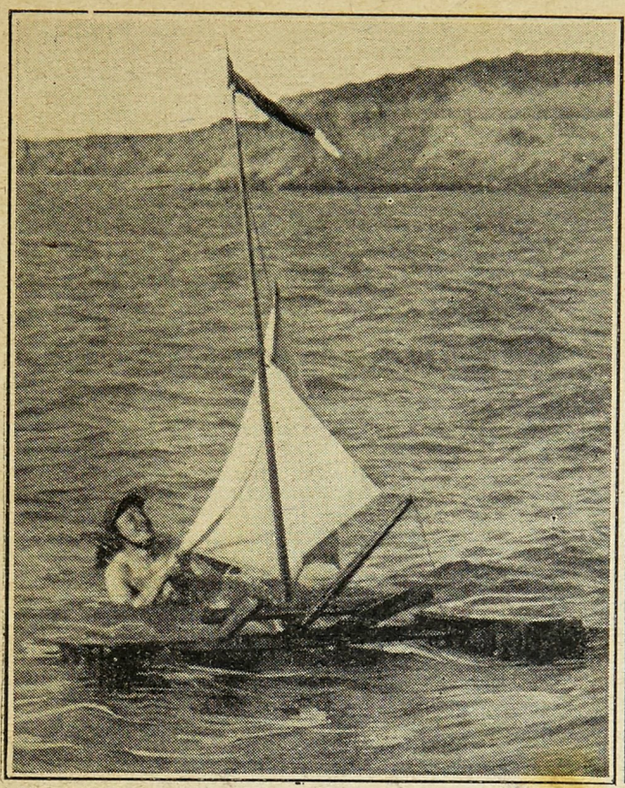
No Ground for Gloomy Prophecies

After the war there will be increased taxation to meet the interest on the enlargement of the National Debt, but I believe that the National Income will suffice to meet the additional burden without undue strain. There is no real ground for the gloomy prophecies which are being so freely made in some quarters. Let those who are tempted to indulge in artificial and prophetic gloom remember how easily France, although mulcted in an enormous war indemnity, and although then a country very much poorer than we are to-day, recovered after 1871, triumphing over the jeremiads of prophets of the kind so common amongst us at this hour.

Not a word of this, however, is intended to encourage counsels of waste. Waste is deplorable at any time, and not to be countenanced now. It is our duty to save, and to aid the National cause with our savings. By all means let us be careful and thrifty, but as far as finance is concerned there is no reason not to be cheerful. The chief thing is to make sure that we employ all our strength in men and munitions and money to achieve our end.

Field-Marshal Sir John French, with two Generals, in a gardon near his headquarters in France. The Commander-in-Chief was approached by a French lady who asked his permission to take this photograph. "Certainly," Sir John is alleged to have replied, "but I am rather shy!" Nevertheless, the pose is quite a success!

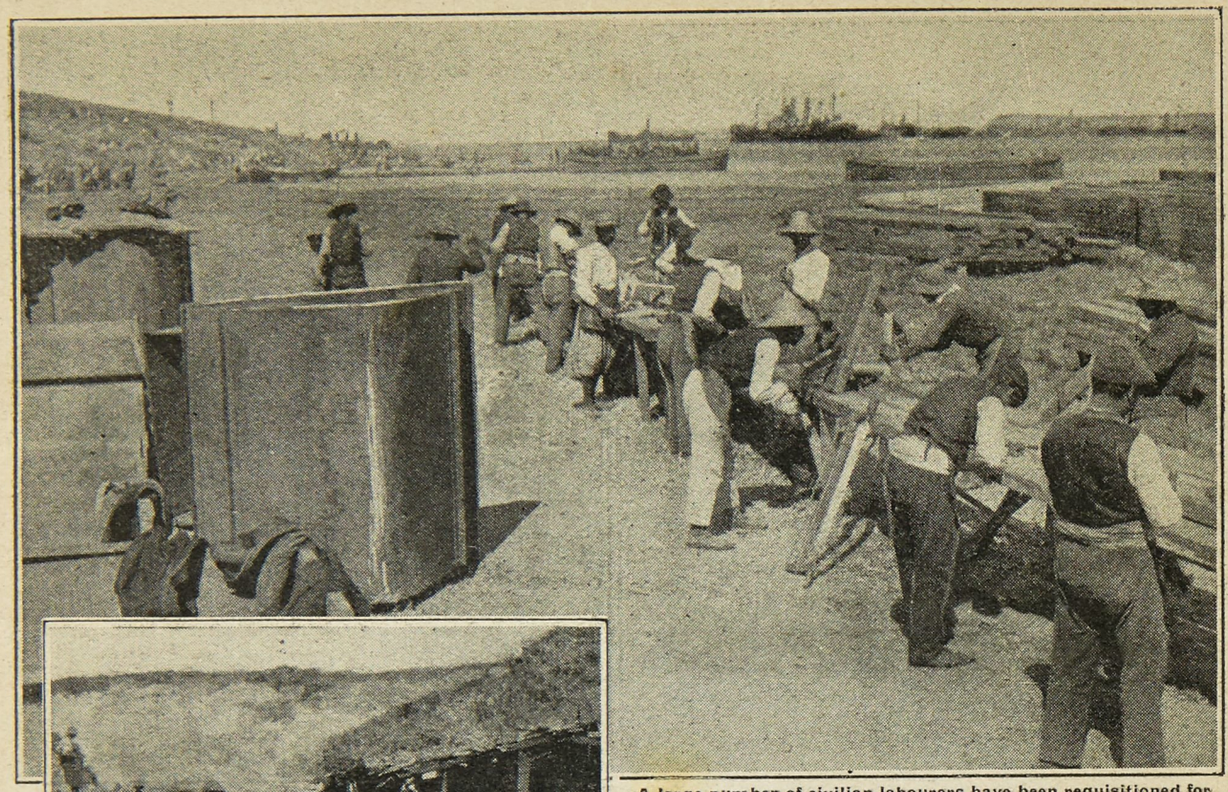
Allied Cheeriness invades Grim Gallipoli



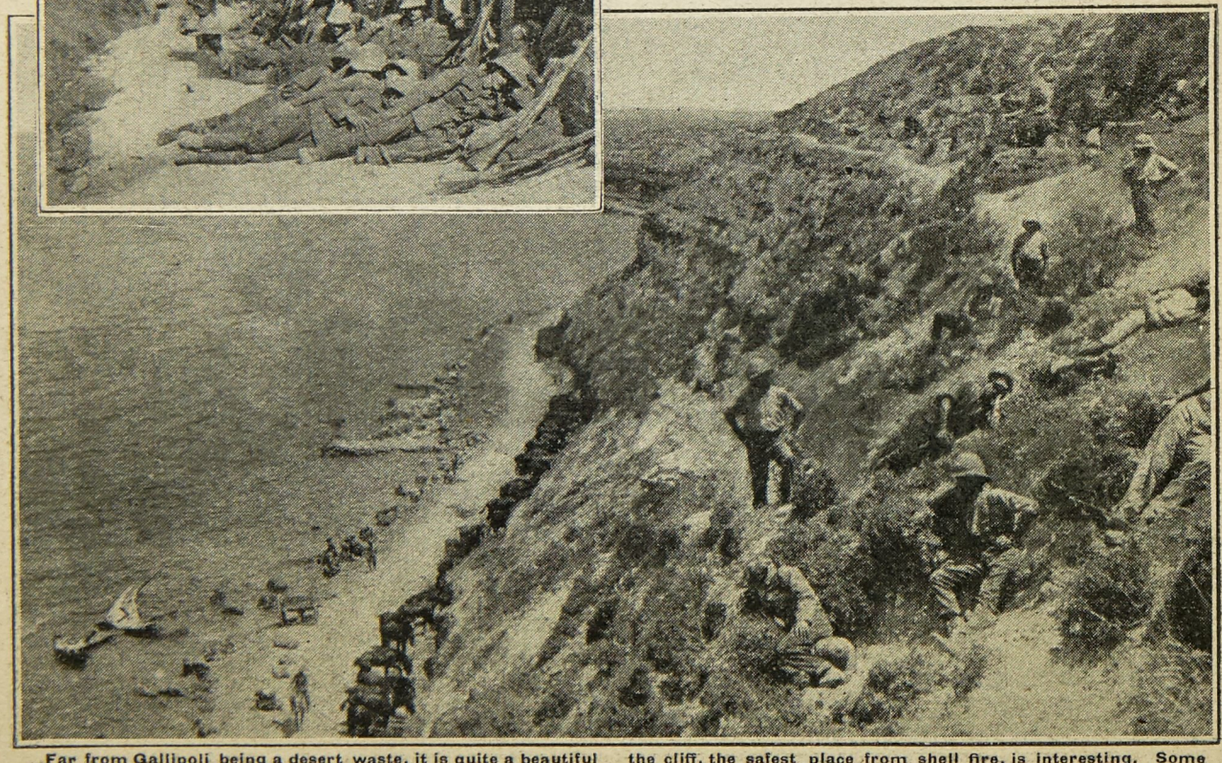
Novel "pleasure yacht" at the Dardanelles. Made from empty petrol tins, some pieces of wood, and an old sail, this quaint craft has provided a number of French soldiers with unlimited entertainment. Right: A fish killed by shell fire! A British soldier handing a comrade a fish alleged to have met a sudden end from a splinter of a Turkish shell.

"Navy versus Army." A spirited boxing match between men of the sister Services during a slack time behind the British lines at Gallipoli. A straw-hatted sailor among the onlookers is providing musical diversion on a mouth-organ. In the background the ubiquitous aeroplane is seen "resting" for once on terra firma after making continual reconnaissances over the enemy's position.

Civilians work and Soldiers rest along the Coast

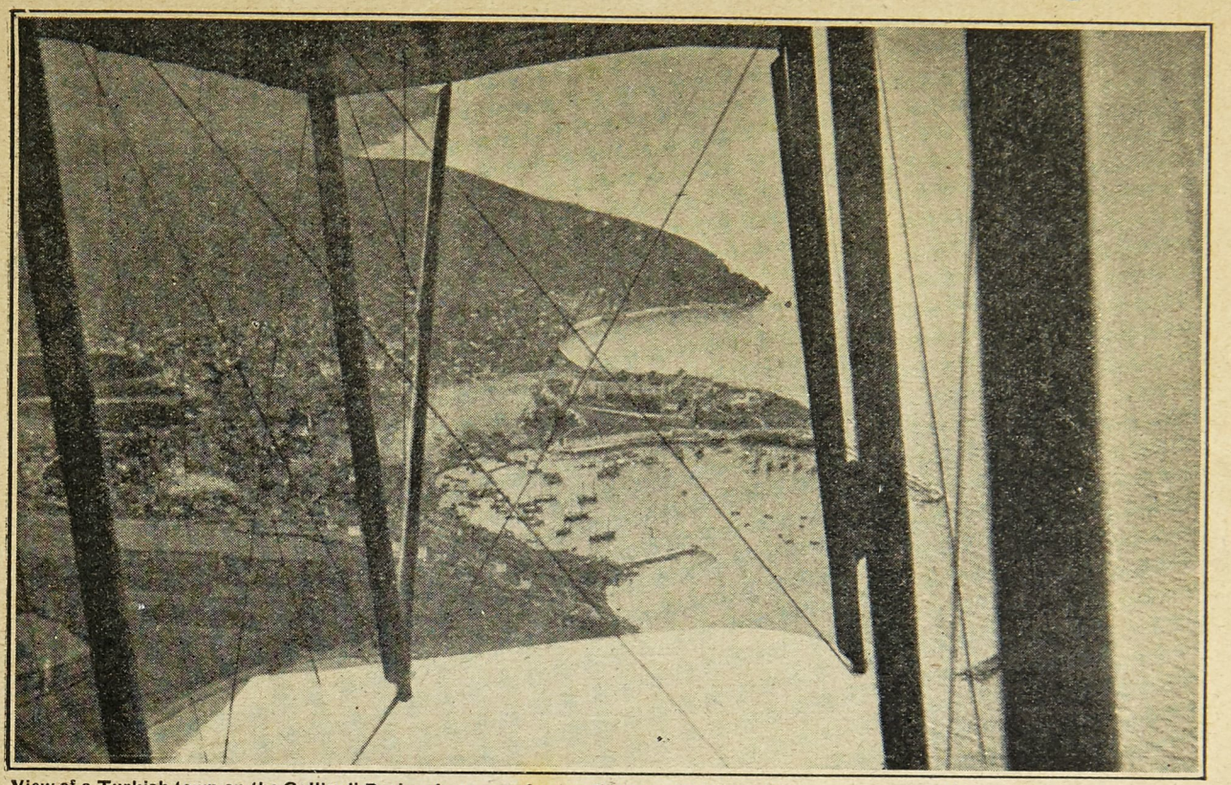


A large number of civilian labourers have been requisitioned for general work in Gallipoli. Mostly Greeks and natives from the surrounding islands, they find plenty of work to do in the nature of cutting timber for dug-outs and tents.

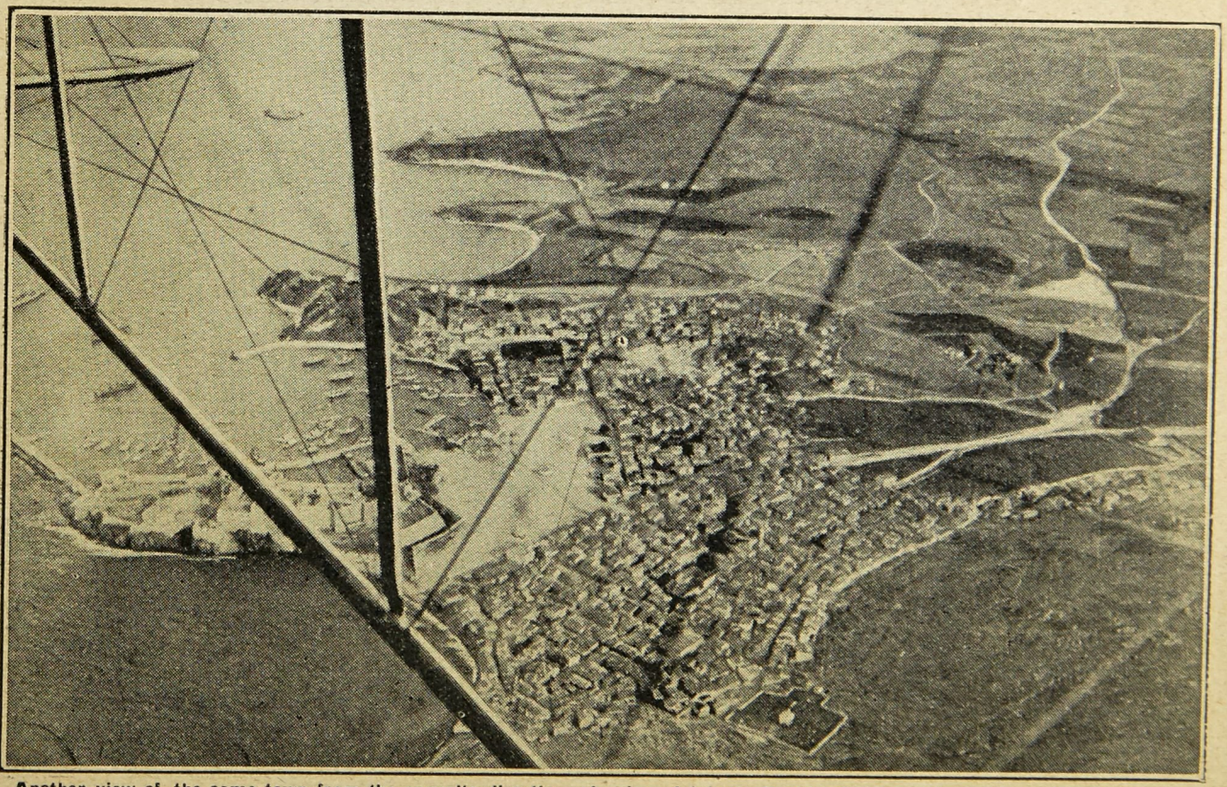


Far from Gallipoli being a desert waste, it is quite a beautiful and fairly well-watered stretch of territory. This photograph conveys an idea of the precipitous cliffs, and is reminiscent of parts of our South Coast. The method of tethering horses under the cliff, the safest place from shell fire, is interesting. Some British soldiers are enjoying a well-earned rest on the slopes. Inset: Dolce far niente in the enemy's quarters. British "Tommies" sleeping in captured Turkish dug-outs.

The Bird-man's Peep at Turkish Strongholds



View of a Turkish town on the Gallipoli Peninsula as seen from a French aeroplane. As over Eastern and Western Europe, the Allies' aircraft services are proving invaluable in the Dardanelles operations.



Another view of the same town from the opposite direction, showing plainly the Turkish forts guarding the mouth of the bay. These unique photographs, taken during an aerial scouting expedition, give a graphic idea of how aerial reconnaissances are carried out.

Some of Prussia's Legions on the Way to Warsaw

All Poland resounds to the rumble of vast armies, interminable cavalcades, and guns. The Warsaw envelopment is Germany's greatest military endeavour, and she is staking her all on its success. This photograph shows some of the notorious Death's Head Hussars resting on the way to battle for the Polish capital.

Scene in any Polish village from the Baltic to the Carpathians. A body of Huns resting in the hot sun preparatory to jogging on their way to meet the stubborn foe near the Vistula bank. German troops have passed through this locality in their hundred thousands, with all the paraphernalia of war—field-kitchens, ammunition-waggons, siege-trains, Red Cross cars—in their wake.

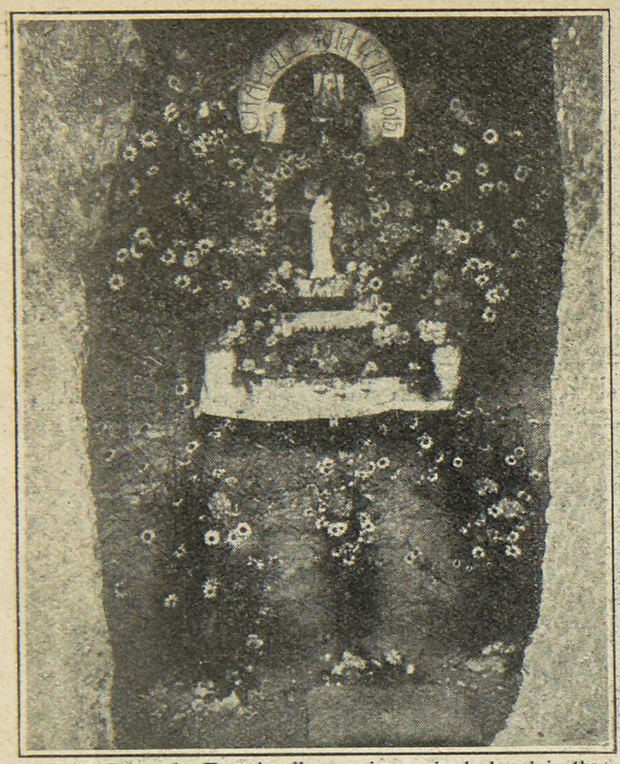
Scenes along the Lines of Russia's Great Retreat

Russians removing one of their heavy guns to a new position in the course of a rearguard battle, covering their retreat from the line of the Vistula. The fighting has been extremely desperate, but the Grand Duke has so far succeeded in his purpose, that of preserving his forces intact while inflicting enormous losses on the advancing enemy.

Russian cavalry during the great strategical retreat riding to take part in a heavy rearguard action against Mackensen's forces. It is a tribute to the ability with which the Grand Duke Nicholas is re-grouping his troops that during these engagements the enemy has captured comparatively few prisoners or munitions.

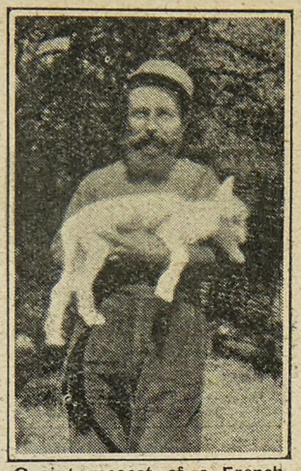
Russian cavalry en route for the iron triangle between Warsaw and Brest Litovsk, into which the Grand Duke is withdrawing his main armies, and from which it is expected he will resume the offensive. As each body of soldiers passes through Galician villages, to take up some new position in the strategic retreat, picturesque peasants flock to see the martial pageant.

Picture Paraphernalia of the Western War Area

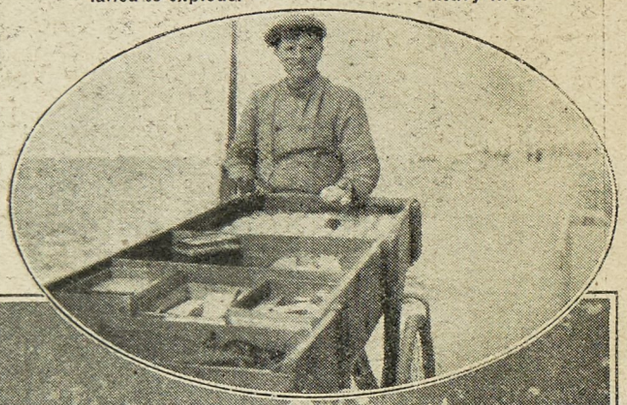


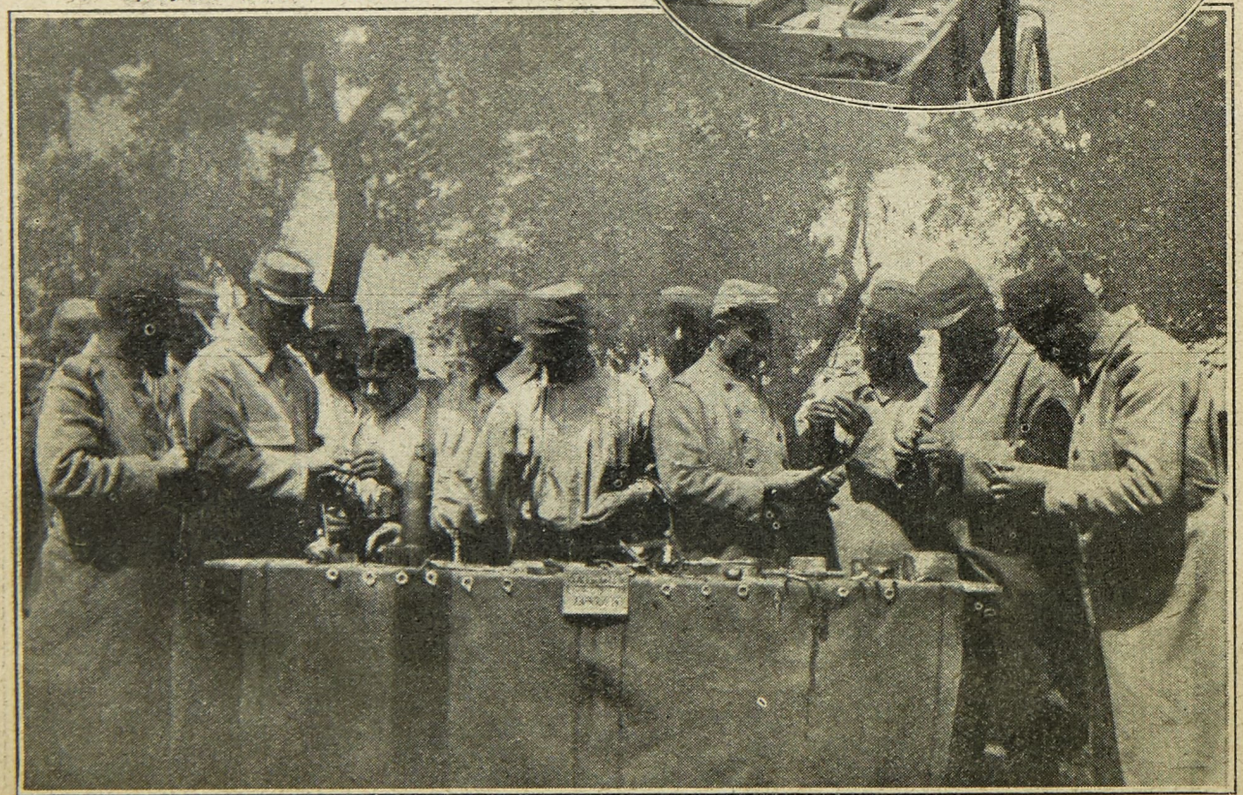
"Notre Dame des Tranches," or an improvised church in the French first-line trenches. A remarkable expression of the piety of our Gallic friends at the front.

French lieutenant holding in his arms a 190 German shell which fell near his trench and failed to explode.



Quaint mascot of a French regiment. A kid which was born in the trenches under heavy fire.

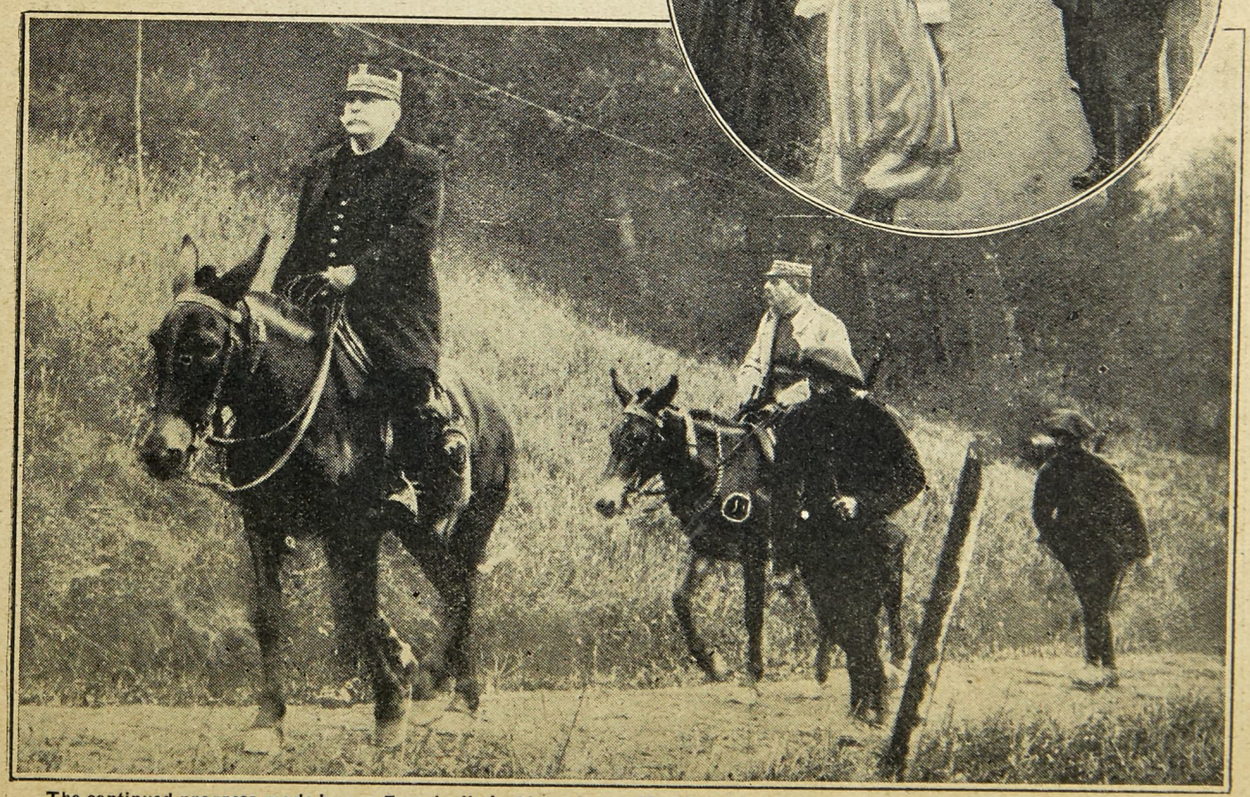




Quite a brisk trade has developed along the French front in souvenirs of the war. These generally consist of rings, cigarette and pencil cases, all made out of metal relics taken from the battlefield, and sold to the soldiers on their journeys to and from the trenches. In this photograph shows a stall with a group of interested "Poilus," our ally's popular name for soldiers. Inset: Optimistic orange-seller, who still parades at Nieuport, determined that the European war will not interfere with his important business.

Indefatigable Joffre in Reconquered Alsace

One of the most inspiring military ceremonies in France is the decoration of heroes by their Commander-in-Chief. General Joffre is here seen embracing soldiers of the Moroccan Division who have distinguished themselves. Thus to be honoured by the great commander, in the presence of their comrades, is the ideal of French soldiers.



The continued progress made by our French ally in Alsace is a source of anxiety and consternation to the enemy. The gradual re-conquest of Alsace-Lorraine is having a valuable moral effect on French troops, and General Joffre, together with General Maud'huy, is seen in this photograph, riding mules, going over that part of the Rhine provinces now restored to France. Inset: Two charming Alsatian girls have just presented to the Generalissimo a bouquet be-ribboned with the French colours.

Hewing Out the Huns with the aid of a Pick

In order to capture a dominating German position near the famous Hooge Chateau their trenches were recently blown up by a mine sap, following which bombing parties dashed forward, occupied the crater of the mine, and attacked the German communication trenches. During this difficult and thrilling operation a party of British bombers came to a dug-out, in which some Germans were barricaded, refusing to surrender. Despite a fierce cross-fire, Lieutenant Erskine, of the Middlesex, seized a pick and started to hew a way into the dug-out. While thus engaged the daring young officer was mortally wounded.

V.C. Hero's Terrible Journey with Bombs

The wonderful story of how Lieut. J. G. Smyth won the V.C. is one of the most inspiring in the annals of the decoration. To relieve the critical position of the 15th Sikhs, Lieut. Smyth and ten sepoys volunteered to convey two boxes of bombs from the reserve trench. Wriggling painfully over the open ground, that literally hissed with a deluge of fire, they hauled the heavy boxes after them. One by one the sepoys were struck, till only Sepoy Lal Singh remained with the Lieutenant. On and on they crawled, over the dead bodies of friend and foe, until they reached their comrades with their precious burden.

Italy's Alpine War against the Austro-Hun

Warfare as it exists in France and Poland is not known in the Italo-Austrian theatre of operations, where topographical conditions render trench sieges for any length of time an impossibility. This photograph shows a group of Italian infantry taking cover in the long grass near the Isonzo.

A modern vivandiere. The familiar ice-cream cart is to be seen near the zone of operations, presided over by a typical Italian, whose stock-in-trade is greatly appreciated by King Victor's soldiers, as witness the expectant queue in this photograph.

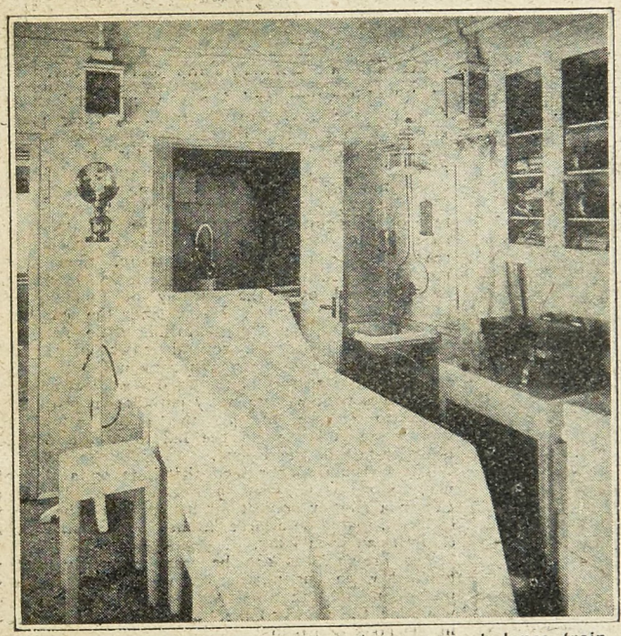
Italian infantry are renowned for their dash. In a charge they have all the initiative and fire characteristic of the Latin temperament, and the great progress they have made in the difficult Isonzo region is eloquent testimony to their enthusiasm.

Rapid Red Cross Work by Road and Rail

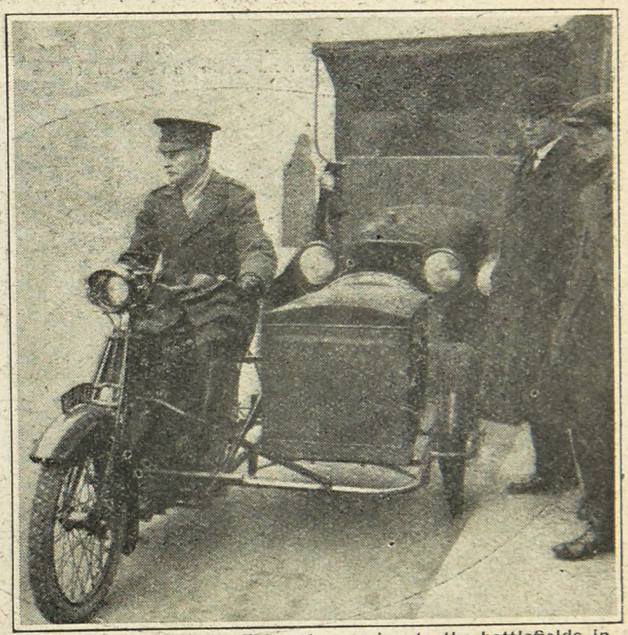
ON this page will be found a series of photographs illustrating the latest scientific devices now being used in the cause of humanity in the war of nations, principal among which is the Red Cross Society's motor field kitchen. This comparatively small car is capable of carrying a three days' supply of food, representing 1,500 meals. It dashes right into the firing-line with hot dinners for the wounded on the battlefield.

Among other innovations of interest is the special ambulance train presented to the Russian Army by the Tsaritza. It can be imagined that the difficulties of coping with large numbers of wounded soldiers on the fields of Poland and Galicia are enormous. Many are sent rapidly to Petrograd, receiving medical treatment en route in these magnificent, smooth-running trains, which are veritable hospitals on wheels. Speed in transport and advanced knowledge of surgery are saving thousands of lives in this war, where they would have been lost in previous conflicts.

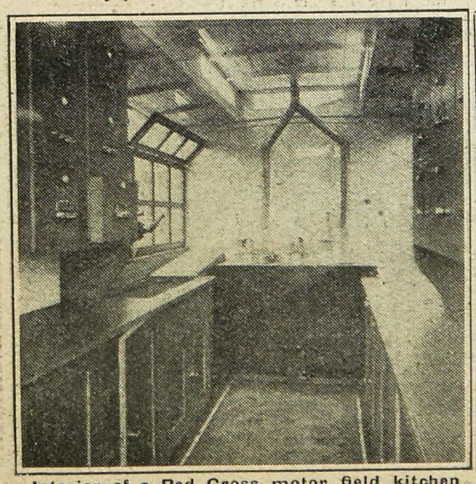
Red Cross Society's latest device to aid the wounded. A field kitchen which goes into the firing-line with hot meals for fallen soldiers.



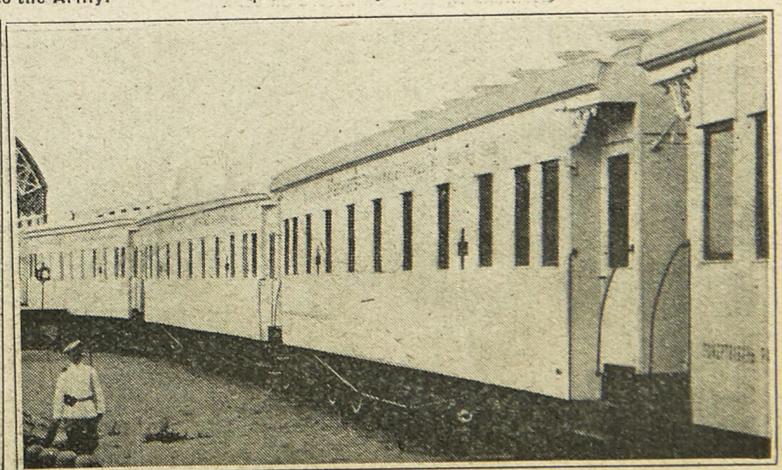
Interior of operating compartment on an ambulance train recently presented by the Empress of Russia to the Army.



Bacteriological motor laboratory going to the battlefields in quest of deadly bacteria for medical examination.



Interior of a Red Cross motor field kitchen designed by the engineers of the R.A.M.C.

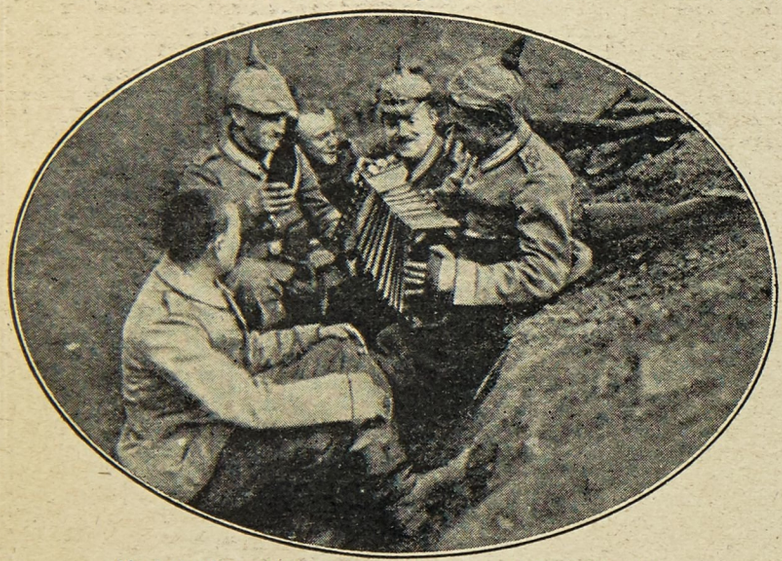


The Empress of Russia's Red Cross train, which journeys between the battle plains of East Prussia and Petrograd with wounded soldiers

Artistic Efforts of the Enemy in Action

German soldier-printer in the field setting up trench stories.

Distribution of the mail in a German camp near Rheims.



Music (and beer) have "charms to soothe the savage Hun!" Germans enjoying an accordion solo.

ART, Literature, and Music, as practised on the German front, are illustrated by these photographs of sons of Kulturland.

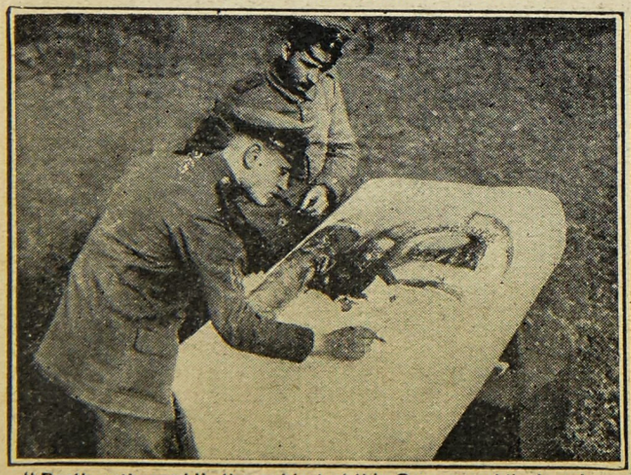
The German soldier-compositor is standing at his "case" and setting up the type for a small daily newspaper that is written, printed, and published at the front for the edification of the men of his regiment. As the "news" is, doubtless, as carefully doctored as the wireless reports that reach this country from Germany, then those particular Huns must already have learnt of and rejoiced over the burning of London, the sinking of the British Navy, and the complete annihilation of the "contemptible little Army!"

One has heard of several cases of British "Tommies" publishing newspapers in the trenches, but, having a sense of humour, our soldiers content themselves with writing witty parodies in prose and verse to enliven life at the front, instead of speculating seriously on the fall of Berlin or the ultimate fate of the Kaiser.

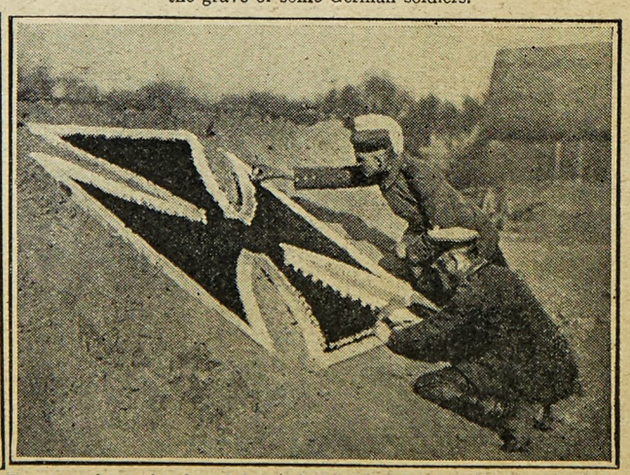
The German soldier seen sketching on a slab of white stone is G. Otte, a Berlin artist. He has chosen a ghastly subject for his cartoon—the figure of Death seated on a large throne. At the skeleton's elbow is an open book.

The drawing, as can be seen, was only partly finished when our photograph was taken, but we understand that the artist intended to depict Death watching the world-conflict and entering his scores in the book of Doom.

When finished the stone was to be placed over the grave of some German soldiers.

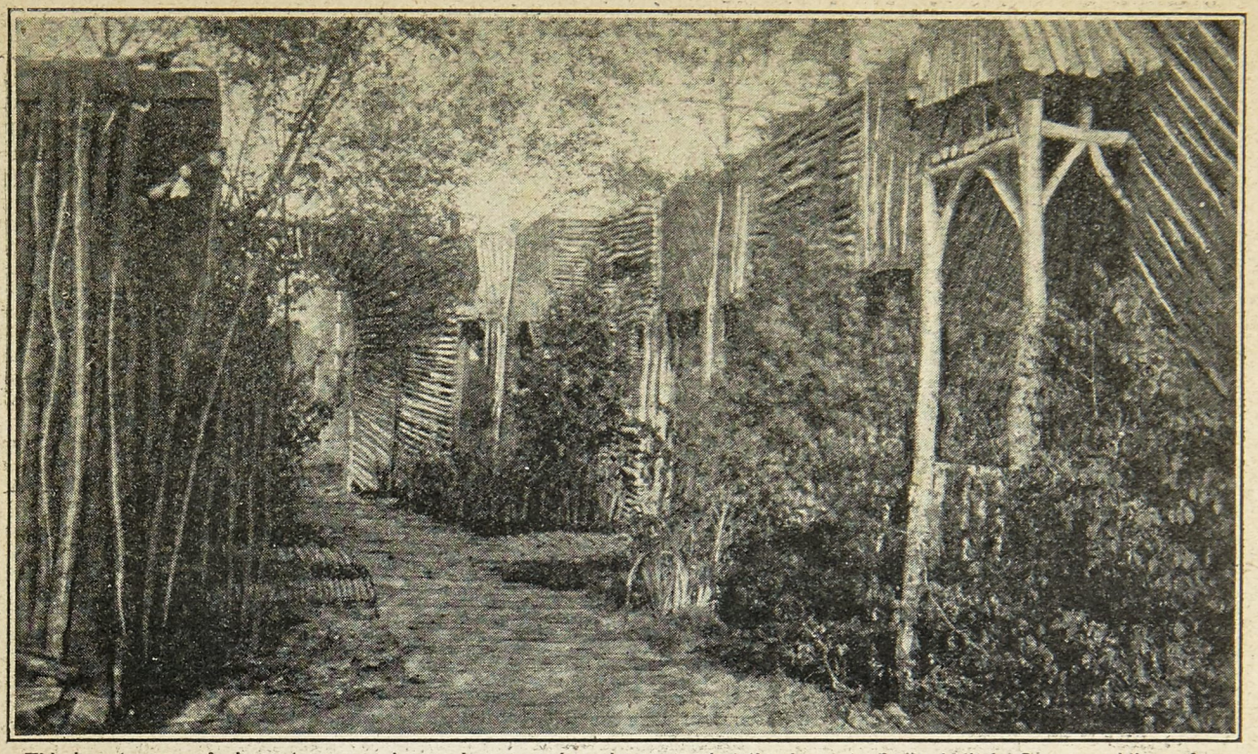


"Death enthroned"—the subject of this German soldier's grim cartoon that he is seen sketching on a slab of white stone.

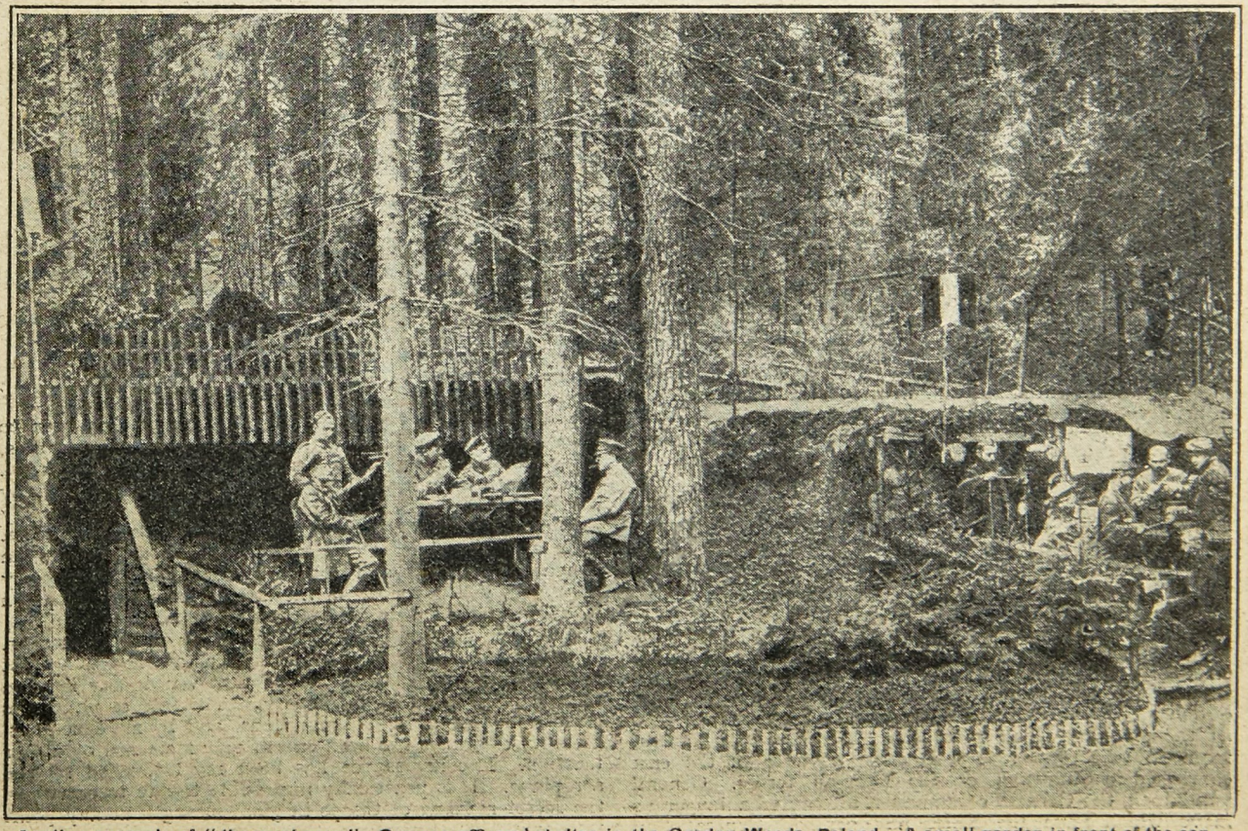


Germans have developed a mania for Iron Crosses; these are consoling themselves for lack of the "real thing" with a pebble replica.

Dug-outs of Thoroughness in France and Poland



This is not a row of pleasant summer-houses in some arboreal expanse, but the dug-outs of war built by German soldiers a few hundred yards behind their first-line trenches on the western front. The attention to minute detail and a certain artistic effect are remarkable in such ephemeral habitations, and are typical of the Teuton genius.



Another example of "thoroughness." German officers' shelter in the Grodno Woods, Poland. A small garden in front of the construction has been laid out with great care, and the roof has been neatly enclosed with a wooden railing. A group of officers have just concluded a meal in the shade of the trees, while some soldiers are enjoying theirs at a respectful distance.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

STALEMATE or victory? At the end of the first year of the war this is the issue that confronts Britain.

We have succeeded in defeating the main plans of the Germans. They did not enter Paris; they have not crushed France; they have not occupied Calais; they are only sweeping the Tsar's armies back from Poland into Russia proper after a year of effort; they have not landed the smallest invading force on our shores; they have not even seriously threatened our command of the seas.

That is one side. But there is another. In the west the line of battle is practically the same as it was last November. Our plans for forcing the Germans out of Belgium in the spring failed, and our hopes of a quick success in the Dardanelles have been dashed. Russia is bravely facing a very serious situation and France is throwing her full strength against lines of steel. We are at a point where we must gain substantial victories in the future, or admit the likelihood of the war dragging on indefinitely and becoming a long test of sheer endurance, or consent to call it a draw. The last is impossible if our Empire is to maintain its place among the nations.

What Germany Hoped to Do

The war in the west, so far as it particularly affects us, divides itself, from the military point of view, into several definite stages. There came first the great German rush into France through Belgium. The German General Staff reckoned upon a short, sharp land campaign. Their armies were prepared. They knew that the Allies were not. They determined to give them no time to prepare, and August 24th was fixed as the day upon which the Kaiser was to enter Paris.

The Germans failed to do all they had planned. Their failure was due first to the unexpectedly obstinate resistance of the Belgians at Liège, and next to the fighting strength of our Expeditionary Force. Yet it would be idle to deny that, judged purely from a military standpoint, this first German advance was one of the most amazing exhibitions of military efficiency seen since Napoleon's dash over the Alps. Within a month the Germans had revolutionised our ideas of war by the use of abnormally heavy guns, large numbers of machine-guns, and motor traction.

The "Little British Army"

Our Expeditionary Force reached France in the middle of August, and advanced rapidly towards Belgium, meeting the Germans at Mons. The French had refused to believe that the main German blow was being struck from the north, and had concentrated their principal forces upon Lorraine. We were supported on either side by French Territorials, without adequate artillery or equipment. The Germans struck on the French lines, defeated the French armies on the Belgian frontier, and pressed down on our own men in overwhelming numbers and with overwhelming strength in artillery.

General French had the choice between retiring or being surrounded. The retreat of Mons followed, a retreat which ranks among the most brilliant exploits of the war. We had to sacrifice much in men and in equipment. When the right moment came our Army, which the Germans thought destroyed, was able to turn round and strike a vital blow at the enemy. General Joffre governed his strategy by one principle. He was going to keep his armies together and not risk a repetition of the experience of 1870, when the French, broken into various fragments, were destroyed piecemeal. When the defeat of his troops on the Belgian front and the fall of Namur brought the Germans on him, he abandoned fortresses, towns, and lines of defence, and retired to the very gates of Paris. It seemed as though Paris itself must fall. Then, at the darkest moment, relief came. The Russian advance in the east compelled a diversion of the German forces. General von Kluck, the German commander, attempted a dangerous move which gave the Allies an opening. General Pau struck from the west, the British army turned its retreat into an advance, and Joffre threw all his forces into the scale. The Germans were forced back from the Marne to the other side of the River Aisne.

The Race to the Coast

Now came a great race between the Germans and the Allies up to the coast. The Germans could have had Calais and Boulogne a week or two earlier almost without a shot. Now French and British forces fought with them for position and the rival lines, which have been largely maintained since, were drawn to the sea,

The attack on Antwerp proved once more the overwhelming position of the great gun in modern war. The Germans shelled Antwerp safely from the distance and compelled its surrender. There has been much controversy over the wisdom of the despatch of a British expeditionary force there. The despatch of this force was evidently a compromise between two parties in the Government. One party, led by Mr. Churchill, advocated the expedition, another section disagreed. As a compromise an inferior force was sent—and sent too late.

The German armies, having captured Antwerp, launched themselves towards the coast in a determined effort to take Calais. The first Battle of Ypres ranks among the most glorious and desperate enterprises of British arms. A force of British and French held at bay week after week Germans six times their number. Our losses were tremendous. At one stage every man, from the Commander-in-Chief to the cook's mate, helped in the fighting-lines. The Germans were forced back and paid dearly for their venture.

The war of the trenches during the winter months was a test of endurance. No soldiers have been tried harder than those men who lived week by week in the sodden and freezing pits of Flanders.

The Disappointment in the Spring

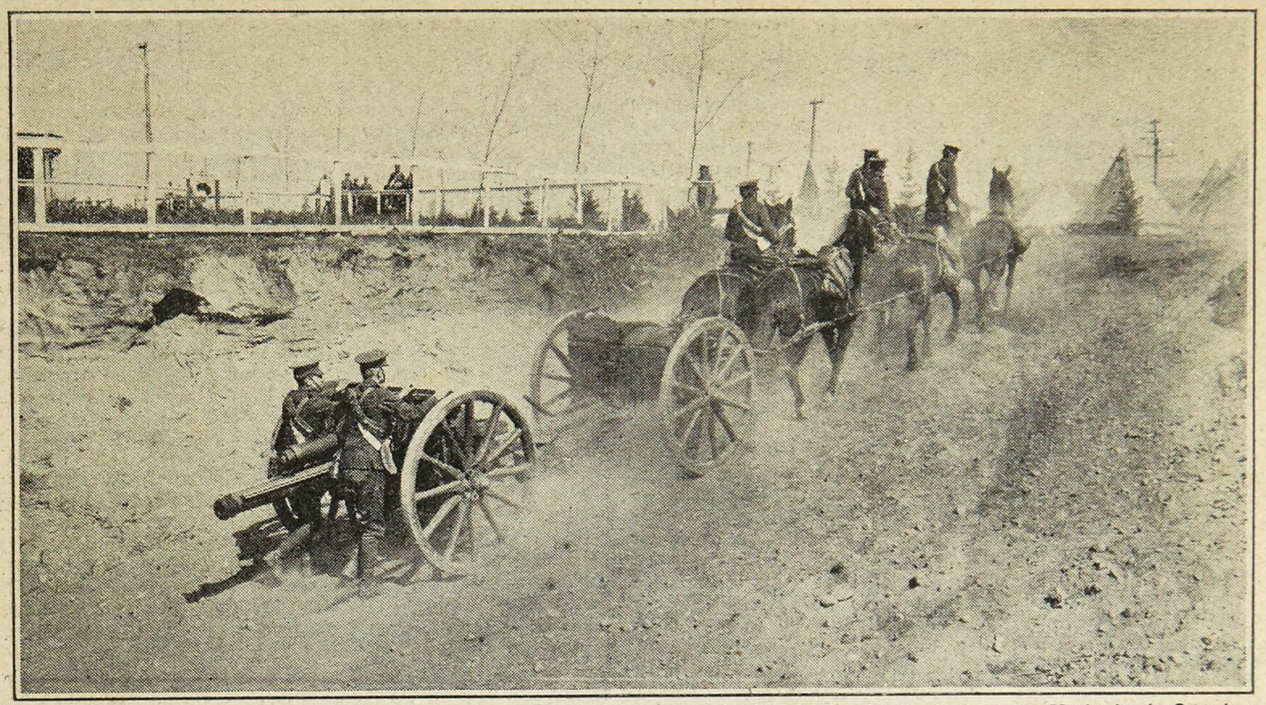
During the autumn and the winter new armies numbering between one and two million men had been raised in England, and it was anticipated that there would be a big forward movement in the spring. "I do not know how long the war will last, but it will begin in May," was a reply credited to Kitchener. Two great British attacks at Neuve Chapelle in March and on Hill 60 in April were regarded as preliminary skirmishes. But before we could strike our great blow the Germans struck at us. On April 22nd there came the fierce attack on Ypres, when, by the use of poisonous gas the line to the north was broken and the situation to the north was only momentarily saved by the splendid heroism of the Canadian troops.

A long battle followed, lasting some weeks. We were compelled to shorten our lines, and it became evident that there had been a serious flaw in our preparations. We had the men but we had not enough munitions, and, in particular, we had not enough high-explosive shells.

Since that time the object of the Germans has been to hold the western lines with comparatively light forces, while concentrating their armies on the Russian front. The French have made bold attempts to advance, notably north of Arras. The summer fighting has undoubtedly shown the great strength of the Germans' defensive lines. It is anticipated on all sides that the British armies, in increased numbers and with their artillery enormously improved, will attempt in the late summer the campaign planned for the spring.

The year of war has taught us many military lessons. It has shown that old-style fortifications are useless against modern artillery. It has proved that war to-day is more than ever an affair of machinery. The fate of nations is decided by big guns, by munitions, and by machine-guns. Mobility of armies has been enormously increased by motor traction. Reconnaissance has been revolutionised by the aeroplane. It is practically impossible to-day to carry out the secret massing of troops in great strength at any point unknown to the enemy.

Canada sends More Men and Still More



Unit of Canadian Field Artillery leaving Valcartier Mobilisation Camp to embark at Quebec for the front via the Motherland. Canada is still giving liberally of her sons in the great war against the Central European Empires, and it must be a source of gratification to the Dominion that the Canadian volunteers are among the soldiers most feared by the German conscripts.

Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who, of course, is taking an ardent interest in the Canadian Contingent and recruiting, is seen in this photograph crossing a pontoon bridge in the line of march from Valcartier to Quebec.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

IN 1914 an inspection on July 18th was substituted for the usual naval manœuvres, and the fleets returned to their posts and the reserve men to their homes. The Austrian ultimatum on July 23rd had found our Navy mobilised, but so little was the situation understood that on July 24th the first or chief fleet of Dreadnoughts was ordered to disperse from Portland to the dockyard ports to give leave to the men. Happily the order was cancelled by wireless, but it was not until July 30th, or two days after Austria declared war, that the order was given to mobilise. On July 28th orders were given to our scattered ships abroad to coal and concentrate. On August 4th Sir John Jellicoe, with a new Chief of the Staff, was ordered to take over the control of the Grand Fleet.

We suffered everywhere from a delayed and a bad start, and it was only the overwhelming naval strength of Great Britain, France, and Russia, as opposed to Germany alone in the first instance, that prevented serious consequences. This strength reposed mainly on battleships, and was such as to make it certain that the enemy's fleet would not put to sea except in the Baltic, where they were unfortunately not threatened by British submarines in the early period of the war.

Owing to the wise policy of encouraging private shipbuilding, which might well have been extended, we were able to take up a large reinforcement in the ships building for foreign Powers. With an ample margin of strength, losses are not vital, and policy should gain in courage. The losses are only questioned when armoured ships have formed more or less stationary targets for submarines, and have had no protecting screen of submarine destroyers.

The Cause of Turkish Hostility

The North Sea was prepared against us instead of by us in regard to mines, and abroad the Goeben and the Breslau escaped through causes which a year after the war have been left unexplained by the Government. It is agreed on all hands that the escape of these vessels to Constantinople was the cause of the advent of Turkey into the war and the consequent loss of supplies for the Russian Army.

On the other foreign stations there were two armoured cruisers, eight small cruisers, and a number of armed merchantmen belonging to Germany. Unfortunately, these stations had been reduced in strength in past years on the plea that commerce could take care of itself, and that in the defence of an empire the only important consideration was to defend the heart.

The truth is, as we have seen, that—as with the human organism—if the extremities are neglected the greater the strain will be on the heart. We had to rush abroad a vast number of vessels with mobilised crews from the reserves. This meant unsuitable ships, with ill-trained crews, such as the Canopus, and the unlucky Good Hope and Monmouth, which were sunk by the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau. Even the Triumph, which was sent to co-operate with the Japanese against Tsingtau, was manned on the outbreak of war by the crews of gunboats assembled at Hong-Kong, with about twelve per cent. of her crew from the garrison. No attempt was made to shadow any of the German cruisers, so as to bring them to action, though their whereabouts were known, and some of them had been in British ports or passed our warships within a few days of war. The result was that some battle-cruisers, about eighty cruisers, besides a large number of armed merchantmen and old armoured ships, had to be employed on the task of rounding up a few enemy vessels, because of the mischief they were working to commerce and the delay they were causing to the transport of our troops from India, Australia, etc. Ultimately the work was skilfully accomplished by the Navy, the most notable achievement being the destruction of Von Spee's squadron on December 8th off the Falkland Islands by Sturdee, with a squadron consisting of precisely those vessels which had been promised to the Dominions at the Imperial Conference in 1909, and then taken away on the plea that they were required for home waters.

Very soon after the outbreak of war the Navy had successfully transferred the Expeditionary Force of 80,000 men to France, a timely reinforcement which exercised a profound influence on the course of the campaign. Considering that the task was accomplished within a few hours' steaming of a great hostile navy, with the subsequent work of our transports without any casualties, it deserved to rank as one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of war.

The problem had been forced on our attention by the Agadir crisis in 1911, and its successful solution shows the gain from long and careful preparation. The track of the Channel between England and Belgium became an impenetrable barrier to all surface craft.

British Destroyers' Supremacy

Had the problem of the submarine been similarly considered, its action would certainly have been even more circumscribed than is the case under the handicap of a bad start. The prominence given to every loss, however, must not blind us to the fact that, as Sir Norman Hill pointed out, of every 1,000 voyages to and from Liverpool, 998 had been safely accomplished. It is also true that armed merchant vessels have been relatively immune from attack and not a single transport has been lost.

In the North Sea itself much was done by the Navy to retrieve the bad start given to it by the Government. The sea itself, by the use of mines in association with the submarines had become for us one of uncertainty. A service of mine-sweepers, manned largely by fishermen, was quickly got to work, and has throughout the war rendered splendid service. Our destroyers quickly established their ascendancy over the enemy destroyers, and after a sharp lesson given by Beatty on August 28th in the Heligoland Bight neither German small cruisers or destroyers showed themselves at sea.

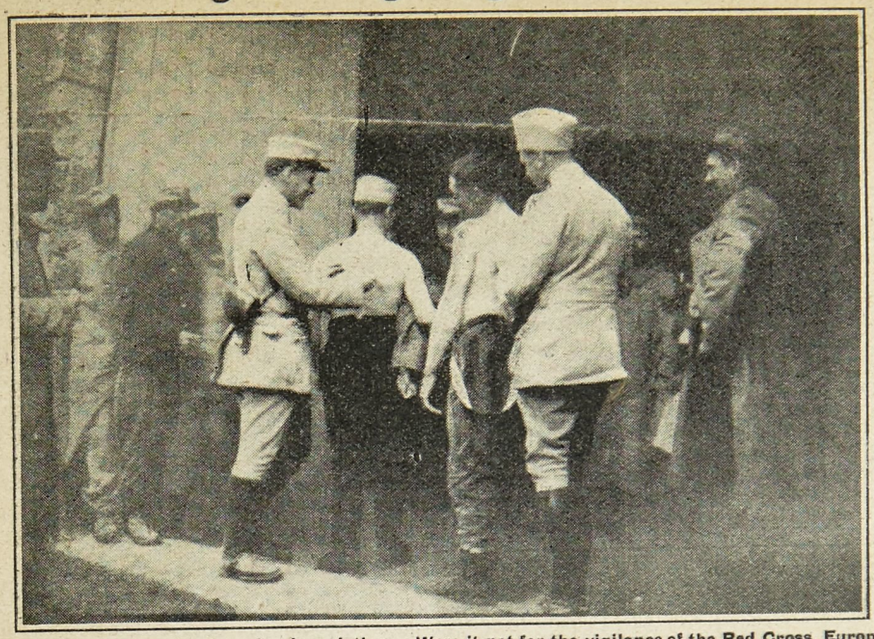
Only now for the first time, after reports from their aircraft that the coast is clear, do we hear again of German destroyers being at sea. Her battle and armoured cruisers, however, manifested a certain daring in attacking coastal towns, an operation so manifestly useless as to reveal its object as being to tempt our ships over a minefield, and on a track where submarines would attack. On each occasion accidents happened to the German squadron, suggesting conditions of panic in the command. On the second they narrowly escaped through fog. On the third they were brought to action and received a sharp lesson, losing the Blücher. The remaining ships escaped through a failure to press home the advantage won, and the cause of this error of judgment has not been explained.

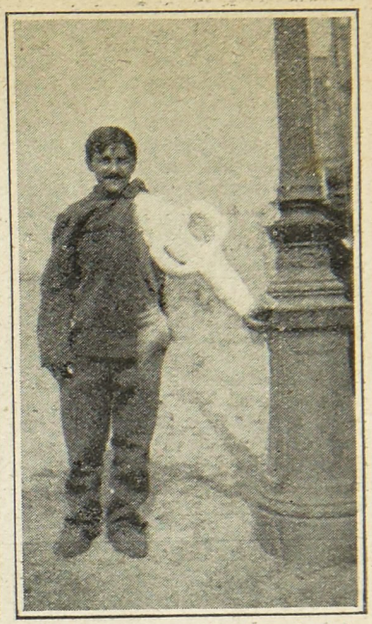
Closing the Net

It was unfortunate that at the most critical period of the action the admiral in charge had to drop out through the crippling of his flagship H.M.S. Lion. Since then the North Sea has been destitute of events except the operations of the German submarines. It should be added that our failure to lay mines at the first in the waters around Heligoland, into which all German maritime activities must pour because of the situation of her rivers and ports, did not save us from mining much larger areas at a later period of the war.

It will be seen that all naval effort is devoted to a gradual closing of the net. We have eliminated the German Navy abroad, and the greater part of German trade and colonies. The French Navy, from the first, closed the forty-mile gateway to the Adriatic, and the Italians are drawing the net closer and closer, and if we have not drawn the net as close as it might have been in the North Sea, it has, at any rate, practically confined the German Navy inside its own mined triangle of waters and sandbanks behind Heligoland with a back-door escape to the Baltic.

Wounding the Fighting Man for the Sake of his Health





French soldiers lined up for inoculation. Were it not for the vigilance of the Red Cross, Europe might, after a year of unprecedented conflict, be ravaged by pestilence as disastrous as the war. Right: Remarkable invention by Dr. Depage, Belgium's celebrated surgeon. It is known as a plaster bridge, and keeps a fractured arm in its normal position, thereby facilitating healing.

Sturdy British bluejackets in the Levant likewise are going through the slight ordeal of vaccination. The life of the fighting man, healthy as it is, is full of dangers other than those of shot and shell. Typhoid and similar scourges are ever prevalent, but inoculation has considerably mitigated the peril of disease.

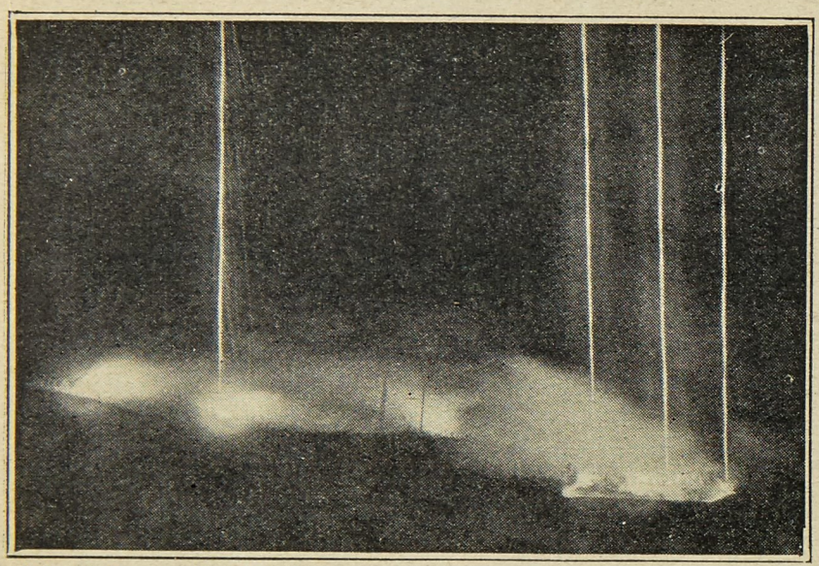
THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

LAST week I gave a brief review of the actual deeds of the pilots of the Royal Naval Air Service and of the Royal Flying Corps during the first year of war. We may now proceed to consider what effect the use of aircraft has had on the course of the war in general, and what has been prevented or what has been learned by the addition of aircraft to the fighting forces of the various nations.

Though the R.N.A.S. sea patrols, both across the Strait of Dover and in the far North Sea from Scapa Flow, did not discover any hostile seacraft in the early days of the war—for the excellent reason that there were none to discover—much valuable knowledge was gained as to the organisation of coast patrols and deep-sea scouting, which has been of immense value since.

Later on aircraft of various sorts—seaplanes and airships—did a good deal of work hunting for submarines, and in fact contributed in various ways, which must not be described, to their capture. Aircraft were also very useful in connection with mine-sweeping operations, as in suitable weather a man in an aeroplane or airship can spot mines below the surface which would be missed by a ship unless she ran into it.



It is not always realised that the Great War continues the whole round of the clock. Seldom does the fighting cease for want of daylight, for star-shells and rockets are ever hurtling through the air to "lighten" the arduous work of the artillery. This photograph is an impression of German rockets fired from aeroplanes on Russian positions.

The various seaplane-carrying ships in the North Sea showed the Germans what they may expect when this side of the Service is sufficiently developed to allow of regular bomb-dropping raids on the German coast towns, and although the material damage done in the Cuxhaven raid was small, it had considerable moral value in decreasing the cocksureness of the population in that part of Germany.

Dispelling the Zeppelin Menace

The various coastal air-stations have done very useful work in chasing German aircraft which have invaded this country. It has not been policy, of course, to state exactly what has been done, and the R.N.A.S. has been jeered at by the ignorant for not having done the impossible or the absurd—as, for instance, for not bringing down blazing Zeppelins in the centres of thickly populated industrial districts. But it may be noted that daylight raids by German aeroplanes seem to have ceased for some months, and that Zeppelins only come over at night, and then it is impossible for them to aim accurately.

Even Zeppelin raids at night have not been popular recently, and for this we may thank the R.N.A.S. detachment in Flanders, which by continually harassing Zeppelin sheds at Ghent, Brussels, and elsewhere, and by destroying two Zeppelins in one day, one in the air and one in its shed, have shown that Belgium is not healthy for Zeppelins, either as a home or as a road. The only alternative as a home is farther east, at Liège, or Düsseldorf, or Cologne, and then the journey is so long that there is increased danger of being caught by aeroplanes in daylight, or of being surprised by a change in the weather and wrecked.

In controlling gun fire along the Belgian coast, and in East Africa, and at the Dardanelles, and in destroying submarines in Belgian harbours, the R.N.A.S. has also done good work.

Valuable Work by the R.F.C.

The effect of aircraft on land warfare has been so much of a surprise that it must be considered as a whole rather than in relation to the Royal Flying Corps only. Even just before the outbreak of war it was generally considered that the use of aircraft would hasten the end of any campaign in which they were employed. It was argued that the ability to "see behind the hill" would enable the opposing commanders-in-chief to come to grips sooner, and thus would bring about a decisive battle more quickly.

In practice the effect has been exactly the opposite. The excellent scouting by the R.F.C. in the first fortnight during which the British Army was in touch with the Germans enabled Sir John French to discover that he was opposed to an overwhelming force, and so he decided on a retreat which saved the bulk of the army; whereas if he had not had that information, the chances are that the whole army would have stood and fought, and would have been annihilated by sheer numbers of infantry and by weight of artillery.

In a precisely similar way, during the German retreat from the Marne to the Aisne, the Germans were able to avoid a crushing defeat, although our own aircraft assisted ably in finding the weak places in the German forces at which our army could strike with most effect.

At a later period, when the Germans had retreated to their prepared positions on the Aisne, and the combined French and British armies attempted to outflank them via Amiens, Arras, Lille, and Ypres, the German aircraft were able to follow the general trend of the movement, despite the fact that the R.F.C. drove most of the German machines out of the air by persistently attacking them whenever they appeared, with the precise object of preventing the Germans from seeing what was being done.

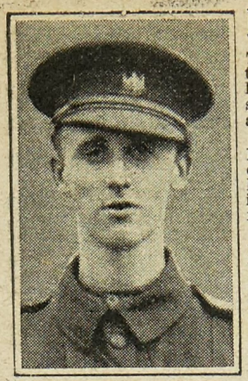
When finally the two hostile armies were firmly entrenched opposite one another, and the regular routine of reconnaissance, bomb-dropping, and artillery fire-control began—as mentioned last week—the aircraft on both sides merely increased the deadlock. If one side began to mass troops in one particular district whence an attack could be launched at a particular section of our line, our aircraft spotted the concentration, and the line was strengthened to meet the attack, which inevitably failed. And similarly the Germans were able to prepare for any attack.

Without aircraft on either side, clever and rapid organisation might enable such an attack to succeed by striking before the enemy got wind of the preparations.

Thus we find that what aircraft have really done is to bring us back to the most primitive form of trench warfare.

There are also developments in aircraft in progress which, if fully carried out, will again alter the nature of war.

New Names on the Scroll of Heroic Fame



Lce.-Cpl. L. A. AUSTIN, Cambridgeshire Regt.

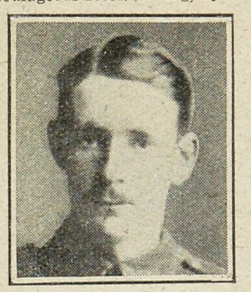
Lance-Corporal L. A. Austin, Cambridgeshire Regt., the youngest D.C.M., being only seventeen, and gained the decoration for bravery under heavy shrapnel fire. Lance-Corporal C. S. M. P. Arbroath, 5th Black Watch, won the D.C.M. for gallantry in action. Comp.-Sergt.-Major T. Corry received the D.C.M. for acts of great courage under fire. Lance-Corporal Francis gained the award for bravery at Festubert, working his way close up to the German trenches in daylight and so securing superiority of fire. Lance-Corporal C. J. Driver gained the D.C.M. for sapping and mining. Sergeant W. E. Packhard was awarded the D.C.M. for bravery with a machine-gun when within twenty yards of the enemy.

Sapper H. J. Ferris received the D.C.M. for gallant work under heavy fire. Sergeant F. T. Montgomery was awarded the D.C.M. for courage while with a small party for ten days in enemy country. Private A. T. Weston gained his D.C.M. for gallantly rescuing comrades who had been overcome by gas. Corporal D. Allison gained his D.C.M. for obtaining valuable information under most perilous conditions. Comp.-Sergt.-Major H. Wright won the D.C.M. for great bravery, when wounded, at Ypres.

Corporal W. G. Tanner gained the D.C.M. for great gallantry in action. Sergeant T. R. Pearson received his D.C.M. for his daring and coolness at Cuinchy. Corporal J. D. Mackenzie won his D.C.M. for outstanding bravery in action and for rescuing an officer. Sergeant E. C. Burgess received his D.C.M. for devotion to duty in tending to wounded under heavy shell fire. Sergeant H. Venn won his D.C.M. for gallantry with a machine-gun section at Neuve Chapelle. Lance-Corporal R. Stead gained the D.C.M. for throwing a basket of bombs, one of which had become ignited, out of the trench, and so saving many lives. The bombs would have exploded in five seconds. Corporal W. N. Frampton gained his D.C.M. for bravery in repairing telephone wires under fire. Corporal B. Venters won the D.C.M. for repairing wires under heavy shell fire. Corporal J. B. Hill and Corporal S. M. Chapman won the D.C.M. for their great bravery under fire. Sergeant W. F. Pothecary was awarded his D.C.M. for his courageous reconnoitring, by crawling to within ten yards of the enemy.

L.-Cpl. C. S. M. P. ARBROATH, 5th Black Watch.

Comp.-Sergt.-Maj. T. CORRY, Irish Guards.



Lce.-Cpl. FRANCIS, South Wales Borderers.

Lce.-Cpl. C. J. DRIVER, Royal Engineers.

Sergt. W. E. PACKHARD, 1st East Surrey Regt.

Sapper H. J. FERRIS, Royal Engineers.

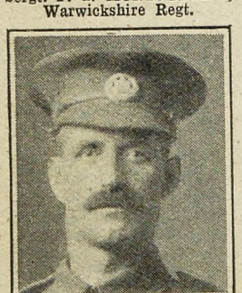
Sergt. F. T. MONTGOMERY, Warwickshire Regt.

Pte. A. T. WESTON, Staffordshire Regt.

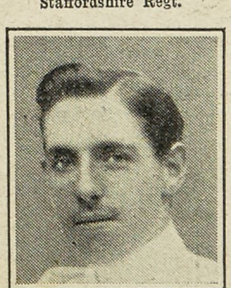
Cpl. D. ALLISON, Highland Light Infantry.

Comp.-Sergt.-Maj. H. WRIGHT, 3rd Middlesex.

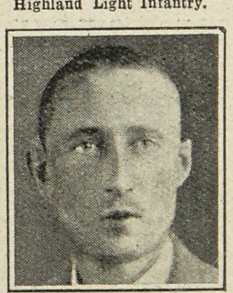
Cpl. W. G. TANNER, Argyll & Sutherland Highldrs.



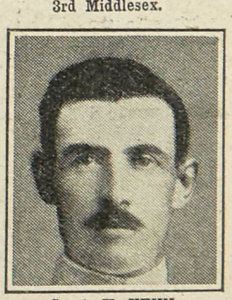
Sergt. T. R. PEARSON, Northamptonshire Regt.



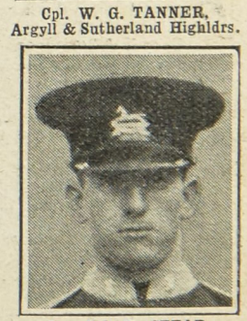
Cpl. J. D. MACKENZIE, Cameron Highlanders.



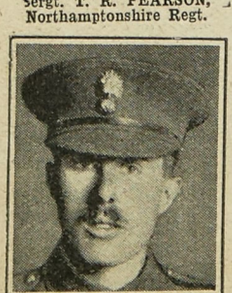
Sergt. E. C. BURGESS, Queen Victoria's Rifles.



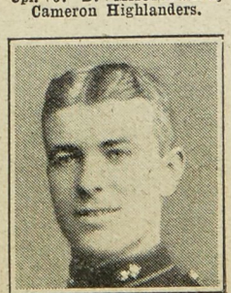
Sergt. H. VENN, Berkshire Regt.



Lce.-Cpl. R. STEAD, West Yorkshire Regt.



Cpl. W. N. FRAMPTON, Honourable Artillery Coy.



Cpl. B. VENTERS, Royal Field Artillery.

Cpl. J. B. HILL, 16th London Regt.

Cpl. S. M. CHAPMAN, Royal Engineers.

Sergt. W. F. POTHECARY, 5th London Regt.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, July 1st to 31st, 1915

JULY 1.—German repulse in Galicia. In the sectors of the front from Kamionka to Halicz great loss inflicted on enemy, 1,000 prisoners taken.

Announced that Leyland liner Armenian sunk by German submarine U28 off Scilly Isles. Violent German attack in the Argonne.

JULY 2. — Admiralty announce H.M.S. Lightning damaged by explosion of a mine or torpedo, 14 of crew missing.

German Naval Defeat.—Submarine torpedoed and sunk German battleship in the Baltic. In same action light cruiser Albatross driven on shore and destroyed.

JULY 3.—**Fierce Struggle in the Argonne** continued without material gains on either side.

JULY 4.—Germans very active between the Meuse and Moselle. Attacks made at several points in the La Haye region.

Italian Commander-in-Chief reports bombardment by his forces, with visible result, of fortifications of Malbarghetto and the Predil Pass.

Allies inflicted heavy losses on Turks in violent attack on our positions in Gallipoli.

JULY 5.—**Lord Fisher's New Post.**—Announced that Lord Fisher appointed Chairman of the Inventions Board.

Russians report successful offensive in the direction of Radom, Southern Poland.

Turks' Losses in Dardanelles.—A despatch from Sir Ian Hamilton describes attacks by Turks upon our positions. These failed, and Turks' losses amounted to over 20,000 men.

JULY 6.—**British Gain North of Ypres.**—Sir John French reports gain of ground south-west of Pilken, near Ypres.

Great Russian Rally. Western column of Austro-German advance between Vistula and the Bug severely defeated.

JULY 7.—Sir Ian Hamilton's First Long Despatch on Dardanelles operations published.

Germans, in taking offensive near St. Mihiel, penetrated French first line on a front of 760 yards.

JULY 8.—Austrians admit defeat of their army which had advanced north-east of Krasnik. In the direction of Lublin, Russians developed the offensive, and captured 11,000 prisoners, and several dozen machine-guns.

French Advance on Souchez.—To the north of the station French carried a line of German trenches after having annihilated all defenders with grenades, and progressed beyond.

Italian cruiser the Amalfi torpedoed by Austrian submarine in Upper Adriatic.

JULY 9.—**Botha's Final Triumph.**—Officially announced General Botha has accepted surrender of entire German forces in South-West Africa.

JULY 10.—**German Reply to U.S.A. Note** published. The arguments in justification of the sinking of the Lusitania are repeated, and Americans are told that if they sail in British ships they do so at their own risk.

Austrian retreat in Poland. Russian army defending Lublin took over 15,000 prisoners.

JULY 11.—To the north of Arras French completed the dislodging of enemy from trenches in which he had been able to maintain himself on the line captured by French on the 8th.

Air raid on Venice, very little damage done.

JULY 12.—**Despatch on Second Battle of Ypres** and the operations in the Festubert region, by Sir John French, published.

Souchez Cemetery taken by Germans, also some parts of the adjacent trenches.

JULY 13.—Announced that two British monitors have totally wrecked the German light cruiser Königsberg in a river in East Africa, where she took refuge last October.

Germans fierce attack on the Labyrinth completely failed. At Neuville enemy attacks repulsed.

French air raid in the Woevre. Squadron of 35 aeroplanes rained 171 bombs on Vigneulles, the junction for the field railways running from region of Metz. Stores and supplies concentrated there set on fire and destroyed.

Attack of Crown Prince's Army in the Argonne bent back French line in places, but later restored.

Success of War Loan.—Mr. McKenna announced that £570,000,000, not including subscriptions through the Post Office, had been subscribed.

JULY 14.—French air squadron attacked Libercourt, a military junction between Douai and Lille.

New German move north of Warsaw. Officially announced from Russia that the Germans are trying to reach Warsaw from the north.

In the Argonne the German attacks, which were concentrated in the region between Marie Therese and the Haute-Chevauchee, definitely checked.

JULY 15.—**Dardanelles Success.** — Sir Ian Hamilton reports that as result of attack by our troops and the French in Gallipoli, 400 yards were gained on both flanks.

New German Attack in Northern Poland, along a front of 160 miles from Prasnysch to Kalvaria.

Strike of 200,000 Welsh miners begun.

JULY 16.—Russians admit loss of Prasnysch. Enemy developing new offensive in Baltic provinces.

Interest in the western front still centred in the Argonne. Strong German attacks to recover lost ground in Lorraine repulsed.

Success in Central Cameroons.—Press Bureau announced that on June 29 the allied forces occupied the town of Ngaundere.

JULY 17.—Fighting renewed in Argonne, all enemy attacks checked.

JULY 18.—**Hindenburg's New Move.**—German troops in east under Von Hindenburg forcing Russians back toward the line of fortresses of the River Narew.

Heavy fighting in the west. In the Argonne, on the Heights of the Meuse, on the Lorraine border, and in the Vosges Germans made determined attacks.

Italians advanced successfully on the Cadore frontier.

Italian cruiser Guiseppe Garibaldi sunk by Austrian submarines in the Adriatic.

JULY 19.—**Great Russian Defence.**—Splendid stand made by our ally against German attacks north and south of Warsaw. Fierce fighting in the south, along the front of the Lublin - Cholm railway. On the Krasnik front the Austrians were repulsed.

German attack west and south-west of Souchez repulsed by French, also one to the south-east of Les Eparges.

Officially announced that Italians have obtained a substantial success on the Isonzo front, capturing formidable lines of trenches, 2,000 prisoners, and guns.

Dardanelles Losses.—Announced that up to end of June total naval and military casualties were 1,933 officers and 40,501 men.

JULY 20.—**The Russian Retreat.**—Our ally falls back on places to River Narew and line of fortresses protecting main railway line from Warsaw to Petrograd. In conformity with this movement the Bzura-Rawka front abandoned.

Sir John French reports that the British east of Ypres sprung a mine and occupied 150 yards of German trenches.

French aerial raid on railway station of Colmar, also on Conflans, junction between Verdun and Metz.

Italian Success.—After an all-day battle on Lower Isonzo several lines of Austrian trenches captured; 2,000 prisoners taken.

Coal strike ended, terms of settlement drawn up by Mr. Lloyd George.

JULY 21.—Advance on Warsaw. — Russians reported still holding the Blonie defences, 15 miles from Warsaw. and offering strong opposition to General Mackensen south of the Lublin railway (south-east of Warsaw). In the Baltic provinces Germans advanced near Shavli.

French Gain in Vosges.—Progress reported to within a short distance of crest of the Linge (north of Münster).

Capture of a small redoubt from Turks in Gallipoli.

JULY 22.—**The Battle for Warsaw.**—Reported closing in on Warsaw from the west and south-west. Between the city and the fortress of Ivangorod the retreating Russians reached the Vistula.

French storm a summit in the Vosges. In the Fecht valley they took Metzeral and Sondernach.

Gallipoli Gains.—Despatch from Sir Ian Hamilton reports that since July 18 our forces have made steady progress in consolidating captured trenches.

Fighting on the Euphrates.—India Office announces that British expedition from Kurna attacked defences of the position established on the Euphrates by the Turks and Arabs. Latter forced to retreat.

JULY 23.—Italian success. Officially reported that on the Carso our ally inflicted great defeat on enemy; 1,500 prisoners taken.

JULY 24.—Text of third American Note to Germany published.

Fierce fighting for Warsaw continued. Germans forced passage of the Narew between Pultusk and Rozan.

JULY 25.—**French Success in Vosges.** German defensive positions from La Fontenelle to Launois stormed, and over 800 prisoners taken.

JULY 26.—Fight for Warsaw.—Russian official report admits that Germans crossed the Narew between the fortress of Rozan and Obryte Pultusk. Mackensen's forces south of the Lublin - Cholm railway have been fought to a standstill. The enemy's advance towards the Bug on the north, threatening main communication between Warsaw and Petrograd, continued.

Officially announced that Italian naval forces have occupied island of Pelagosa, in the Adriatic.

Announced in Parliament that Turkish and Arab troops heavily defeated up the Euphrates. Nasirzeh taken on July 25.

JULY 27.—Italians gained a height on the Carso plateau, and took 3,200 prisoners.

More Vosges gains. French entirely conquered the strong German positions near the Lingekopf.

Battles of the Narew.—Russia reports that German troops who crossed the Narew between the fortresses of Rozan and Poltusk have been checked.

Mr. Asquith in Parliament stated total casualties to July 20 numbered 330,995.

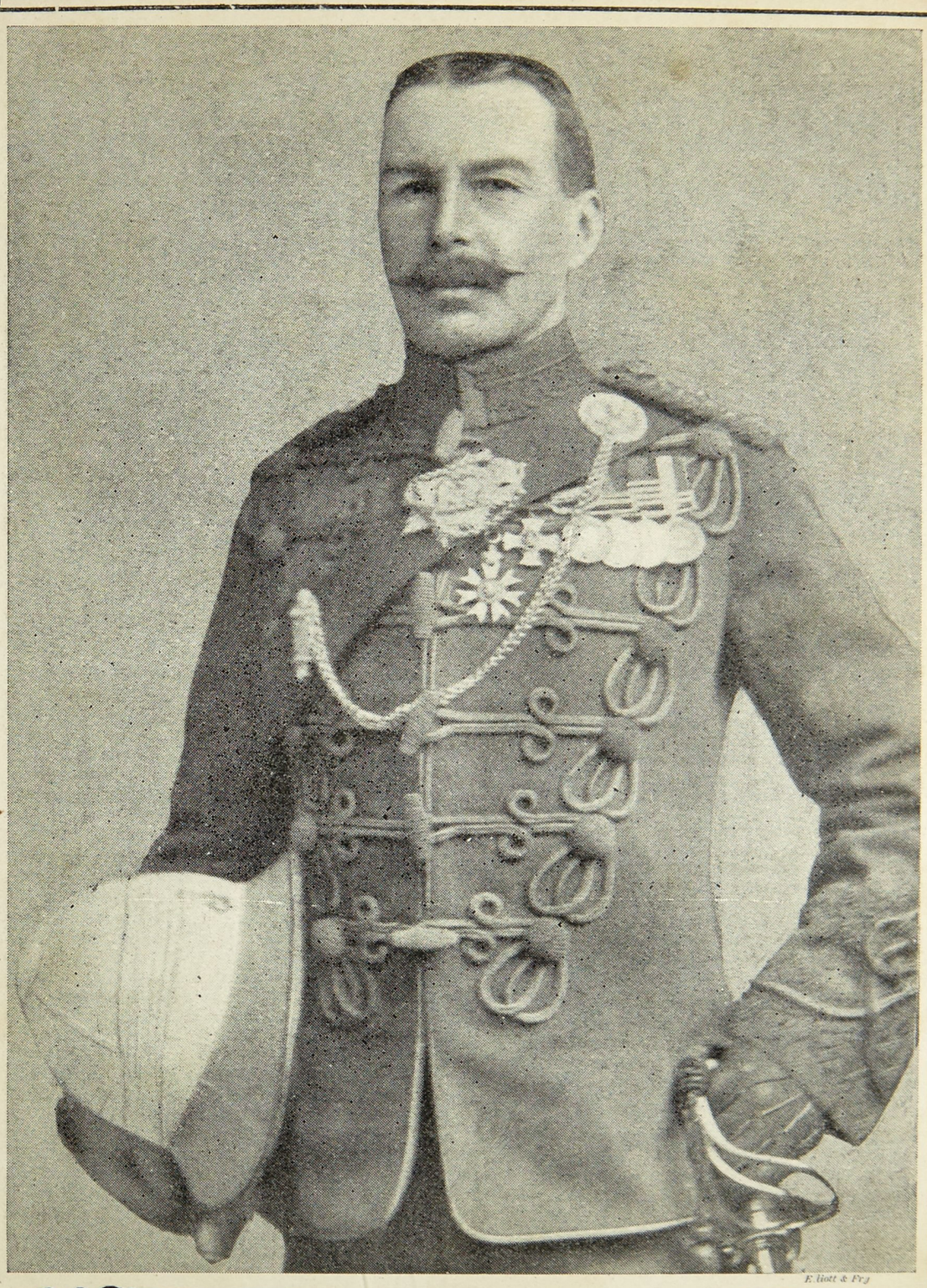
JULY 28.—**Struggle for Warsaw.**—Enemy held at nearly all points.

JULY 29.—On the Bug River above Sokal Russians repulsed two Austrian attacks; 1,500 prisoners taken.

JULY 30.—Sir John French reports that by using liquid fire enemy penetrated our trenches north and south of Hooge.

JULY 31.—**Unofficially Reported Warsaw Evacuated.**—Russians admit enemy crossed Vistula between Warsaw and Ivangorod.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



Elliott & Fry

BRIG.-GEN. HENRY TIMSON LUKIN, D.S.O., C.G.M.
who is to command the First Brigade of the South African Infantry for the European Campaign

Note to binder: These outer pages should be bound in the volume only if desired by the subscriber.

'Milestones' in the Great War

By the Editor

WITH this issue THE WAR ILLUSTRATED completes the first year of its existence. So much has happened since the first weekly part was published in that fateful August month of 1914, that we seem to have lived through years of wonderful change since then. Yet, at other times, when those early days of the war are recalled with all their strange surprises, their hours of tense excitement, it seems but yesterday!

THAT we have now been publishing our world-famous little pictorial record week by week for one whole year is difficult to realise. Time, indeed, is no longer counted by the orderly division of hours and days; for some parts of the war have seemed interminable, while great and moving events have passed as quickly as a dissolving view. We need the dated page, the numbered part, to enable us to recall the wonder year through which we have lived with anything like clearness as to the sequence of its epoch-making events.

IN the first number of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED I briefly set forth the plan and purpose of our publication, and I make no apology to-day for repeating the words I then wrote, as it seems to me they are worth reprinting when, for a moment, as it were, we are pausing in the weekly chronicling of the war to take a fleeting glance backward:

"The need of the tragic hour calls forth this new periodical. It is designed to provide during the continuance of the Great War a weekly record of the momentous events which are to change the whole complexion of Europe and profoundly to affect all modern civilisation.

"THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, while being a weekly news-picture review of the great happenings that are making these our days for ever memorable in the world's history, also possesses the value of a permanent record.

"The whole Press of our country to-day is showing true patriotism There is everywhere an evident desire to avoid sensationalism—a large sense of responsibility. Needless to say, THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will seek to maintain the same high and serious note, while striving to be vividly interesting in every page.

"The best resources of modern journalism are at its command—the camera of the war photographer, the pencil of the trained war artist, the pen of the skilled writer will fill its pages week by week with an unrivalled budget of illustrations and letterpress.

"No aspect of the awful struggle of military and naval giants will be omitted. The thrilling events by land, sea, and air, the dramatic changes in the lives of cities, the little tragedies of the domestic hearth—all will be chronicled in the pages of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED with journalistic speed, yet in such wise that the periodical when bound in volume form may serve as a living record of Europe's most tremendous war."

ALTHOUGH I prefer that the contents of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED should speak for themselves—that they should be their own advertisement—I confess that it is with some degree of personal satisfaction I can reprint our little manifesto as above, for few publications have so closely lived up to their ideal as THE WAR ILLUSTRATED has done in its first year.

I RECALL to-day many of the criticisms we encountered at the outset as to the improbability of being able to maintain the high level of pictorial and literary interest reached in our early numbers. In my opinion, our pictorial interest has been far more than maintained; it has steadily increased, and the last few parts seem to me distinctly better in every respect than the earlier numbers. This has only been achieved by a most effective system of organisation, employing camera-correspondents in all parts of the world-wide war areas, and entirely regardless of expense.

EVEN when we have been passing through periods of the war in which exciting events were lacking, the myriad different phases of the activities by land, sea, and air which we have been able to bring before our readers by the modern magic of the camera have been depicted with so much interest that the mark aimed at in No. 1 may be said to have been hit in each succeeding part.

FROM the literary point of view our little publication has made steady progress. As my regular readers know, many of the foremost writers of our times have lent their pens to enrich its pages. Numerous contributions have been published on subjects which, of the deepest immediate interest, will bear re-reading in the future, and these will surely rank among the many invaluable contemporary documents our distraught times are calling forth. In this respect I can promise my readers that succeeding numbers will prove even stronger in interest, as arrangements are in hand to maintain a steady stream of valuable contributions from writers of first rank.

STARTING as THE WAR ILLUSTRATED did in the very month and within a few days of the opening of the great conflict of the nations, its volumes not only mark milestones in its own progress, but are no less milestones in the progress of the war. How many more of these we have to pass no one can say, but be the volumes few or many that will be necessary to contain the completed record of the war, their historical interest and value will be undeniable.

EVERYTHING has been done in the production of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED to give the most generous value consistent with the difficulties of the time. In times of peace such a publication would have been considered remarkable at so low a price, but when it is remembered that the cost of all materials has been appreciably increased owing to the difficulties of the war, the value represented in the weekly parts and in the bound volumes is surely unprecedented.

AS the present number completes the second volume—Volume I. consisting of Parts 1–26 and Volume II. of Parts 27–52—let me impress upon my readers the wisdom of losing no time in giving permanent form to the last twenty-six parts by taking them to the newsagent at once and instructing him to get them bound in the publishers' registered binding-case, which is sold for 1s. 6d., and with which is presented a magnificent colour-plate of Sir John French, from an exclusive painting by his own son, as well as an artistic title-page and list of contents printed in blue.

THE cost of binding the parts together varies according to the resources of the newsagent, but should in no case be sufficient to make the subscriber hesitate, as the bound volume will be worth far more than it has cost to secure. I should add that the cover pages of Parts 27–52, unlike those of Parts 1–26, have been kept free from trade advertisements, so that if the subscriber has been careful to keep the separate parts clean, the covers *may, if it is thought desirable,* be bound in the volume, but this is a matter which *must be decided by each subscriber for himself* and should not be left to the discretion of the binder. Please, therefore, tell your binder, when giving your order, whether you wish the cover pages to be omitted or included.

The Royal Academy Supplement of War Pictures should be bound at end of Volume 2.

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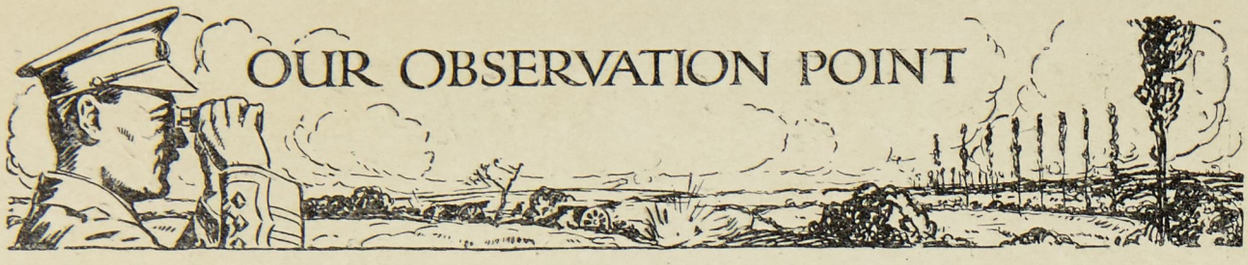
The War Illustrated, 21*st August*, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

"Onward!" Be Our Watchword, by A. G. Hales

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly

Vol. 3 The Second Year ! Civilisation's Seven Allies still shoulder to shoulder against the Hun **No. 53**



Britain's "Little Bit"

PERHAPS the Briton's most precious quality is his "insularity." A time will come when this sneering epithet may be accepted as the quintessence of praise. "Christian" was originally a term of contempt. Of course, by "insularity" I mean something very different from what the word is usually understood to connote. The Briton, by reason of being an islander, is a man of broad and generous views. The ocean is the highway of his thoughts. His mind contemplates not merely his own small isles, but most perforce go roving. Hence his mighty Empire.

Obversely, the dweller on great continents—notably the American of the North or the South—is a man of narrower vision. He comes to think of his country as the "hub" of the world, and lives in a state of placid admiration for his—of course, the choicest—share of Mother Earth. That attitude of mind produces the gorgeous self-sufficiency of the two Americans and, in some degree, of the German also. Think of the splendid disdain of the inland Chinaman for modern civilisation!

Let us be proud of our "insularity." It enables us to be introspective; to examine ourselves with a certain detachment. Not even friendly France has a "Recessional" among her modern poetry. No living German could have conceived that masterpiece of humility with power. Where in all the world can we find a people more given to scourging themselves, to belittling their own good points, or less liable to the sin of boasting, than the British? I have not encountered that people, though I have lived and observed life among strange races in many lands of the Old World and the New.

Let's be glad of our Ocean-born "Insularity"

No, we Britons—and I had to find this out in long days of foreign exile—are the most perplexing people, happiest when depreciating ourselves and all things British, confirmed "growsers." That, by the way, was one of the causes of the war. The thick-skulled, self-sufficient Teuton had not succeeded in understanding us, and could not divine what we might do. Hence the amazement of the unhappy Bethmann-Hollweg when our Ambassador conveyed to him the declaration of war.

It is a splendid quality—this self-dissatisfaction of the British. It comes from our ocean-born "insularity," and it is going to enable us to do great things in the war. It is in some sort a "divine discontent."

Recently we have had ample evidence of it in our own national affairs, and let us be glad of it. But at the same time, and by way of change, we may occasionally ask ourselves if we are really so slipshod, so casual, as we suggest to others by our self-criticism. I think not—and here lies our strength, and the danger to those who do not understand us.

In my personal opinion, we may look back on the events of the first year of the War without shame, if not with satisfaction. I admit all our blunders, all our shortcomings, but we were not a military nation before August 4th, 1914, and centuries of tradition cannot be got rid of in an afternoon. We were emphatically a Great Democracy, and democracies are not so well suited to the prosecution of wars as autocracies. Most of our military faults have been inherent in our democratic institutions; inevitably so.

Yet we have done great things. Has not the British Navy already done far more than an army of five million British conscripts could have accomplished—backed by an indifferent Navy? No one will dispute this. The Germans would months ago have settled their accounts with both France and Russia, but for the long arm of British sea-power. Even our highly trained little army did France some good service at the Marne. France knows that. There is no reason why we should quite forget it. Historians will make our future citizens remember Mons and Ypres.

The Dolphin becoming Amphibious

Britain has always bent her energies to maintain command of the seas. Her success to-day does not admit of question. We do not blame a dolphin if it make a poor effort to walk along the shore! We know to-day the command of the seas is the mightiest weapon thrown into the scales of this European war; but it is not everything. The British dolphin must become amphibious, not by slow evolution, but by sheer determination, and it may cut a quaint figure at first.

Our blunderings and flounderings are inevitable to this forced entry into a new element. Britain is as rapidly as possible transforming herself into a great military Power. Why? Because France, Russia, and Belgium, plus our irresistible sea-power, cannot deal Prussianism its death-blow. Not even though Britain has exceeded her preconceived military obligations to them five times over. We have done great things, but we have not done enough!

There have been foolish criticisms of Britain's efforts emanating from Russia and from France, and most probably inspired by envious Huns. None of our Allies can say we have failed in our duty. To say the needs are greater than was at first calculated is another matter. Again, to tell us that France is fighting *our* battle is beside the point. We are all fighting in a common cause—each for all, and all for each other—and no good can come of recrimination. France must come out of the struggle strong and resurgent, for France's sake, for Britain's sake, for Civilisation's sake. Similarly, Britain for France's sake, and for the integrity of the brave Belgian people.

All the Allies have made mistakes, and all have done glorious things. Let us Britons be neither downcast nor cocksure; not too severely self-critical, but especially not too self-satisfied. I hold the last danger to be the one to which as a people we are least prone; and so "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!"

J. A. Hammerton

THE WAR Illustrated

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21st August, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

THE MEANING OF CIVILISED WARFARE.—This photograph records an incident which took place recently on the Italo-Austrian front. A troop of our Mediterranean allies is passing through an Austrian village. Instead of emulating the depraved væ victis! tactics of the Hun, they are following the profession of arms with almost unreasonable consideration for non-combatants. Not a sign of debris, no ravaged hearth, or shattered sanctuary marks the Italians' trail of war. An Austrian woodcutter passes quietly out of the village as the conqueror comes in; a group of Franz Josef's subjects contemplates the invader unmolested.

"Onward!" Be Our Watchword

By A. G. HALES

This being the first number of our third volume, and a full year having elapsed since our first issue, it has seemed to me a good opportunity to invite a well-known war correspondent, whose writings have been of the most heartening kind, to sound us a clarion note for the new year of the war. Mr. A. G. Hales first won fame in the South African War, and in the earlier stages of the European War he saw fighting on the French frontier and in Belgium, contributing various articles to our pages descriptive of his experiences. He is not one who has shouted victory when there is no victory, or sought to foster false confidence, being fully aware of the terrible dangers through which our country has recently been passing—dangers not yet dispelled—but from which there is now reason to believe we shall eventually emerge victorious. His note is one of confidence in the final issue, come when it may, and facing a new year of the struggle it is well that the confident note should ring —but never to imperil our application to the titanic task that lies before our Empire.—THE EDITOR.

A YEAR ago the peace of the world was shattered, and the blood-red streamers of war blazoned the skies. For a quarter of a century men had prophesied that the Balkans would cradle a struggle that would loosen the sabre in the scabbard in every capital in Europe, yet when the shock, so long expected and so widely heralded came, only one nation was ready for the holocaust. The prophets were right. Not only in Europe has the sword leapt from its sheath; blades have been bared in the uttermost parts of the earth. East and west the earth is shaking to the tread of armed men, marching and counter-marching, training, and fighting. Almost every ocean is ploughed by warlike keels bent on destruction. The air between earth and heaven is vibrant with the whir of death-dealing craft that hover like vultures over cities and armies. The world below the surface of the water is filled with hidden menace, and murder unmasks itself in the laboratories of science. Has all the world gone mad, or is the Great Architect refining mankind by fire?

Elliott & Fry.

Mr. A. G. HALES.

We have just passed through a year of misery and anguish; the whole of creation is wet with tears; there is pain and sorrow everywhere; the hands of the clock seem to have been put back a thousand years. But this may be only seeming; the real progress of mankind may date from the hour the first hostile foot trod on Belgian soil. A great good may spring out of this tremendous evil. Mankind had been groaning under military and naval taxation for generations; this bloody holocaust may convince men of all nations, all colours, all creeds, that the cult of force is an undiluted curse. William of the red hand may prove to be the last of the barbarians; when his hordes are swept away the earth will be purer and mankind, grown sane by sorrow and experience, may see with a clearer vision and model life upon a new basis. From the womb of war lasting peace and ages of happiness may spring, and if this be so, all the blood that has been spilt will not have been shed in vain.

The Glory of Britain's Soldiers Abroad

A year ago we stood right upon the brink of disaster. Had Germany struck at us then, instead of at France, had the Kaiser rushed at London instead of at Paris, we might have known all the misery and woe that has fallen to the lot of Northern France. Our women might have been shamed, our children bayoneted, our villages sacked. We have much to thank the gods for. Our regular soldiers, so few in numbers, so great in heart, took the field, and fought and fell with a heroism that has made them immortal. On their heroic shoulders rested the safety of Empire for a time, and they did not fail us. At Mons they reeled from defeat to disaster, rallied again, and avenged themselves at the Marne. Later came our new citizen army, and the long-drawn struggle in the trenches in front of Calais, where all the best traditions of our race were nobly upheld by officers and men, most of whom a year ago had no more knowledge of soldiercraft than a little volunteer training could give them. Yet no veteran troops could do more than these tyros have achieved; the blood of the breed has spoken in tones that challenge history for a better or a nobler record. They have been great. Officers and men in actual warfare have risen to the Alpine heights of efficiency. Again we have much to thank the gods for.

Russia, France, Italy, and Serbia all have fought, and are fighting well against the three great military Powers engaged against the Allies. We talk too much of Germany, and forget the military records of Austria and Turkey. Yet to a very great extent therein lie the bitterly anxious moments we have experienced during the last six months. Gallant little Serbia shattered herself against Austria. Turkey has held, and is still holding, a superb British and French army at bay on the route to Constantinople; if Turkey had been on our side, as she might easily have been—if we had outbidden the Germans when Turkey was practically in the market—Germany would have been beaten to her knees after the retreat from the Marne; Russia would have poured troops through the Dardanelles to take the field in France; we should have rained ammunition into Russia by the same route, and Hindenburg would never have won an acre of soil in Poland. We have seen Russia hurled backwards like a storm these latter days, though the Muscovites are sure to come again and retake what they have lost, and add interest to the debt. We have seen France held up along a five-hundred-mile front on her own soil.

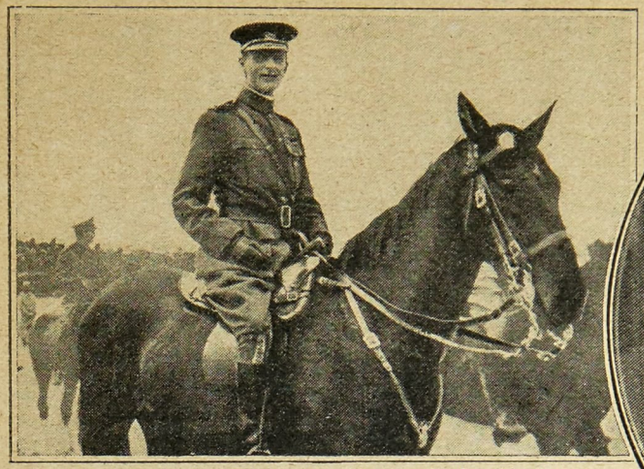
Administrative Shortcomings at Home

We have only kept our footing in front of Calais by superhuman efforts, and on the Gallipoli Peninsula we have marched from trench to trench in blood. The days have been poignant with anxiety; no man knew what an hour might bring forth; waste was rampant at home, and inefficiency stalked through the land. General Muddle was the only general we seemed sure of meeting in our great business centres, where, prior to the war, we considered we were strongest. The public purse was exploited in the name of patriotism. General Greed, with a staff whose name was Legion, preyed upon the populace, making a harvest out of coal, shipping freights, and even out of bread.

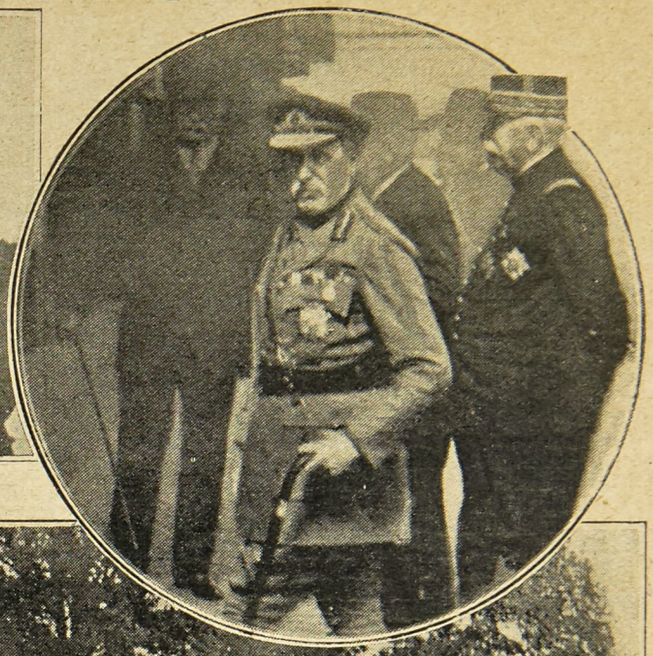
Our battle fleets have done all that it was possible for them to do, whilst longshoremen who did not know a bumboat from a battleship flouted the experience and opposed the advice of the greatest sailor of modern times, causing him to be relegated to a department for inventions. For six months we stumbled on the edge of disaster. But the darkest hours have passed; we have achieved marvels, in spite of inefficiency, muddle, and chaos, and now we are moving on to brighter and better things. Our task is a stern one; we have to drive a still powerful foe over the Rhine, and keep our grip on him, until peace is signed in Berlin, and the criminal Kaiser and his equally

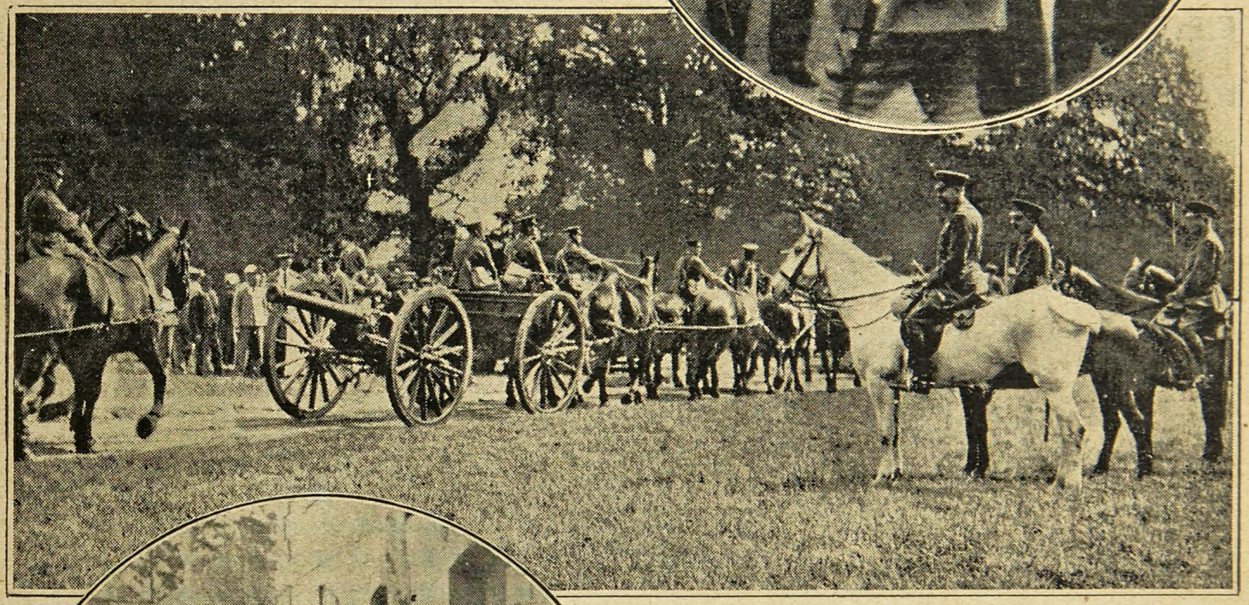
[*Continued on page* 4.

Leaders of Destiny in Europe's Critical Hour

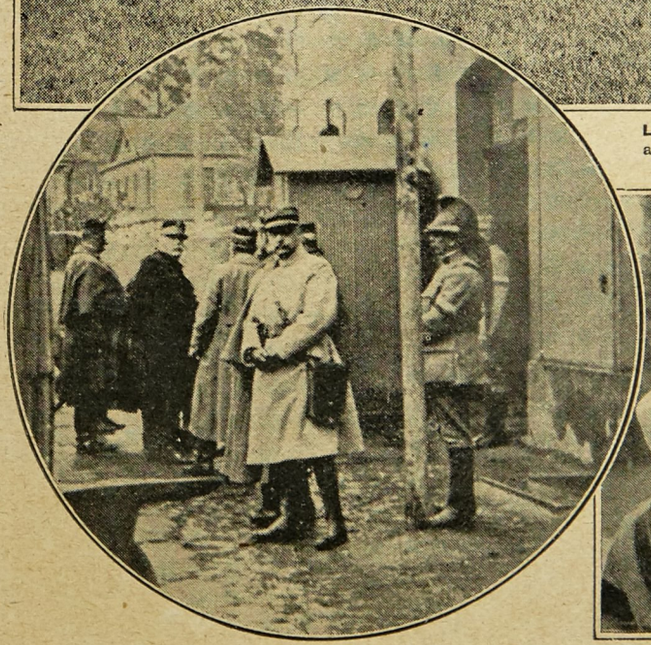


The latest portrait of Sir Ian Hamilton reviewing his troops in Gallipoli.

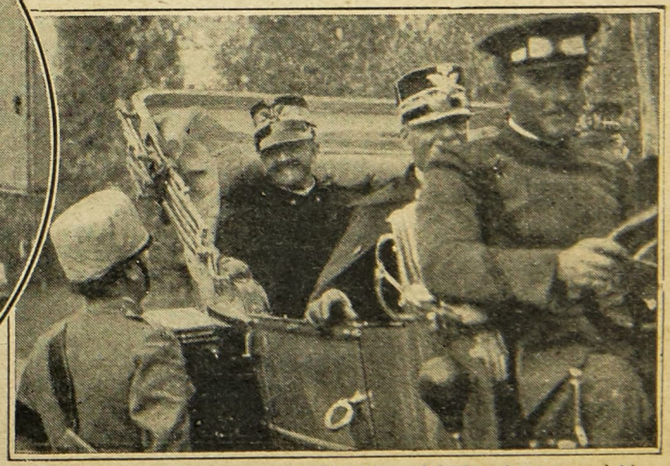




Lord Kitchener reviewing troops of the New Army—infantry and artillery—recently at Chelmsford. Inset circle: Generals French and Joffre and other prominent leaders of our allies at Calais.



General Joffre with some officers of his Staff at headquarters behind the French lines. (Exclusive photograph.)



Victor in word and deed. The King of Italy with some of his Generals goes smilingly on a tour of inspection.

"ONWARD!" BE OUR WATCHWORD

(Continued from page 2.)

criminal Staff are prisoners in our hands. We have to level Krupp's to the ground, dismantle or sink the German fleet, destroy every fort in Germany, free Belgium, and give peace to mankind. Nothing less will do; anything less will spell another war within ten years. We must clean up this job, and we can and will do it. Our Army is growing every hour, our Navy becoming more perfect, our wealth more assured, our soldiers more calmly confident, our officers more skilful. Let the dead past bury its dead; there must be no looking back for us; victory sure and certain lies ahead. Let "Onward!" be our watchword.

Kaiserism will Bite the Dust

There is not a hairbreadth of room for pessimism; the tide of war may ebb and flow for a time, battles may be lost and won. William of Germany may shake his mailed fist, and cry, in the height of his melodramatic fury: "Woe to them who draw the sword against me!" But his gaping mouth will be filled with the cold, grey ashes of defeat in the end. The ground is even now rocking under his feet; he may not fall for a while, but his final overthrow, and the complete humiliation of his people, is as certain as the rising and setting of the sun. When the Cossacks ride rough-shod over the barest fields of Germany, as they will when Russia has rallied and resumed the offensive; when the sons of France sweep with fixed bayonets from one German city to another, as they will do before another year's grain has been garnered; when our own stern-faced lads crumple his legions up and sweep them in front of our khaki host like leaves before a gale, which well may happen ere the year grows grey; when our warships ride at anchor in every port and bay where to-day the German flag flies; when his battleships are down and his pirate craft are blown to Gehenna, then William the werwolf will know and understand the enormity of the crime he committed when he set the world on fire. He was born mad, and the gods have made him blind, and in his blind wrath he is marching and leading his people over the edge of a precipice. The war is already gnawing at Germany's vitals, we have not felt it in a vulnerable part so far. Germany's foreign trade has gone never to return, ours has not been impaired. Germany's credit is sinking every hour, ours is rising the earth over.

The Twilight of the War Gods

Germany has lost every colony of worth she once possessed, we have lost nothing and gained much. Our merchant ships are on every sea, the enemy cannot and dare not let a single merchant keel plough any waters outside his forts' protection. We have the great Germanic empire by the throat, and we are closely but surely throttling it to death. In the rude ruts of war we have found our national soul, which we were in danger of losing for ever under the enervating burdens of ease and prosperity. Now and for ever our watchword must be "Onward!"—ever onward.

An al fresco picnic behind the British lines on the shores of Gallipoli. Officers of the East Lancashire Ambulance Corps, clad in free-and-easy garments, taking tea outside a rough-and-ready tent on the cliffs.

More Munitions • Sea Baths for Friend and Foe

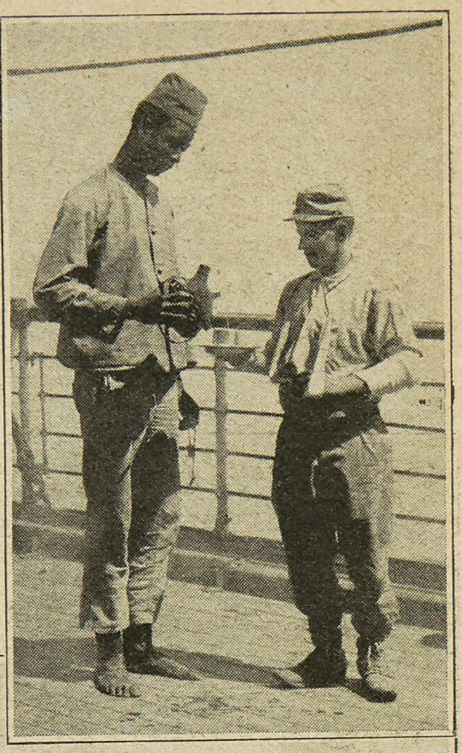
Ammunition is running out, and the battery impatiently awaits the arrival of a fresh supply. The familiar waggon, drawn by six powerful horses, dashes along the road towards Achi Baba, and is swallowed up in a cloud of dust. Only the hoarse rattle of wheels and accoutrements indicates the direction it has taken.

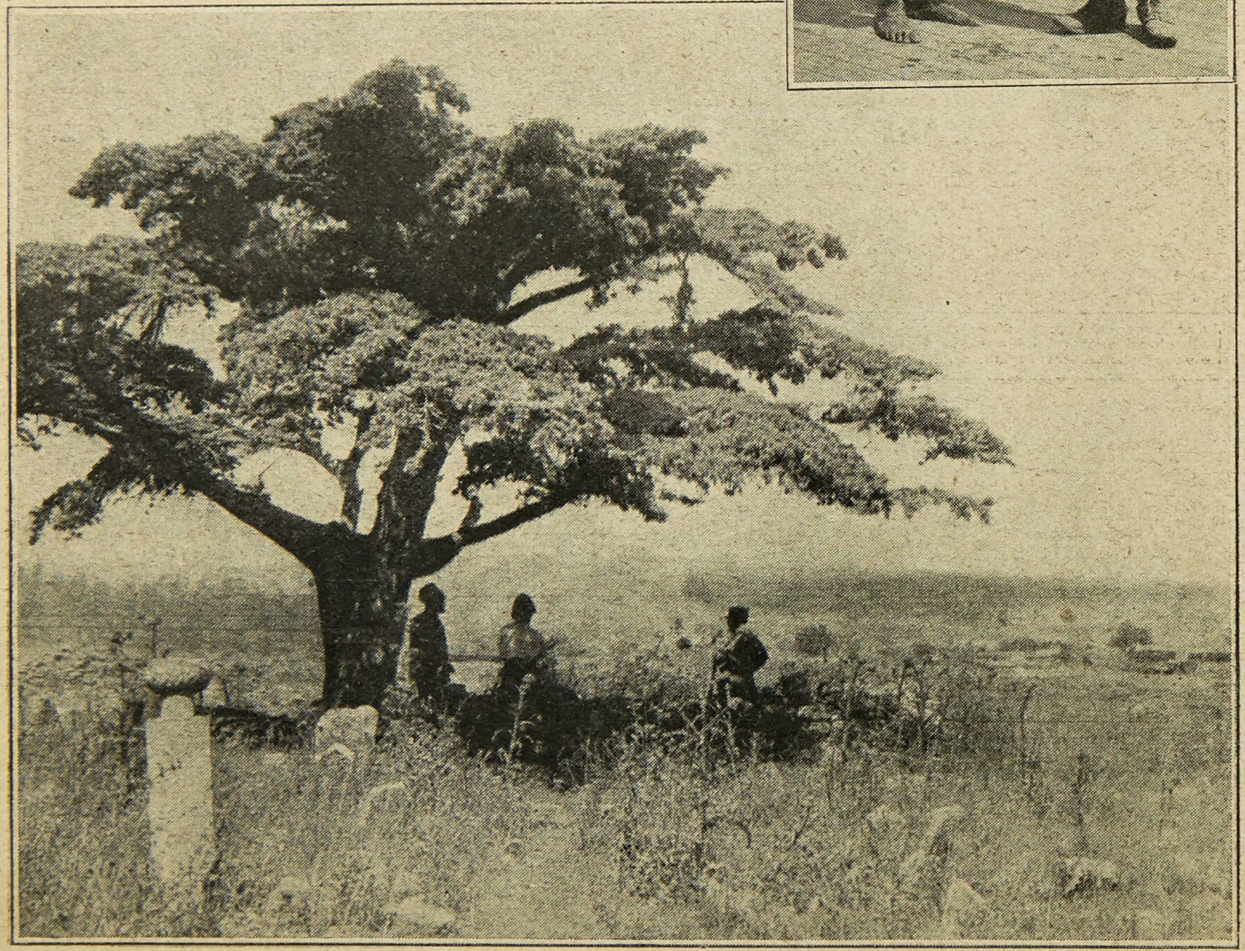
As an honourable foe the Turk can give his professed progressive overlord any and every point. Actually he has no sympathy with the Kaiser's schemes. Feeling that he is being exploited, he only fights fatalistically because it is the will of Allah. This photograph shows how happy the Ottoman is in British captivity. Each day a number of prisoners is led down to the sea near British headquarters for a bathe.

Grim as is the great work for the Empire at the Dardanelles, this photograph reassures us that our friends and relations there manage to get some pleasant respite sometimes from the arduous trenches. Here a column of dusty warriors, representatives from all parts of the Empire, is seen off for a bathe on the pleasant Levantine sea-board.

More Official Records of the Gallipoli War:

The Turk, wily as are all Orientals, is quick to assimilate the ideas of his temporary masters. Sniping, which has been such a feature of the Great War in Europe, is also very much in vogue at the Dardanelles. This captive Turkish sniper seems to have found an effective disguise, but not sufficiently so to escape the vigilance of his foes.

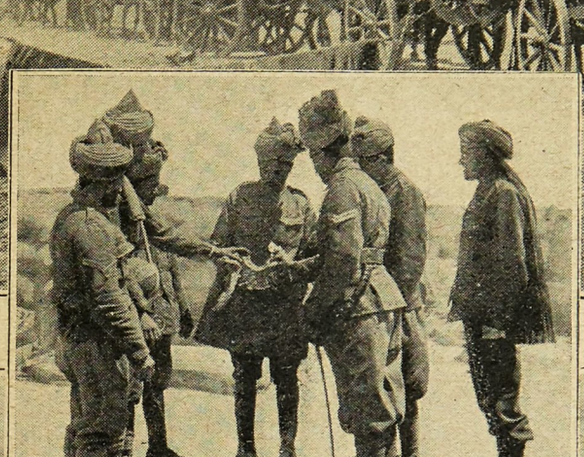




Imaginative soldiers at the Dardanelles, in their letters home, have dwelt upon the natural charm of the Gallipoli Peninsula. Certainly the photographs seem to coincide with their feelings. The view above, showing the old Turkish churchyard of Seddul Bahr, is as pleasant a pastorale scene as one could wish to see. Stretching away to the horizon of Achi Baba, it is taken from the French lines.
Inset: A tall Senegalese gives a French wounded soldier a drink.

India to Britain's Aid in the Asiatic Field

Indian troops bringing up forage for their mules at a Gallipoli base. The foremost driver has covered his face with muslin as a protection against flies, more troublesome at the Dardanelles than the Turks.



Better than being bullied by the Hun-lords. Typical Turkish prisoners sawing wood for their captors near the British Headquarters. Inset: Indian troops examining a piece of shell that fell in their camp from an enemy gun popularly known as "Asiatic Annie."

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXV.—The Fall of Warsaw—the Eclipse of Russian Poland

THE fall of Warsaw was the most dramatic point in the greatest campaign ever known in the history of war. The German triumph was due to one cause—superiority in artillery and an overwhelming supply of shells. This superiority had been increased by the German strength in aircraft, which enabled the attackers to keep in full touch with Russian movements, and to direct their guns, firing from a long distance away, with an accuracy hitherto impossible.

Warsaw is the "Paris" of Eastern Europe. For eighty years and more it has been a city of tears and of tragedy; and yet, with seeming contradiction, it has been the city of beauty and gaiety. The Pole is the most charming, the most unpractical, and the most lovable of men. He has the virtues and failings of the Irishman to an exaggerated degree. His whole manner is that of the aristocrat. Abnormally sensitive, brave to quixoticism, literary, musical, ready to throw away life and fortune for an ideal or even for a whim, he wins the heart and affections of all who know him.

Warsaw itself, with its nine hundred thousand people, is, in times of peace, a remarkable combination of modernity and mediæval times. There is the twentieth-century city, the fine hotels, the shops worthy of Regent Street or the Rue de la Paix, the splendidly equipped modern factories, and the sumptuous buildings of flats. But everywhere we come across the ancient edifices that take us back to the Middle Ages, and a people with a history reaching back very many centuries. Warsaw has never forgotten her dream—Poland a kingdom again. For this she has submitted, year after year since the early part of the last century, to the knout and the executioner's rope. Her people have rebelled continually. Kindness and severity alike failed year after year to conquer her. My most vivid recollections of the city are of savage mobs burning Russian liquor shops and sacking Russian shops, of troops holding streets by bullet and bayonet, of schoolboy conspirators planning with amazing seriousness terrible things, of whisperings in cafés of doings which would bring Siberia for those found out, and of endless strife. To me, an independent and impartial spectator, it was impossible to miss the tragedy of it all, or not to feel regrets for the Russian officers and administrators I knew, often worthy and able men, blown to pieces by assassin bombs, as well as for young people of the city caught by their idealism to extreme action, whose results they scarce at first realised.

The above map shows how completely the evacuation of Warsaw places Russian Poland temporarily under the Prussian heel. The shaded portion indicates the Russian territory now occupied by Germany.

Germany's Colossal Battering-Ram

Happily the beginning of the war marked the close of that stage. The declaration by the Tsar of the formation of an autonomous and united Poland turned Polish idealism and courage wholly and devotedly to the service of Russia and of the allied nations.

Less than five months ago Russia apparently held the winning cards in the eastern campaign. Time after time the German armies advancing on Warsaw and to the north had been driven back. To the south, the Russians had forced their way through Galicia and into the passes of the Carpathians. We looked to see a summer campaign fought in the plains of Hungary, with an advance on Budapest.

Then came the German reply. I use the name German to cover the three nations of the Central Alliance. Fresh armies were brought eastwards, and a force of heavy artillery accumulated such as was never known before in war. The German plan of campaign had one central idea. That was to advance on the main point of each Russian position, to bombard it with hundreds of great guns—sometimes over seven hundred guns were employed—and to wipe out the opposing forces by long-distance fire. The guns, brought into position by very powerful motor-tractors, battered everything before them. Turrets of forts were shattered with a single 42 cm. shell. Earthworks were wiped out. Whole regiments were practically annihilated. Then, after a period of continuous shelling, the infantry would advance to finish the work with the bayonet.

Guns the Vital Factor

The Russians resisted stubbornly. They were tremendously handicapped. They had not the guns. Their motor transport was less efficient than the German, and they lacked a sufficient supply of skilled men to use with advantage what they had. Hence even the short supplies of shells that were available could not always reach the front in time. They had not enough aeroplanes to direct their artillery fire. Worst of all, some of their shells and ammunition were defective, and failed at the most critical moments. The vital factor was the guns.

The Russian advance changed into a retirement. Galicia had to be abandoned. Soon the Germans were in Russian Poland to the south, making an advance on the Lublin-Cholm railway. Then a masterly German plan of campaign developed. The Russians found themselves attacked all along their front. Now the real dangers of their position became apparent.

Poland is surrounded on three sides by German and Austrian territory. The Russian front ran out like a triangle. The apex was Warsaw, with its allied fortress of Novo Georgievsk. One side of the triangle, to the north-east, was the River Narew, with a strong series of fortified positions along its banks. The second side, to the south-east,

[*Continued on page* 9.

An Exclusive Study in Manacled Might

All sorts and conditions of fighting men who are hors de combat as far as this war is concerned. A troop of Russian prisoners just taken on an adjacent battlefield, off to an Austrian base under guard. The immense Teutonic horseman riding at their head lends a considerable warlike realism to this study in "fettered soldiery."

GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

(*Continued from page 8.*)

was the River Vistula, with the fortress of Ivangorod. The Vistula, a broad and powerful stream, has always been regarded as one of the most formidable military barriers in Europe. The Russian line of retreat, should these two sides of their triangle be forced, was on to a second line of defence, from Brest Litovsk, on the frontiers of Russia proper, to Kovno northwards. The Russians were, and are, hampered here, however, by the fact that behind the guns of Brest Litovsk there is an enormous area of marsh and forest land, about 33,000 miles in area, through which the passage of a big army would be almost impossible.

The German plan of campaign was simple. It was to get behind the defences of the Vistula and the Narew, to attack the Russians in their rear, and to cut off their line of retreat by a bold movement in the north. All of this had long been anticipated. The Germans went beyond expectation, pushing a very large force of cavalry and artillery rapidly to the north-east, turning the line of Brest Litovsk-Kovno.

Splendid Courage Against Terrible Odds

Outnumbered, hampered at every turn by lack of artillery and ammunition, and threatened on three sides, the Russians fought with a courage so splendid that even their enemies bore witness to it. To the south, the picked army corps long held the Lublin-Cholm line against all attacks. On the Narew fighting proceeded day by day. From the west and from the north the Germans pressed forward, their guns clearing a way for them. Fresh reinforcements arrived in ever-growing numbers. The German lines in Flanders and the Argonne were made dangerously thin, and their men flung on the Russian lines. The Russians lost 171,000 killed—according to Swedish reports—in July. What the Germans lost it would be difficult to imagine.

Meanwhile the deadly move to the north-east continued. The Grand Duke Nicholas found himself confronted by a terrilbe dilemma. If he held on to Warsaw he ran grave risks of having his armies entirely cut off. If he abandoned Warsaw he abandoned also the most effective line of defence in Europe, the Vistula-Narew.

The Offensive that Never Came

Is it to be wondered that the Russians waited eagerly for news of a strong offensive by the Allies in the west which might compel the Germans to divert some of their forces? This offensive never came, doubtless for good military reasons. Then began the slow, steady retreat. Warsaw was stripped and abandoned, after a rearguard action. It is impossible, of course, to take all that is valuable from a city of its size. The description by eager correspondents of Russia leaving behind only an empty shell is simply a form of speech. The Russians did, however, take all they possibly could of military value.

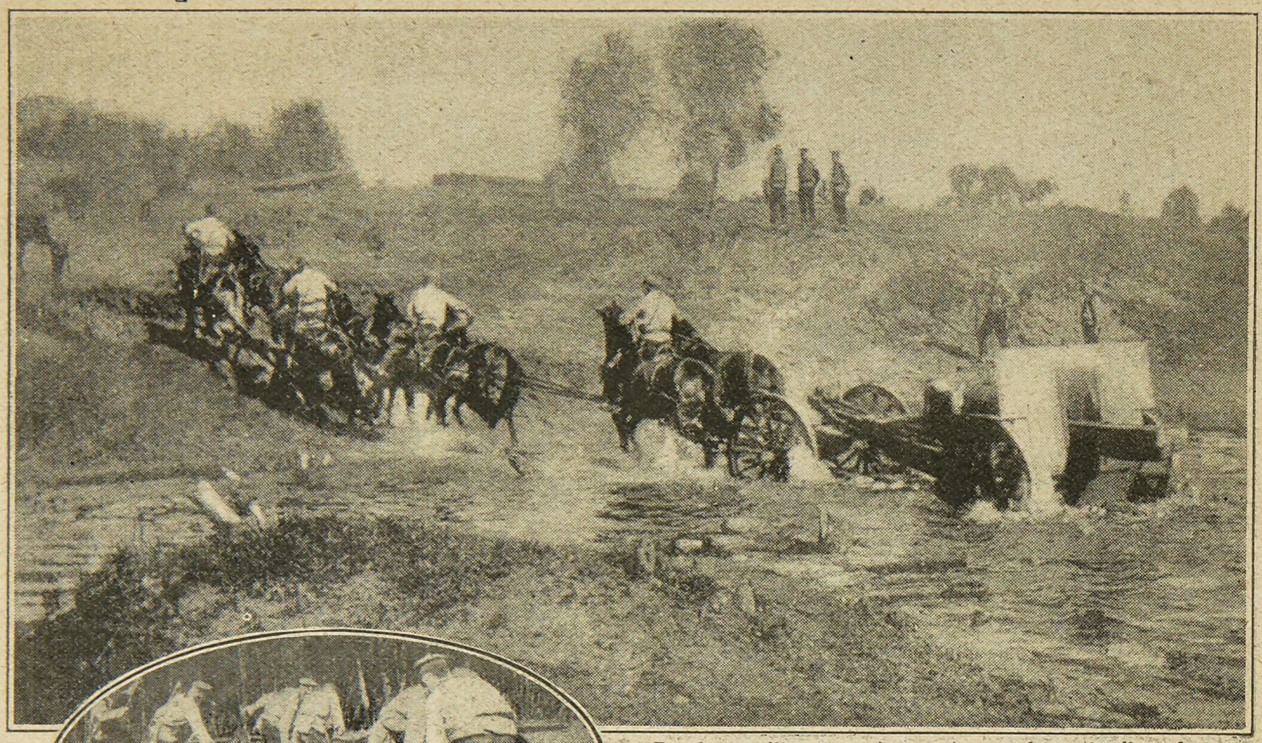
The occupation of Warsaw benefits the Germans politically, and as a fighting unit it gives them command of the chief line of military defence between east and west. It removes the menace of a Russian advance towards Berlin.

Politically, it means a gain in prestige, which may mean much with some neutral States. It heartens the German people, and will doubtless help to weaken the growing Socialist opposition to the war. It places the whole of Poland under Austro-German control, and gives Germany the opportunity of creating a suzerain Polish State, such as Russia planned to do. If, however, the Kaiser hopes to gain the goodwill of the Poles by this, he will find himself checked by the undying hatred caused by the long and systematic policy of cruelty and oppression employed by Germany for many years in her Polish province.

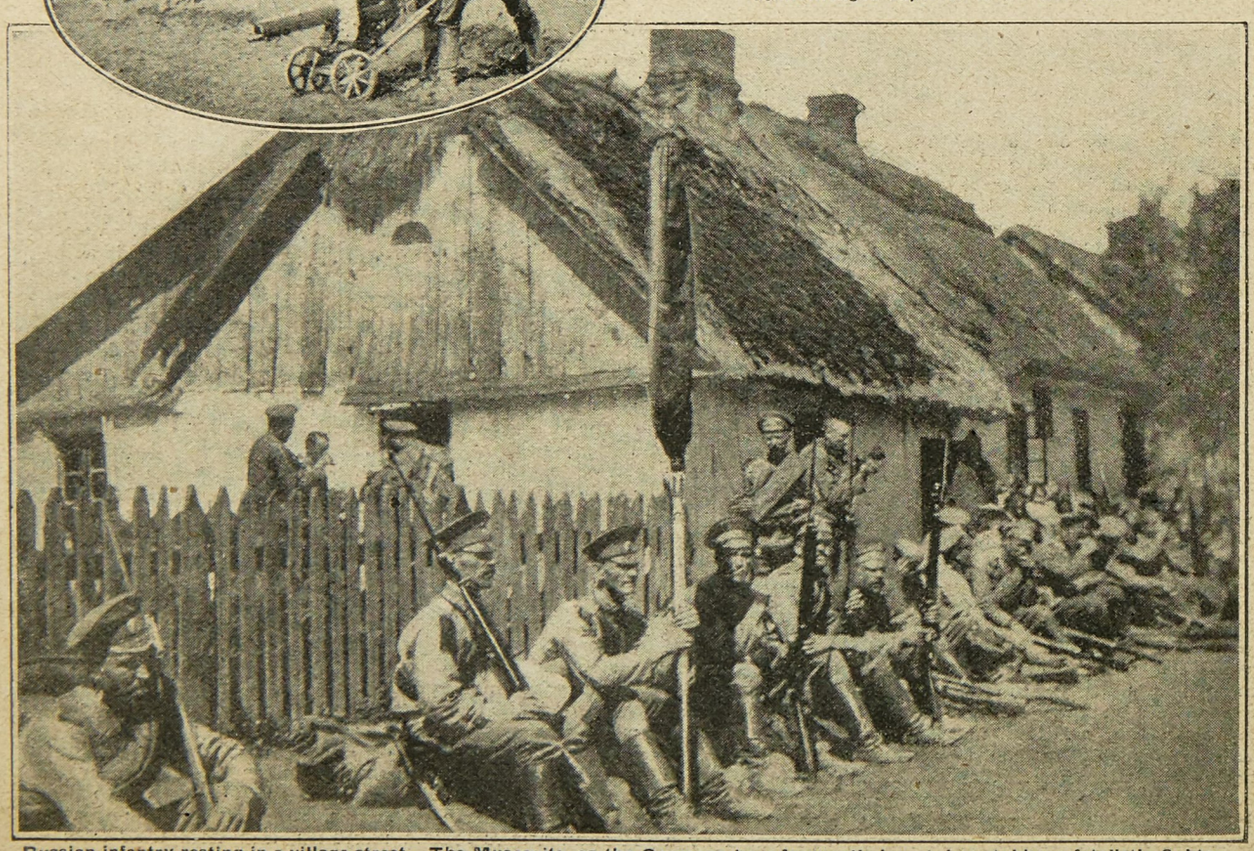
Beyond the immediate occupation of Poland lies the much graver issue of the German movement to the north-east, in the direction of Petrograd. How far has that gone? How far is it possible for the Germans to cut off the retreat of the Russian armies? The answer to these questions will soon be known. So long as the retreating Russian armies remain unbroken, and hold their lines of communication, the main purpose of the German eastern campaign has not been accomplished.

F. A. M.

Unconquerable Tsardom resolute for Victory



Russian artillery crossing a stream along the line of the Vistula. The set-back of our Slavonic ally is due entirely to a failure of munitions. Man for man the Russians are acknowledged superior to the Germans.



Russian infantry resting in a village street. The Muscovite, as the Germans have frequently learnt, is a stubborn fatalistic fighter. Such losses as Tsardom has sustained but tend to weld this illimitable and mysterious realm into greater determination to resist and conquer. Inset: Russian soldiers bringing machine-guns along to the trenches.

Retreating Russian Soldiery Undaunted Yet

Working for the enemy. Austrian prisoners assisting their Russian captors in the construction of entrenchments.

Russian infantry advancing under cover through a Polish wood. Inset: The peculiar effect of innumerable sandbags on the parapets of Slav trenches. This mode of defence has proved one of the most effective in all the European war theatres.

Dexterous Gallantry that Saved Four Comrades

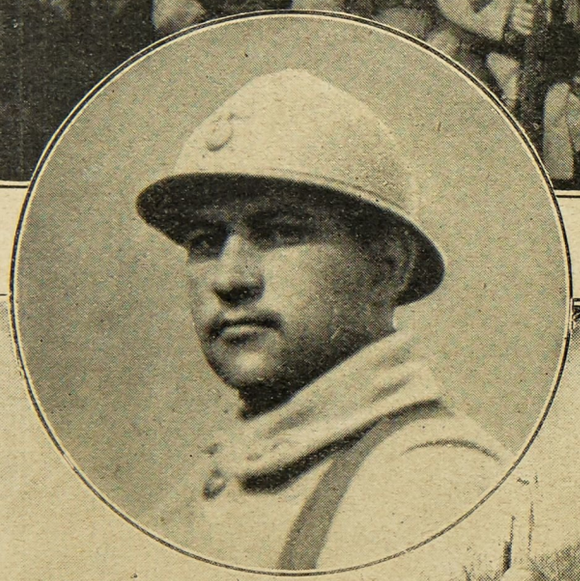
Of the limitless expressions of gallantry on the field, the most appealing and in accordance with the Christian ideal is that of risking life to save a stricken comrade. A prominent and recent hero awarded the V.C. for such-like devotion was Lance-Corporal Joseph Tombs, 1st Battalion King's Liverpool Regiment. The scene of his exploit was the Rue du Bois, on June 16th. Indifferent to a heavy shell and machine-gun fire, he ventured out of his trench and succeeded in rescuing four wounded men, dragging them individually to safety with the aid of a rifle-band slung round his own neck and the fallen soldiers.

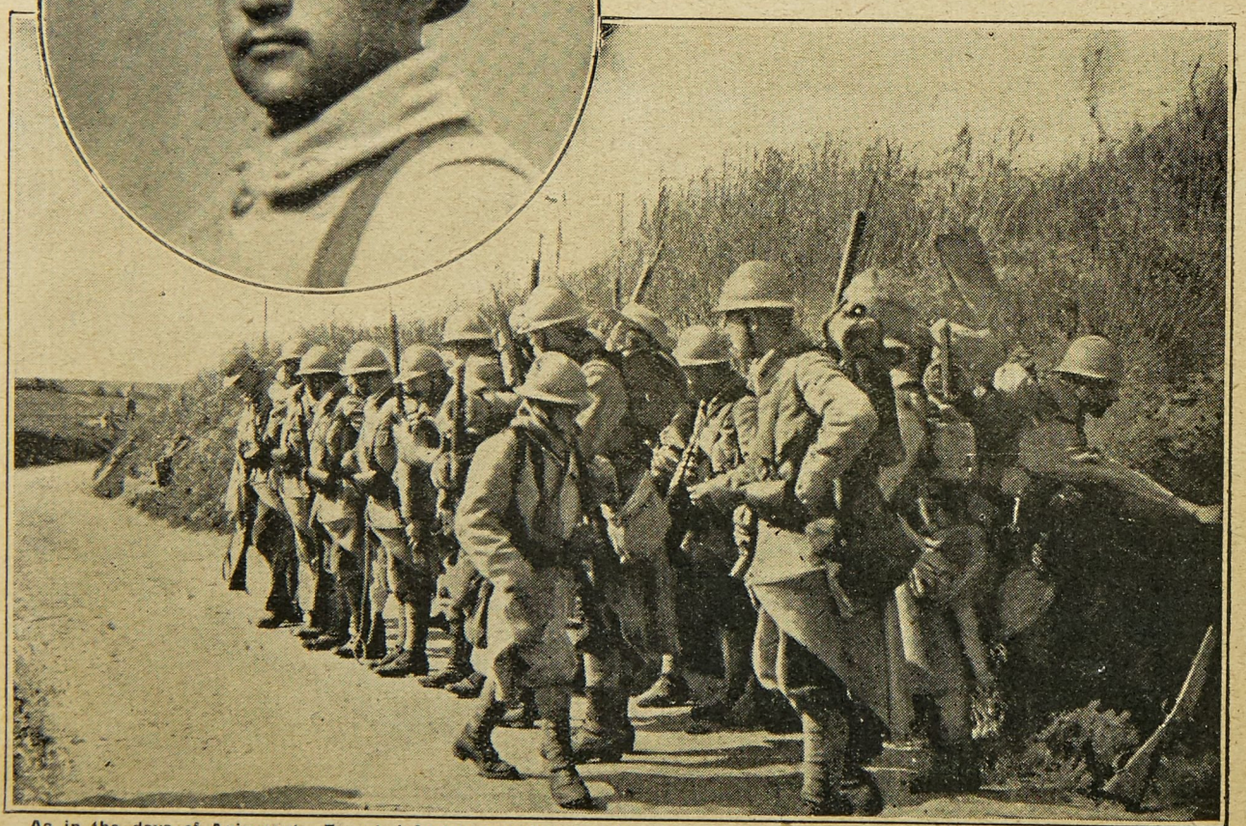
One Australian Accounts for Seven Turks

The most remarkable individual exploit yet recorded in Britain's war in the Dardanelles was that of Lance-Corporal Jacka, 14th Australian Imperial Forces. The story of his feat reads more like classic mythology than actual fact. On May 19-20th at a point known as "Courney's Post," Gallipoli, a British trench was violently attacked by the Turks. All Jacka's comrades were killed or wounded, and the position was rushed by seven of the enemy. Jacka attacked the Turks single-handed, disposing of five by rifle fire and two with the bayonet, thus winning the V.C. as hardly as any holder of the Order.

Back to the Middle Ages: Armour for Infantry

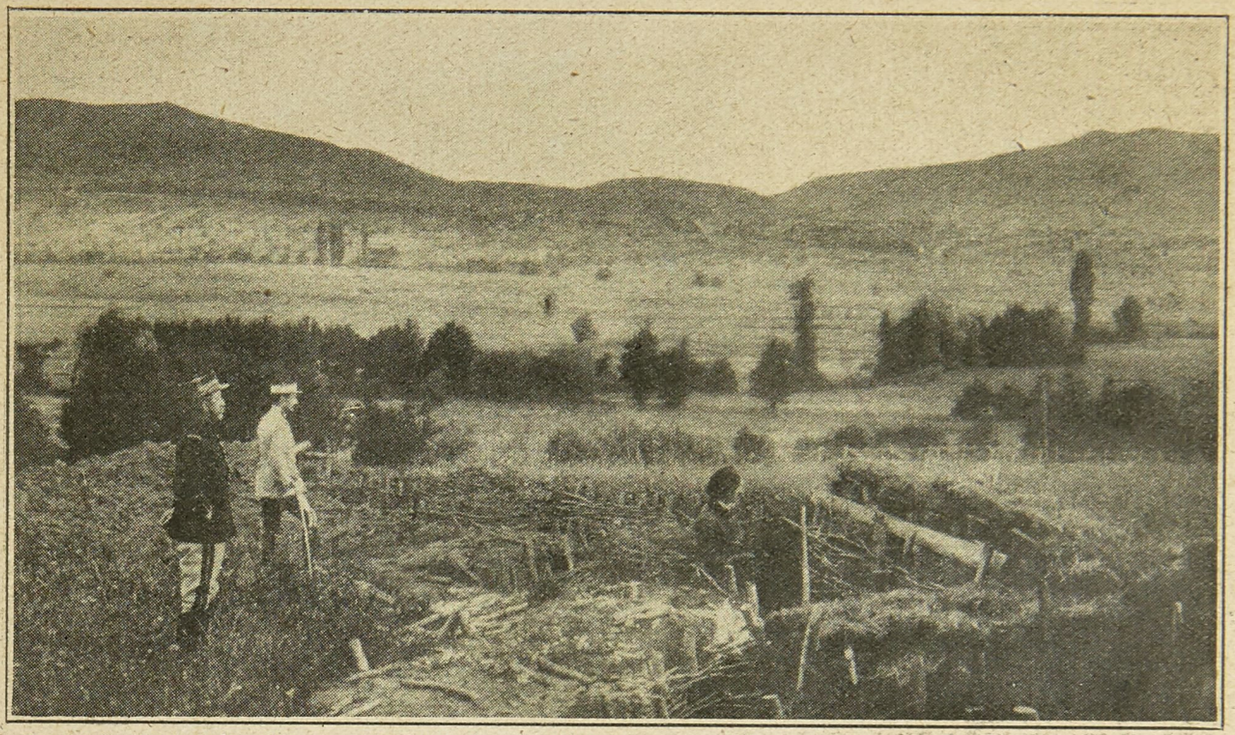
British soldiers with some of their French friends who are wearing the new trench helmet. It is made of specially hardened steel, after drawings by Detaille, the celebrated French battle-painter. The helmet has a rim which acts as a protection for the eyes.





As in the days of Agincourt. French infantry, wearing the shrapnel-proof helmet, taking cover behind a hedge. The British Government has purchased a number of these head protectors for trial use in the trenches. Inset: French helmeted sentry. Many men die in the trenches from the effects of head wounds caused by snipers. The helmet is intended to minimise these casualties.

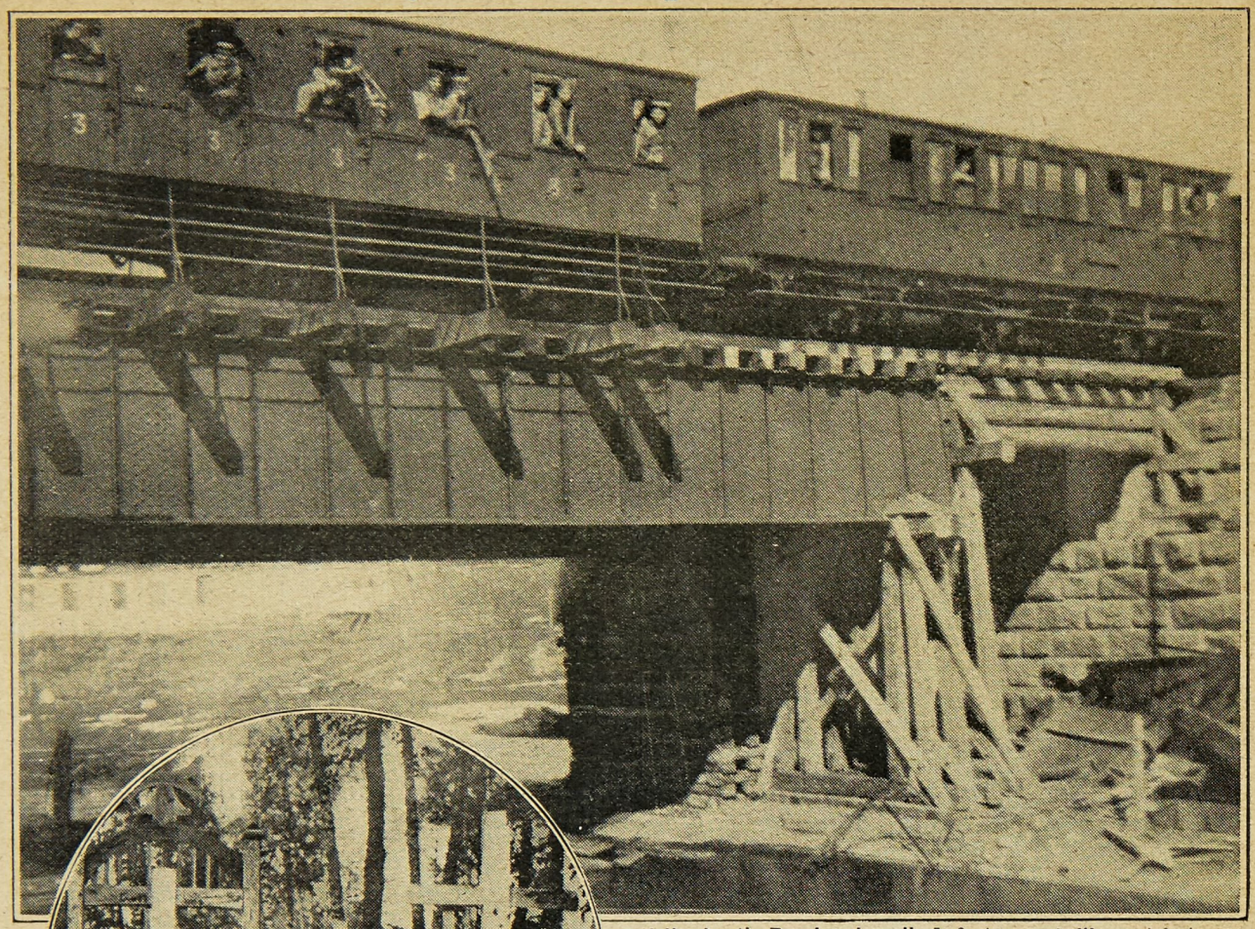
Reaping the Red Harvest in Beautiful Alsace



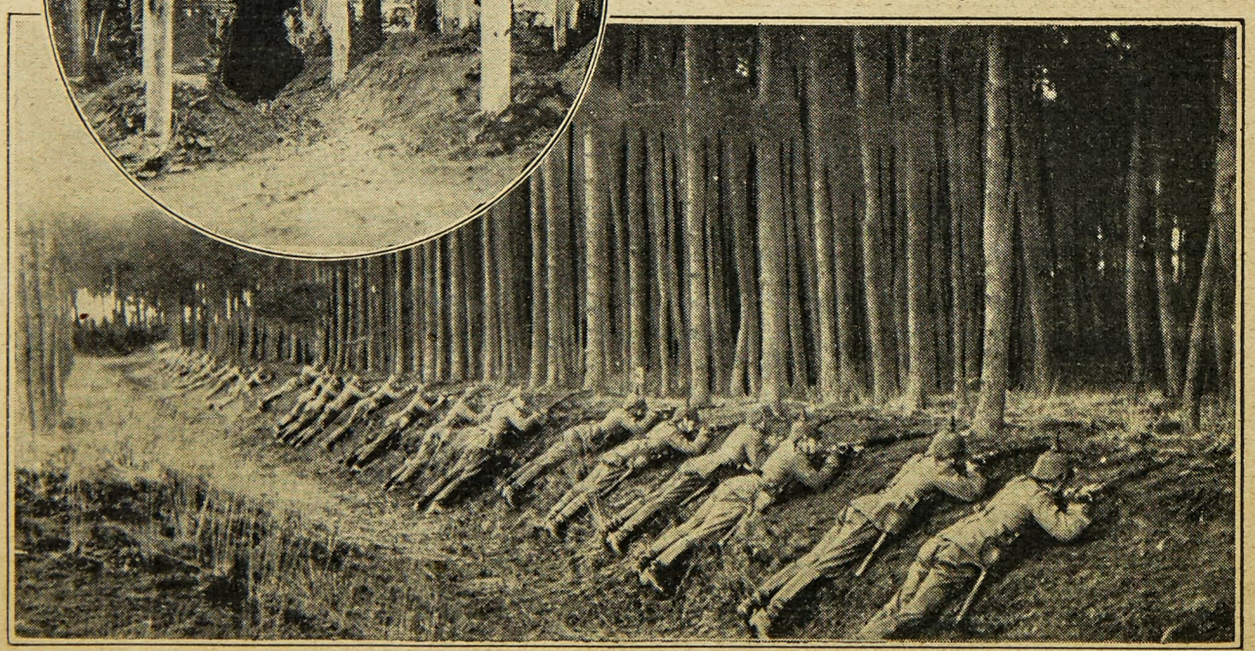
Any day "when there is nothing to report," to look across this wide expanse of pastureland, intercepted here and there by rivulets and hedgerows, is to feel the remoteness of war; but suddenly the boom of a cannon, the burr of a Taube, will bring the dreamer to realise that over this lovely, fertile valley of Thann the eternal problem of the Rhine provinces is being settled once and for all.

Sequestered villages and wayside stations in Alsace-Lorraine have slept for upwards of forty years, fully cognisant of the inevitable storm that would break between the hereditary foes. The rumble of the cannon, the tramp of armed men, have ever troubled the dreams of the people of the Rhine provinces. This photograph shows a railway station in Alsace transformed into a fort.

With the Enemy in Occupation East and West



Following the Russians by rail. As fast as one belligerent destroys communication the other replaces it, as in these days of lightning engineering feats the construction of a bridge is but a matter of hours. New railways, too, are invariably built behind the advancing Huns. Thus Germany in Poland is able to quickly replace her enormous losses by rail as seen above.



German dragoons, as infantrymen, repelling an attack through a fir-tree wood. Each is wearing a special entrenching spade. Inset: Scene in a cemetery for German soldiers. A mother has travelled through invaded territory to mourn her son's grave in France.

German Preparations to hold Ravaged Territory

That the Huns will contest every inch of conquered France is seen by their strengthening of the old French fort of Brimont, near Rheims, where they will make a strong stand when "the great push" begins.

Interior of the Fort de Brimont, showing the ramparts on the roof of the men's quarters. Inset: Happy, irresponsible children playing amid the misery caused by enemy shells at Mont St. Eloi. Their houses have been perforated by projectiles.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

THE most important news, apart from that from Russia (which is dealt with in another part of this issue), comes from the Dardanelles. During the past month or two it has been an open secret that a great move was in course of preparation in the Near East. This new move had two aspects, diplomatic and military. It has now begun. The allied Powers have unitedly sought to induce Bulgaria to join us. A fresh expedition of combined allied troops is being launched against Turkey.

The Cost of Treachery

The diplomatic campaign so closely affects the military movements that it is necessary to deal with it here. All the world knows that Bulgaria considered herself greatly aggrieved by the terms of the Treaty of Bucharest in 1913. The Balkan States, united in the Balkan League, fought a successful war against Turkey, Bulgaria particularly distinguishing herself in the field. After the war was ended, the members of the League quarrelled over the division of the spoils, and Bulgaria turned unexpectedly on her old allies, Serbia and Greece.

The Bulgarian Army struck without warning, but struck in vain. In the end, Bulgaria lost many of the advantages she had gained in the first war. Rumania, Serbia, Greece, and even Turkey claimed and obtained great slices of territory from her. Not only the whole of Macedonia, but the purely Bulgarian lands east of the old Turkish villayet of Kossovo went from Bulgaria to Serbia.

The people of Bulgaria felt that they had been robbed. The world had little sympathy for them. To-day the Allies want to use Bulgaria in their campaign against Turkey. Bulgaria replies in a sentence, "Restore our lost territory to us." She wants other things beside this, but the demand for her territory is the chief. The Powers are undoubtedly employing friendly pressure to bear on Serbia to induce her to make concessions. Greece may be made amenable to reason also.

The Real Issue at Stake

We are not waiting, however, for the co-operation of Bulgaria. We have made fresh landings at two different points along the coast. The effect of one of these landings, if successful, will be to isolate the ring of Dardanelles forts and to prevent further supplies or men reaching them. This is the first necessary step towards their capture.

On one point there can be no dispute. We must capture the Dardanelles and secure an overwhelming victory against Turkey, at whatever cost. The thing that is at stake here is not Turkey, but a large part of our Mohammedan Empire. Our Mohammedan peoples have stuck by us with remarkable fidelity. The Mohammedan soldiers have fought with splendid devotion. But a failure against Turkey would try their fidelity very severely. Most of them, we believe, would stand the strain. But here and there some might not. In the Soudan, in Egypt, in outlying mid-African possessions, in Central Asia there would be ferment, and anything might happen.

It is unthinkable that the do-nothing policy should continue for much longer in Flanders. We have, of course, been accumulating troops and munitions there during the past three months. When shall we have enough, and when is our forward movement to begin? There would be certain obvious advantages in launching out before the Germans are able to bring back their surplus forces from the eastern front. Our commanders know this as well as the man in the street does, and we may rest assured that if we are waiting, we are waiting for a purpose. This delay causes certain political losses, a diminution of prestige, and the perplexing of the people of our Allies. There must be a very real gain in view to atone for this.

Does Lack of Money Stop War?

A few days ago a trained and level-headed observer came to see me, fresh from a long journey through Russia. He had much to tell of the condition of the country and the Army, much that was critical, but through all his talk there ran a marked strain of confidence. "The Russian people are assured of victory. Even the occupation of Warsaw and the retirement of the Grand Duke's Army have not depressed them," he declared. "They know that they are going to win." "What do they base their confidence on?" I asked. "On the knowledge that Germany must soon collapse financially," came the reply.

Many people in England think the same, and it is well that they should face one fact. So far as I am aware, history affords no example of a victorious army that yielded for lack of money, or of any determined Power that gave in before it was defeated because it could not pay its way. Germany is just now acquiring a large slice of new territory, Eastern Poland, one of the most fertile belts in Europe. She bled Belgium white. She makes war like a shopkeeper, turning every yard of conquered territory to profitable use.

There is incredibly little waste in her armies. A friendly observer with the eastern forces recently declared that it was impossible to obtain a fragment of a Russian shell as a souvenir, every fragment being gathered up, recorded, and put to use. There is one department of the army which utilises every item of battle-field wreckage from torn belts to broken helmets. Thrift—the thrift that will re-tip burnt matches to save wood—is the dominating principle of the nation.

Germany's Peace Talk

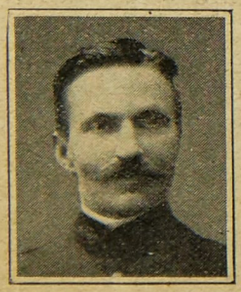
Germany's resources are heavily taxed. Her people are heaping up a crushing burden for the future, a burden which they hope we will have to pay. We cannot rely on the financial exhaustion of the enemy; we can only base our calculations upon beating him in the field.

There has been a revival of the talk of peace, a revival started in Germany. It obviously would be to the gain of the Central Powers to make peace at the moment when their cause is at its best. Any peace save one on our own terms would mark the beginning of the end for us. What are the German proposals? A friend of mine bought in Stockholm a week ago a German picture of Europe as Germany proposes to make it. Great Britain is to be all German, and Ireland will be divided between Germany and Austria. France is reduced to a small country north of the Pyrenees. Belgium is still to be German; Russia is to start east of the Polish border.

The actual programme of German statesmen does not go so far as this, but it goes very far. They aim first at obtaining crushing indemnities from all their enemies. Next they desire a great Germanic State, stretching from the Balkans to Dunkirk, and including, as a matter of course, Belgium. Turkey is to be rewarded by having Egypt handed back to her. Poland is to be unified as a subject Germanic State, while the Baltic provinces are to form part of Germany proper. Then provision must be made for a vast German colonial empire, taken mainly from us.

This programme is regarded by many Germans to-day as a practical, reasonable scheme, and they are surprised at their moderation in asking no more.

What do we ask? Our essential demand can be summed up very briefly. We ask for a condition of things that will make it impossible for a Power ever again, in our time and our sons' time, at least, to threaten to over-ride the world, and bring misery on it such as Germany has done. And we are going to fight until we make this certain.

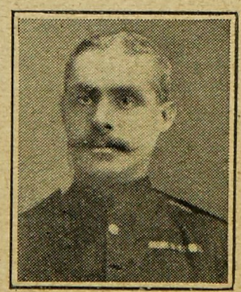


"The Auld Alliance"

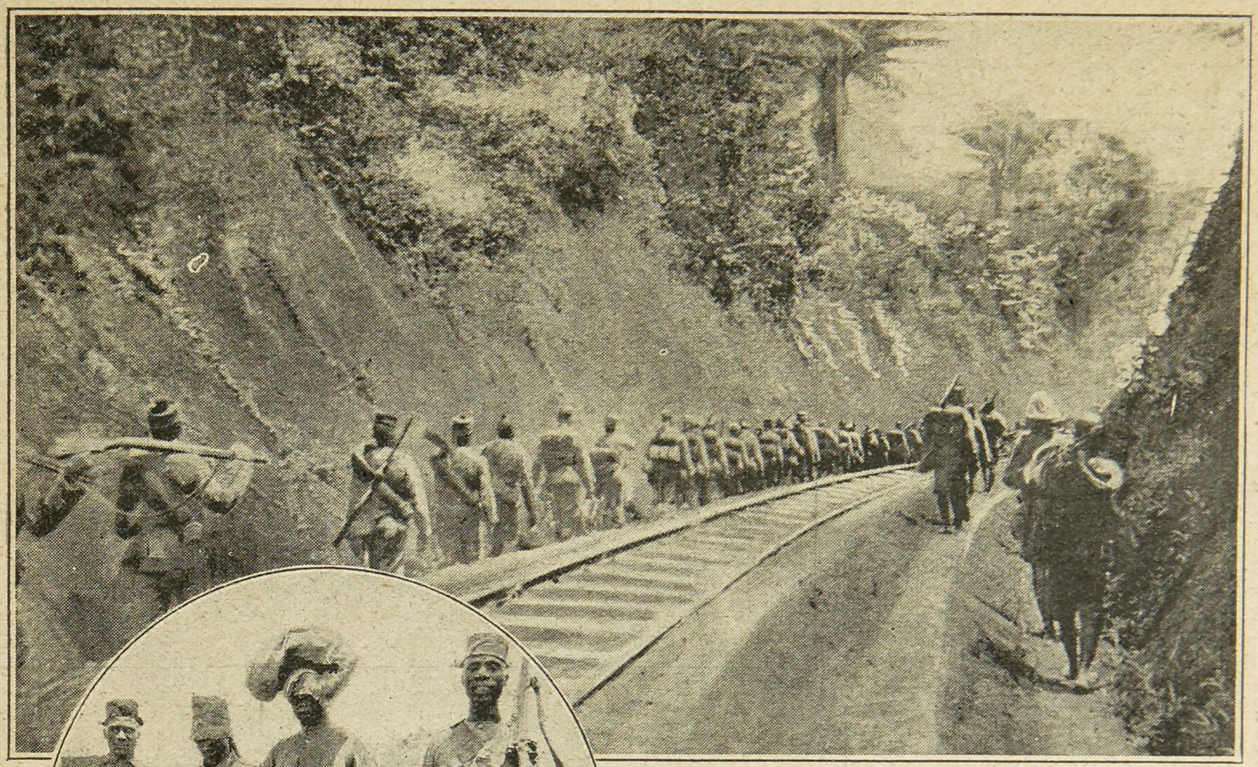
The affinity of Gaul and Scotland is well known. Throughout the ages of history there appears always to have been a sort of "entente cordiale" between our French allies and the people of the "bonnie banks and braes." "The auld alliance" in the new war is charmingly symbolised by the conspicuous gallantry of a French lieutenant who is married to one of our Scottish readers. He is Lieutenant Leo Bonnin, who was decorated on the battlefield by General Joffre with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. His portrait appears on the left.

A Hero Instructor

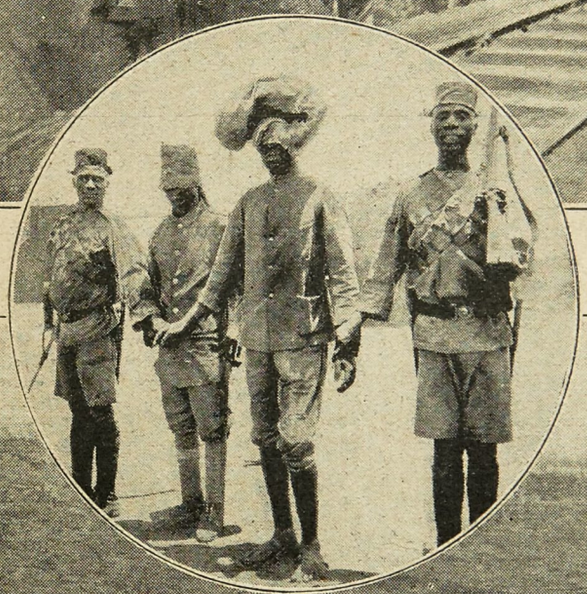
This portrait is of Sergeant-Major J. Moore, of the 2nd King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. Recently mentioned in despatches, and given the Military Cross, he was also the holder of the D.C.M for gallantry at Modder River, and other awards. He met his death while giving a lesson in grenade-throwing. The fuse became accidentally ignited. Realising that an explosion was imminent, he rushed into the open with the burning missile. The grenade exploded and he was killed, thus sacrificing his life for his comrade-pupils.

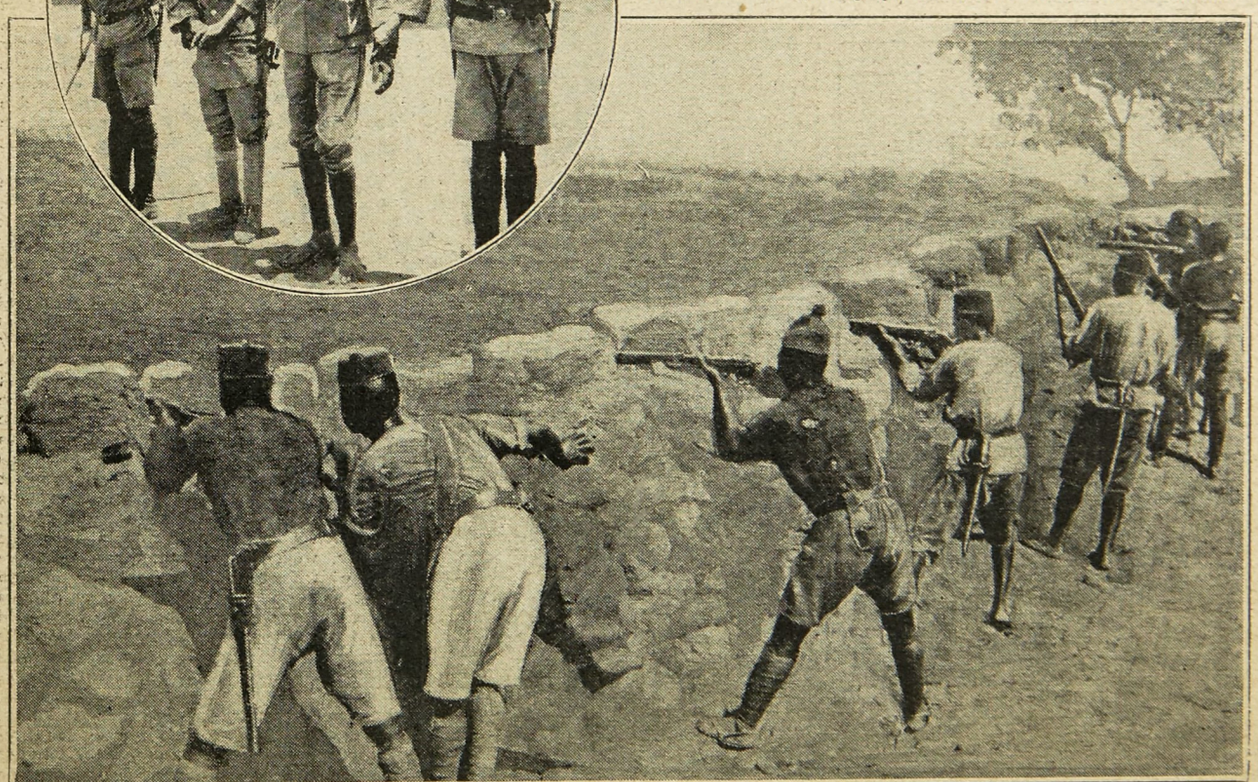


Loyal Native Progress in the Remote Cameroons



The conquest of the German Cameroons is proving a stern campaign. Over two hundred miles of railways have, however, been taken by the British native troops. Such work is fraught with innumerable perils owing to many deep cuttings and dense bush. A few minutes after this photograph was taken a violent skirmish ensued.





Although South-West Africa as a German colony is no more, there is still much hard work to be done before German suzerainty and influence are swept from the Dark Continent. Stiff fighting prevails in the Cameroons, and this photograph shows native troops attacking the enemy from behind stone barricades. Inset: German (Askari), second figure from the left, with a German porter. Under a flag of truce they have brought a letter into the British lines, blindfolded and escorted by members of the King's African Rifles.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE reason why our Navy is so efficient is that the sailors have always had a very exacting standard. Whenever a ship was lost the survivors knew that they would be court-martialled, that they would be held up to praise, blame, reward, or punishment according as they came up to or failed to reach the standard. We shall never get a Cabinet fit to control the Ship of State until public opinion applies something of the same sort to statesmen. If the case is to go to the grand court-martial of the nation, it must not be the case as presented by the statesmen under the Chinese system, by which every awkward fact is held secret on the plea that to tell the truth is against the interests of the public service. That is exactly how we were held at arm's-length during peace when we tried to direct attention to our reserves of guns, ammunition, and certain essential materials which the Germans had monopolised.

Prince Louis and the Cabinet

There has been a good deal in the papers about the mobilisation of the Navy during the crisis. What really happened was the demobilisation of the Navy during the crisis, for the Navy had undergone its customary July mobilisation before the crisis. Our shivering Cabinet never ordered the remobilisation until two days after a state of war had been proclaimed in Germany, and five days after Austria had declared war on Serbia. What the critics have mixed up with mobilisation is the action taken by a sailor, Prince Louis of Battenberg, while Mr. Churchill was spending the week-end at Cromer, to recall the main fleet of Dreadnoughts known as the First and Second Fleets on Monday, July 27th, and so suspend the order given to those sixteen Dreadnoughts to disperse to their home ports on Saturday, July 25th, for the purpose of sending half-crews on leave. Considering that these ships are *always* in full commission, ready to guard against an unprovoked attack, it was not a very extravagant precaution to take two days after the Austrian Ambassador had left Belgrade and the Kaiser made his hurried return to Berlin. However, the fact remains it was not done by the Twenty Cabinet, and a sailor would say at once that it was because there were too many captains to the Ship of State. There are too many cross-currents in such a Council of War. Prince Louis comes creditably enough out of the business, and one wonders how far in other matters of which we have knowledge the sailor was hampered by the statesman.

FOREIGN OFFICE.	ADMIRALTY.
Thursday, July 23.—Austrian 48 hours ultimatum to Serbia.	
Friday, July 24.—Russia takes up the challenge.	July 24.—Mr. Churchill goes for the week-end to Cromer.
Saturday, July 25.—Recall of Austrian Ambassador to Serbia. Kaiser returned hurriedly to Berlin.	July 25.—The mobilised fleets discharge their reserve men as previously arranged. The Third Fleet demobilised. The First and Second Fleets, forming the main fleet of 16 Dreadnoughts, ordered to disperse to their home ports to give annual leave to the men.
	July 27.—First and Second Fleets ordered to reassemble and to cancel leave.
Tuesday, July 28.—War declared by Austria on Serbia.	
Wednesday, July 29.—Austria bombards Belgrade.	July 29.—First Fleet put to sea for the North to re-coal at the strategical base. German fleet left Norwegian waters unshadowed, proceeding to Kiel via Baltic entrance.
Friday, July 31.—State of war declared in Germany.	
Sunday, Aug. 2.—German ultimatum to Belgium.	Aug. 2.—Reservists called up for service, this being the true mobilisation.
Tuesday, Aug. 4 (11 p.m.).—Britain declared war.	Aug. 4.—Sir John Jellicoe appointed C.-in-C. of the Grand Fleet.

The Diary of the Crisis

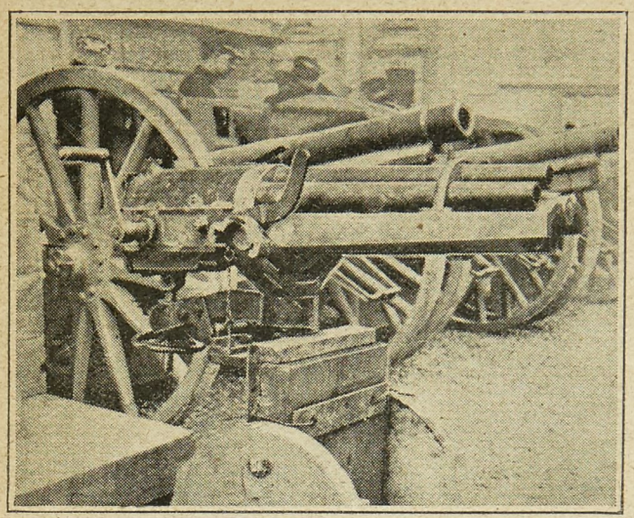
Let us say nothing about the secret information possessed by the Government through bankers, cotton and wheat brokers, horsedealers, consuls, and our Secret Service as to German preparations, but merely compare dates of critical events and naval movements, displayed in the table on this page.

The text to which I have preached so often about the danger of naval operations against the shore, except with the direct co-operation of an army, has received a fresh illustration in the attack made by nine battleships, twelve cruisers, and a large screen of destroyers at the entrance of the Gulf of Riga. The Germans are alleged to have lost off Dirben three vessels. For the rest it is well to await full accounts.

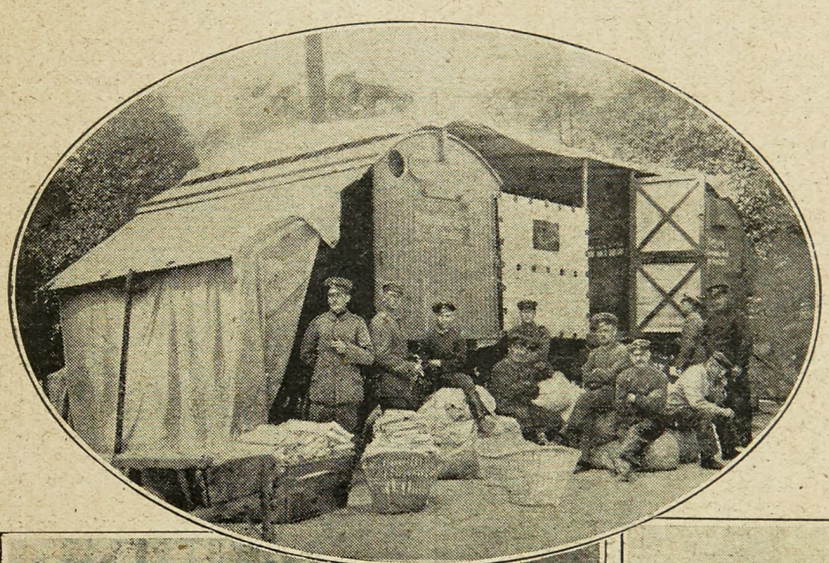
The question may be asked why do we not send ships through the Great Belt, and the answer might be given that Denmark has mined the deep-water channel. To this the reply is that Denmark may have the right to mine the waters in view of her small island of Sprog in the centre making the distances territorial waters, but she cannot deny pilotage to vessels seeking to pass through. The real reason for not raising the question is that a German mining system on the other side has to be traversed, and the passage of a fleet would be notified to German submarines. As far back as February 8th we were told that eight German cruisers were patrolling at the Baltic entrance to the Sound. Of recent precedents for sending fleets into the Baltic, with Denmark neutral, we have our own fleet in 1854 and the French fleet in 1870. In any case, it is absurd to say that with the Baltic we have had no targets for our submarines, for the German Baltic Fleet has been authentically reported at sea last year on September 6th, 24th, and this year on March 23rd, May 8th, June 3rd, June 28th, and, August 8th, in each case for several days and along the Courland coast. There are more targets for our splendid submarine captains in this large fleet than are to be found in the Sea of Marmora.

Germany's death-dealing mines on a neutral shore. Danish soldier on guard beside one of the many submarine mines that have been thrown up by the tide on the shore of the island of Fanoe.

Side-Shows at Armageddon's Grisly Fair

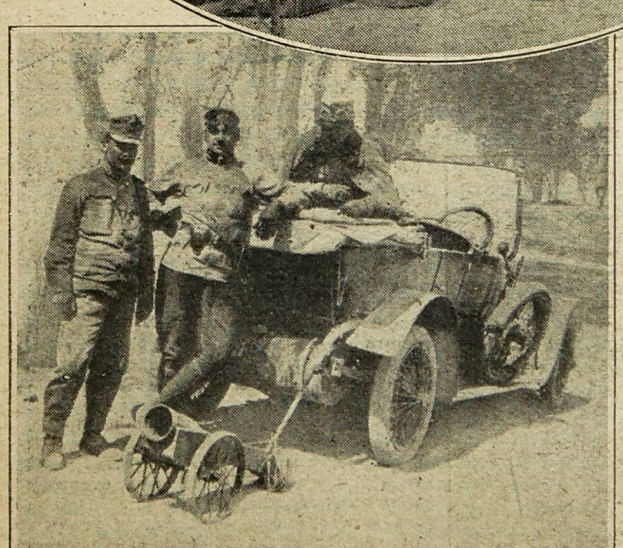


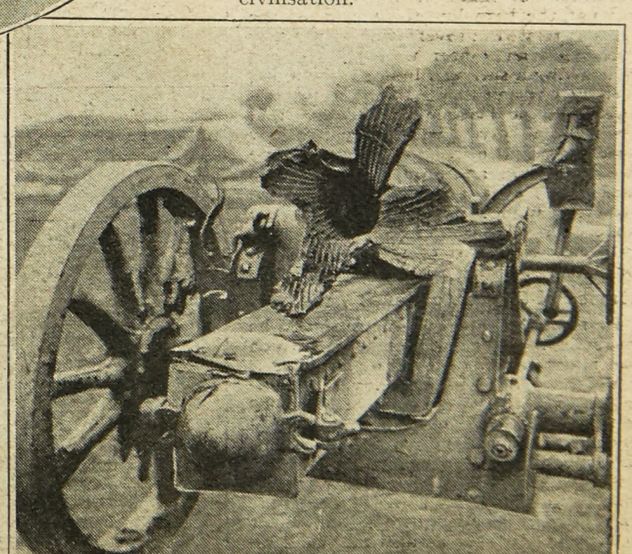
German revolver-cannon captured by the French and now on view in Paris. Above: Austrians making plaster casts of wounded hands at a military hospital in Vienna, where a record is kept by this method of different types of wounds.



AMONG these miscellaneous photographs from the grim theatre of war are two that illustrate again the perfect thoroughness of the "kolossal" Teuton war-machine. Putting into practice their doctrine of the survival of the most brutish, they had hoped by their complete preparations to Germanise the whole world. By physical force they thought to compel the world outside Germany to forsake the civilisation that Christianity has fostered for the ape-like instincts of the "Kultur" of Treitschke.

But this material, rationalistic "thoroughness" of men and machines has failed to triumph over the spiritual "thoroughness" of the more enlightened nations of the earth. The Allies will continue to fight until the spirit of "Furor Teutonicus" is for ever broken on the wheel of Christian civilisation.





Another gun captured! Germans with a tiny Russian trench bomb-mortar. Above: All that is left of guns when the Germans capture them. Russian field-gun with the breech blown out before it was abandoned. Inset: German field-laundry behind their lines in France, which keeps the un-Christian Hun in touch with that cleanliness which should be next to godliness!

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

IF there is one person in connection with flying who has my heart-felt sympathy it is the passenger in a Service aeroplane, whether he be an artillery "spotter," a scout, or a gunner. If he has a machine-gun to play with he is a shade better off when an enemy aeroplane comes along, for he is kept busy, and has no time to think about other troubles; but even the busiest "spotter" or scout or gunner has horrid moments when he has no work to do, and has time to think what a long way he is from home, and even from the ground—unpopular though he knows himself to be with the enemy below.

Then it is that he realises so acutely that if anything happens to his pilot he is "for it," as the current flying phrase has it; for the pilot alone has control of the aeroplane, and if he is hit, or loses control for any reason, the passenger can do nothing to save himself, and can only sit and wonder what the smash will feel like when they hit the ground.

Some Flying "Ifs"

Being myself—like Mr. Kipling's famous Babu in "Kims"—"a fearful man," that fear of what will happen if the pilot loses his head is a constant fly in the ointment every time I go up in an aeroplane. Flying is the most enjoyable sport in the world, if you can trust your pilot and the build of your machine, but in these days machines are more trustworthy than pilots.

Any of my readers who drive fast cars themselves will understand the passenger's feelings when I say that he feels as one would if being driven at a steady fifty miles an hour by a strange driver on a car without brakes, and depending absolutely on the driver's judgment of speed and distance to avoid a smash. If you have implicit faith in your pilot, or a blissful ignorance of what he ought to be doing, then you can enjoy flying.

All of which is an attempt to convey to readers some notion of the extreme discomfort of mind of the officer who was not the hero but the victim of the incident related in several papers recently concerning an officer who had his leg smashed by a shrapnel bullet while flying over the German lines. It will be remembered that he became unconscious, and the machine dived without control for some thousands of feet. Then he became conscious again, and brought the machine back to an even keel. After which he consulted with his passenger as to the nearest British aerodrome, and managed by a supreme effort of will to carry on for thirty-five miles till he reached it.

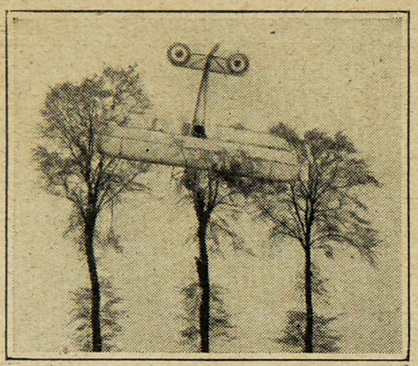
Stories of Supreme Nerve

He refrained from fainting again till he was being lifted out of the machine, which was really rather obliging of him, for it would have been most annoying to the passenger if the pilot had kept going till he reached the aerodrome and had fainted when only a few hundred feet above it, and had smashed them both up.

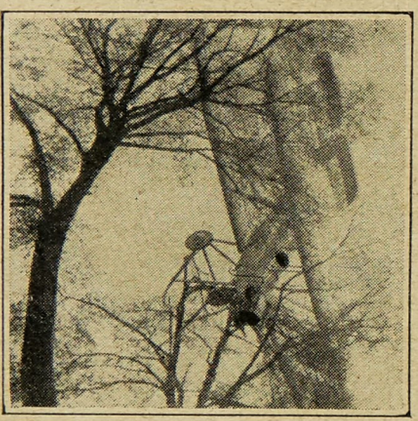
All the same, I do know of one case in which an officer flying alone in a machine was badly hit at a height of 6,000 feet or so, and fainted—or at any rate, lost all consciousness—at 200 feet from the ground, yet he made a perfect landing, thanks to some curious, sub-conscious instinct, and happened to do so within fifty yards of one of our own motor-ambulance waggons. This is astonishing luck such as is not to be depended upon by any passenger.

In another case, related by the official "Eye-Witness," it will be remembered that a machine caught fire in the air, and the unfortunate gunner had to sit still while his feet were being badly burnt, and his machine-gun ammunition was popping off all round him with the heat. But in this case the pilot never lost consciousness, and landed the pair of them scorched but safe.

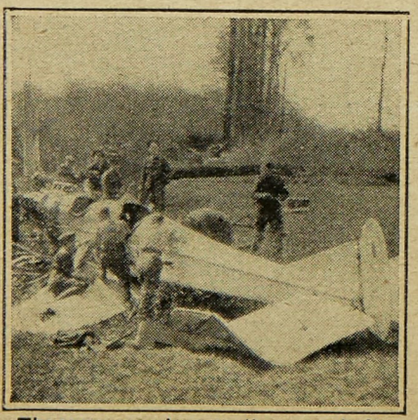
In yet another case the pilot was hit through the neck and jaw, but retained control while the passenger bound up his wounds, as well as he could, with the first-aid dressings that all soldiers carry. In this instance both officers got the D.S.O., which seems well merited when one remembers that instead of coming home they went on and finished their reconnaissance.



Three slim trees that saved a British airman from being dashed to death. His machine fell on to their boughs.



View from below of the British birdman's lucky roosting-place, the flimsy boughs that saved his life.



The same aeroplane on the ground after men of the R.F.C. had cut down the three trees to "land" the machine.

Super-Heroes with Imagination

Quite early in the war another pilot had his goggles hit by a bullet, which just missed the glass, glanced along the metal framework, and caused it to cut his forehead and stun him for the moment. He let go the control lever and put his hand to his forehead, whereupon the machine promptly stood on its nose. The passenger looked back, or rather upwards, and saw the pilot with blood spurting out of his head between his fingers, and naturally assumed that they were both "for it." His relief may be imagined when he saw the pilot wipe the blood out of his eyes, settle his goggles firmly in place, and take hold of the control lever again.

But I ask you to figure to yourself the intense nervous strain on all those passengers, for remember that your aeroplane observer must be a man of intelligence, and not one of those happy beings who have not enough imagination to be afraid. Consequently, the observer knows his danger perfectly well, and yet he goes through with his job day after day, fully aware that if his pilot is temporarily knocked out they are both practically bound to be killed.

Why not?

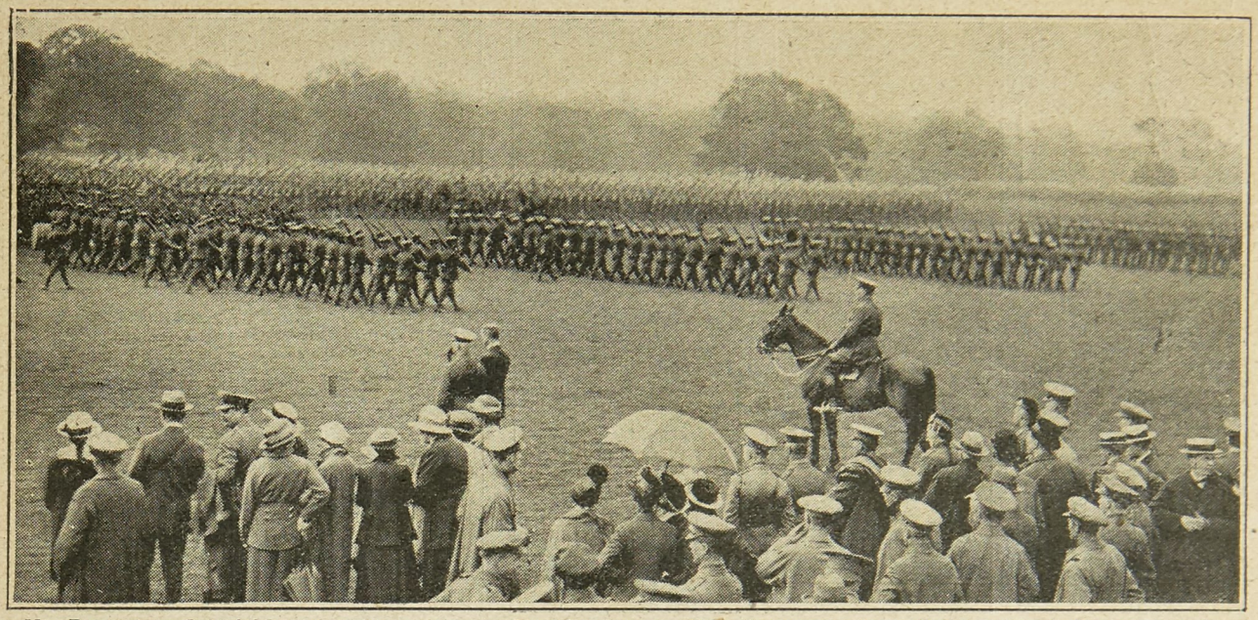
And the peculiar thing is that no one has put into regular use a simple means by which the observer can take control himself in case of emergency. It is quite easily done, but no one seems to think it worth while.

But when in the casualty list you see the name of some young officer "*attached* Royal Flying Corps"—not an officer of the R.F.C.—as having been killed, you may realise that he had perhaps even a worse few minutes before he died than the pilot who was mercifully knocked out by a bullet before the end came.

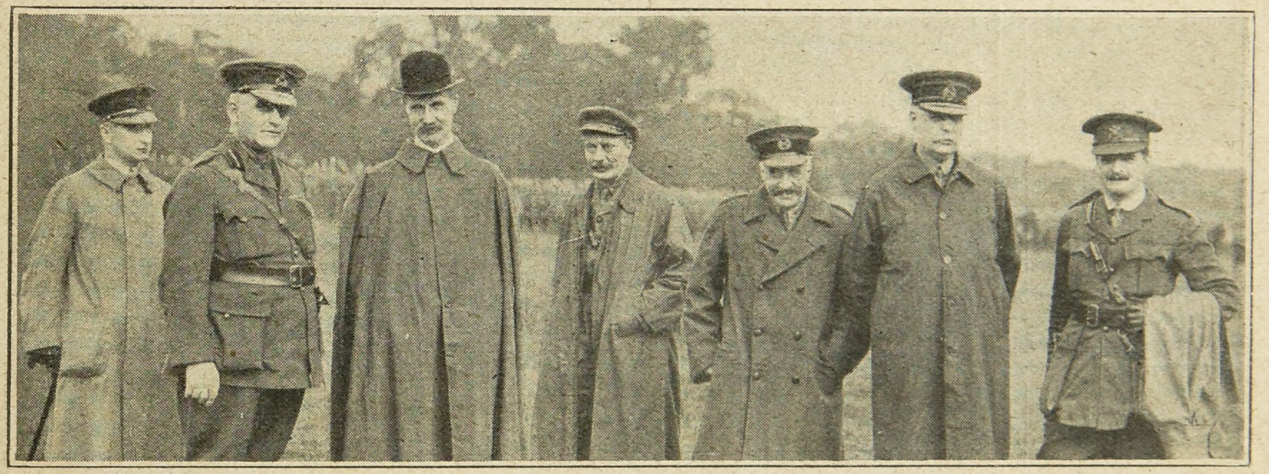
FRENCH PHRASES FOR TOMMY.

Many are the stories told of the heroic efforts made by Tommy in France to make himself understood by his French comrades-in-arms and by the civilian population. Nothing assists him so much as a book of phrases, by the aid of which he can make his wants known and exchange ideas with the French people he meets. A very helpful collection of phrases is given away as a supplement this week with "Woman's World," and everyone who has a relative or friend fighting in France should secure a copy, and send off the supplement to the front. The phrases have been most carefully chosen, and are just what Tommy will require in his daily intercourse with our allies.

Men and Women of the Dominion in the Empire's Cause



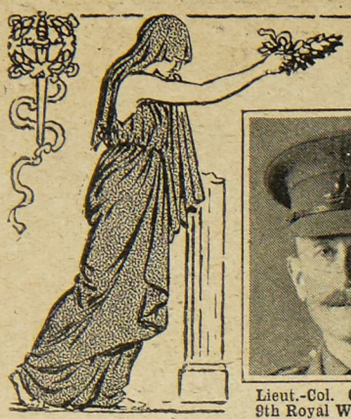
Mr. Bonar Law, Colonial Secretary, inspecting new Canadian troops. This photograph shows the march-past of new regiments of Maple Leaf men before their departure to join their comrades in the firing-line.



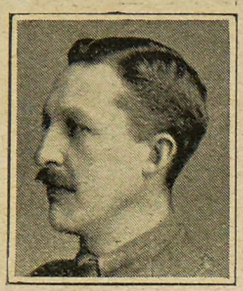
Major-Gen. the Hon. Sam Hughes, Canadian Minister of Defence, on Mr. Bonar Law's right, and other prominent Canadian officers.

Daughters of the Dominion who have come over to assist in the nursing of their wounded brothers in arms. Members of the Women's Canadian Ambulance Corps who are about to take up their humane work.

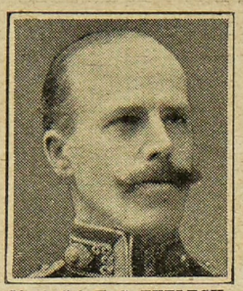
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



Lieut.-Col. C. H. PALMER, 9th Royal Warwickshire Regt.

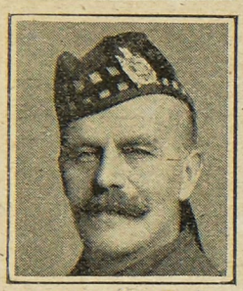


Lieut.-Col. H. C. BECHER, 1st Canadian Infantry.



Lieut.-Col. E. G. EVELEGH, R.M.L.I. (Nelson Batt.).

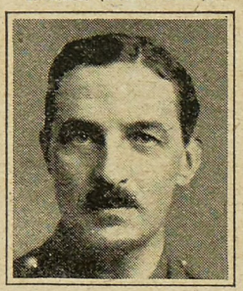
Col. F. W. LUARD, R.M.L.I. (Portsmouth Div.).



Maj. G. S. D. FORBES, C.M.G., D.S.O., 7th K.O. Scot. Borderers.

Capt. H. M. FINEGAN, 8th King's Liverpool Regt.

Capt. T. WELSH, 5th K.O. Scottish Borderers.



Capt. R. E. FORRESTER, 2nd Black Watch.

Capt. J. J. DYKES, 5th K.O. Scottish Borderers.

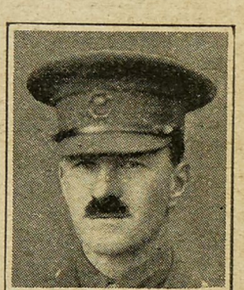
Capt. R. H. GALLAGHER, Motor Machine-Gun Service.

Lieut.-Col. C. H. Palmer, commanding 9th Royal Warwickshire Regt., was gazetted to that regiment in 1894. He served in the South African War, being mentioned in despatches, and receiving the Queen's Medal with four clasps. Col. F. W. Luard, R.M.L.I., joined the Marines in 1884 and was promoted Colonel last year. Soon after the outbreak of war he was appointed to the command of the Portsmouth Batt.

Major G. S. D. Forbes, C.M.G., D.S.O., 7th K.O. Scottish Borderers, saw active service in South Africa, was mentioned in despatches and obtained the D.S.O. He was the sixth son of the late General S. J. Forbes. Capt. R. E. Forrester, 2nd Black Watch, obtained his commission in 1901. He was A.D.C. to the Viceroy of India. He served in the Boer War, was mentioned in despatches, received the Queen's Medal with three clasps, the King's Medal with two, and the D.C.M. Lieut. H. F. Grantham, 1st Essex Regt., was the eldest son of Captain F. W. and Mrs. Grantham, and grandson of the late Mr. Justice Grantham. Lieut. C. de Burgh G. Persse, 7th Dragoon Guards, attached Irish Guards, served with the Imperial Yeomanry in the South African War, receiving the Queen's Medal with three clasps and the King's Medal with two.

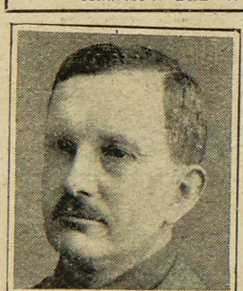
Lieut. F. T. Seppings-Wright, Public Works Department, India, attached 6th Jat Light Infantry, was the eldest son of Mr. H. C. Seppings-Wright, the war correspondent.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *invites relatives of officers killed in action or dead from wounds to lend photographs, with brief biographical notes of these heroes, for inclusion in "Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead." Address:* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *Fleetway House, London, E.C.*

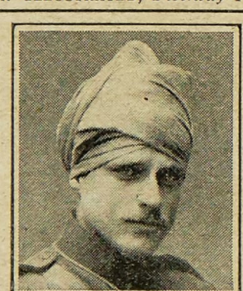


Capt. L. E. GEORGE, 9th Somerset Light Infantry.

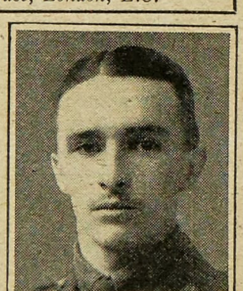
Sec.-Lieut. H. F. GRANTHAM, 1st Essex Regt.



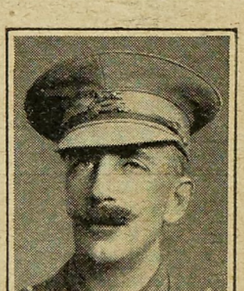
Lt. C. de BURGH G. PERSSE, 7th Dragoon Guards.



Lt. F. T. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, 6th Jat Light Infantry.



Sec.-Lieut. W. E. BALCOMBE-BROWN, Royal Field Artillery.



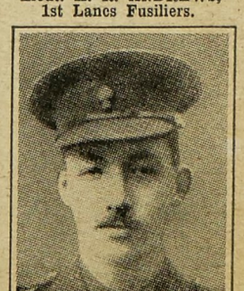
Lieut. H. R. ANDREWS, 1st Lancs Fusiliers.

Lieut. L. H. STERN, 13th Kensington Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. R. B. BUCHANAN, 5th Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Lieut. W. F. J. HAYES, R.N.D. (Collingwood Batt.).

Sec.-Lieut. JAMES SIMPSON, 4th Gordon Highlanders.



Sec.-Lieut. B. R. P. WOOD, 7th London Regt.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Russell, Lafayette, Lambert Weston, Vandyk, Bassano, Neame.

THE FRENCH BATTLE-FRONT A YEAR AGO AND TO-DAY

Copyright

The War Illustrated

The black-and-white line on the above map, specially drawn for "The War Illustrated," indicates the southernmost limit of the German invasion of France in September, 1914. The heavy black marking shows the position of the conflicting armies to-day, which is practically the same as it was a year ago.

Fifty Years of Illustration

The Evolution of Pictorial Journalism

By the Editor

I RECEIVED a letter of appreciation of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED the other day—one of many, I may say—and in the course of the letter my correspondent remarked that it was a pity that there was no WAR ILLUSTRATED in existence at the time of some of our former wars, the Crimean War for example. Yes, it is a pity; but, as a matter of fact, the production of a paper like THE WAR ILLUSTRATED in those days was technically impossible, as anyone who is acquainted with the development of the art of illustration would know. This subject, however, is a highly technical one, and ignorance concerning it is quite natural in the layman.

THE PRODUCTION of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is possible to-day because of the great development within the last two or three decades of what is known as "process" work. By the term process work, I may say for the benefit of the uninitiated, we mean the various methods employed in the mechanical reproduction of pictures of all sorts, and the particular form of mechanical reproduction which is used in the case of a paper like THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is the half-tone process. It is the discovery of the half-tone process which has enabled us quickly and economically to transfer to paper the photographic record of scenes and events made by the camera. It is annoying to learn that the pioneer in this process was a German, but we can console ourselves with the fact that its subsequent development and perfection are due chiefly to an American.

IN THE pre-half-tone days, as reference to old files of the "Illustrated London News" will show, the illustrations of current events were largely the hand-drawn work of artists. When the artist had completed his sketch, it was then passed on to the engraver, also a hand-worker, who laboriously cut it out on wood, and from this wood-block, as it was called, the illustration, as it appeared on the page of the journal, was printed. Obviously this was a long, laborious, and expensive operation, which necessarily confined the illustrated journalism of those days within very narrow limits.

HOW DIFFERENT from the present time, when in many cases, by means of the speedy and inexpensive half-tone process of reproduction, the photographic record of the camera appears on paper literally within a few hours of the event. The two factors of speed and economy have made it possible for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED to offer its readers week by week, for the incredibly small sum of twopence, a budget of nearly one hundred photographs, representing records of scenes and events in all parts of the globe.

REALLY, WHEN one comes to think it over, the production of such a picture record as THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is a wonderful accomplishment. I was never so much impressed with this fact as on the occasion when for the first time I saw twenty-six parts bound together in one volume. Though the journal had passed through my hands from week to week, I was simply amazed when I saw collected together under one cover the fruit of twenty-six weeks' work. I have now the same feeling again, only in greater degree, when I see the second volume, which was completed with Number 52.

THE TWO VOLUMES make an astonishing pictorial epitome of the first year of the war, surely the most eventful year the human race has ever passed through. Here are mirrored literally thousands of scenes and events which have brought hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, to hundreds of millions of people. He who has possessed himself of this marvellous album has surely laid up great treasure for the after years when these momentous days have passed into history.

A magnificent colour-plate of Sir John French, from an exclusive painting by his son, is given away with the publishers' registered binding case for Vol. 2, also artistic title page and list of contents.

BY MEANS of the handsome binding-cases which have been specially designed for the purpose, the task of preserving THE WAR ILLUSTRATED in permanent form becomes an easy one, and now that the second volume is completed and binding-cases for it are ready, I strongly advise all my readers to make use of them.

THOSE WHO do so will one day have a splendid set of volumes, whose value is far in excess of the trifling cost of preserving the numbers, which might otherwise have been destroyed or allowed to disappear like ordinary weekly papers.

THE PUBLISHERS' registered cases are obtainable for 1s. 6d. from any newsagent or bookseller, who will make only a small extra charge for trimming and binding in the pages. The publishers themselves do not undertake the actual work of binding. This can usually be arranged through the newsagent or bookseller from whom one gets the cases. See about this matter TO-DAY.

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The War Illustrated, 28th August, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

"Every German is at Heart a Hun," by the Editor

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly

Vol. 3

"The Night Attack": Cutting the Enemy's Barbed-Wire Defences

No. 54

Every German is at Heart a Hun

SYMPATHY is a precious quality and not lightly to be lavished. There is no surer waste of it than that which takes the form of being "sorry" for the poor, good-hearted, ingenious, kindly, hard-working German people, "ground under the iron heel of Prussian militarism." Let us make no mistake about these good, kindly German people. Your German friend, whom you used to have at your table before the war, and for whom you entertained the kindliest feelings, is still a potential Hun.

Every people acquires in time precisely that form of government it deserves. The German people are the real criminals in this war—not Prussian militarism. It is the Germans—every man and woman of them—who have made the abomination of Prussian militarism possible. Every German is at heart a Hun. These are hard sayings, but from considerable experience of the German in different parts of the world, I am persuaded they are true.

One typical example within my own knowledge will illustrate my point. A very charming young German of superior birth and breeding, employed for some years in an important international house in London, where he lived on the closest terms of intimacy with his colleagues, being regarded as more English than German, returned to Germany at the outbreak of the war and went as a soldier with the invading army into Belgium. The question of his future was being discussed the other day by his principals with the head of their Dutch house, and it was suggested that, as it would be impossible for him to resume his connection with the London house after the war, a place might be found for him in Amsterdam. The head of the Amsterdam business, a very unemotional Dutchman, protested that the young German could only enter the Dutch office when *he* left it, as from letters he had seen, written by this charming young German, he had proved himself during the orgies of lust and plunder in Belgium one of the most hateful of the Huns.

This is no overdrawn picture; it is a plain, unvarnished statement of a typical fact. Do not let us waste one breath of sympathy upon "the poor, misguided German people." The Kaiser is by no means the worst of them.

The Hopeless Monomania of the German

At no period of their long and sanguinary history have the German races risen to even the ordinary reaches of those humaner relationships which have obtained among many other peoples from the earliest days of civilisation. The minor domestic virtues have, of course, been practised among them to some extent; in pursuit of their modern industrial expansion—the whole of which has been imitative and not creative—they have made a pretence of friendliness wherever they have wandered from the Fatherland; but their minds are essentially parochial in that they are occupied with their own affairs to the exclusion and repression of the interests of other people.

An intimate friend of mine in Zurich, who has lived on terms of close friendship with many Germans, confessed to me recently that, among all his German friends and acquaintance, he knew not one to whom he could speak with frankness of the political affairs of the Fatherland. Men whom he regarded as ideals of saneness on all ordinary affairs of life became, in an instant, mere maundering monomaniacs when the question of Germany's predominance in the world was touched.

The German, in short, is a creature capable of estimating the world from a German point of view only, and utterly unable to look at things from the standpoint of other people.

That is why there is no remote hope of Germany ever becoming a great colonial power. Her besotted military writers of the Bernhardi type complain that, coming late to Empire, she found a world parcelled out with no spare colonies for her to people and exploit. This looks like truth; but it is really a lie. Had the Germans been a people with any genius for colonisation, that would have expressed itself long ago and successfully; not even their long years of internecine and religious strife could have prevented their ultimate colonial expansion. But the cold truth is that they are not at the beginning of beginning to know the A B C of colonisation.

Look at the ridiculous manifesto of the Potsdam professors issued to the world a few days ago to prove that Germany must rule with undisputed sway from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf; that she must crush Britain, France, Russia, and every other country that dares protest, so that the whole earth may enjoy to the full the benefits of her "Kultur."

This is the sort of glorified pot-house brag which for nearly two generations has been increasingly popular in the realms of the Kaiser. It was the same spirit precisely that, immediately on entering the evacuated city of Warsaw, induced the German Governor to set all the clocks to German time, to start a German daily newspaper, and probably already to begin the teaching of German in the schools, and enforce the public use of that guttural tongue.

Delusion as to Binding Power of Language

Here is another of the German obsessions; the idea that language binds people together. The bitterest wars of past ages have been fought between peoples of the same language. Nowhere in modern times have racial hatreds been more strongly expressed than in South America, where, except for the republic of Brazil, one language is spoken from Mexico to the Strait of Magellan. But these lessons are lost on the obtuse, self-satisfied Teuton. The British Empire, solid in the hour of trial, is a veritable Babel of tongues.

Just as there seems to be a curious law of nature which makes the murderer forget some one thing in covering up his tracks, and this one thing eventually brings him to the scaffold, so with these despicable people of the German lands, at every effort to expand among alien races they make some critical mistake. Here they are to-day in Warsaw, and they had possibilities of conquering Russian Poland had they but been wise enough to make their invasion humanely. Instead, they harried the peasantry, and subjected them to a second edition of the Belgian atrocities. At every step they made the Pole fall back gladly into the once cold bosom of Russia. They created enemies where they needed friends.

By way of contrast, think of a native black in Rhodesia bringing £5, the savings of a lifetime to such as he, to a local fund for supplying an aeroplane for the use of the British Army, and becoming so enthusiastic when he knew that it would be used to destroy Germans, that among his fellow-blacks he beat up no less a sum than £50. Think again of the numerous foreign races all proud to fight under the British flag and to esteem themselves British—the Maoris, the French Canadians, the Boers, the Pathans, the Hindus, the Mussulmans, who—not as bondmen, but as free soldiers—are laying down their lives for the British Empire to-day.

No, we must be chary of sympathising with any creature of German birth in these our days; we can but despise the bombastic, beer-swilling professors and their ludicrous drivel about "German world-power"; there are good and sufficient reasons why we Britons hold "dominion over palm and pine."

J. A. HAMMERTON.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 54. Vol. 3.
28th August, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

WHAT IS OUR NAVY DOING?—An optimistic answer to an eternal query. Three jolly "midshipmites" off for a picnic somewhere in Gallipoli. These junior representatives of fighting Britain will not be denied their smile or their tiffin for all the Turco-Teuton shells and hymns of hate. Duty and danger are imminent, but they are equal to it with the spirit of laughing courage and spontaneous patriotism, surely one of Britannia's strongest weapons against the dour-faced, super-mechanical Hun.

HURRAH FOR THE BRAVE BELGIAN ARMY!

How King Albert's Fighting Forces have been Reorganised since the Retreat from Antwerp

Specially contributed by EMILE VANDERVELDE Belgian Minister of State

If there is one country that will command the love and admiration of posterity, that country is Belgium. But for the Homeric stand of King Albert's Army, veritably on the anvil of the German sledge hammer, the Kaiser's hordes might have succeeded in their cherished plan for the lightning execution of France. Before the war the hope of Belgium was merely to hold the Germans at bay for twenty-four hours. Their wonderful resurgence and determination have helped to hold the enemy ever since the war began, and constitute a great, inspiring feature of the campaign in the West. The moment is fitting, after their enduring the rigours of the most unequal contest in the history of racial strife, to review the position and development of Belgium's military forces. The following article by M. Vandervelde, the world-famous Belgian Socialist, who, instantly on the outbreak of war, proved his patriotism by supporting King Albert and accepting office in his Government, has therefore been specially written for our readers.

WHEN Antwerp had fallen, then, after nine days of a difficult retreat, the friends of Belgium sought to know, in grave anxiety, what remained of the Belgian Army.

I shall remember all my life the pitiful impression which was made upon me by the defiling, on the twenty kilometres of road between Furnes and Dunkirk, of our fortress troops, disbanded, and in complete disarray, having lost nearly one-half of their strength, which had passed over into Holland.

Happily the divisions of the army in the field covered the retreat. They were asked to hold out for forty-eight hours until the arrival of the French. They held out for twelve days, until the moment when, aided by the floods, the German offensive on the Yser was definitely arrested.

But in order to obtain this essential result, in order to preserve to Belgium a shred of territory, the Army had lost 12,000 men out of a total strength of 50,000 combatants. It was a question, then, of remaking, reconstituting, reorganising these forces which had been so cruelly tested.

At the time when winter was about to commence, when the rains of the bad season fell in a deluge over the Flemish marshes, our men, unsheltered in their trenches, were without boots, without woollens, without change of clothing. We appealed, in order to aid them, to British generosity — which was, as ever, splendid. The commissariat also made a great effort, which was not long in producing good results. And at present the Belgian soldiers want for nothing, on condition that our friends in Britain and France continue to send to them comforts of all kinds which other armies receive from their own country.

An Army Without a Base

I come now to military reorganisation, properly so called; and in order to say nothing which may be either incorrect or indiscreet, I asked the General Staff to give me the facts which follow.

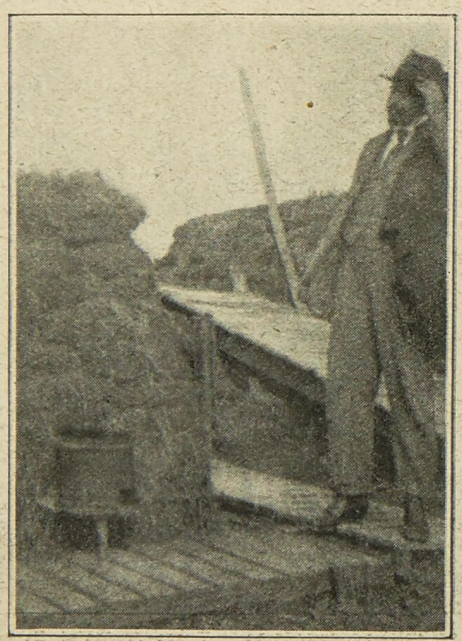
It can thus be seen that if there is any astonishing situation in the present war it is that of the Belgian Army after the retreat from Antwerp.

People are well aware of the importance in previous wars of the communications of armies with the particular territory in which were accumulated their reserves of all kinds—reserves of men, of horses, of arms, of munitions, victuals, clothing. To safeguard the base of an army and the line of communication which led to it was the very *raison d'etre* of many battles. But this importance is to-day still further increased in consequence of the greatness of strength, the complexity of armaments and equipment, the greater difficulty of feeding from the resources of occupied territory, the enormous masses of men, and the development of the sanitary establishments in which the sick and wounded are cared for. Until recent times it has seemed that an army cut from its base was a lost army.

Now, the Belgian Army, leaving Antwerp, abandoned the city in which for years the Government had accumulated its military resources, the city which apparently ought to be the final refuge, over which to the last would wave the national flag. And, by an unexpected phenomenon, the Belgian Army, instead of being a lost army, increased to such an extent that it is at the present moment considerably stronger than at the commencement of the campaign, while its armaments, its equipment of all kinds, its provisions of all sorts are better than they have ever been.

The Cradle of the New Army

Let no one think from this that the Belgians have taken without scruple the resources of the countries with whom their cause is in common, thus diminishing their assets. Certainly, and especially at first, it was necessary to have recourse to the French arsenals and commissariat, but rapidly and progressively the military administration reconstituted all the bases of production.



M. Emile Vandervelde, the writer of the article on this page, photographed on the occasion of a recent visit to the Belgian Army in the field.

Under the energetic and tenacious impulse of the King and the War Department, by the intense and fruitful work of all, training camps have been created from which are produced for all branches of the Service well drilled and disciplined recruits. In French territory, schools for infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineer officers have been founded, completing by theoretic instruction the experience acquired during a year's campaign by the most apt of our subaltern ranks.

The units of the army which marched from Antwerp have been furnished with excellent young soldiers, educated, animated by the best military spirit, of whom many have, at the risk of their lives, crossed the German lines to join their brothers-in-arms. The ranks of these units have been reconstituted, rejuvenated, and reinforced, and a number of well-trained young men formed at the front a nursery of sub-lieutenants able to take immediate command.

[*Continued on page* 28.

After Breakfast a 'Bus Ride to the Trenches

An early morning "constitutional" that may prove tragic. British Tommies near the first-line trenches leaving their dug-outs and walking to their breakfasts, a short journey, fraught with danger from the bullets of wide-awake German snipers.

The queue of honour. British soldiers leaving their billets in a French village and lining up to await the motor-'buses that are to convey them to the trenches. There is always an over-load of "passengers" for the first 'bus, but no law prevails at the front as to the precise number that each car is allowed to carry.

HURRAH FOR THE BRAVE BELGIAN ARMY!

(*Continued from page* 26.)

The infantry has seen its armaments well kept up and in perfect condition; the number of machine-guns at its disposal is, at the present time, proportionately greater than in any other army. Its supplies of munitions enable it to face all eventualities.

Our field artillery equipment has shown admirable qualities of precision and resistance, though it was obliged, after having exhausted all the munitions of the peace establishment stores, to utilise French munitions scarcely suitable to its ballistic characteristics. Since then the base furnishes once again "75" munitions made specially for our guns.

The heavy field artillery—which did not exist at the time of mobilisation — has been created. It now comprises guns and mortars of great calibre in sufficient number for our strength.

Leaving Antwerp with a division of cavalry, the Belgian army has increased its light forces both in squadrons of cyclists and in squadrons of motor guns and motor machine-guns. Nothing is more superb than its horses, kept in perfect condition, which are the admiration of the French and British cavalry officers. The cavalry and the cyclist carabiniers have received machine-guns.

The Belgian engineers equal the other arms in the progress achieved. The proportion of engineers in the army divisions have been doubled by means of the corps drawn from the fortified places. It has been the same with special troops. As to military aviation, it has accomplished marvels, having started from almost nothing.

What is to be said of the transport troops? Beginning at the mobilisation with motors and horse-drawn vehicles of all kinds, mostly secured by requisition, they have now been able to form their transport trains of the best makes, uniform models, with power according to the use for which they are needed. Thus the revictualling, which in the early part of the campaign worked in a very satisfactory manner, now controls perfectly homogeneous columns. The trains assure the service of food, munitions, and the removal of wounded under conditions which never existed before.

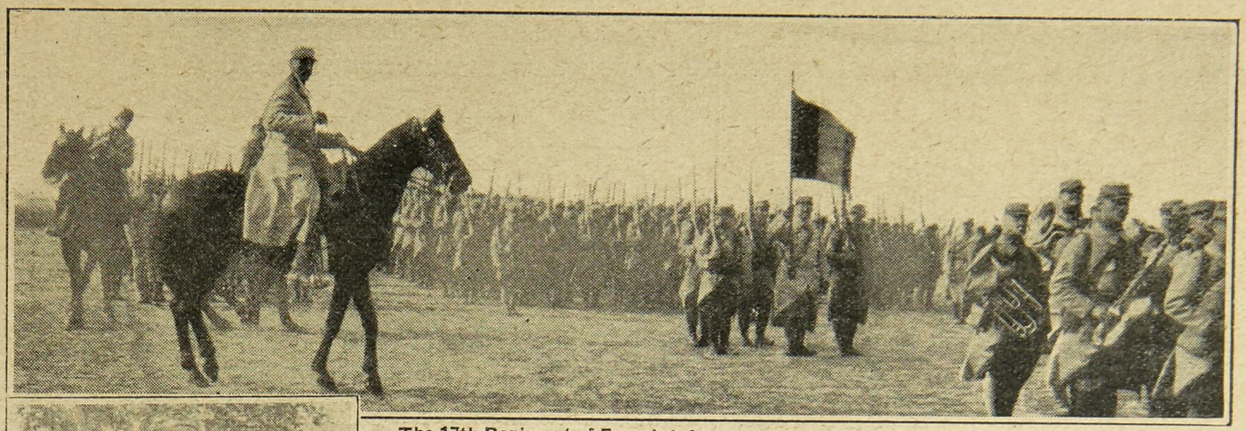
It is thus that, after a year of war, the Belgian Army, which the Germans held at the onset to be a negligible factor, holds better than ever its place at the side of its great Allies.

They fight to recover their hearths, to give liberty to their country, to find their relations, their friends, their families. They are proud to fight in the Great Army of Right and of the Independence of the Nations.

Emile Vandervelde

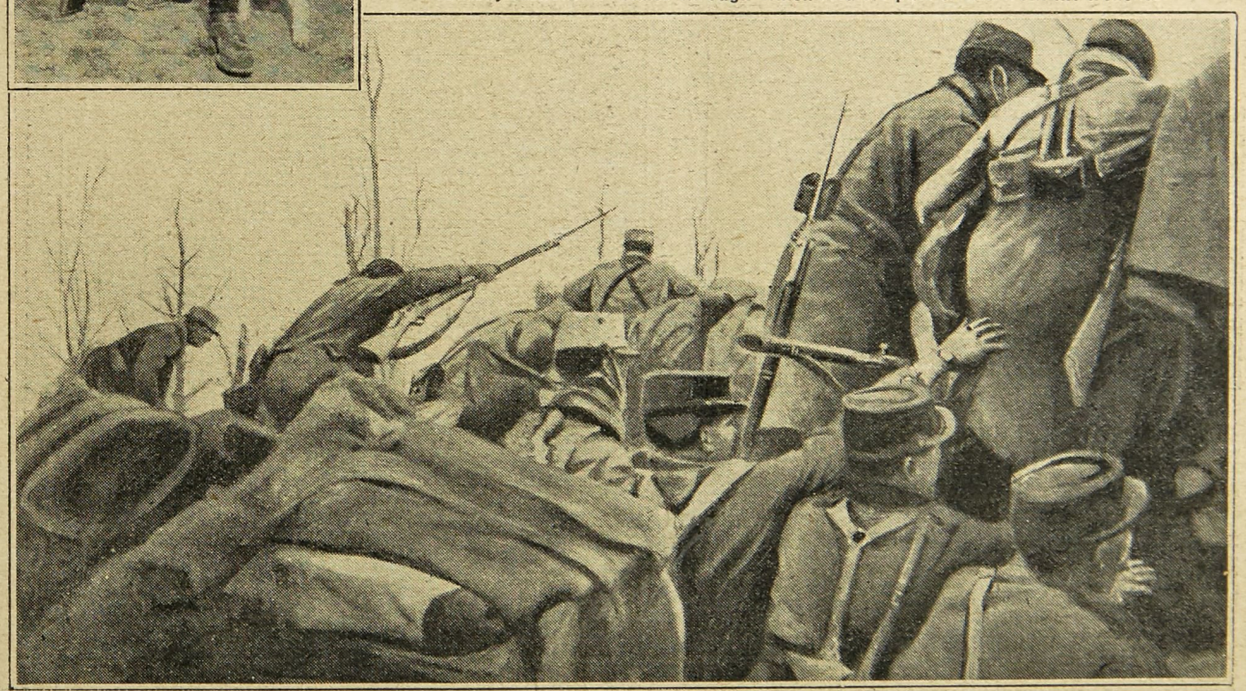
Belgian soldiers en route for a spell of trench digging. The first photograph shows a group of stalwart Belgian soldiers outside their billets, and the centre snapshot is of M. Poincare, the French President, saluting King Albert, wearing his khaki uniform.

With the Tricolour at the Base and under Fire



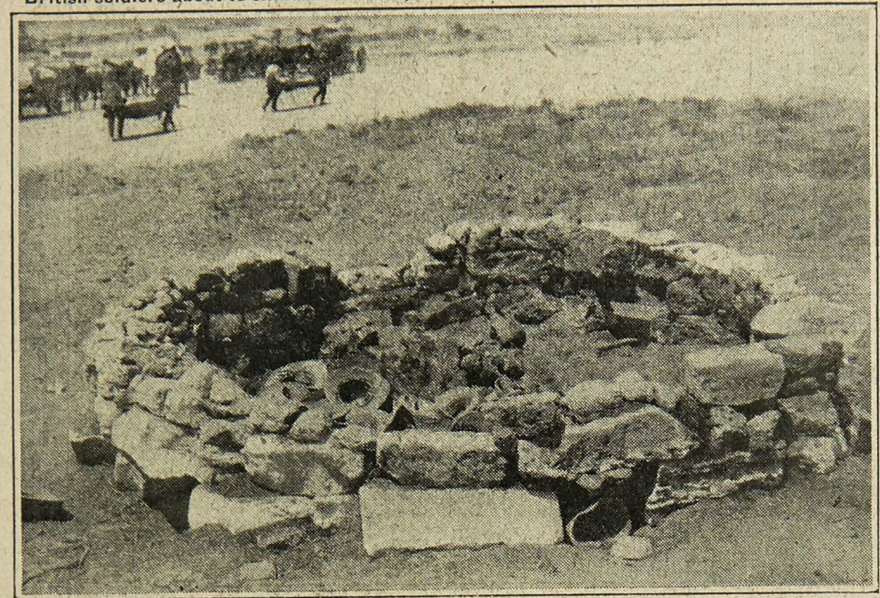
The 17th Regiment of French Infantry marching past after being reviewed by General de Mestre subsequent to the victory at Souchez. Following the band is the standard-bearer, with the colours of the regiment.

Left: Trained dogs are used extensively in the French Army as companions to sentries on night duty, and they have proved very valuable. Above: Buffets have been opened at railway stations in France through which soldiers pass to and from the trenches.

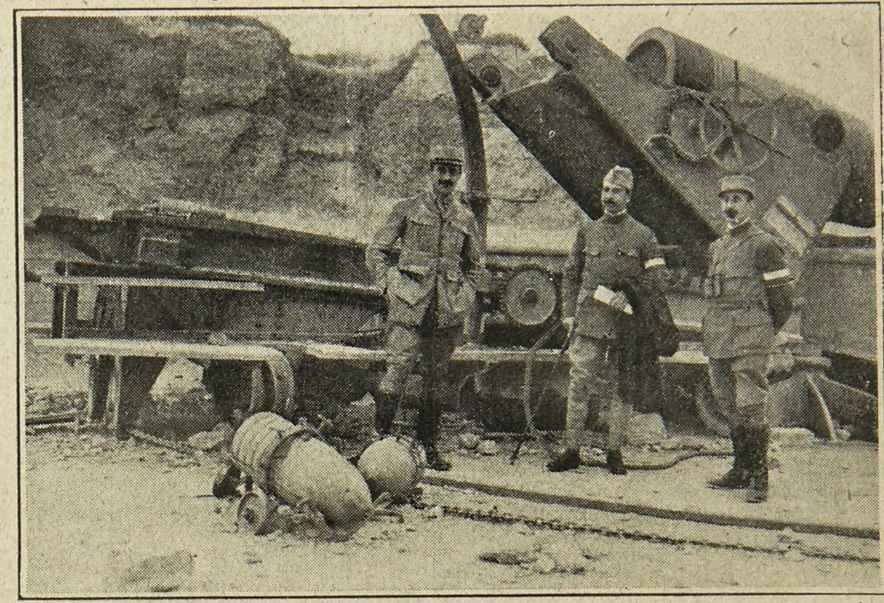


A vivid photograph of the actual capture of a German trench to the east of the Argonne Forest. French Chasseurs-a-Pied clambering over the parapet of the enemy's first-line trench that they had just captured. A few moments later they were attacking the Germans' second-line trench, which they also took at the point of the bayonet.

The weary march of battle-scarred heroes "somewhere in Gallipoli." The label on the back of this official photograph states tersely: "The Dardanelles operations. Wounded British soldiers about to embark for a hospital ship." There is, however, a wealth of romance in this scene—rich material for a poet's pen. Officers and men walk side by side, alike bearing on their soiled tunics a label describing the nature of their wounds. Confident, cheerful, they marched to the firing-line; on their return journey of pain they are still quietly optimistic.



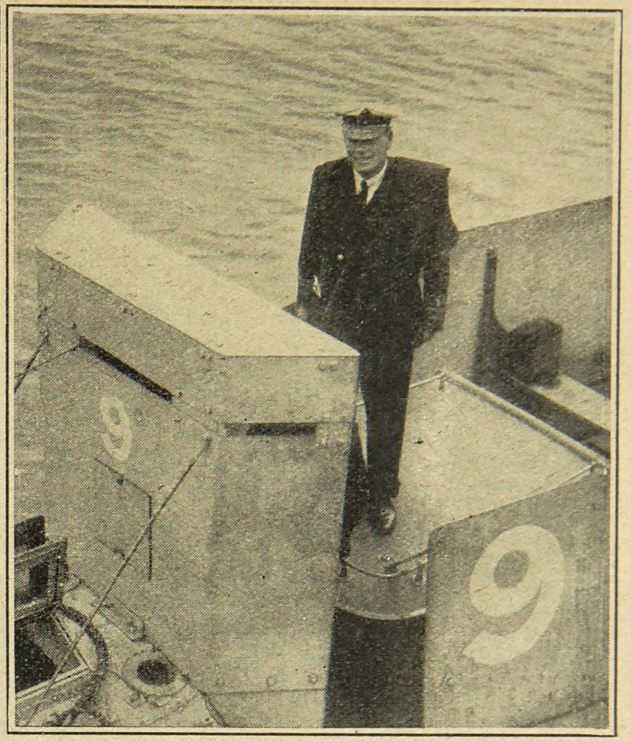
A "destructor" made of rocks where soldiers' old clothing is burned. In the background two wounded men are being carried to a field hospital behind the British lines in Gallipoli.



French Staff officers within the Fort of Seddul Bahr. Except for his cap, one of them is wearing a uniform almost identical with that of a British officer.

Happy Days with the Senior Service in the Straits

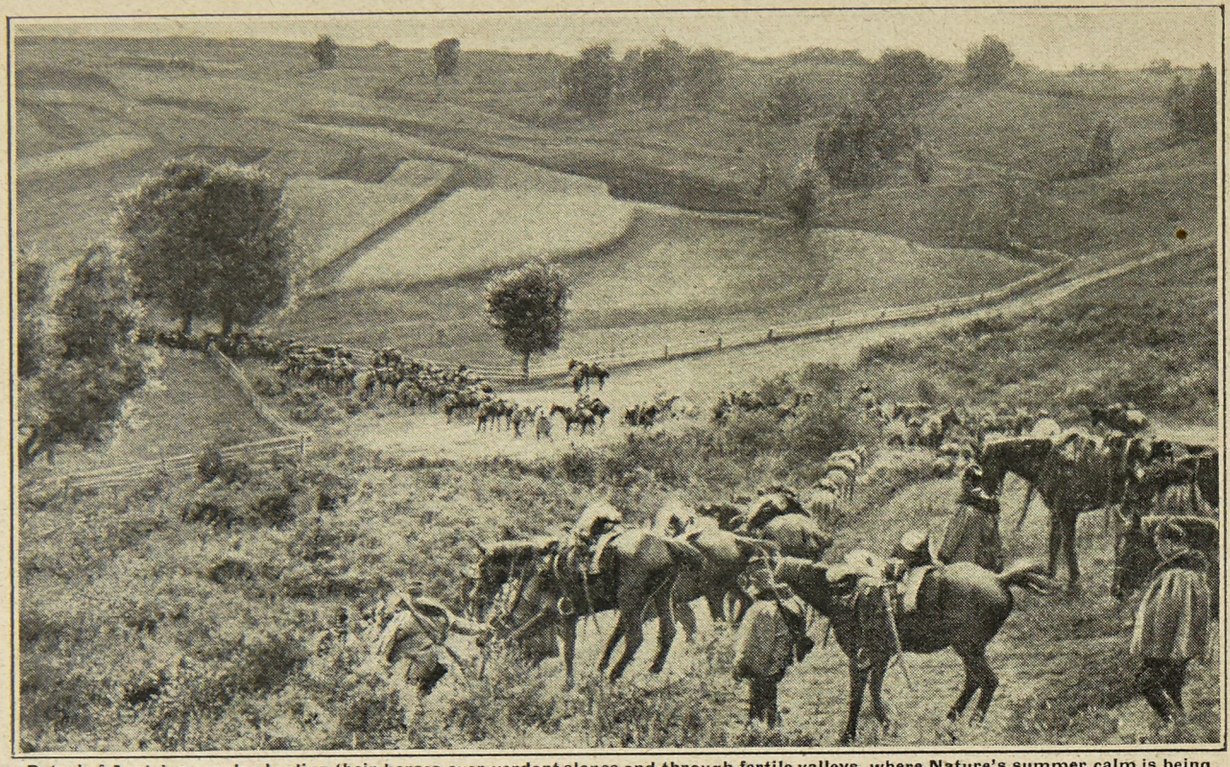
Mr. Gundy, R.N.R., the King's Messenger, and the Captain of H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, on board the super-Dreadnought in the Dardanelles.



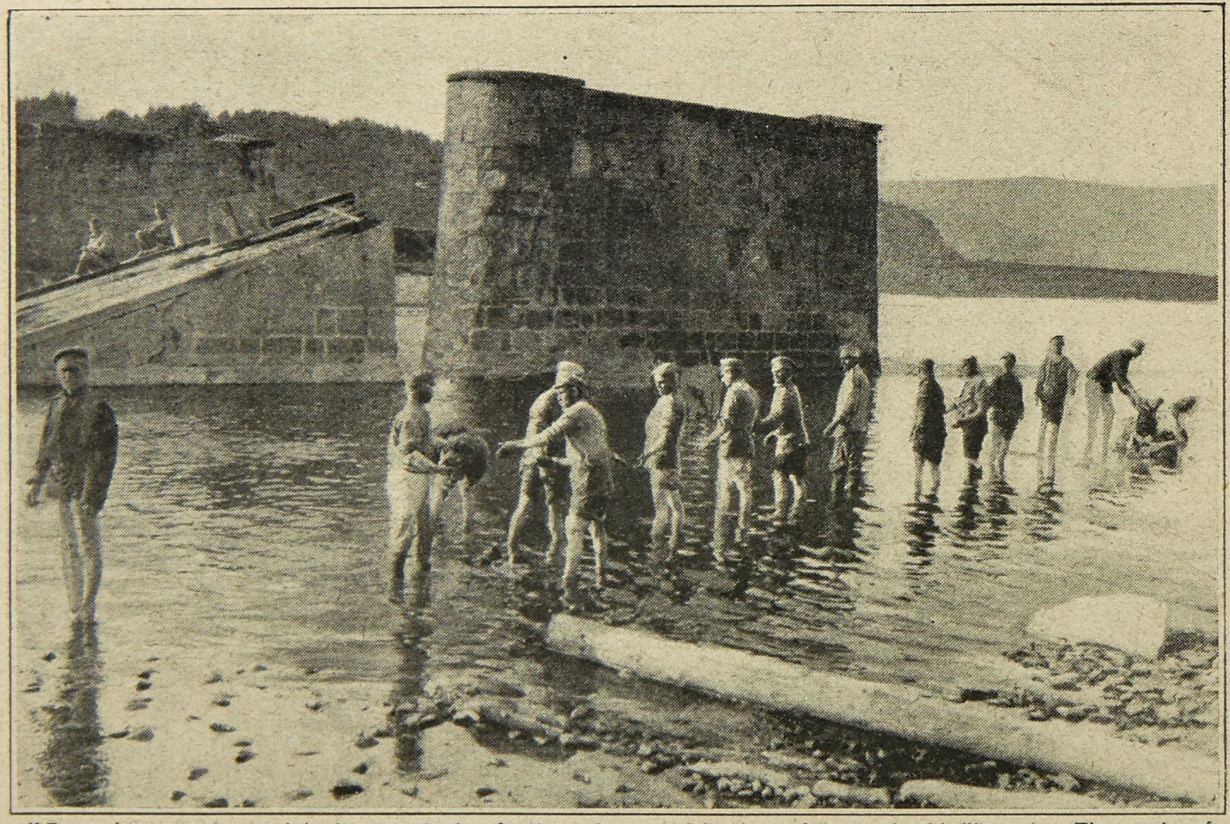
Rear-Admiral Rosslyn Erskine Wemyss, C.M.G., M.V.O. A pleasant snapshot of this famous sailor taken at the Dardanelles by the official photographer.

"Tars" and "Jollies" on a brief holiday excursion in the Dardanelles. Sailors and Marines from British battleships going on shore leave on the Gallipoli Peninsula to "stretch their limbs," as a respite from the stern discipline aboard a man-o'-war on active service.

With Franz Josef's Forces in Eastern Europe



Patrol of Austrian cavalry leading their horses over verdant slopes and through fertile valleys, where Nature's summer calm is being broken by the storms of war. This photograph from Eastern Europe might have been taken on the South Downs.



If Europe is an armed camp, it is also a great prison for the confinement of hundreds of thousands of belligerents. The number of Russian captives in Teuton hands is only exceeded by that of the Huns in Tsardom. This striking exclusive photograph shows a group of sturdy Slav soldiers commencing some constructional work for their Austrian guards, who are looking on quite at their ease.

BRITAIN'S CONQUEST OF THE GERMAN CAMEROON

ENGROSSED as we are in events nearer home—the grim hold of the line in France and Flanders, the momentous struggle of the three empires on the eastern front, and the stupendous Levantine war of forcing the Dardanelles—the fact that Britain is still conducting two stern campaigns in Africa is apt to be overlooked.

The struggle for German South-West Africa, which culminated in General Botha's triumph, although it removed the German flag from a valuable territory of 322,450 square miles, was little more than half of the work to be accomplished before the "Kultur" menace is completely dispelled from Morocco to the Cape of Good Hope.

Germany Takes Territory After Agadir

The German Cameroon and East Africa have been putting up a determined resistance, but the conquest of these two last Hohenzollern oversea possessions, especially the first, is quietly proceeding with a good measure of progress. In fact, so successful have been the operations in the Cameroons that the administration of the territory has already passed into the Allies' hands.

The fall of Garua, one of the important towns of the Cameroons, and the place where most of the German army was concentrated, makes the moment propitious for an account of these remote Franco-British operations.

The Cameroons Protectorate is situated between British Nigeria and the French Congo. It has an area of 191,130 square miles, and in 1913 it numbered a population of about 2,540,000, consisting of Bantu and Soudan negroes, governed by some 1,900 whites, most of whom were German. Fertile soil abounds in the region of the coast, and vegetable productions abound in profusion.

It was the Agadir crisis of 1911, the loud warning note of German aggression, which brought the Cameroons into prominence. As a result of the subsequent treaty of November 4th, 1911, an exchange of territory was effected between French equatorial Africa and the adjacent German possession, ostensibly as a compensation for German recognition of French political supremacy over Morocco. By this re-arrangement of frontiers Germany gained 107,270 square miles, and France 6,450. But the motive of the exchange for Germany was not so much a question of area as one of access to the important waterways of the Ubangi and the Middle Congo.

Shortly after the declaration of war, an expedition to Yola and Garua was made, which was somewhat in the nature of a reconnaissance, but may be said to have been the opening of the Cameroons Campaign when, on August 25th, 1914, a British force crossed the Anglo-German frontier from Yola in Nigeria, and, getting into touch with the enemy, repulsed him with serious loss, subsequently occupying Tebe, which lies a little to the north of Garua.

Later on the British force advanced southwards, and on August 29th, 1914, captured one of the forts of Garua, but, being heavily counter-attacked, was compelled to withdraw to Nigeria, losing, amongst others, the Commandant (Colonel Maslear), Major Puckle, Captains Aubin, Stewart, Wickham, and Sherlock, and Lieutenant Brown.

Necessary Delay and Eventual Victory

No attempt was made to resume operations against this most important centre until the end of April, 1915, up to which time the enemy had eight months to strengthen his position. This was done not only by increased protection in the form of outer earthworks, pits, etc., but also by reinforcements of Germans who were removed from the Woermann liners and other ships which were in the Cameroon River at the outbreak of the war. Garua thus became for this and other reasons the principal German centre, and, in a few months, the bulk of her forces concentrated in this northern region.

Although occupying a strong position, the chances of their joining the Germans in the south became increasingly difficult, for an allied force, well equipped, in all probability would have intercepted them.

An important stage in the war in West Africa was now about to be reached, for a strong Franco-British force, under the command of a brigadier-general, commenced operations at Garua on May 31st. The action against the place presented great and various difficulties, particularly in regard to transport, Garua being situated far in the interior, and several hundred miles up the Benue River.

Garua itself being on high ground, it formed a great natural defence which had been strengthened against attack by a series of forts, pits, etc., intended to afford the garrison a last retreat. Around the fortifications and for some distance, the ground was bare and marshy. After continuous bombardment, rifle and machine-gun fire, which lasted ten days, the Germans put up the white flag at 4 p.m. on Thursday, June 10th, and at the same time asking for full honours of war, and twenty-four hours' armistice. To this request the General refused to accede. At 6.30 p.m. the enemy surrendered unconditionally, and the allied forces occupied the forts that night, having captured the forces, eleven machine-guns, six field-guns, a large quantity of shells, and small arms ammunition.

On entering it was found to have been an exceedingly strong position, for not only was each fort shell-proof, with a clear field of fire for about a mile, but the whole was surrounded by barbed-wire lines for night firing, and several layers of deep pits with spear-heads pointing upwards, and accurate ranges on nearly every prominent tree.

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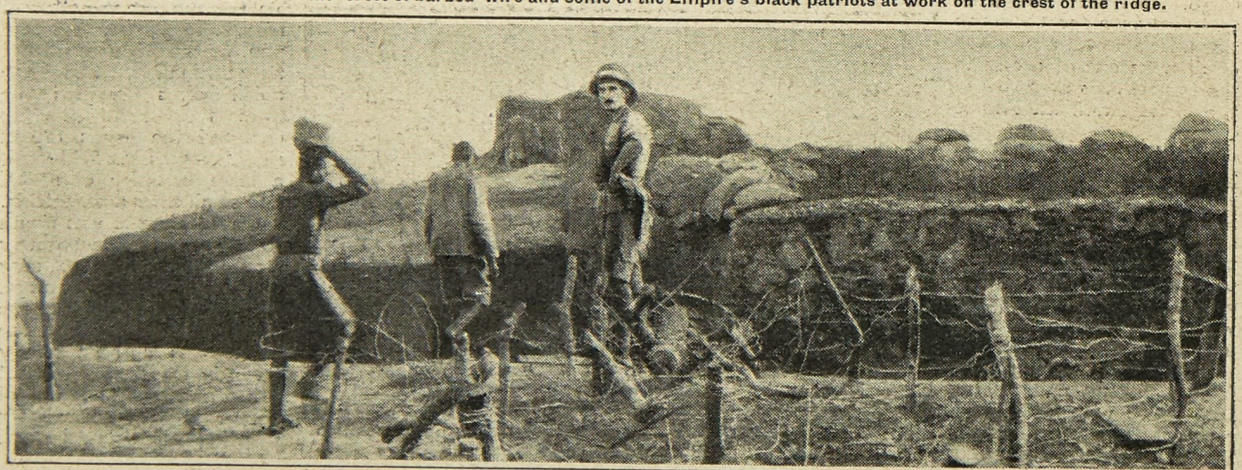
Map showing the German Cameroon Colony, indicating the position of Garua, which recently capitulated to the allied forces. The territory ceded by France to Germany after the Agadir crisis, according to the treaty of November 4th, 1911, is shown in stipple.

The Victorious British in the Cameroons

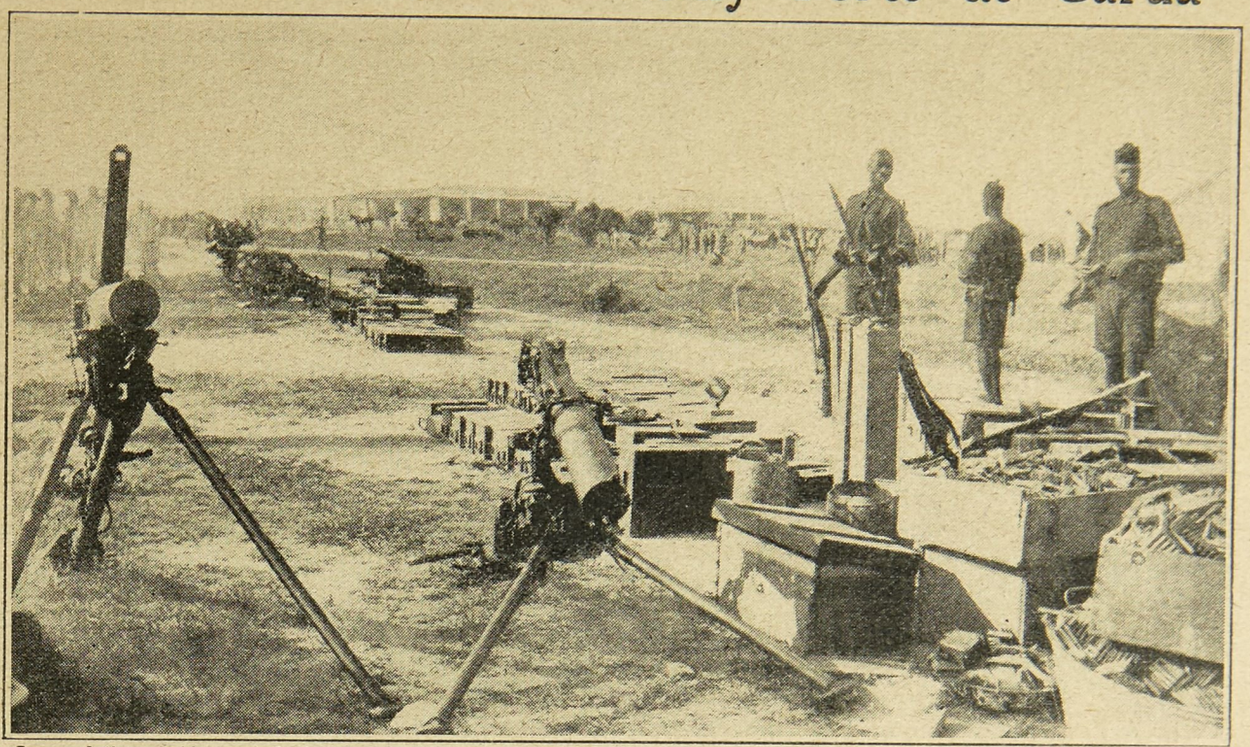
Some of the leaders in Britain's war against the German Cameroons. Reading from left to right: Captain Cooke, Brig.-General C——, and Major Wright. In the background is one of the captured German forts at Garua.

A near view of the fort at Garua, an important and strongly fortified position in the German Cameroons, recently taken by the French and British forces. Note the forest of barbed-wire and some of the Empire's black patriots at work on the crest of the ridge.



Another view of one of the captured forts at Garua, which has been strengthened by a series of pits. Garua fell on June 10th after a bombardment of ten days, and a large enemy force, eleven machine-guns, six field-guns, and a quantity of ammunition were captured.

After the Fall of Enemy Forts at Garua

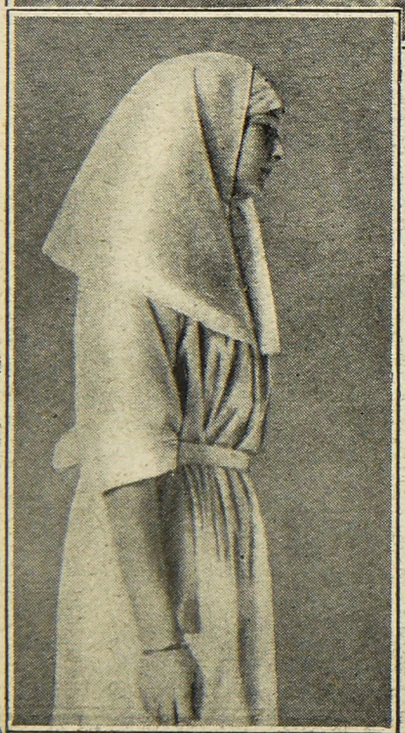


Some of the machine and field guns captured from the Germans at Garua. The victorious Franco-British expedition in the Cameroons has presented the same difficulties as regards transport as General Botha's campaign in South-West Africa, as Garua, one of the principal German fortresses, is several hundred miles up country.

More of Britain's spoils of victory. Ammunition and weapons in charge of native soldiers. The rearrangement of the Franco-German frontier between the Cameroons and French West Africa which was the outcome of the Agadir crisis, and involved the surrender of French territory, is being yet again rearranged, this time for the benefit of France and civilisation generally.

Russian Royalties work while Their

An interminable column of Cossacks in orderly retreat to Brest Litovsk. Inset beneath: The Grand Duchess Tatiana, younger daughter of the Tsar, who has been working for the wounded.



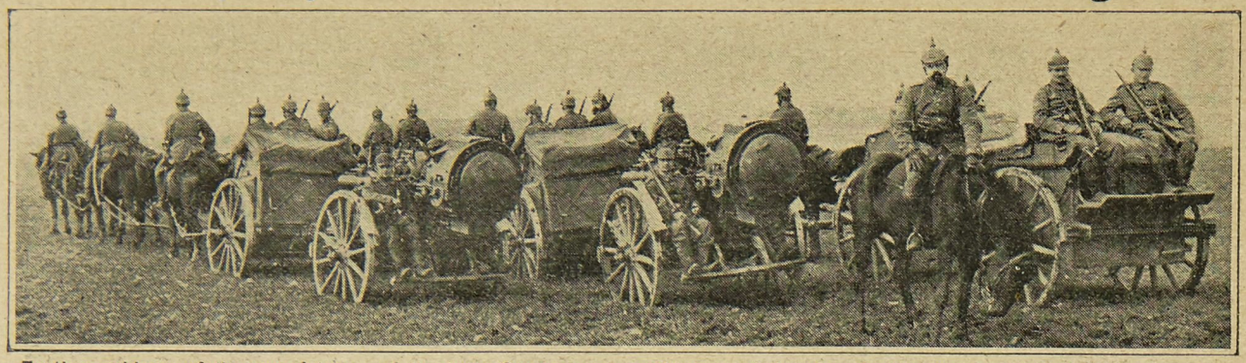
The Tsar of Russia, with members of his suite, on his way to inspect some of his troops at the front.

Soldier Subjects Fight for Slavdom

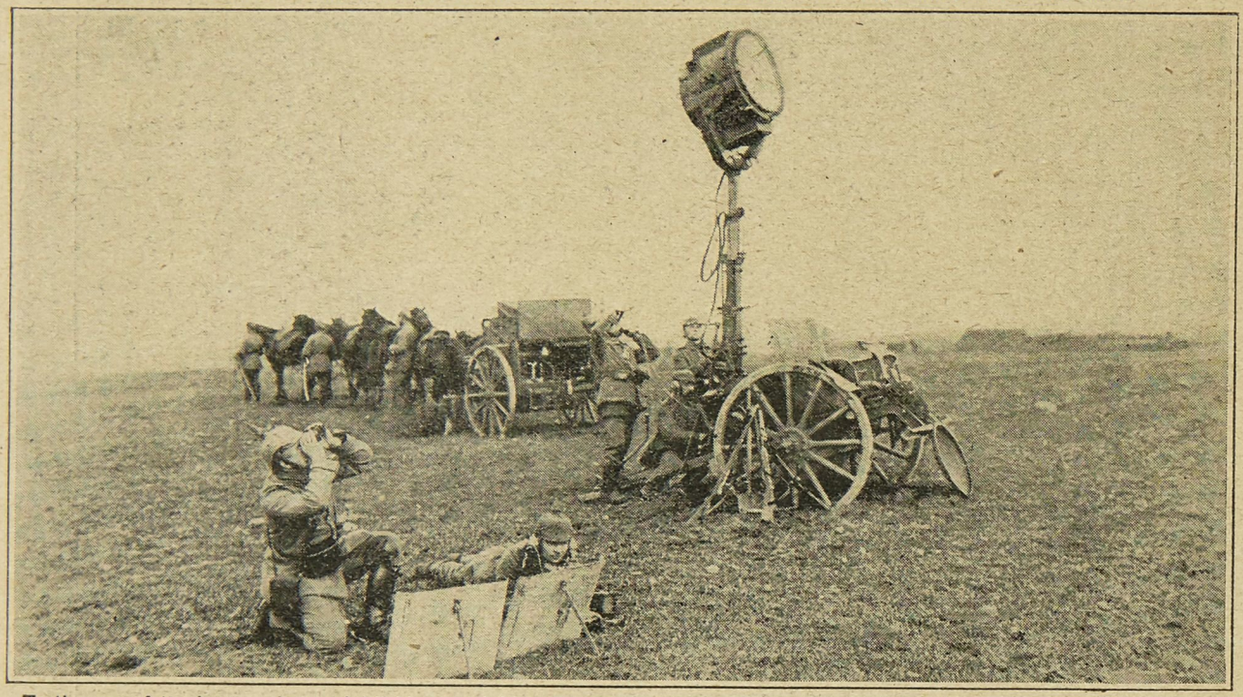
Russian Lancers call a halt at the edge of a wood in Poland. Inset above: The Tsaritza, who as a Red Cross nurse, has been rendering great service to her wounded countrymen.

Cossacks arriving in a Vistula village. Right: Grand Duchess Olga, the Tsar's elder daughter.

Enemy Eyes that Pierce the Pall of Night



Further evidence of the completeness of the huge German war-machine, erected and perfected over a period of forty years for the express purpose of shattering civilisation. Section of the German Army's searchlight equipment on the march.



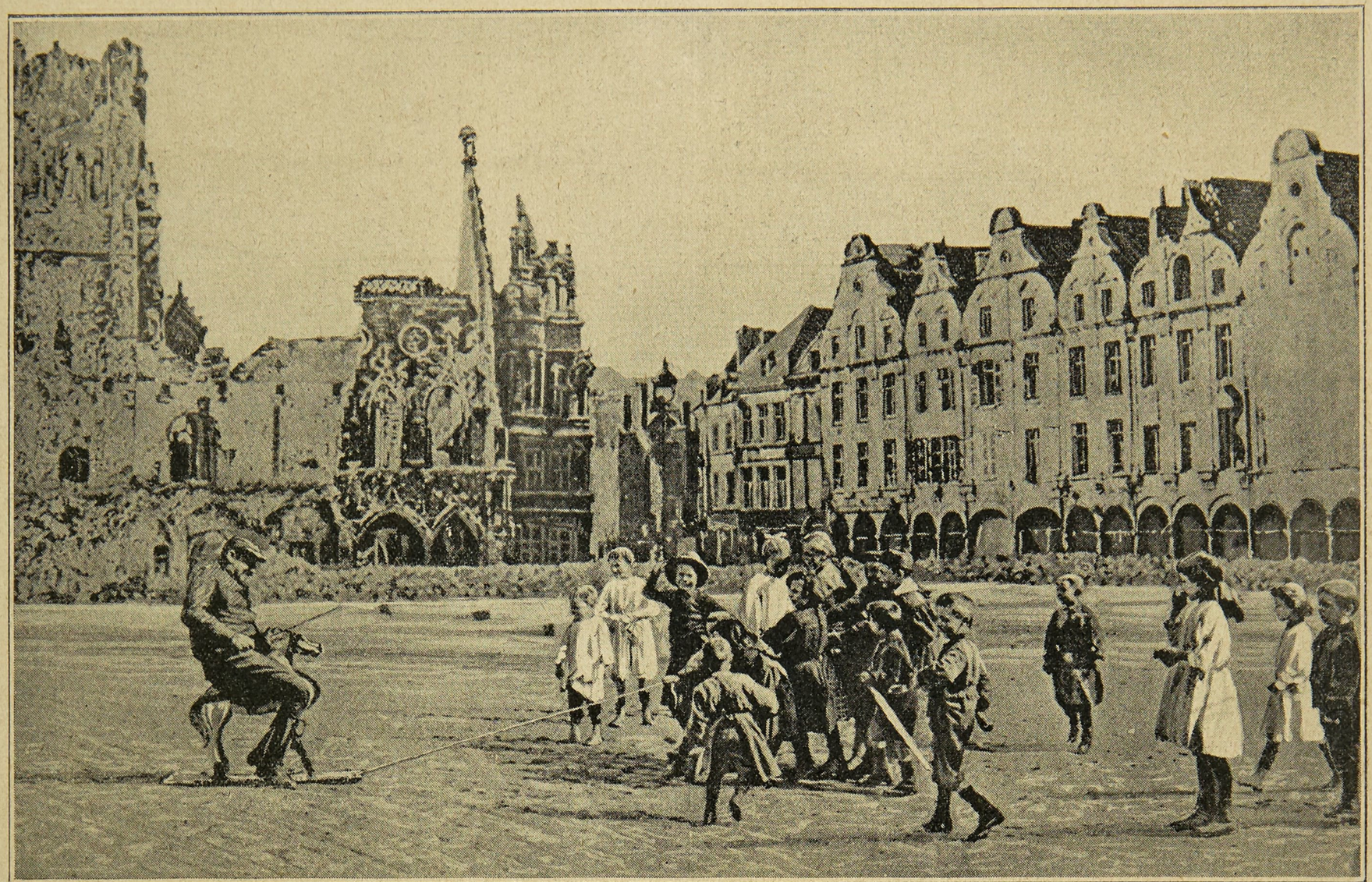
Testing one of the large and powerful field searchlights used for "spotting" hostile aircraft. These lamps are fitted on specially-built carriages, and a number of them are attached to each army corps. At night time they light up the skies for miles around.

The incessant tramp of innumerable Huns. German infantry marching through a ruined village near Warsaw. The fall of the Polish capital was but an empty triumph, for the city had been stripped of everything that could have been of value to the Germans.

The Grim Harvest of Britain's New Shells

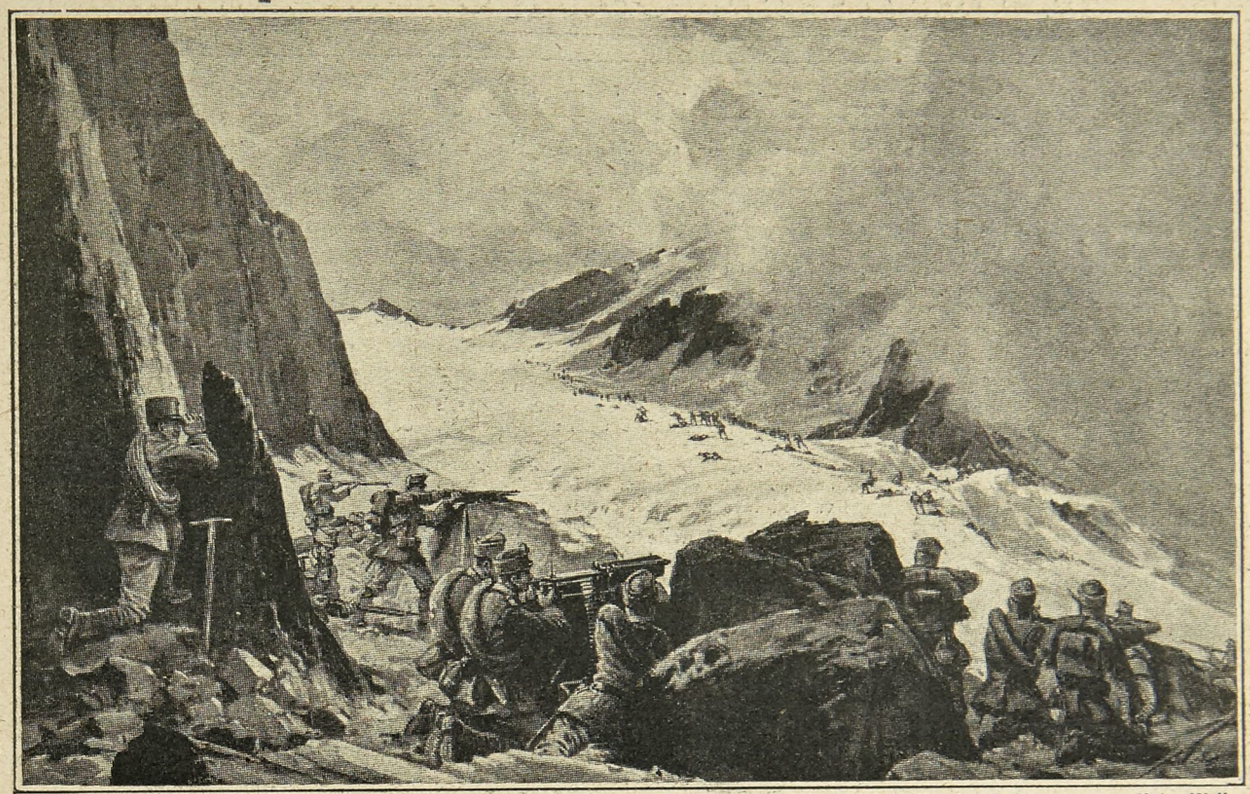
To left and right and all around are scattered sandbags, broken logs, ropes, tangled wire, and meadows disembowelled. A waste of ruin which is only faintly interpreted in prosaic black-and-white photography, this was formerly the scene of a German position, but some of the new, well-placed British high-explosives have reduced it to chaos, and sent the enemy back an appreciable distance.

Face to the earth or to the sky, stiff drawn or huddled, according as the hand of death has fallen upon them, these German corpses lie where they have fallen until such time as it is safe for the living to venture out and commit them to the tomb, with reverence, raillery, or indifference, as befits the diverse temperaments of men who walk the path of patriotism with death ever at their side.

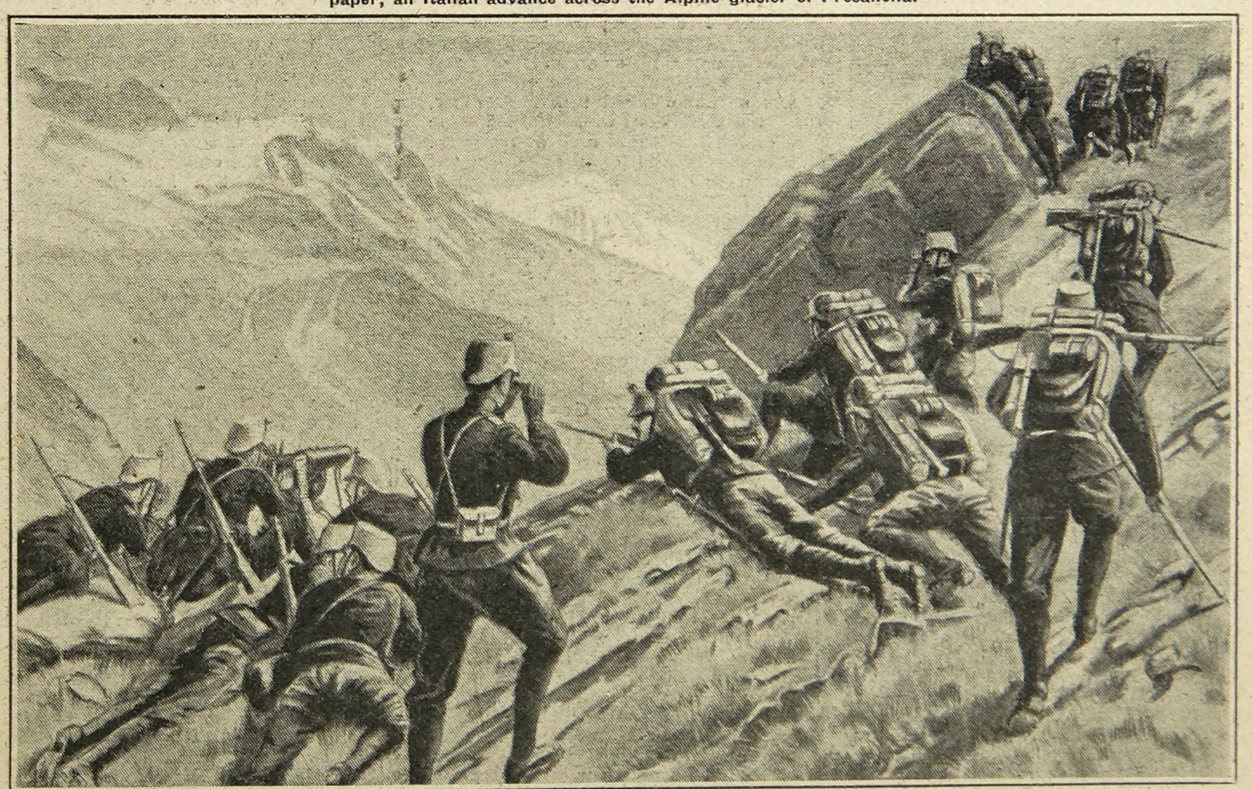


There is an element of rare fantasy about this amazing picture which makes it appear almost theatrical. In stricken Arras, a town on the French front which has been consistently shelled for months, a scene of infantile frolic is being enacted in the market-place, opposite the wrecked cathedral, while the big guns boom beyond. A French soldier is playing the part of a Chasseur, being dragged along on a toy horse by a group of children who are enjoying themselves as whole-heartedly as if they were watching the antics of Punch and Judy in the Luxembourg Gardens far away out of the war zone in wonderful Paris. Such is the spirit of France—the spirit that is not to be broken or subdued by Boche frightfulness.

In the Alps where War is and War is feared



Some idea of the unique theatre of the Italo-Austrian conflict may be gathered from this striking drawing by an enemy artist. Well protected by great boulders, the Austrians are repelling by machine-gun and rifle fire, with that success so easily demonstrated on paper, an Italian advance across the Alpine glacier of Presanella.



Switzerland, although phrased as "The Island of Peace," is by no means indifferent to the epoch-making events hammering round her Alpine barriers. The Swiss Army, some of whom are seen above in training, is ready to take the field, but only in the event of territorial violation. The Republic, by reason of its complex population, may be regarded as the most neutral of all neutrals.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXVI.—The Inspiring Battle of Hooge

AFTER our heavy guns went south towards Carency, at the end of May, 1915, to strengthen the French batteries which were pounding the famous fortress of the Labyrinth, our artillery commanders recovered their confidence. The result was the brilliant success at Hooge, in front of Ypres, on Monday, August 9th, 1915. After the Battle of Neuve Chapelle some of our artillery brigadier-generals rather lost their nerve. This was entirely due to the ignorant public outcry about the loss of troops at Neuve Chapelle by our own artillery fire. But when it was afterwards learned round Carency that the French troops were often caught by their own guns, our gunners regained their more scientific views.

A Sacrifice for Greater Gain

They came back to Ypres with their minds strengthened and clarified, and all our army soon understood the principal element in the problem underlying every modern attack. Was the infantry ready to lose perhaps a score or so of men by their own shell fire, in order that their total casualties might be diminished by five or ten thousand? Naturally the British infantryman preferred to run a little risk from his own guns in order to prevent very heavy losses later. So our gunners were able to adopt at Hooge the stern, vigorous tactics which their French comrades had been employing for many months. The idea was to pound the enemy's position until the last possible fraction of a moment before the charging infantry reached the target. A few men would probably fall under the fire of their own guns in the last fraction of the critical second, but their comrades would win the German lines at a comparatively slight cost of life. We had lost the Chateau of Hooge at the end of the second Battle of Ypres. It was at Hooge that Sir John French had watched the Worcesters win the first Battle of Ypres in the previous autumn.

The C.-in-C.'s Winning Psychology

The new German position near the chateau, only two miles from the shattered Flemish city, endangered all the northern part of our line. Hooge had to be retaken if we did not wish to retire from Ypres. As a matter of pure strategy, we ought to have so retired, and put the Ypres Canal between ourselves and the enemy. We should have lost absolutely nothing of importance from a military point of view, and have made our new position practically impregnable. But Sir John French is an Irishman, and also something of a psychologist. He knew that the German public would be amazingly heartened if the ruins of Ypres fell into the hands of its soldiers. He therefore held on to the town, in order that the weight of unenlightened German opinion should tell against the scientific plans of the German Staff, and compel that Staff to keep hammering without any military motive at Ypres.

Sir John French also desired to relieve some of the pressure against the Russians by attracting large German reinforcements against our army. There was only one way of doing this—the way that ran through Hooge towards Menin. For all these reasons our artillery at the beginning of August began to take a special interest in the German position round the chateau, and the German general brought up some thousands of sappers to prepare against the foreseen attack. In some places the extraordinarily narrow trenches were deepened to fifteen or twenty feet, to protect the garrison from shrapnel fire. The dug-outs were even deeper than the trenches, and were reinforced with timber, iron sheeting, and thick layers of earth topped with sandbags. In particular, there was a mine crater fifty feet deep in places, caused by a mine exploded by our engineers the previous month. This was turned into a shelter for reserve troops.

Britain's Greatest Artillery Effort

But when our artillery completed its bombardment, by an enormous mass of fire at dawn on Monday morning, all the work of the German engineers was rendered useless. Our heavy guns were massed in such numbers that the low ridge of Hooge was churned up by high-explosive shell. It was the most intense and terrible display of artillery force known to our army. It is quite possible that Sir Herbert Plumer, who directed the attack, knew what would happen. He opened fire at Hooge at three o'clock in the morning. Thereby he caught a double force of Germans, for the enemy were just in the act of changing the units in the trenches.

The German artillery around Ypres was clean overpowered for the first time. It will be remembered that in October, 1914, the Germans had brought a large part of the siege-train used at Antwerp, and in the spring of 1915 the giant howitzers had been reinforced by great naval guns, hauled from the Belgian coast after our fleet had been driven away between Ostend and Nieuport. By thus calculating the extraordinary number of pieces of heavy ordnance which the Germans possessed around Ypres in the summer of 1915, some idea will be formed of the artillery power by which the Second British Army dominated the Duke of Wurtemberg's forces.

Lightning Infantry Co-operation

Our guns beat down everything before them, and then came the infantry movement which completed the victory won by our munition factories. While our guns were still pouring thousands of shells into the German trenches the British troops charged. They did not wait for the bombardment to cease. Our men stormed across the ground under an arch of infernal fire from their own guns. The infantry knew quite well this time the risk they were running, and scarcely a second elapsed between the lifting of our artillery fire and the rush of our infantry over the German sandbags. It was about a quarter to four in the morning when our gunners lengthened their fuses and lifted on the German reserve position, just as the charging battalion swarmed over the first German parapet in an irresistible wave.

The enemy's line was captured with remarkable ease. The Germans remaining alive in the trenches were too dazed by the shell fire to make much resistance, and most of the garrison was still sheltering in dug-outs excavated below the trenches. In every hole there were four or five men waiting for the terrible bombardment to cease before they climbed up into the trench to repel the infantry attack. But so instantaneously did our infantry follow on the lifting gun fire that nearly all the Germans in the dug-outs were surprised by the swiftness of the assault.

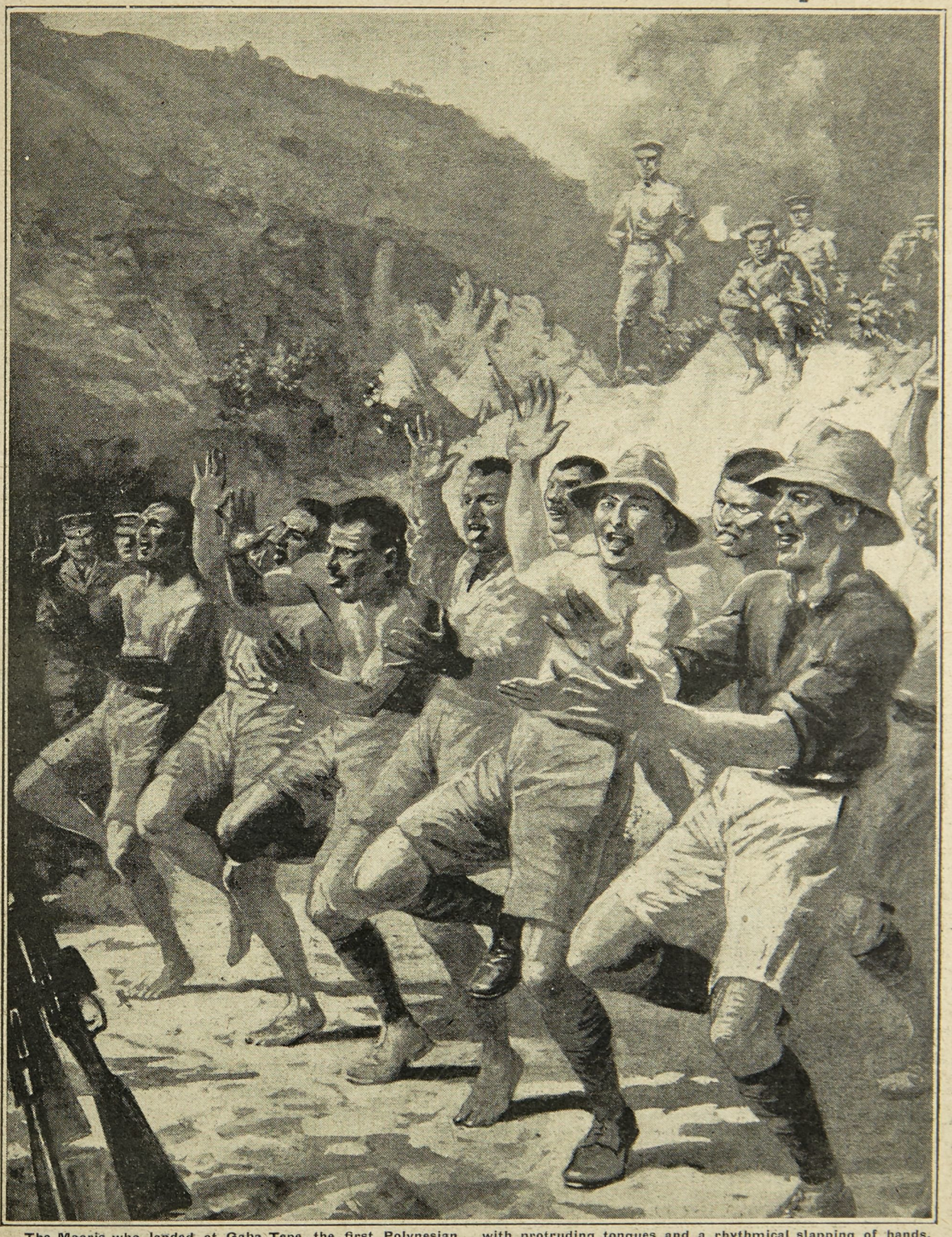
The Great Victory of Impetus

Our men bombed their way along the trench towards the mine crater on the ridge. Here a German battalion was trying to collect for a counter-attack, but our men fought their way into the huge pit with such fury and speed that the counter-attack never occurred. We had lost Hooge on the last day of July through the enemy bringing up flame projectors and burning our men to death. In the return battle, therefore, the British soldier came forth with as fierce a fire in his heart as ever man carried. In the crater—a hundred and fifty feet wide in places and honeycombed with trenches round the lip—our men took their revenge in clean, sharp, deadly hand-to-hand fighting. They hunted the Germans up and down the sides of the wall, crying out "Give us a chance of a shot!" They emptied the dug-outs with bombs, and brought up four machine-guns by which the users of poison gas and burning petrol were slain when they tried to escape from the crater trap. Afterwards, some four hundred German corpses were found in and around the crater, but even in the heat of the fight a hundred German prisoners were taken.

Britain's Supremacy on Land

Two more attempts at counter-attacking were defeated without any struggle. Our splendid gunners caught the German forces as these were fixing bayonets for a charge, and destroyed them by shell fire. After the affair in the crater, the most violent infantry action occurred round a redoubt which the enemy had built on the left of the trenches from which our men had been driven in July by flame projectors. The position was recaptured together with the stables at Hooge, and when the hostile artillery massed against the lost German line, the only loss we suffered was some twenty yards of trenches on the low-lying ground, which were flattened out by the enemy's shell. It was not designed to occupy this bit of trench, because it was seen beforehand to be weak; but in the attack our troops, mostly Territorials, captured more than they had been ordered to do. They were amazingly happy, these young soldiers of the new army. At last, after months of struggle against terrible artillery odds, they saw that Britain could outclass Germany on land as well as on sea in gun-power. It was this that made the Battle of Hooge one of the most inspiring episodes in the war.

Eerie Maori War-dance on Gallipoli



The Maoris who landed at Gaba Tepe, the first Polynesian troops to fight for the Mother Country, in whom the fighting spirit of their warlike ancestors still lives, recently gave Turks within earshot of their trenches a blood-curdling serenade. After an inspection by a British general, the Maoris lined up and, with protruding tongues and a rhythmical slapping of hands, danced the Maori war-dance. They chanted, now fiercely, now in an eerie whisper as they danced. The leader of this fierce performance writes M.A., LL.D. after his name, and speaks better English than many Englishmen!

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

TWO transports, filled with troops, were leaving an English port for France. As they were moving out of the harbour they passed close to a great hospital ship bringing the wounded home. The soldiers started cheering the wounded; the wounded who were on deck started cheering back. "Go for 'em, boys," they called. Some pointed to their bandaged heads, some to their empty coat-sleeves. "Pay them out for these," they called. "Give 'em hell. We're winning. Keep it up!"

That is the real spirit of the born fighting man. The wounded cheer and encourage their comrades to victory. It is because my countrymen are showing, more than ever to-day, just this spirit that they are going to win through. Mistakes, shortcomings, misfortunes—all will be more than atoned for by the spirit of young England.

I have recently travelled through a large part of the Eastern Counties, including districts that the war has struck very hardly. I cannot tell all that I saw—official regulations forbid. But I can say this. At every point I found among the people a keenness, a devotion, and a determination beyond praise. Munition factories were working apace. Recruiting had received a fresh impetus. From point after point I could gaze at the North Sea and the British ships travelling freely on it. The very blows Germany has struck at these counties have but hardened the resolution of the inhabitants.

The Reason of the Pause

Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador to Russia, told recently in an interview at Moscow the reason for our continued delay in Flanders. We have not yet sufficient ammunition to provide for the great requirements of our troops in the Gallipoli Peninsula and to enable us to be certain of carrying through a decisive advance against the strong defensive German works facing our western front. Since the problem of the Dardanelles is the more urgent, Flanders has to wait.

No one questions the gain that would have resulted from an advance in Flanders in July-August. At one moment it seemed almost certain that this would take place. The roads were at their best, and the enemy were at their weakest, owing to the transfer of troops for the campaign against Russia. Fortunately there are still some weeks of excellent weather ahead. The shortage of munitions is being rapidly righted. Every day fresh supplies, pouring in from America, from the Dominions, and from home help to redress the balance in our favour. We are already able, at selected points such as Hooge, to overwhelm the enemy fire. Before long we will have more men, more guns and better guns, and an equality of high-explosives. Then things should begin to happen.

Every day that we have to wait for this is a loss—a loss in men, a loss of prestige, and a loss of health. The sooner our troops get out of the low-lying, water-polluted Flanders area the better for us. The present position may be summed up as inconclusive, sporadic fighting, with a steady draining away of trained men and nothing much accomplished. This is admittedly bad, but bad as it is, we must endure it for a little time longer.

The retirement of the Russian Army has been an amazing military feat. But there is still much cause for uneasiness here. The Germans are steadily advancing from south and north on Brest Litovsk.

The Russian Peril

The fall of Kovno, the mighty fortress to the north, will seriously weaken the Russian right and assist the German plan of driving the Russian armies back on the great marsh lands which are their greatest peril. Brest Litovsk, the heart of the new Russian defence, should prove a very hard nut for the Germans. It is very difficult to surround it, and the swampy condition of the neighbourhood makes it hard for the Germans to find emplacements for their heavy artillery there.

Appalling Lists of Casualties

The Germans are paying very heavily for their success in the east, far more heavily than is generally realised. The figures that reach me from well-informed sources of the losses to both sides during the battles of July-August are so appalling that I hesitate to publish them. It remains to be seen how far the heavy German loss in men will tell on later moves. A year ago we heard far too much of possible German exhaustion. To-day, however, it may be that we are hearing too little. There is a limit in the total of casualties that a nation can endure while retaining its full efficiency. France found this in the days of Napoleon, and the downfall of his Empire was due, not alone to the unity of his enemies, but to the fact that the best blood of his nation had gone. History sometimes repeats itself.

The prospect that the Balkan States will throw in their lot with the Allies has never been so bright as now. We have had so many disappointments, and there have been so many quick changes, that even yet we cannot allow ourselves to be over-confident.

The Shadow on the Balkans

Rumania, Bulgaria, and Greece hang in the balance, and the balance is slowly dipping towards us. The Central Powers may, if things go as we anticipate, seek to save Turkey and to protect themselves by a quick, heavy blow in the Balkans. They will find a serious military problem confronting them. Serbia has recovered her wind, and has been provided afresh with arms and munitions of war. Rumania can throw into the field an army of several hundred thousand men, thoroughly equipped, and splendidly provided with artillery. Bulgaria is longing for an opportunity to wipe out the memories of her military disaster in 1913. The people of Greece displayed unexpected fighting efficiency in their last war; they are enthusiastic for us, if their Government has hesitated. The Balkan States, working in harmony, ought to be able not only to hold up any German forward movement in the direction of Turkey until the surrender of Constantinople is won, but also ought to be able to punish the armies sent against them.

Meanwhile the operations in the Dardanelles proper are going forward steadily and surely. We are, in effect, attempting the siege of a powerful fortress. A siege train is necessary. The Japanese at Tsingtau first surrounded the German fortress, then placed overwhelmingly powerful artillery in position, and then, by a few days' continuous bombardment, wiped out the defensive strength and enabled the final advance to be made successfully. The same thing may well be repeated on the Gallipoli Peninsula. But the process of isolating the enemy's positions, bringing out a heavy siege train, and making all ready necessarily takes time.

A disaster such as the sinking of the Royal Edward by an enemy submarine in the Ægean, while a cause for regret and sorrow, is no justification for depression. There are two kinds of disasters in war, those due to faults, to lack of foresight, to the failure of men, and those due to the accidents of war. The lack of shells is an example of the first of these. That is a cause for shame. The sinking of the Royal Edward is a disaster of another kind. Our men died doing their duty, through no fault of themselves or their fellows. The surprise is, not that one transport has been sunk, but that so many hundreds have accomplished their journeys in safety during the war. For that, the Army gladly acknowledges its indebtedness to the splendid work of the British Navy.

The German Need for Haste

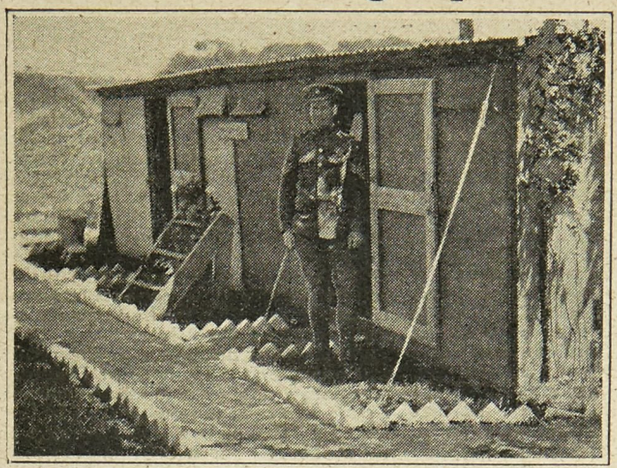
Germany must make haste if she hopes to win this war. Haste is not only desirable for her but essential. Every week now enables the Allies to develop their resources more fully and to organise themselves better. Every week makes the strain on the German nations greater Hence we may expect between now and the beginning of October a fury of attack beyond anything known before. There will almost certainly be numerous attempts at Zeppelin raids on England, raids intended to destroy our munition works, break up our strategic points, such as railways and docks, and to alarm our people. A desperate effort will be made to revive the submarine war. The Russian campaign will be pressed on with all possible speed. Our Flanders front may be left comparatively alone, while some easier points of land war are tackled. Germany has still her main Fleet untouched. It is unthinkable that this should remain continuously idle in the culminating fighting ahead. The Fleet will probably be used for a big movement in the Baltic.

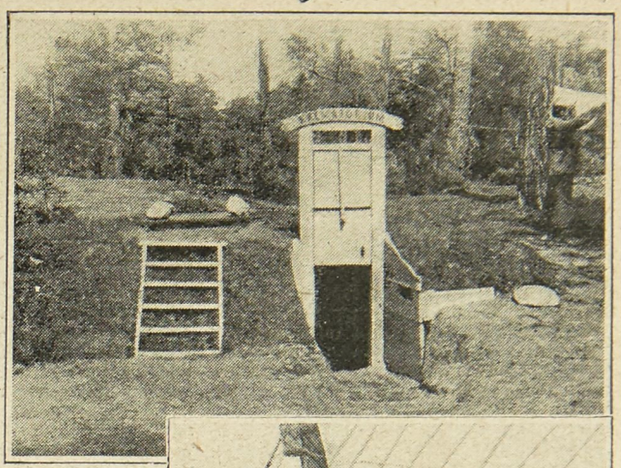
When the man in the street hears, as he will hear in the coming month, of raids here, of advances there, and of the furious attacks of great armies somewhere else, he may well retain his calm of mind. The end of this war is not yet settled. We have not yet reached the moment when we can take our ease or encourage easy complacency. But we have reached the position where we can refuse to allow ourselves to be disturbed by local sets-back or by isolated disasters. Time is fighting for us.

"THE WAR BY AIR."

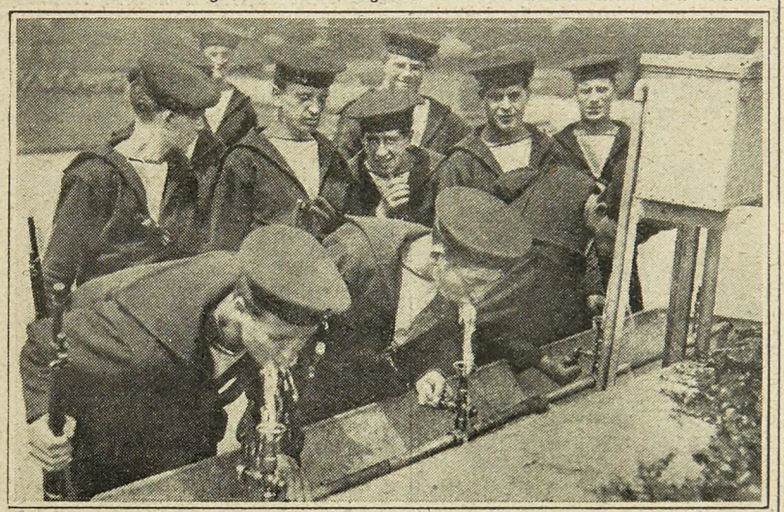
The above feature has been unavoidably held over from this issue.

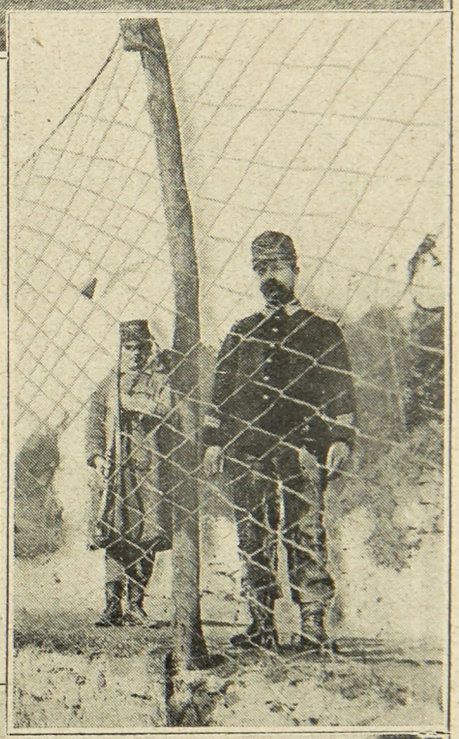
Pictorial Paragraphs from the Story of the War



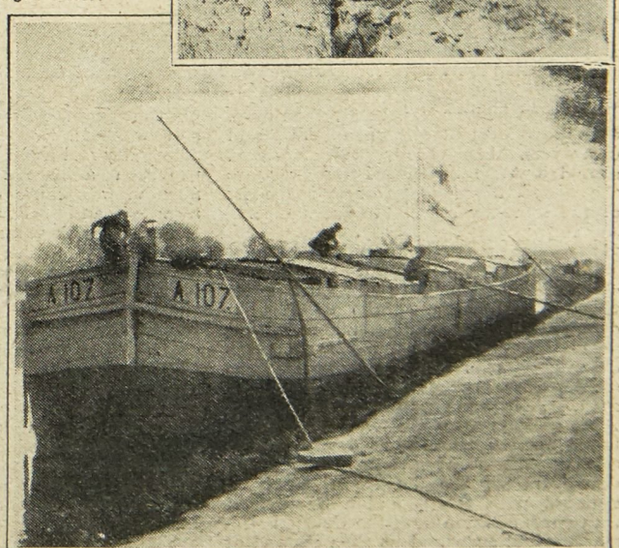


Well-kept quarters of a sergeant-major. At a few points along the British front there are well-built, neatly arranged dug-outs, which contrast pleasantly with the uncomfortable trenches. Right: Death's "dug-out." A German crematorium in Poland.





Glasgow naval recruits in training at the Crystal Palace quenching their thirst at the new hygienic drinking fountain. Right: Guarding the Swiss frontier. Small bells are fastened to the wire netting to give an alarm at night-time.

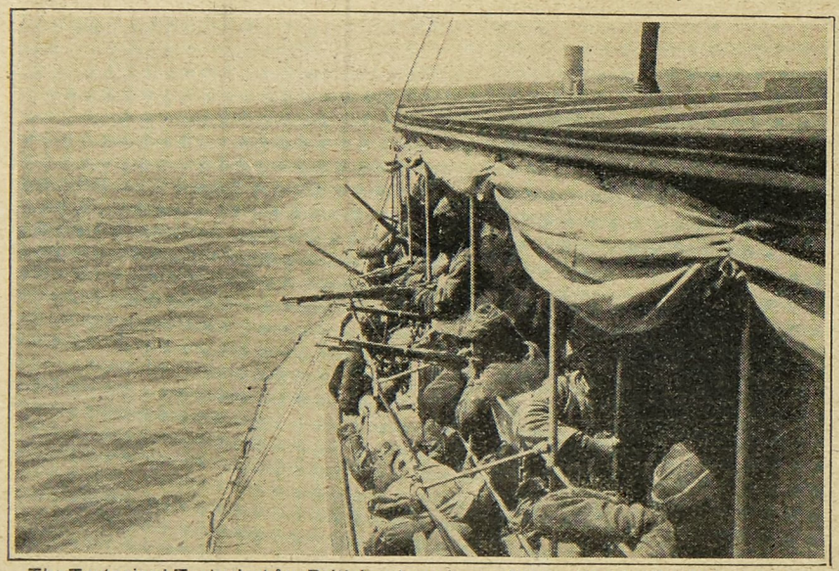


Enforced "kultur" to impress the natives of Namur. German band playing in the market-place to their only audience, a group of small children, who endure this form of enlightenment with infantile philosophy. Right: Hospital barge on a Belgian canal. Seriously wounded soldiers are thus transported to the hospital ships with the minimum of discomfort.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE destruction of the German mining vessel Meteor is all to the good, and I should not be surprised if this ship had something to do with the mines on the Archangel route. At the beginning of May I wrote in this column that "we must expect the Germans to make a determined effort to lay mines on the route from Scotland to Archangel in the White Sea." The censorship supplies us with very little news, but reports came in that the Germans had met with some measure of success in the summer months. On August 12th Reuter's published an interview with a gentleman who had been to Archangel with the City's gift of motor-ambulances. He had seen an American vessel, with her name painted in large letters on her side, blown up by a mine. He added that "the Germans are making desperate efforts to prevent traffic with Russia by this route, and the dauntless courage of the mine-sweepers who, regardless of the consequences, endeavour to keep this road clear for the supply of our ally deserve the fullest recognition."



The Teutonised Turk alert for British submarines. Scene aboard a Turkish vessel in the Sea of Marmora.

Prevention is, however, better than cure, and the efforts of our patrol craft and destroyers, backed by fast cruisers, should also be recognised, for they are the vessels that put terror in the heart of the mine-layer and the submarine.

Destroyers and the Dardanelles

The pity is that we are all too short of destroyers, a loss for which we have to thank the politicians who so steadily deceived the House of Commons in past years. Just glance at the Dardanelles despatches concerning the landing on six separate beaches on April 24th and 25th. They were published on August 17th, or long after the War Office published Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch concerning the same events. Only eight destroyers for the defence of warships crowded with troops and a number of transports! Supposing the German submarines had surprised us then instead of a month later, when the Triumph and the Majestic were torpedoed. What a holocaust there would have been. There have been times *in peace* when we had, four times as many destroyers on the Mediterranean station before the reduction of armaments policy set in. Had this submarine attack happened, we should probably have had the facts suppressed and another priceless comment like we had when three battleships were lost through drifting mines on March 18th, that "the losses of ships were caused by mines drifting with the current which were encountered in areas hitherto swept clear, and this danger will require special treatment." That was the statement issued by the Secretary of the Admiralty, for we have never had the Admiral's despatch. We were also told in that account by the Admiralty two things which in Parliamentary language were notable for their economy of the truth.

Economy of the Truth

Why do we now learn for the first time that the Inflexible was damaged by a mine on March 18th, the day of disasters? On that day the French lost a battleship and we lost two merely because the Admiralty had not the prevision to make provision against floating mines. We now know because honours have to be awarded and because Mr. Balfour is First Lord. That fact alone has breathed a new spirit into the Navy, and I hope he will look back and see if there have not been other occasions where honours ought to have been granted but were not because the Admiralty did not desire facts to come out which in the public interest ought to have come out. Where are now the despatches of March 18th? If the public think all sorts of expediency arrangements go on in between in altering despatches, the Admiralty will only have themselves to thank. While the new Board is trusted, it will have to live down a good deal of the reputation it has inherited.

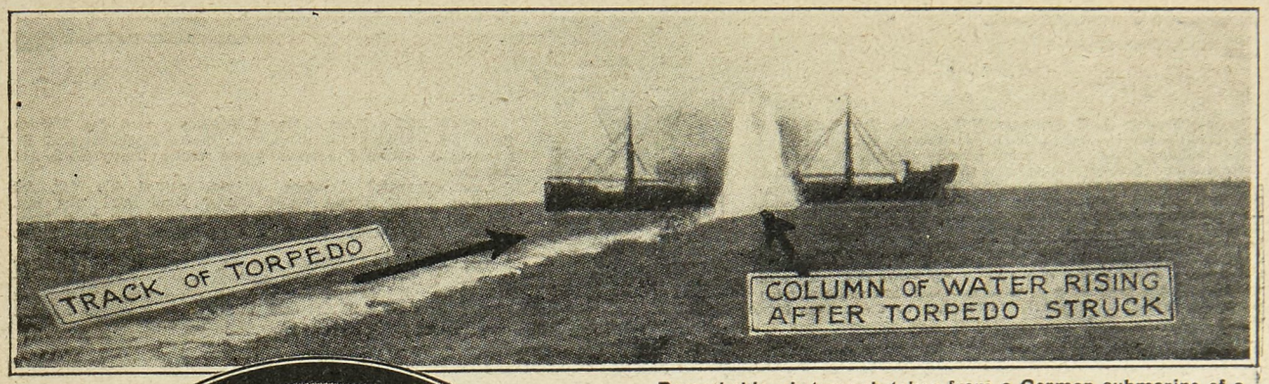
There must also be no economy of the truth, such as the official Admiralty statement of March 19th that "the operations are continuing, ample naval and *military* forces being available *on the spot.*" Another was that "the Inflexible had her forward control position hit by a heavy shell, and requires repairs." We now know for the first time that the great battle-cruiser struck a mine, and we do not know it through any despatch or official communication but through the honours which, if I know the Navy, would have sent the Service wild if they had been withheld. I say in a frank and friendly spirit that the new Government and the new Admiralty will have to be sincere in their dealings with the public, and abandon the methods of their predecessors if they want to gain confidence. I reserve some comments on the fact that we only attempted a demonstration in the Gulf of X near B during these operations, and now in August we have corrected our mistake by landing there. I content myself now with remarking that when we landed we threatened no communications and could only hold the enemy. Where we have now landed we threaten the only road close to the coast. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that the submarines were left out of the picture, and it was believed that the ships day and night could dominate the narrow neck and so prevent supplies.

When Submarine Meets Submarine

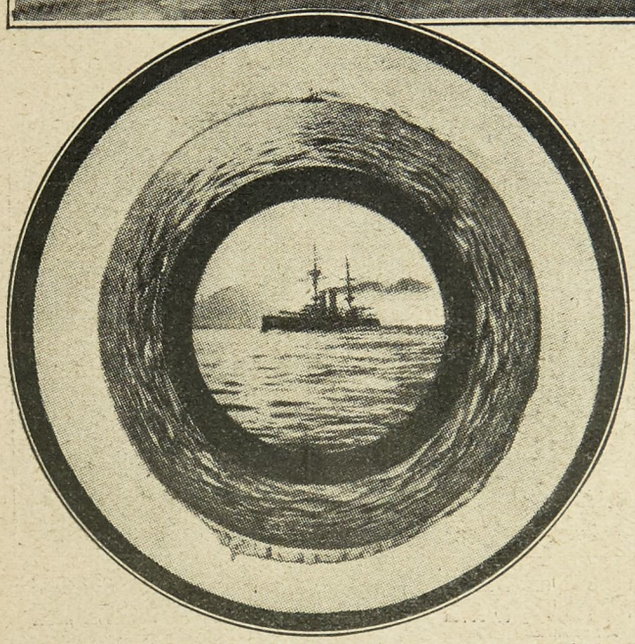
One half of the twelve Austrian destroyers have now been eliminated by war, and in all probability others have fallen victims to accidents of navigation. Whatever may be the remainder, we may be sure that "the terror," which we hope to establish with the German submarines, is already gripping the Austrian. Some surprise has been expressed that an Italian submarine should have sunk an Austrian. The question is asked "How do they see each other?" The reason lies in that very point I have made a good deal of—viz., the risks of navigation. To avoid them the submarine must act from time to time as a surface vessel, and this is especially the case when proceeding out of her own mined harbours, where she must also avoid being taken for an enemy submarine. If an Italian submarine can sit down comfortably on the mud outside such a harbour, there is nothing to prevent it torpedoing the enemy submarine as she comes out. No detective microphones will give her away as her engines will not be working. In fact, properly used, the submarine is the best offensive weapon against the submarine, since she carries the offensive right up to the enemy's base to waylay him as he goes out or comes back. At such points the enemy dare not act as a submarine below the surface because of the risks of navigation and the panic caused if he is mistaken for a hostile vessel. We do not know how many German submarines had succeeded in reaching Turkish waters but there this difficulty in his operations will be accentuated, as he is new to the locality.

Our Diary of the War.—This is now published in carefully revised monthly instalments in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, and not from week to week as in the earlier numbers. It is thus made more useful for future reference.

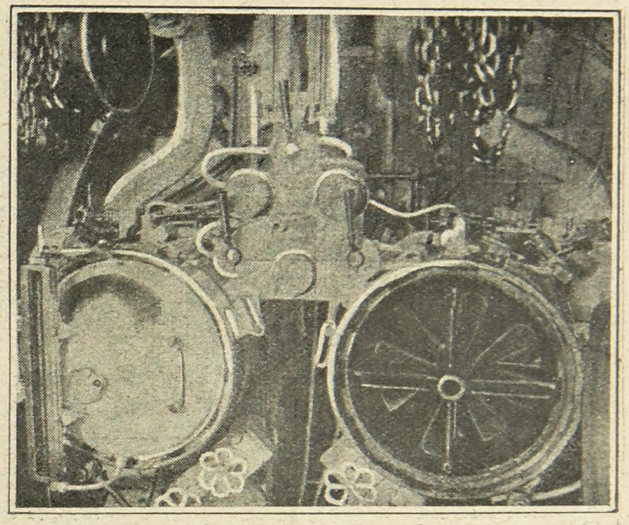
How the U Boat Terror wreaks Destruction



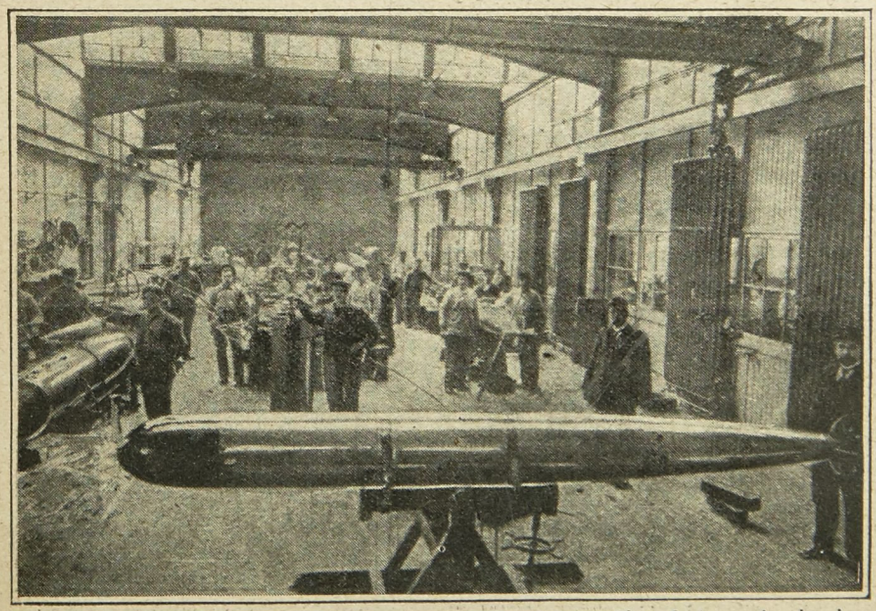
Remarkable photograph taken from a German submarine of a ship being actually torpedoed. The dreaded trail of silver is the track of the torpedo, and the column of water is the effect of the torpedo striking its mark.



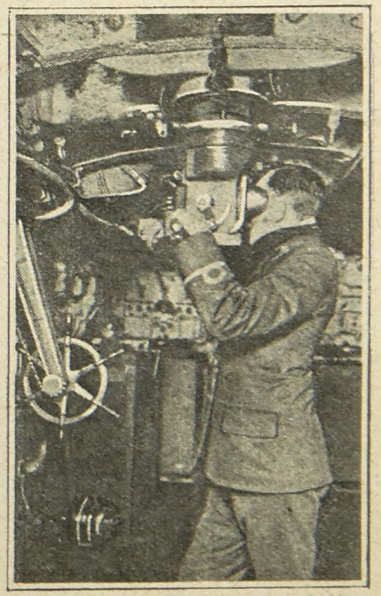
Seen through the magic periscope. Large objects directly within the range of the glass show prominently in the centre circle, while the horizon runs round the outer circle.



Whence destruction is wrought. A glimpse into the two torpedo-tubes of a German submarine, showing a portion of the intricate mechanism that releases the torpedo.



Where the deadly torpedo is created. Scene in a German munitions factory, showing in the foreground a projectile ready for use.



Looking for an unsuspecting surface ship. German at a U boat periscope.

New Heroes of the Victoria Cross

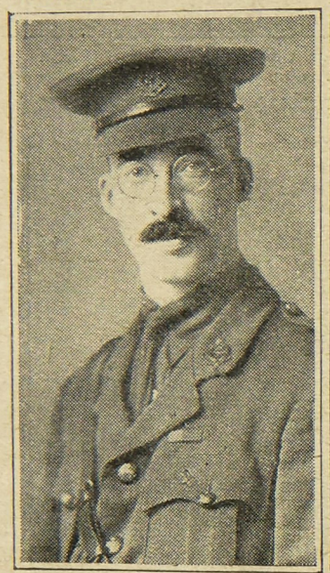
Captain Francis A. C. Scrimger, V.C., of the Canadian Army Medical Service, was in charge of a dressing station in some farm buildings which were being heavily shelled. Under this fierce fire he directed the removal of the wounded, and he himself carried out a severely wounded officer, remaining with him under fire until further help arrived. Continuously, day and night, Captain Scrimger displayed the greatest devotion to his duty.

Midshipman G. L. Drewry received his V.C. for extraordinary bravery during the landing of the troops in Gallipoli. He assisted Commander Unwin, V.C., at the work of securing the lighters under heavy rifle and machine-gun fire. He was wounded in the head by a piece of shrapnel, but continued his work, and twice subsequently attempted to swim from lighter to lighter with a line.

Captain Philip Neame, Royal Engineers, won the Victoria Cross for checking the enemy at Neuve Chapelle, and for rescuing a wounded brother officer under heavy shell and rifle fire.

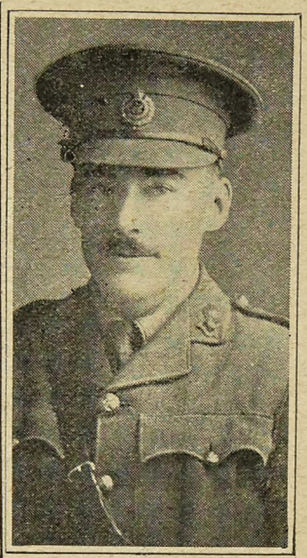
Lance-Corporal William Angus gained his V.C. for rescuing Lieut. Martin under heavy bomb and rifle fire, although he was himself wounded in no fewer than forty places. Lieut. Martin comes from the same Scottish village as the hero.

Seaman George McKenzie Samson, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, is the first seaman to win the Victoria Cross for fifty years. He gained the coveted decoration for working all day under heavy fire, though seriously wounded, during the landing on Gallipoli.



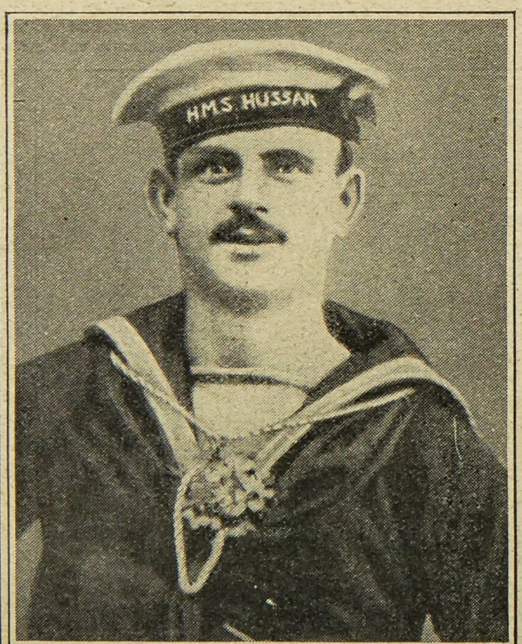
Capt. F. A. C. SCRIMGER, Medical Officer, 14th Royal Montreal Regt., awarded the V.C. for directing the removal of wounded at Ypres under heavy fire.

Three heroes of the Dardanelles. Sub.-Lieut. W. B. WALKER, who was commended for service in action; Midshipman G. L. DREWRY, awarded the V.C. for great bravery during the historic landing; and Surgeon P. B. KELLY, who was awarded the D.S.O. for attending to seven hundred and fifty men while wounded.



Capt. P. NEAME, Royal Engineers, who won his V.C. for his bravery in action at Neuve Chapelle when he rescued a brother officer under heavy fire.

KHUDADAD, 129th Baluchis, who has been awarded the Victoria Cross for his great bravery in action when severely wounded. He is now in a hospital in Egypt.



Seaman GEORGE M. SAMSON, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, only the second lower-deck hero to be awarded the Victoria Cross in the history of the decoration. He worked all day under heavy fire on Gallipoli.

Lance-Corporal W. ANGUS, a Scottish Territorial, and a well-known sportsman, who gained his V.C. for rescuing an officer under fire.

Photo by Bassano

OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—NO. IX.

1st BATTALION THE LONDON IRISH RIFLES.—Back row (left to right): Lieut. H. Barnes, Lieut. J. C. Harrison, Sec.-Lieut. H. U. Mann, Lieut. E. L. Litton, Lieut. P. L. Webb, Sec.-Lieut. C. T. Stabb. Third row: Sergt.-Major J. Foley, Sec.-Lieut. P. Maginn, Sec.-Lieut. G. R. Connop, Sec.-Lieut. L. H. Pratt, Lieut. B. MacM. Mahon, Capt. R. V. H. Hobbs, Capt. C. A. Spooner, R.A.M.C. Second row: Capt. J. R. Trinder, Capt. A. P. Hamilton (Adjutant), Major H. M. Healy, Lieut.-Col. E. G. Concanon, D.S.O., Major R. R. Kimmitt, Capt. C. Beresford, Capt. E. A. Beamish. Front row: Lieut. A. W. J. Macreight, Sec.-Lieut. E. P. T. Lloyd, Lieut. S. J. Hutchinson, Sec.-Lieut. B. S. Rowe.

Wars of Other Days

Personal Reminiscences of a Reader

To the Editor of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

SIR,—Among the earliest recollections of my childhood are the occasions when, as a great treat, I was allowed to peruse old bound volumes of the "Illustrated London News" and the "Graphic," with strict injunctions not to tear or soil the pages. I well remember the delight with which I used to study the battle pictures in these volumes and trace from stage to stage some of the wars of the "seventies" and "eighties."

The career of General Gordon fascinated me greatly, and my admiration was unbounded for the heroic figure who led his Chinese troops to victory with nothing in his hand but the simple cane to which his devoted troops ascribed the virtues of a magic wand. I followed the same heroic figure through the incidents of the Soudan Campaign until he disappeared from sight in the southern deserts, and all that remained was to follow through the cataracts of the Nile the relief expedition of Wolseley, which was doomed, alas! to arrive too late.

The picture-story of Gordon's amazing career made, I think, the deepest impression upon me, but I have lively memories also of the Russo-Turkish War, in which the Turk proved his mettle at the Siege of Plevna, and of various wars on the Indian frontier.

Judged by modern standards, the pictorial journalism of that day was, of course, very meagre indeed. The "half-tone" process, to which you referred last week, by means of which actual photographs of scenes, incidents, and personalities could be reproduced quickly and economically, was then in its infancy. The illustrations, hand-drawn and transferred to the printed page by an expensive and laborious process, were naturally few in number compared with the profusion of photographs with which the modern editor can illumine his pages.

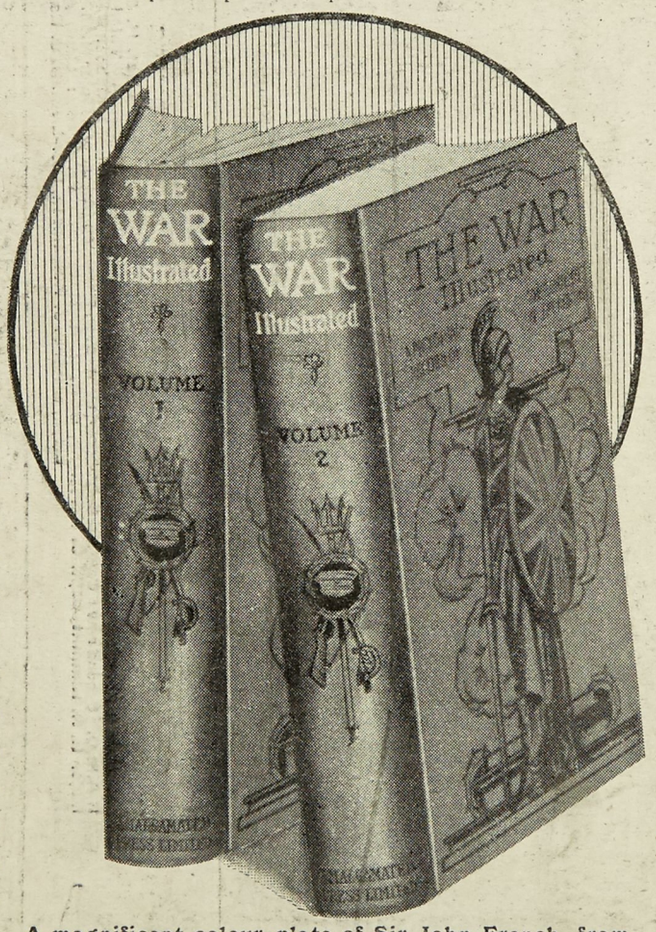
If the meagre pictorial records of the "seventies" and "eighties" gave such delight to the children of my generation, how fortunate will be the children of the coming generation in having in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *the whole camera-story of the present stupendous clash of nations, before which the little wars of former days fade into insignificance.*

One can well imagine the breathless interest with which, in the years to come, they will turn over the pages in which the vivid realism of the camera has preserved scenes and incidents in France, Flanders, Poland, the Dardanelles, South-West Africa, and all the other theatres of this far-flung war. The variety and wealth of the illustrations in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *are simply amazing, especially when seen in the bound volumes.*

In view of the ease with which copies of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *can be converted into handsome volumes, it is to be hoped that a very large number of your readers will have them so converted. I myself got the first volume bound and have just given an order for the binding of the second.*

Yours, etc.,

A READER.



A magnificent colour-plate of Sir John French, from an exclusive painting by his son, is given away with the publishers' registered binding case for Vol. 2, also artistic title-page and list of contents.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

The present is a very opportune moment, as No. 52 marked the completion of the second volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. The publishers' registered binding-case (which takes 26 parts, *with or without wrappers*), costs but 1s. 6d. At a trifling expenditure, therefore, one can convert into a valuable permanent possession the back numbers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED which might otherwise be lost or destroyed. The beauty of the volume is much enhanced by the magnificent coloured plate of Sir John French, from an exclusive painting by his own son, which is given away with the publishers' registered case, together with an artistic title-page and list of contents printed in blue.

For those who have their back numbers bound up in the way we suggest it will indeed be a satisfaction to find that the periodical which they have bought for twopence a week has been transformed into something whose value is out of all proportion to the original cost—a complete picture album of the Great War, and a treasure-house of memories for a lifetime. The newsagent or bookseller from whom the binding-case is bought can generally arrange at a trifling expenditure the trimming of the parts and the binding of them into the cases.

THE EDITOR.

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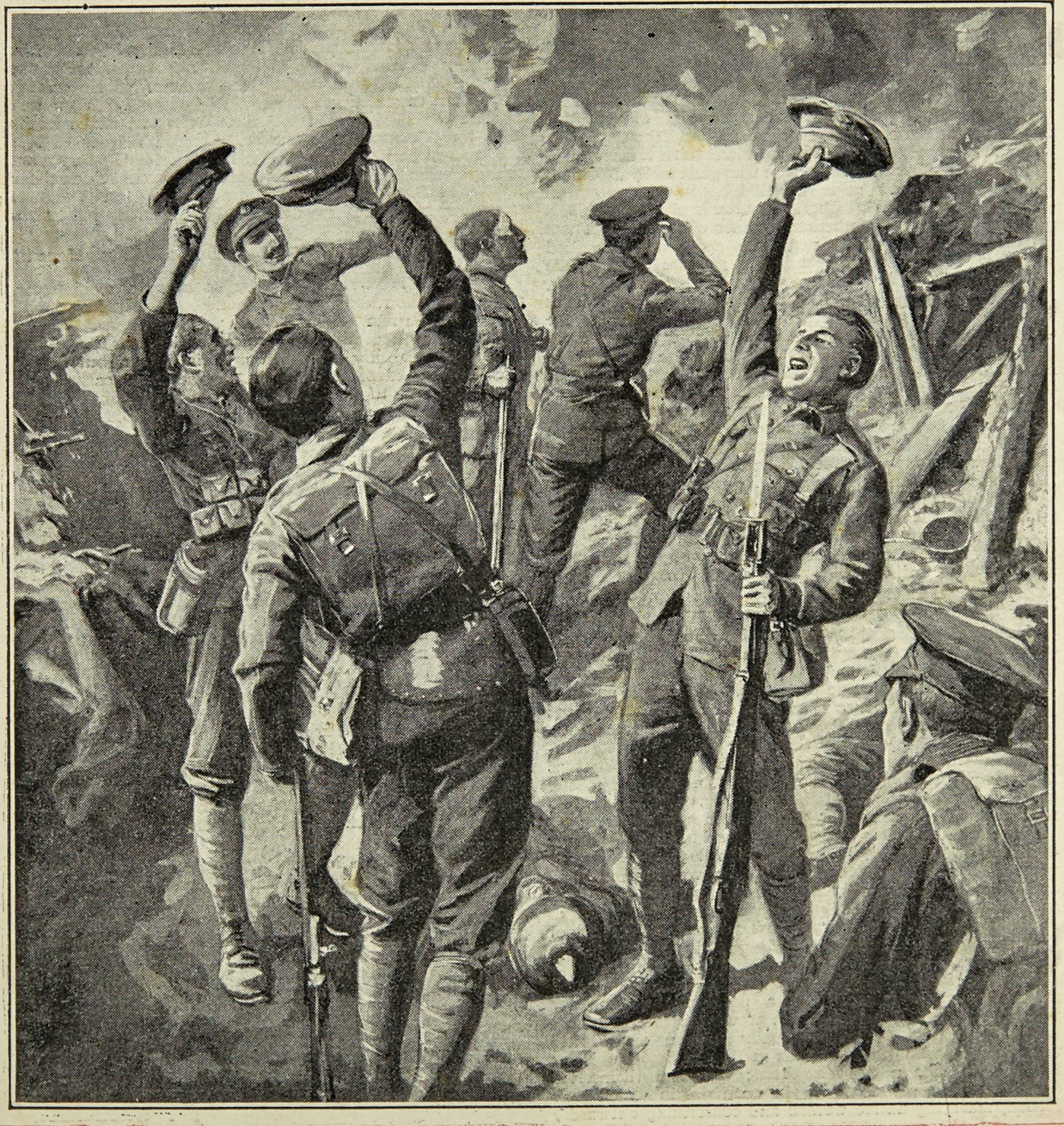
The Waste of War and of Peace, by Sir Leo Chiozza Money

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly



Vol. 3 **No. 55**

"Bravo, Lloyd George!" British Soldiers cheering the splendid work of the new shells

Fritz and You when the War is Over

I HAVE noticed a certain tendency on the part of some of our "intellectuals," who in the past have paid homage to German culture and derived something from the laborious researches of the plodding, unimaginative Teuton, to persuade British readers that anything savouring of national hatred or international antipathy is foolishness. Probably Dr. Lyttelton, of Eton, who has pleaded so generously for a kindly consideration of the modern Hun, imagines himself upon a plane far above the level of his unhappy countrymen and his erstwhile scholars who are laying down their lives in France and Turkey, that British freedom, which alone entitles such as he to raise their voices unmolested, may not disappear before the ruthless march of the barbarians. It is the cheapest sort of notoriety to detach oneself from the national point of view and assume an attitude of "intellectual independence."

To all of us who are of the Protestant faith it is certainly a curious reflection that the people who gave us the reformed religion should be the same race that has in our day earned undying infamy by its dishonest methods of procuring this appalling war and its inhuman manner of fighting. There is a small and entirely negligible group of misguided ministers of religion who, anxious perhaps to reconcile this fact with their supernational ideals of Christianity, are endeavouring by subterranean propaganda to instil into the minds of the British people the idea that the Germans, after all, are pretty much as we are.

These persons are mere Pharisees, more anxious to attract a certain amount of inexpensive attention to their own personalities by the mere act of being different from the mass, than to forward in any large measure the Kingdom of Peace. They are pulling in the same boat with certain Socialistic and Independent Labour perverts, and must know that their actions are essentially unpatriotic. But it is just here that their pride enjoys its pleasantest sensation, as they wish us to believe them above such miserable considerations as love of country, love of race, and merely national sentiment. In a lesser degree this same feeling actuates certain of our scientists who are striving to repress the growth of anti-German feeling among us.

National and Individual Characteristics

Frankly, I confess that the scientist who has spent most of his life in microscopic work at his desk, and the average minister whose experience of life is extremely limited, are to me the least persuasive of guides. There is a mean of things good and evil that obtains in what superior persons like to depreciate as "the Mob." After all, is not the British Empire a product of the Mob? Is not our Government in some sort the voice of the Mob? What is Democracy else than its expression? And, on the whole, an impartial view of British institutions to-day, reflects not entirely to the discredit of British Democracy.

Inversely, the whole infamy that lies black on the brow of German "Kultur" to-day is traceable to the German people. If nations have distinctive characteristics, they are either as worthy of respect, or as deserving of hatred, as individuals. I would gladly welcome an increase of British hatred for the German people, since it is the duty of the clean man to hate and despise the unclean, and, assuredly, the German people stand unclean before the world.

This brings me to a question I am minded to put to my readers. It is notorious that a part of the Germans' propaganda preliminary to the war was to interpenetrate the peoples they hoped eventually to conquer and to terrorise; to encourage Germans in Britain, in France and Belgium, in Russia and elsewhere; to worm themselves deeply into the social life of the countries in which they settled, marrying native women and conforming outwardly to the social customs, but remaining steadfastly Germans at heart. Few among my readers can have escaped some friendship with these emissaries of the Hun, and most may have the kindliest feeling towards their German friends.

I trust, however, that since the legions of the Kaiser have proved day by day more clearly their utterly barbaric instincts, few patriotic Britons have allowed any old sentiment of friendliness to permit their domestic hearths to be polluted by the presence of any potential Hun. For your old friend Fritz—who ought at present to be interned, though our too lax Home Department may leave him at liberty—is just as capable of the infamies which we know, beyond all shadow of doubt, his brothers and his cousins have been committing daily against innocent civilians and against the soldiers of the Allies. Who can shake hands with any German after the cold-blooded murder of half the crew of E13? Only a Dr. Lyttelton could find room in his spacious heart for the creatures who shot down our hapless sailors—sailors who, had they seen Germans struggling in the water, would have immediately put out to rescue them.

"No Hun Shall Enter Here!"

One thing is increasingly clear to every sane observer, and that is the necessity to revise all our relationships with people of German origin for the years to come. It is a difficult question, for the despicable German has spread himself wonderfully through our social fabric, but it is a question that must be faced and answered by each one of us to-day and to-morrow. "No Hun shall enter here," should be the motto of every patriotic British home.

We must never forget that innumerable Germans in England to-day, with ties of marriage and many ramifications of friendship, would have been spraying liquid fire and blowing poisonous gas on our fellow-countrymen had they been able to get back to Germany in time. Nay, were a German invasion of our shores to take place and a German army to force its way to London, your friend Fritz would be one of the first to go out to welcome his barbaric kinsmen and to gloat with them over their enormities, as was done at Brussels and at Antwerp. The heartless brutes who laughed with ghoulish glee as they saw the innocent passengers of the Falaba drown are the relatives of your friend Fritz.

After the war, therefore, you will surely maintain the cleanliness of your British home by keeping the kinsmen of the Hun without its walls. If at present your kindlier feelings induce you to keep a corner in your heart for Fritz, just read over the shameful recorded facts of how his relatives have fought against our men—and of how he, had he been in their place, would have fought against them—and then determine whether you consider that you can remain a true British patriot while continuing in friendship with a German.

Personally, I have lived six months on end with Germans in the same house, and mingled much with them in foreign countries, and despite all our scientific students of national characteristics, who may endeavour to persuade me that there is no such thing as "national hate," I maintain that deep in the heart of the German people is an undying envy, contempt, and hatred for the British. You might quote me many instances to the contrary and I could myself give many more—for in a nation of some seventy millions there are surely many exceptions—but we are speaking in general terms, and the sooner a sound and wholesome hatred of the German people becomes more general to the British people, the better for the cause of freedom and civilisation.

J. A. HAMMERTON

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 55. Vol. 3.
4th September, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

"BUT 'TWAS A FAMOUS VICTORY."—The French cuirassier has made friends with two pretty children of Alsace, citizens of the Greater France of to-morrow, the France that will extend to the banks of the Rhine and re-embrace the lost provinces. The little Alsatians, whose grandmothers have sung them to sleep with old lullabies of France as they remembered it before 'Seventy, have responded with spontaneous sympathy to the affection of the brave, fatherly man-of-arms, and all three have posed for this study, which makes one of the most tender and appealing pictures that have yet come out of the greatest of world tragedies.

Waste of War and Waste of Peace

WAR EXPENDITURE LARGELY A TRANSFORMATION IN NATIONAL EXTRAVAGANCE

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money, M.P.

In a recent issue of The War Illustrated *Sir Leo Chiozza Money gave an interesting and hopeful survey of Britain's war expenditure. Now that the practice of individual economy is regarded as one of the essentials to final victory, the following article by the same absorbing writer on war finance will be found to contain some hitherto unconsidered aspects of War Waste in relation to Peace Extravagance. The analysis is distinctly reassuring, and the section of the article devoted to after-war conditions will be read with some relief by all those who fear and predict a wave of national poverty as a sequel to the declaration of peace.*

THE economy of war is perhaps even less understood than the economy of peace, and that is saying a good deal. It is because it is so little understood that so many people went altogether wrong at the beginning of the war with regard to what was going to happen to Old England while her soldiers were fighting. Nearly everybody thought and said that we were going to have dreadfully hard times. One ingenuous Member of Parliament got up in the House and declared that that was no place for him; his place was with his "starving constituents." Many newspaper editors invited eminent sociologists to tell the nation how to ward off the "coming distress," and grave articles were written telling the Government what to do. The Government, on its part, set up an elaborate organisation to deal with the terrible distress that it thought to be surely coming. We can afford to smile now at these prophecies and preparations, and I recall with some pleasure that at the time I pointed out that the distress would not occur, and that it was quite possible that our poor would be better off than in time of peace. So it has proved to be.

The Prophets of Woe Belied

What the mistaken prophets of woe forgot was that the Government would be spending on the war an enormous amount of money, and further, that foreign investing would cease during the war, and that there would be a considerable enlargement therefore in the bulk of commodities consumed during the war. The truth is now realised that, save for small sections of our people—as for example, the professional classes—war expenditure, combined with the transaction of a considerable proportion of our normal business, means abounding prosperity during the war for a country whose Navy renders her soil inviolate and protects her sea communications. A good deal of misunderstanding still exists, however, as to the economic transformations which have taken place, and many people conceive our whole war expenditure a waste of money which would not have occurred if we had been at peace.

No word uttered here is intended to be a defence of waste or as an encouragement to the Government, or indeed, to any individual to be wasteful. On the other hand, there are far too many jeremiads being uttered on the subject of war expenditure and war waste, and I want to get the thing into its proper perspective.

The Extravagance of Peace

In peace we have a National Income which is, as to the larger part, spent in current consumption, and as to about one-sixth or one-seventh invested—*i.e.*, devoted to the construction of works or plants or buildings, etc., of permanent value, or useful to aid the production of more wealth.

The current consumption in peace buys us necessaries, comforts, and luxuries. It is a good deal easier to name these three terms than to draw a clear dividing line between the various things that we mean by them. We can imagine a nation of economically perfect creatures housing and clothing themselves with just sufficient of protection to keep them healthy, eating plain fare just sufficient to keep them alive, and rigidly eschewing all comforts or furnishings beyond this. Fortunately we are not economically perfect beings, and our minds are so capacious and our desires so limitless that we have built up a civilisation of extraordinary complexity. We utilise hundreds of different sorts of foodstuffs, and thousands of different kinds of materials and manufactures. Not satisfied with these, we demand to be professionally amused, professionally educated, professionally written for, professionally assisted into the world, and even professionally buried. Thus, an extraordinary variety of occupations exists amongst us.

The National Income is very badly distributed, so badly that in normal times of peace about one-half of it is taken by about one-eighth of the population. As a comparatively few people spend a great deal of the National Income, the luxury trades and service trades are very highly developed. It is exceedingly difficult to say where comfort ends and where luxury begins; but there is not the slightest doubt that a very large proportion of the National Income is in peace spent wastefully by a fraction of the population, while millions of people live in dire poverty.

Changes Made by War Spending

When war comes the Government has to put itself in funds by taxing and by borrowing. Necessarily it has to raise the greater part of the war funds from the well-to-do and the rich. To pay taxes and to subscribe to War Loans, those possessing means have to curtail their normal peace expenditure, and their normal investing is brought, or nearly brought, to a standstill.

What happens when the Government takes, say, £500 from a well-to-do person by war taxes and spends it on the war? If the person had not been so taxed, the £500 would have been spent upon such commodities or services as are bought by the well-to-do. We can imagine it buying, for example, a new motor-car. The Government takes the £500 and spends it on the war, which means that it buys food or arms, or ammunition, or other war material. Or we can imagine the Government buying with the £500 an armed motor-car and sending it to France. In such case the war has not increased "waste" by a pennyworth. The only difference is that there is one less motor-car on British roads, and perhaps one chauffeur less in employment; while there is one more armoured car in France, perhaps driven by a chauffeur who, but for the war, would be making the roads dusty at home.

Many other concrete cases might be instanced. We can imagine the Government taking £100 from one family, or from ten families, and using it to pay separation allowances to soldiers' dependents. The taxed families are left with £100 less to spend; the soldiers' dependents spend the £100 instead; the shops supplying the well-to-do do less trade, while the shops supplying the poor do better trade.

Or we can see the Government expenditure on the war reducing the number of woollen suits bespoken by civilians, while increasing the number of woollen suits needed for soldiers, the cloth mills turning from the manufacture of civilian cloth to the manufacture of war cloth, and their employees being more fully employed than in peace.

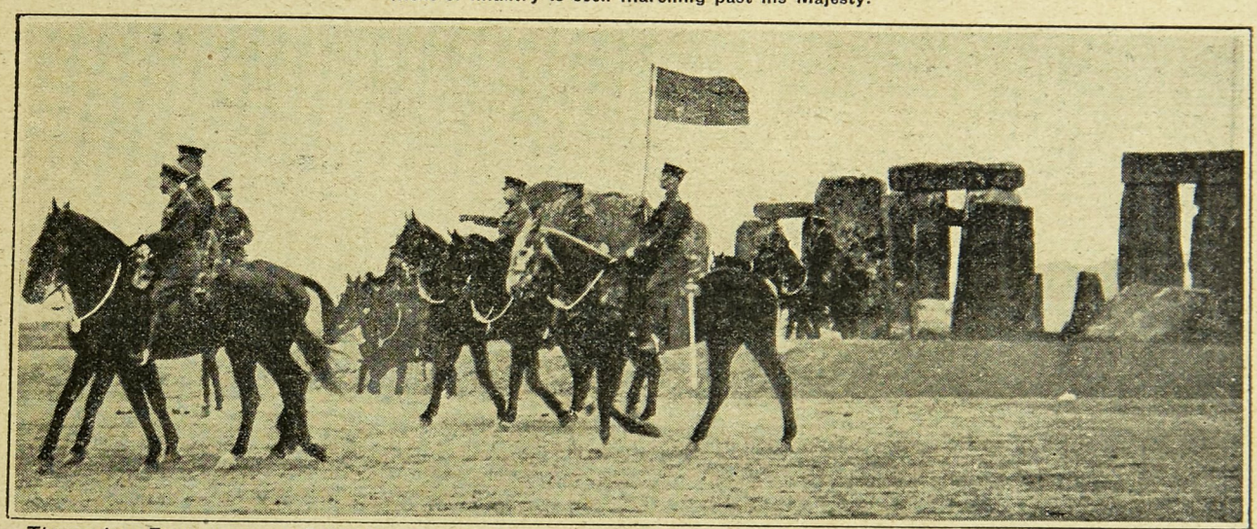
National Income more Evenly Spent in Wartime!

A multitude of such transformations of expenditure take place, and the general result is to decrease certain forms of demand, and to set up other demands in their place. A certain proportion of the National Income is spent differently. A certain amount of peace waste disappears; a corresponding amount of war waste takes its place. A considerable redistribution of expenditure in favour of the poorer classes is observable; *the nation's income is more equally distributed in the war-time than in the peace-time.*

[*Continued on page 52*

King George Reviews Britain's Garnered Might

The King, on the occasion of a recent visit to Aldershot, inspected some of the new troops. In the above photograph a detachment of infantry is seen marching past his Majesty.



The modern Emperor passes Britain's immemorial monuments. King George, with his Staff and Standard-bearer, off to review troops on Salisbury Plain. Stonehenge, a fitting symbol of Britain's immortality, is seen in the background.

The embodiment of physical power and mechanical efficiency. A mass of men, artillery-horses, and guns under review by King George. The splendid condition of the artillery horses will evoke admiration for this branch of the Service, the only one where the quadruped has been seen to any advantage in the present war.

WASTE OF WAR AND OF PEACE

(Continued from page 50.)

Millions of people are receiving payment more regularly during the war than ever before in their lives.

But what of the position when the war is over? We have to remember that (1) industrial investing has almost ceased during the war, and (2) that a large part of the war expenditure has been *borrowed* by the Government from the population which it rules.

As to the industrial investing, at the end of the war the nation will lack some new industrial plants which it otherwise would have had. This, however, is not a loss of very serious magnitude, and it can be easily atoned for if the Government wisely takes measures to foster and stimulate industry at the close of the war.

Effect of the Large Borrowing

As to borrowing for the war, the position at the close of the war will be that a considerable sum will have to be raised yearly to pay interest to the lenders. If we assume the borrowing to be at 4½ per cent., the Government will have to raise £45,000,000 a year in taxes to pay interest on each £1,000,000,000 that it borrows for the war, to say nothing of a sinking fund to pay off the capital indebtedness.

At the end of the war, therefore, there will be heavy taxation. This taxation will be felt by all classes, but it will chiefly fall upon the well-to-do. A curious consideration here arises. It is the well-to-do who are chiefly lending the money. It is the well-to-do who, after the war, will chiefly be taxed to pay the interest on what they have lent.

I have not the slightest doubt myself that all classes will be able to bear the necessary taxation without any great restriction of the comforts or even luxuries to which they have been accustomed. There is not the slightest need to take gloomy views on this head. Indeed, one of the chief lessons of the war will prove to be the comparative ease with which the Government of a great nation can raise hitherto unheard-of sums.

1870 and the Financial Renaissance of France

If anyone wants further encouragement on this head let him contemplate two historic facts. The first is that during and after the Napoleonic Wars we bore a burden which, although smaller actually than that we are now incurring, was in a comparative sense far greater. It was comparatively a very small and very poor Britain which carried on that mighty contest.

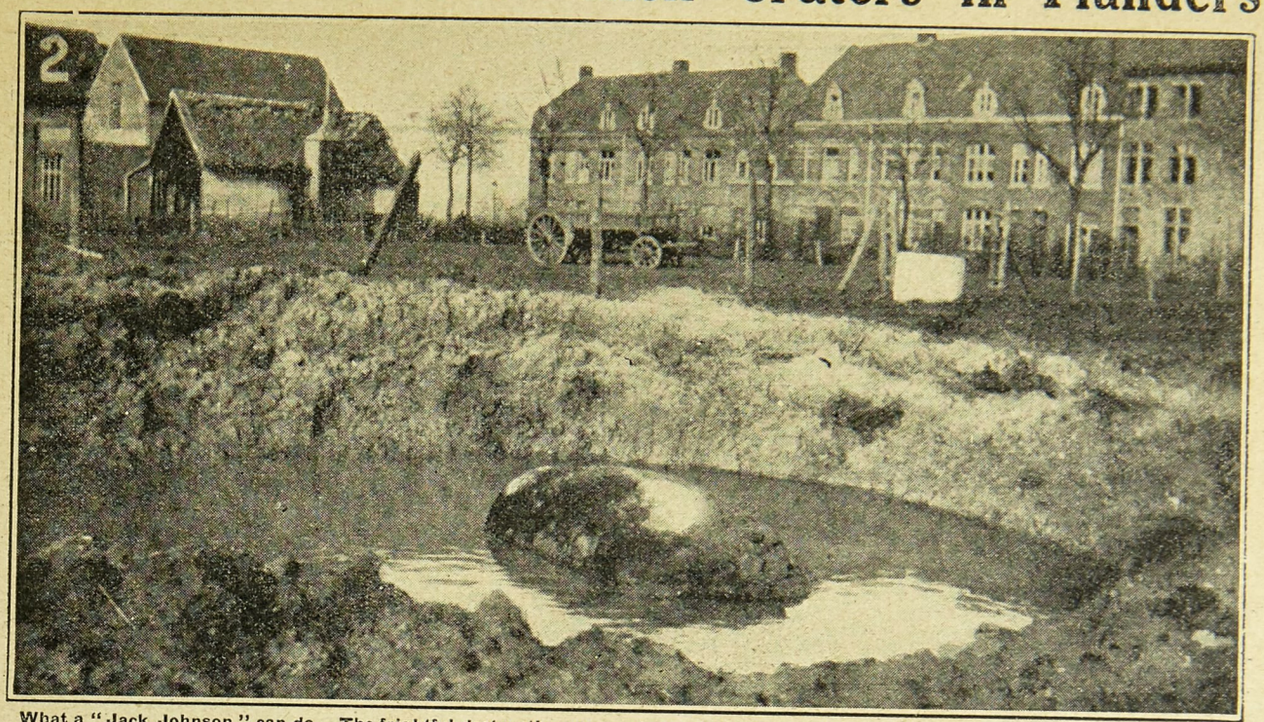
The second is the recovery of France after 1871. In those days the majority of people expected France to become bankrupt. As a matter of fact, she found, without any very great difficulty, the huge war indemnity exacted by Germany, and came with success through financial difficulties much greater in proportion to her means than those which we are now facing.

Yes, we can afford to be optimists in the matter of war finance. Nevertheless, it is our duty to be careful if optimistic. Let us determine during the war to meet war expenditure as far as possible by cutting down some normal luxurious expenditure in order that war waste may be as largely as possible a transformation in waste rather than a new waste. Let as also cheerfully submit to whatever measures of taxation the Government may devise, remembering that no financial sacrifice that we can make is to be named in the same breath as the sacrifice of life or health by those in the fighting-line.

LEADERS OF ALLIED NATIONS TOGETHER INSPECT THE FIRST-LINE TRENCHES.

Lord Kitchener, General Joffre, M. Millerand (the French War Minister), and other prominent personalities in the Great War conferred together recently somewhere on the French front. This historic photograph shows Britain's Secretary for War coming down the steps leading to the French first line. A group of "Poilus" are saluting Lord Kitchener with interest and admiration.

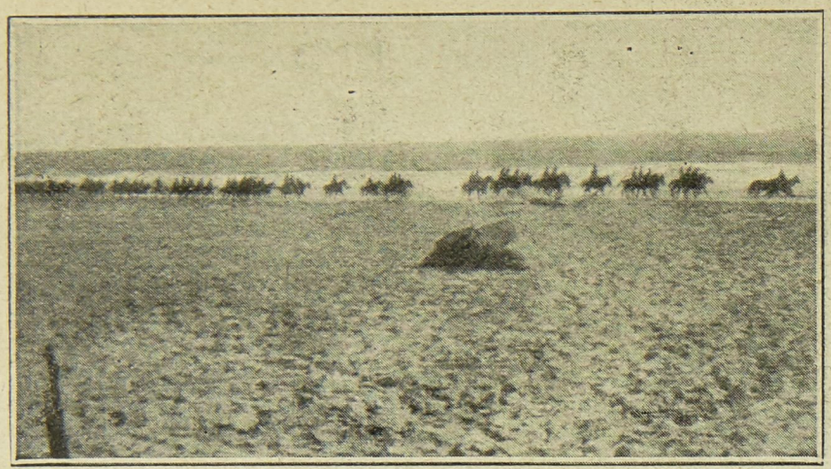
Chasms of Chaos: Shell Craters in Flanders

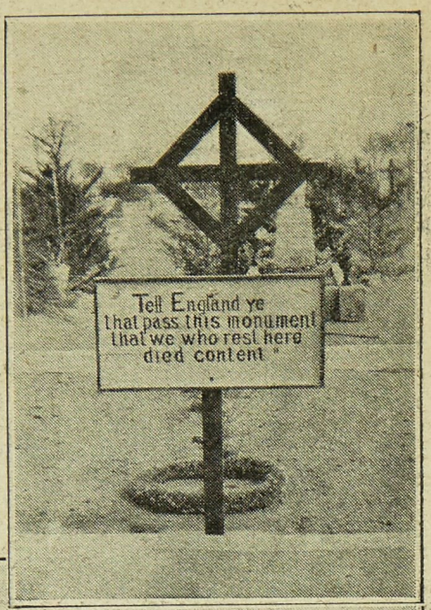


What a "Jack Johnson" can do. The frightful destructive power of one of the German 8 in. shells, popularly known as "Jack Johnsons," is admirably demonstrated in the above photograph taken just outside Ypres. A huge crater has been torn in the ground, and has become filled with rain-water. The carcase of a dead horse killed by the projectile is floating on the surface.

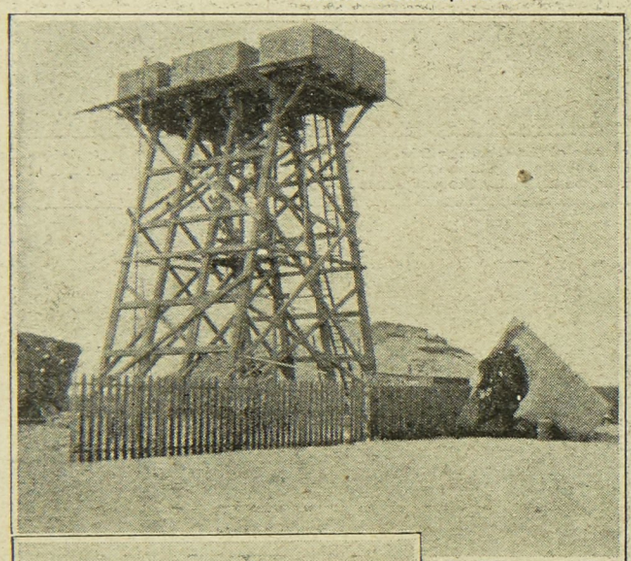
Another German shell-hole "somewhere in Flanders." The fighting area is pitted with these craters, and the impression of a flying man is that the whole earth is gaping with chasms, the result of a year of indiscriminate artillery duels.

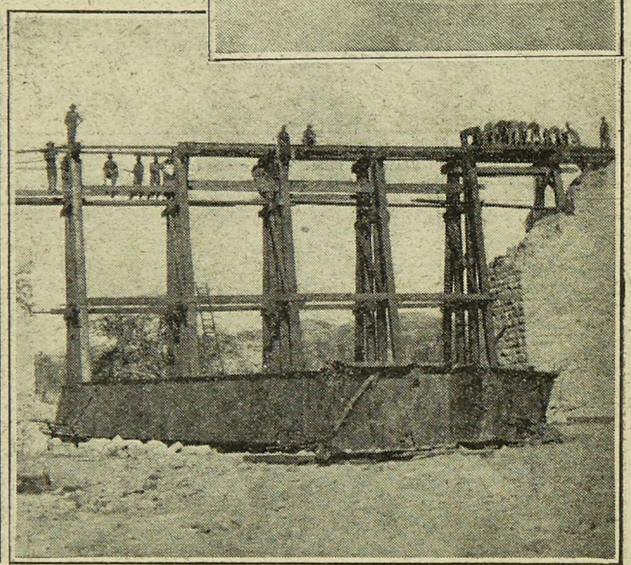
The New Splash of Red on the Empire Map



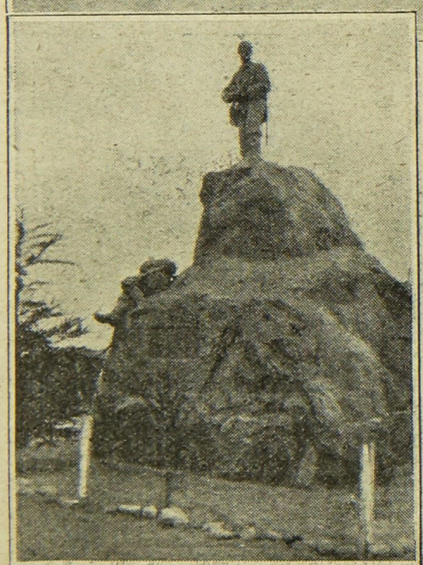


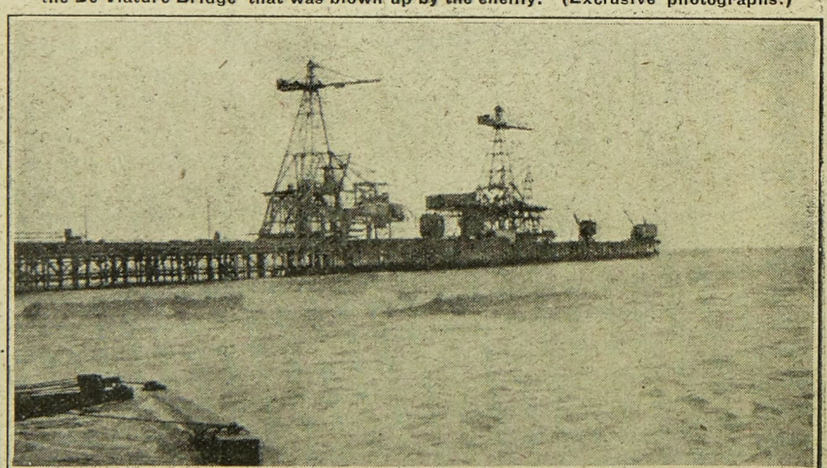
Burgher commando riding into action along the coast between Walvis Bay and Swakopmund during General Botha's victorious campaign in South-West Africa. Right: The moving inscription in the enclosure surrounding the graves of the Empire's heroes at Swakopmund.





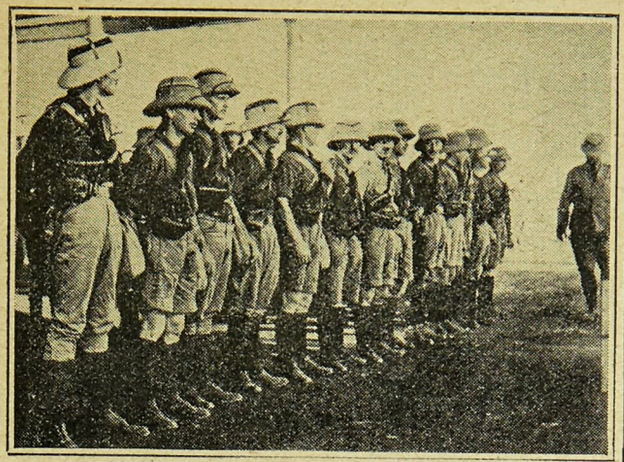
Water-tanks erected by the Union Forces at Swakopmund in place of the cylindrical tanks that were blown up by the Germans. Right: South African engineers repairing the De Viature Bridge that was blown up by the enemy. (Exclusive photographs.)



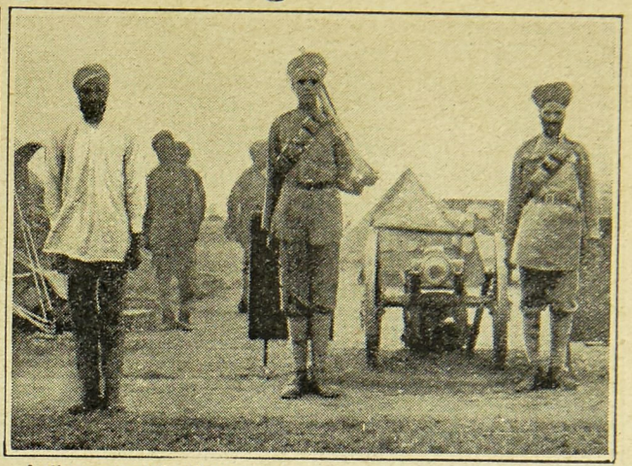


Memorial at Swakopmund to the German Marines who fell in the Herero Rebellion. Above: The pier, with its two huge cranes, at Swakopmund. This port is a trading and mission station, and had a population of about five hundred Germans before the war.

In East Africa for King and Flag Far Afield

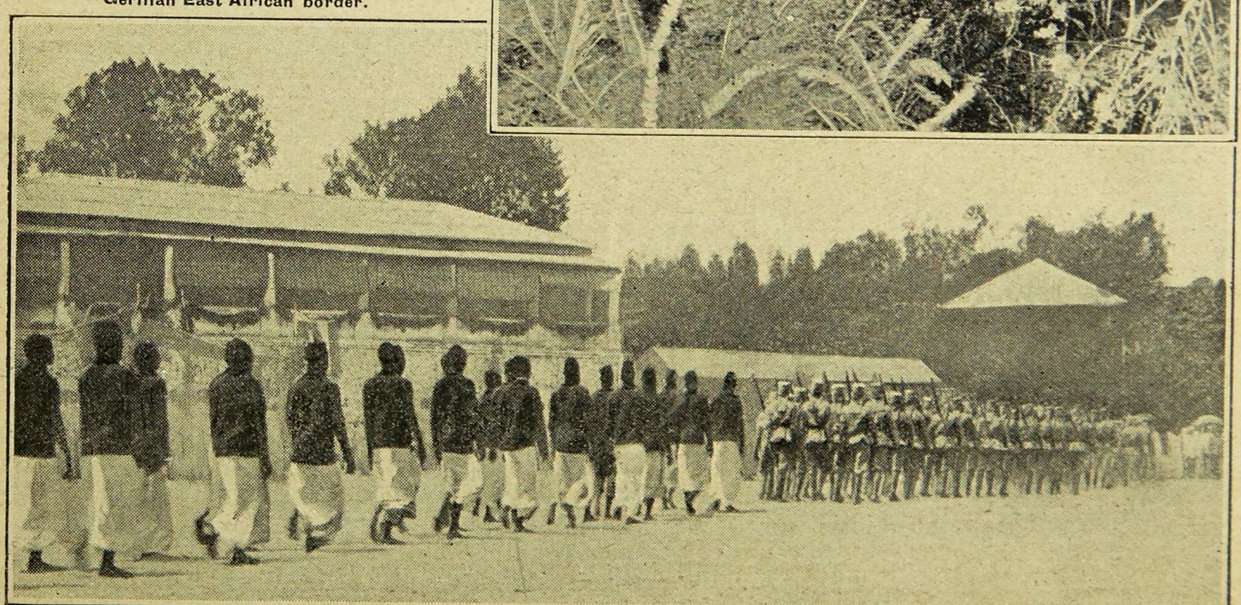


Some of Britain's typical patriots of the East African Regiments in the plains below Nairobi.



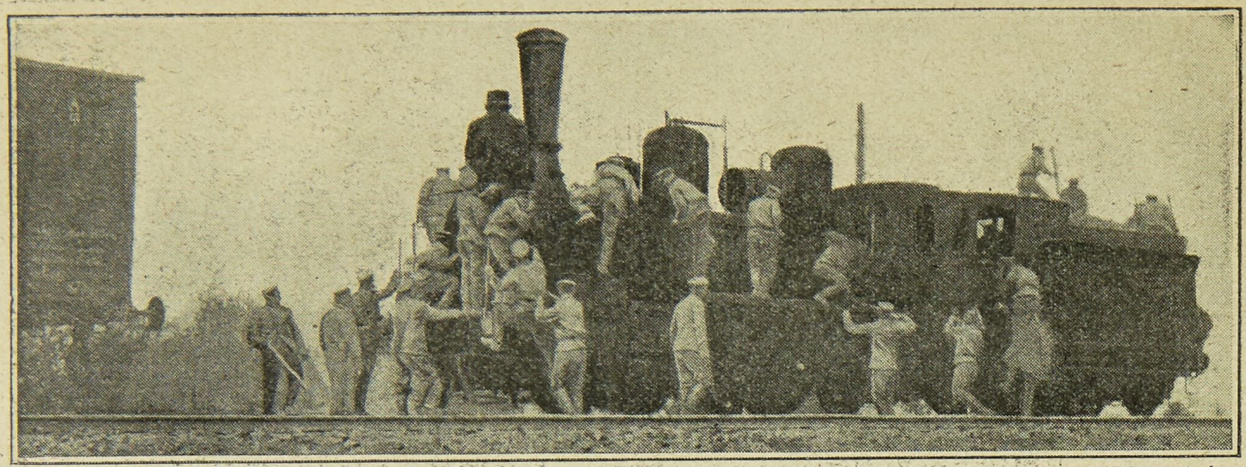
Indian mountain battery drawn up for inspection after the successful attack on Bukoba, German East Africa.

British officer selecting an outpost line close to the German East African border.

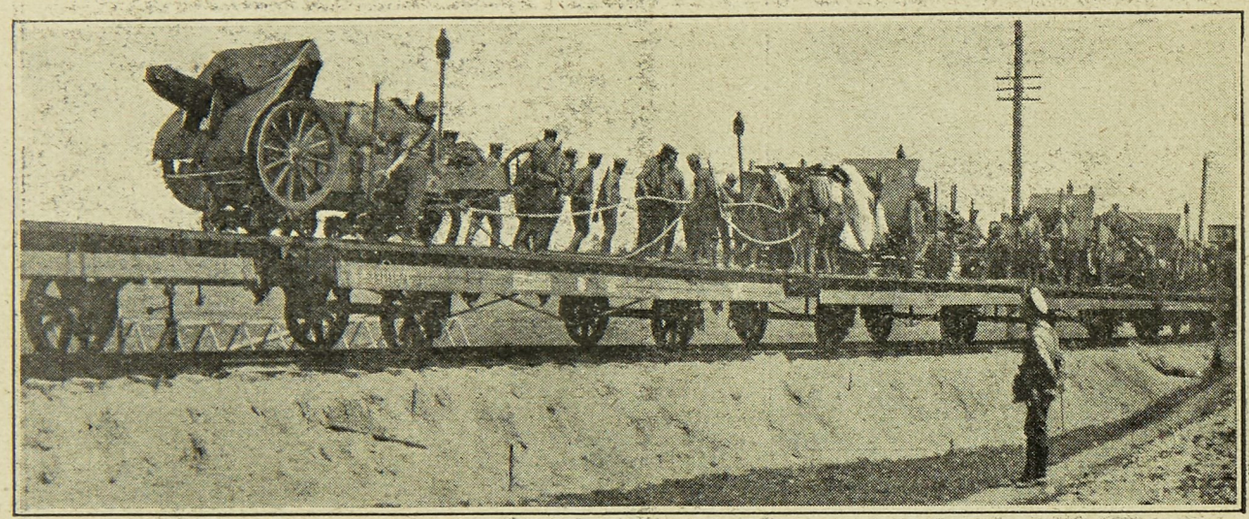


German native soldiers who are compelled to fight for the Kaiser against civilisation. This interesting photograph was found in a German's house at Bukoba, which has recently fallen into British possession. Inset: An idea of the rough country which is making operations against German East Africa so difficult and prolonged. British soldiers are seen cutting a path through the undergrowth.

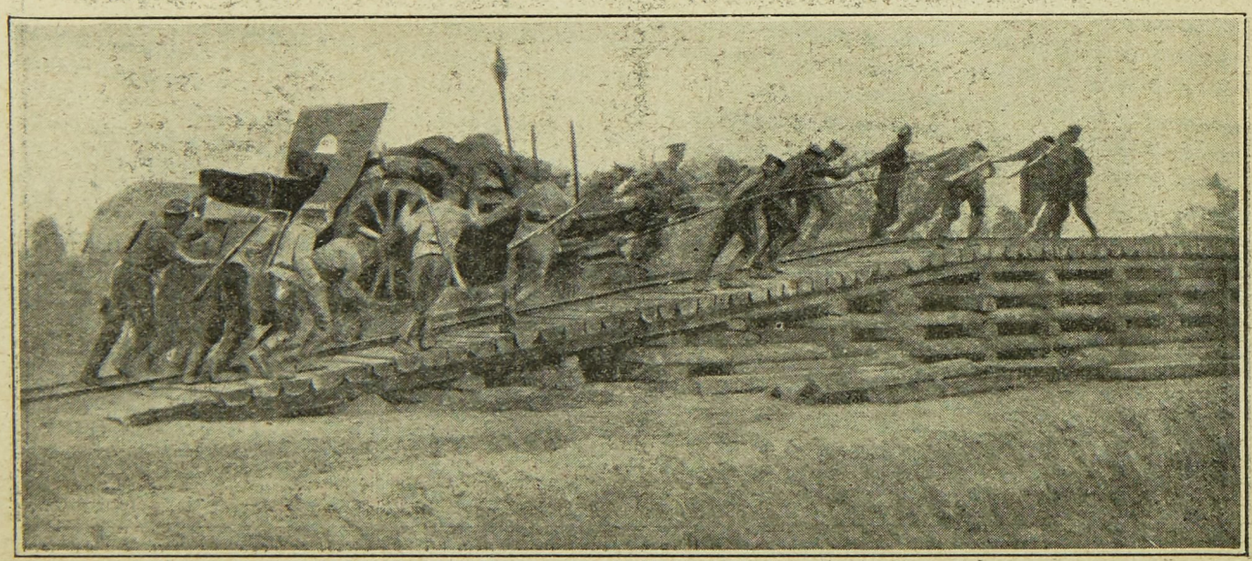
Russia's Big Guns "Retreat" along the Iron Way:



Russian sappers boarding a powerful locomotive which is about to convey them to a point on the line where a special siding is to be hastily constructed to facilitate the passing of innumerable trucks laden with guns and munitions "in retreat" from Warsaw.

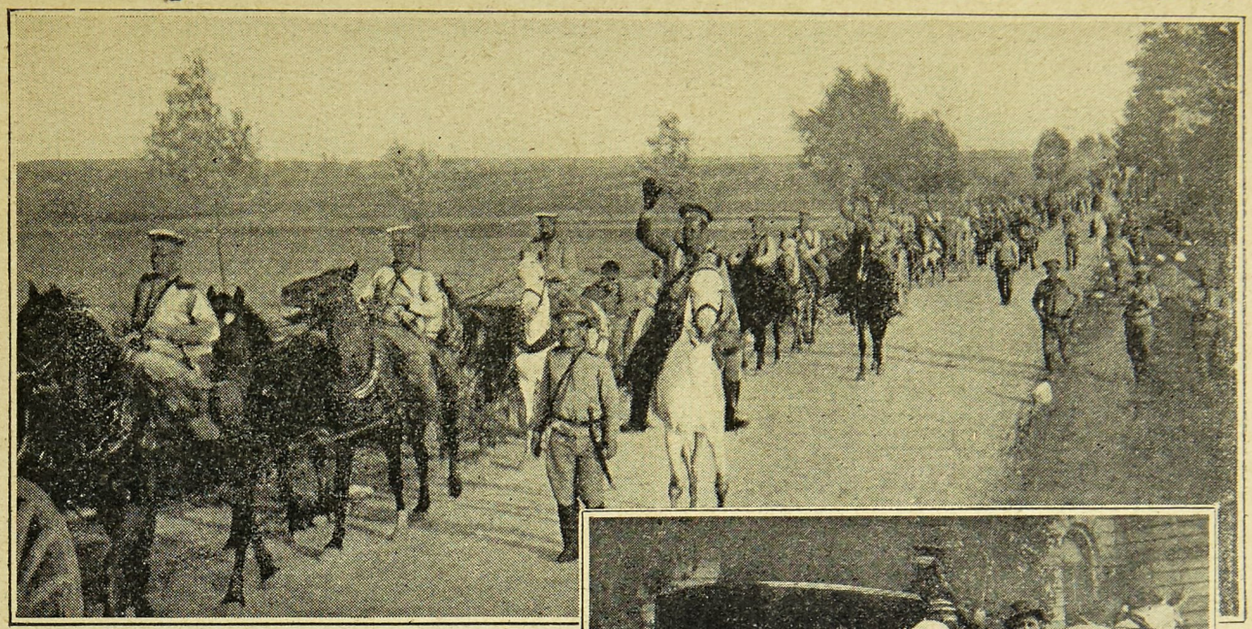


The race against time with cumbersome weapons. The additional track having been laid down, the sappers are seen hauling field-guns along a way of trucks specially fitted with the requisite gauge rail to carry the gun-trollies.

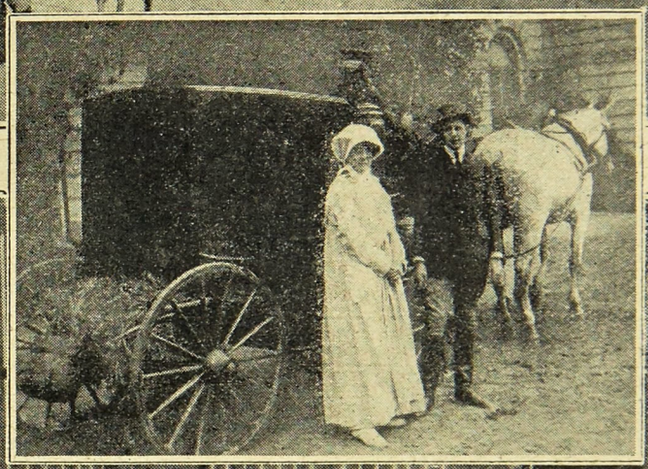


Dragging a heavy cannon up a light gradient hastily built with logs of trees and pine sleepers. The gun on reaching the platform was run on to railed trucks, thence to be conveyed out of the danger zone with an alacrity and success incredible to the advancing enemy.

Closing Scenes in the Historic Warsaw Drama

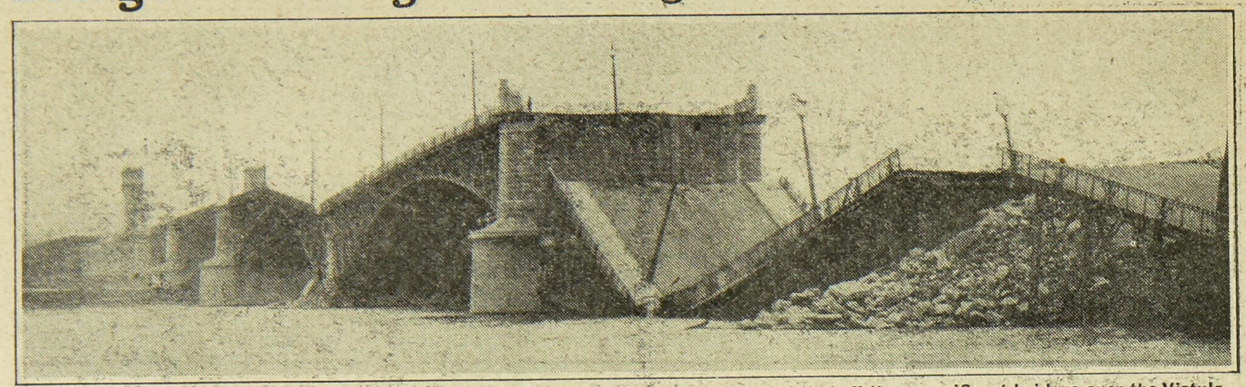


En route for Brest Litovsk, an interminable column of Russian artillery moves down the open road from Warsaw.

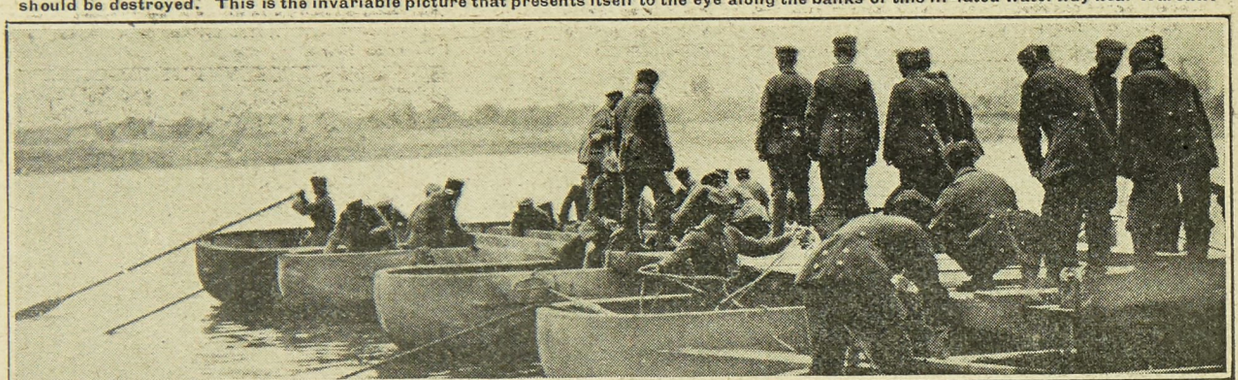


Unhappy plight of a large number of Russian wounded soldiers who could not be moved in time from Warsaw. It is to be hoped that they did not meet the same fate meted out to the five thousand Russian prisoners who fell into German hands near Rava Ruska. Inset: A Polish lady who, in order to save her favourite horses, drove the whole way from Warsaw to Brest Litovsk, a distance of 185 kilometres.

Bridge-breaking & Making on the Tragic Vistula



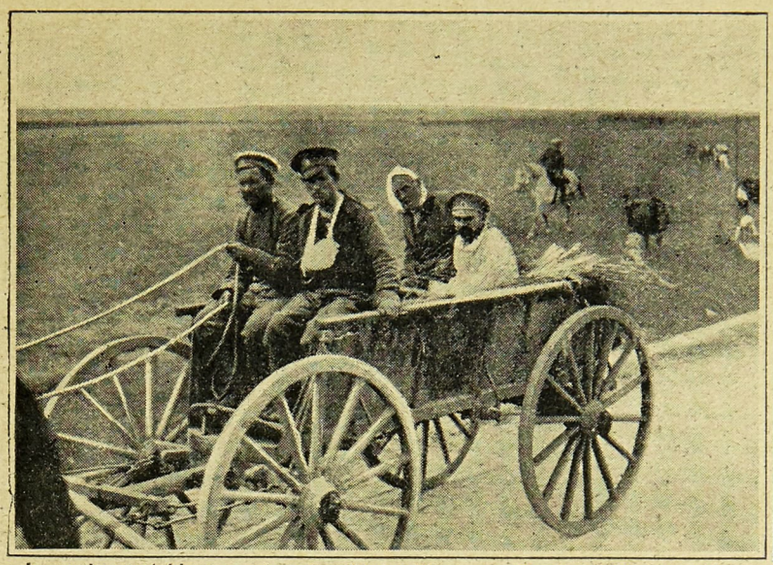
No right-of-way for the Teuton hordes. The exigency of the Russian retreat demanded that all the magnificent bridges over the Vistula should be destroyed. This is the invariable picture that presents itself to the eye along the banks of this ill-fated waterway near Warsaw.



Forced delay that might save an army corps from destruction. The bridges over the Vistula having been destroyed, the pursuing Huns were compelled to construct pontoon communications. This photograph shows the progress of one of these ephemeral structures.

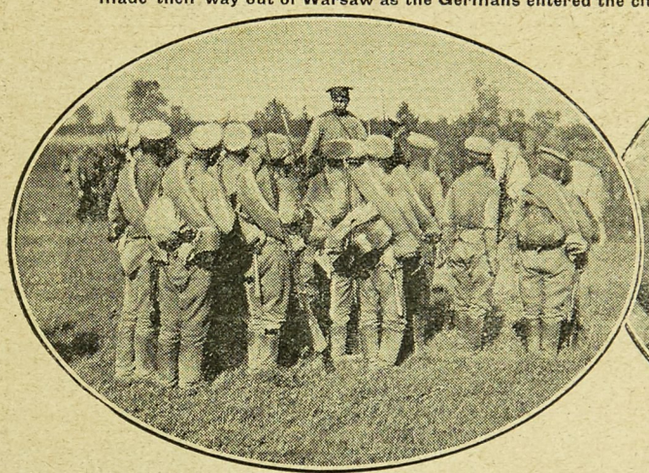
Impression of the aged Prince Leopold of Bavaria, who was in charge of part of the momentous operations of the past few weeks, reviewing German infantry before the Russian Cathedral, Warsaw. He is again seen in the inset photograph entering the city.

Minor Incidents in the Withdrawal from Warsaw



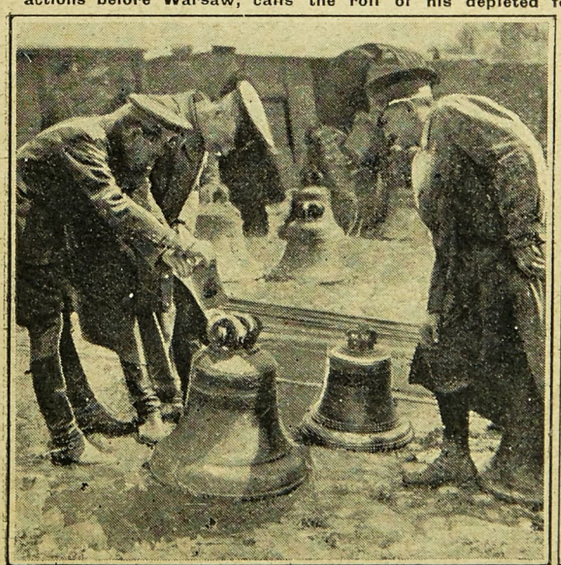
In crude, unstable peasant carts, filled with straw, Russian wounded soldiers made their way out of Warsaw as the Germans entered the city.

Polish peasant leaving Warsaw with a cow carrying, slung round its neck, various parcels.

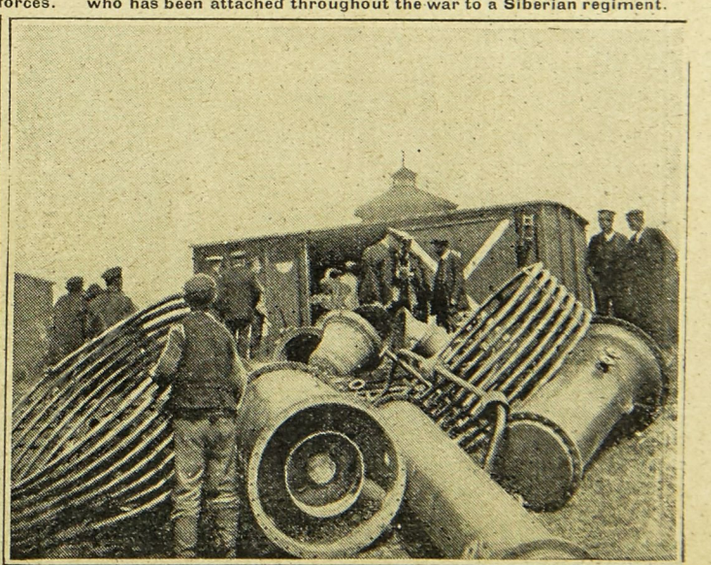


Colonel of a Siberian regiment, which fought many rearguard actions before Warsaw, calls the roll of his depleted forces.

Members of the Russian Red Cross section, including a lady doctor who has been attached throughout the war to a Siberian regiment.

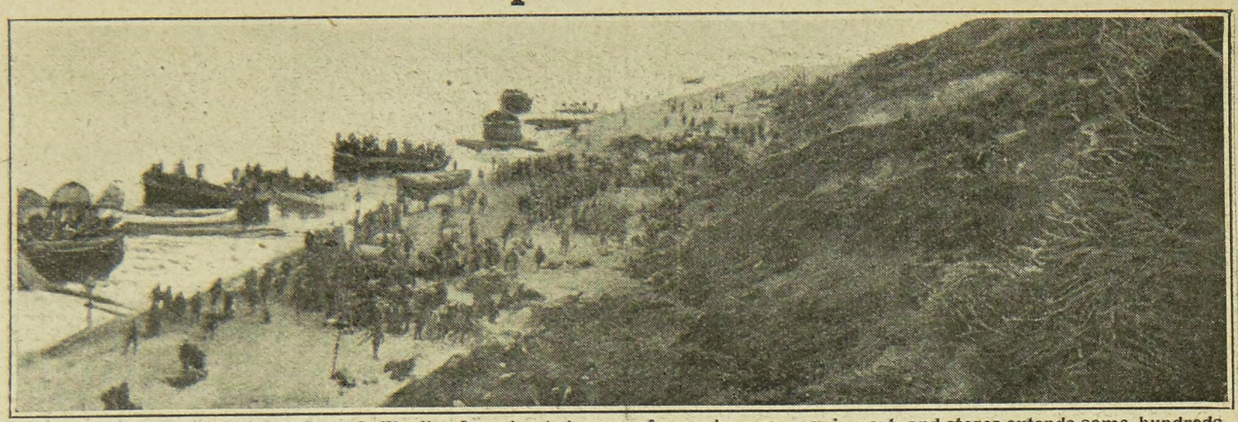


No bullets for the advancing enemy. Russians removing church bells which would have constituted a valuable prize in metal to the Germans.

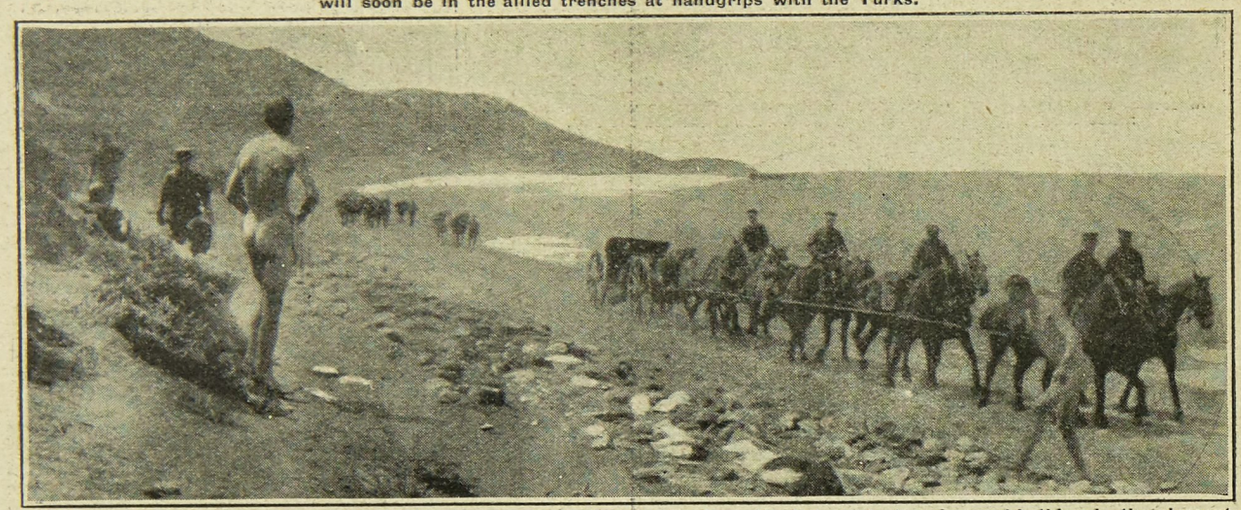


Warsaw was completely stripped of everything likely to be of a military value to the enemy. Church bells, pipes, steel springs were collected and "retreated" with the Russian Army, a masterpiece of strategy.

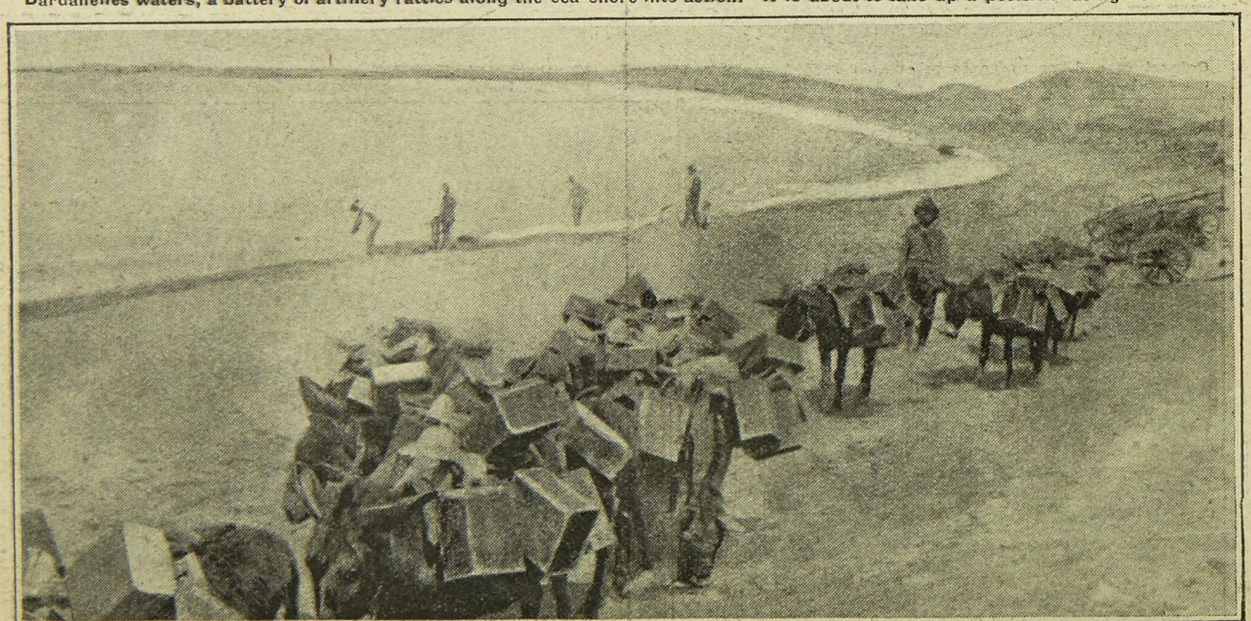
Our Camera Correspondent at the Dardanelles:



New Zealanders landing at a cove on Gallipoli. An animated scene of men, baggage, equipment, and stores extends some hundreds of yards along the sea coast. The excitement of landing over, the dangers of Turkish shells evaded, the men from "down under" will soon be in the allied trenches at handgrips with the Turks.

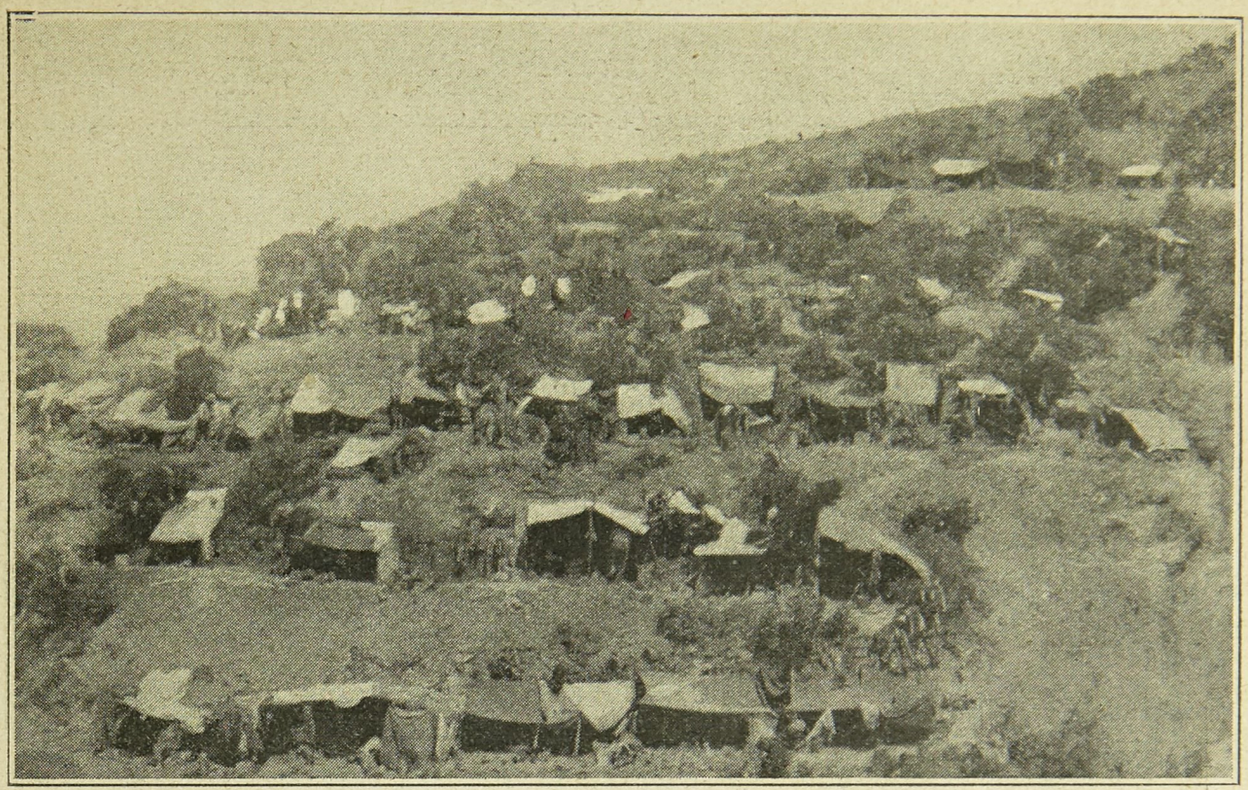


While some infantrymen are availing themselves of a welcome respite from the hot, dusty trenches and bathing in the pleasant Dardanelles waters, a battery of artillery rattles along the sea-shore into action. It is about to take up a position facing Achi Baba.

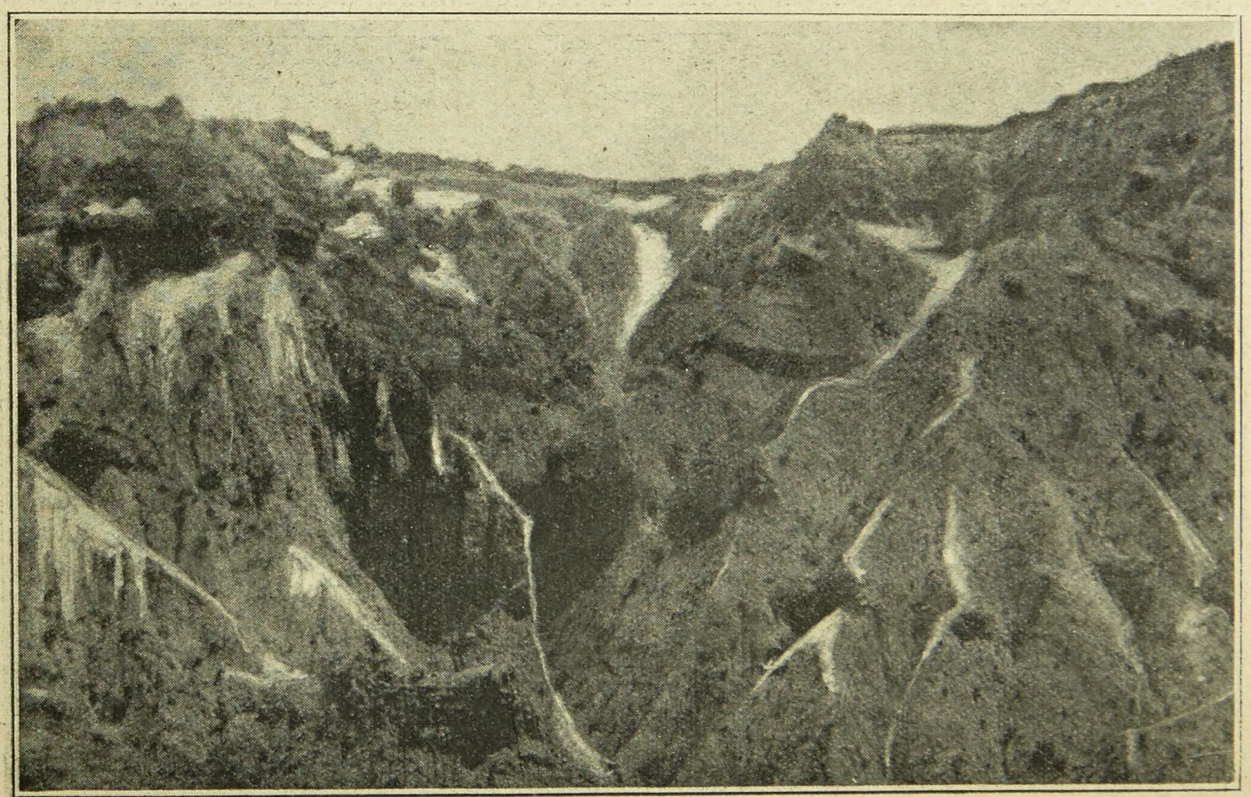


There is a lackadaisical atmosphere typical of the Orient about this photograph. Certainly there is nothing suggestive of traditional military discipline, the spick and spanness of Occidental manœuvres. Some donkeys laden with a motley collection of erstwhile petrol tins are proceeding along to the trenches. This is the water-supply column.

Intimate Scenes in the Gibraltar of the Levant

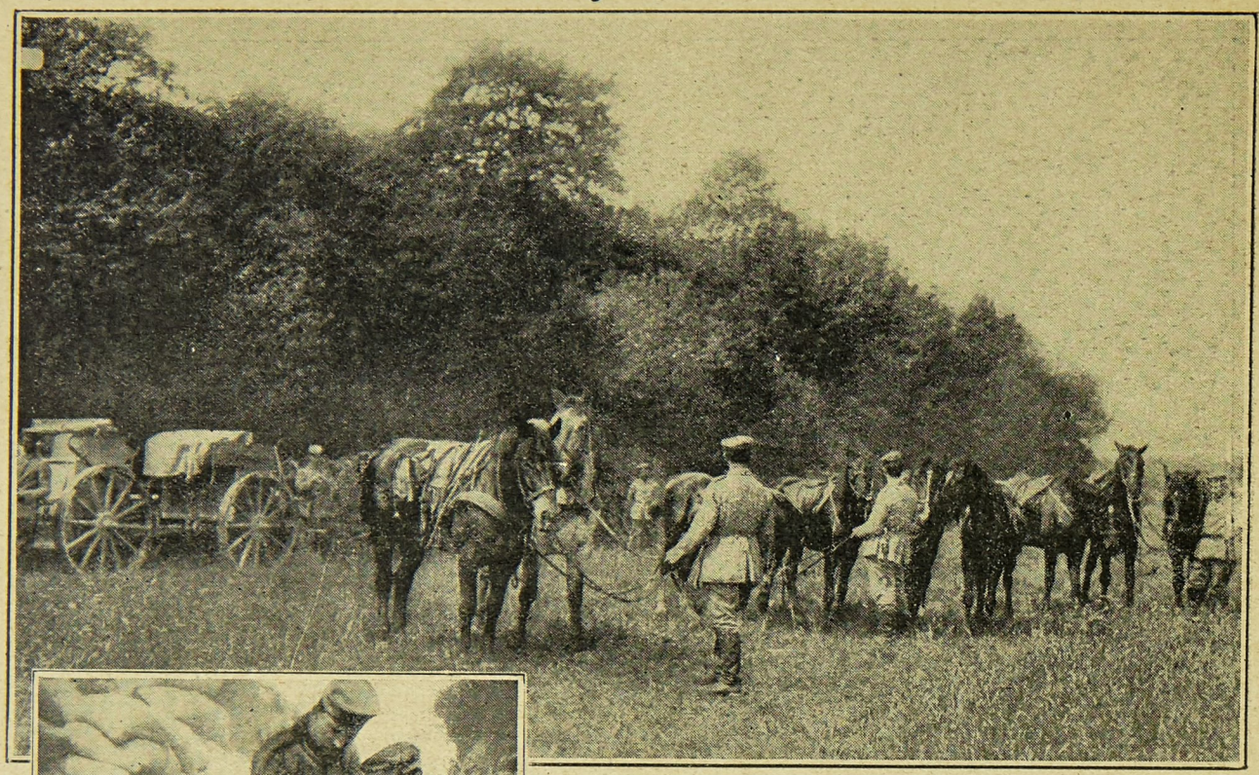


New Zealand's new colony. This snapshot shows a town of dug-outs on the Gallipoli shore. Hidden under the cliff, Turkish shells are only able to reach this mark by accident. Here part of the New Zealand Contingent is domiciled in the cause of the Empire.

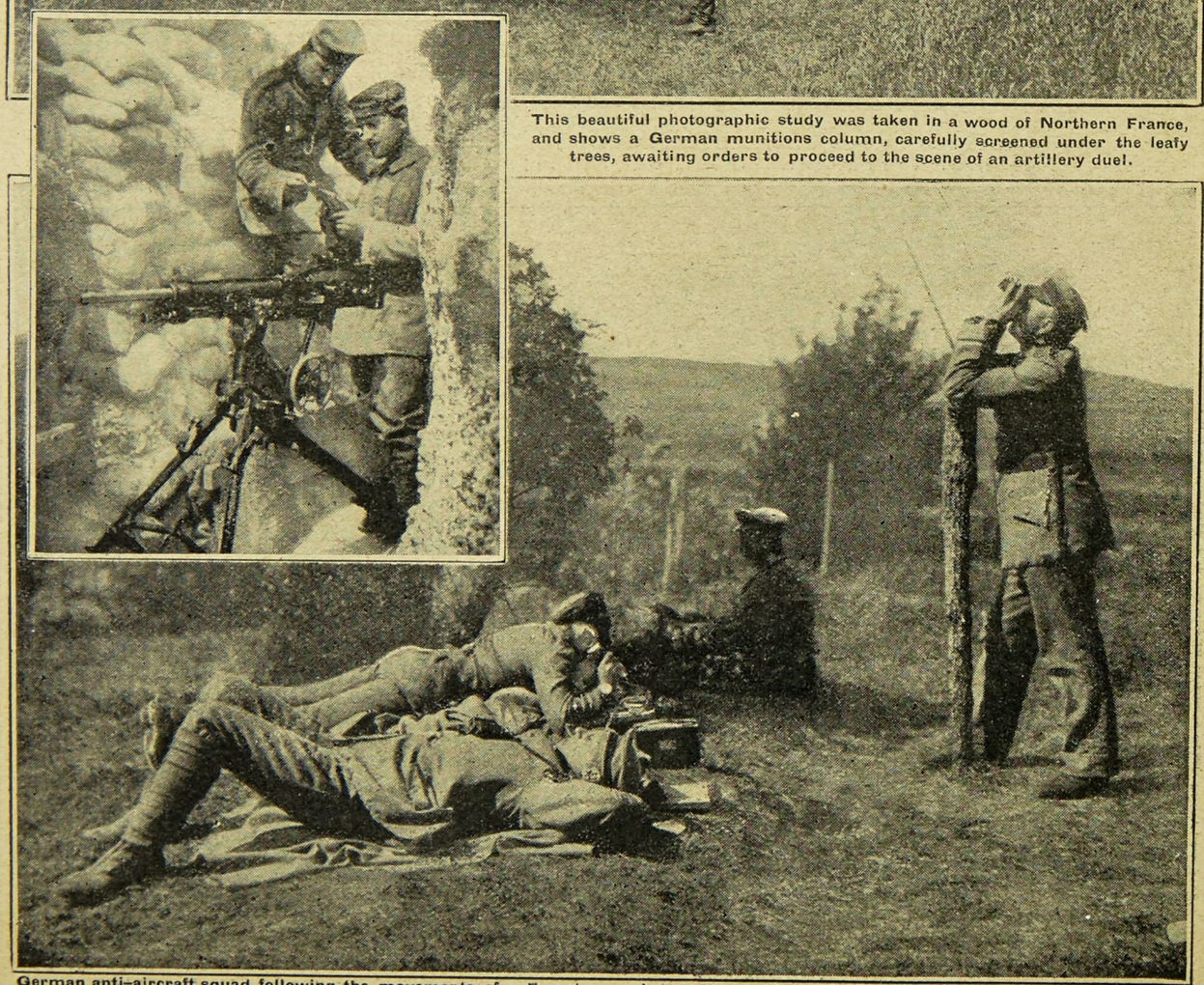


Italy with all her Alpine difficulties cannot boast a scene of more forbidding desolation than that shown in the above photograph. It is known as Walker's Ridge, and in spite of its grim character the Australasians succeeded in wresting it from the Turks.

German Movements by French Woods & Dales



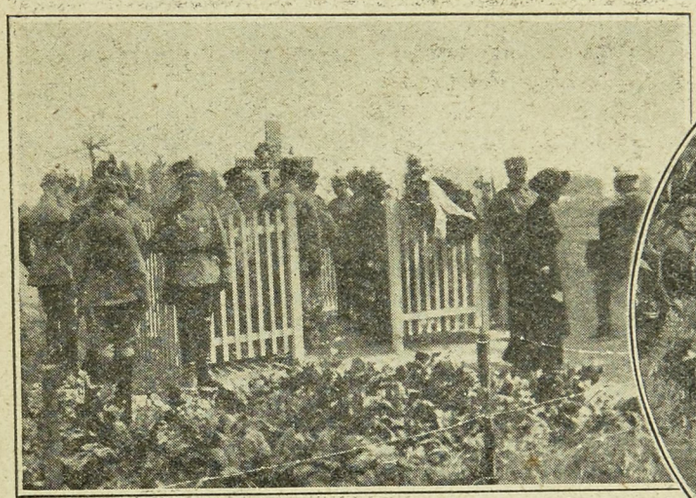
This beautiful photographic study was taken in a wood of Northern France, and shows a German munitions column, carefully screened under the leafy trees, awaiting orders to proceed to the scene of an artillery duel.



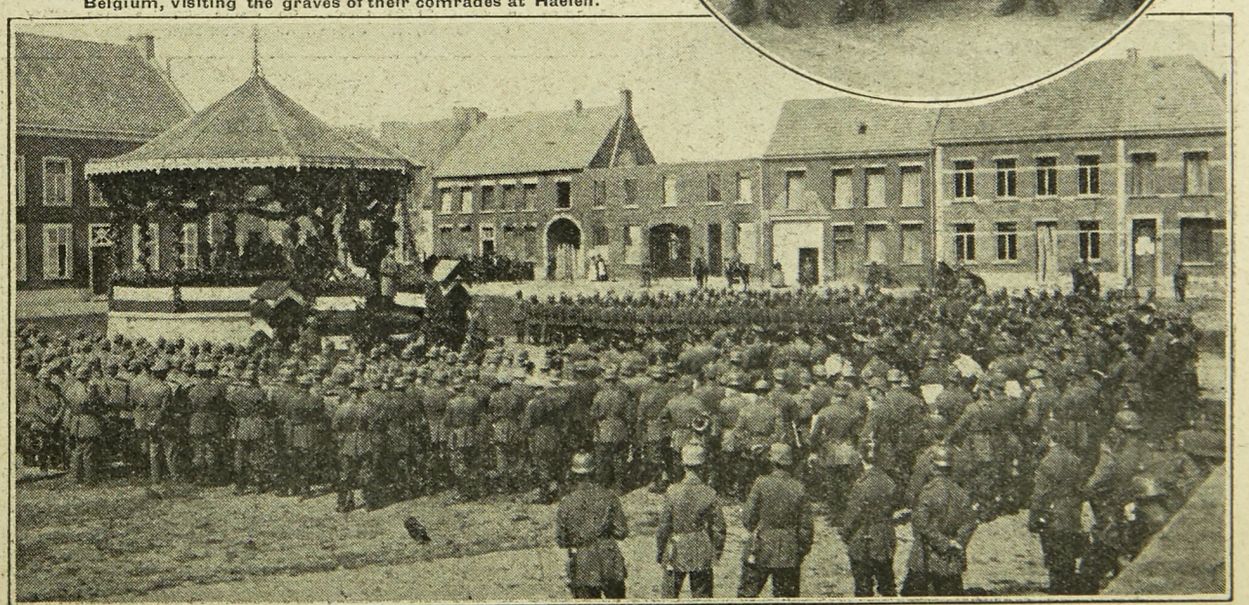
German anti-aircraft squad following the movements of a French aeroplane. Note how the resting post is placed immediately in the rear of the small shrub, where a telephone has been laid on to headquarters. Inset: German soldiers examining what they thought to be a brand new mitrailleuse, only to find that the works have been irreparably damaged by the French before retreating.

Belgian & German at the Graves of their Fallen

Clergymen and other inhabitants of Haelen and the surrounding district on their way to take part in the anniversary ceremony held in memory of the Battle of Haelen, where many Belgian soldiers fell. The deference of the saluting German officer seems almost ironical.

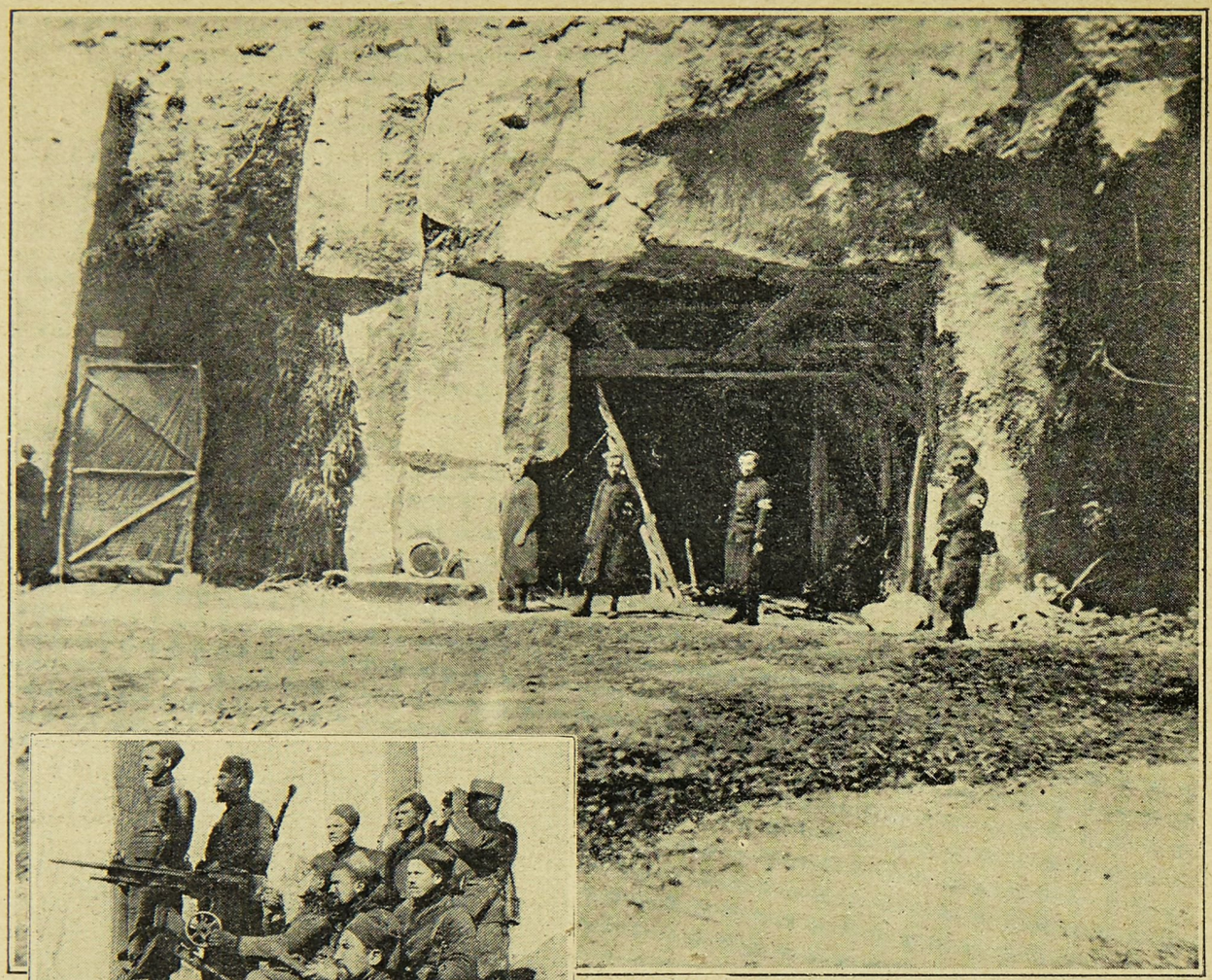


German officers, among whom is General von Bissing, Governor of Belgium, visiting the graves of their comrades at Haelen.

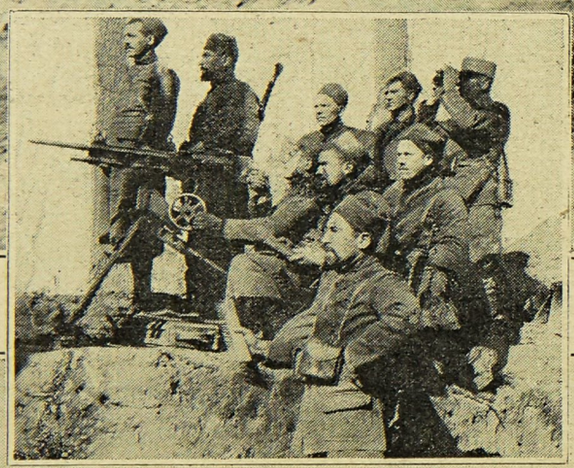


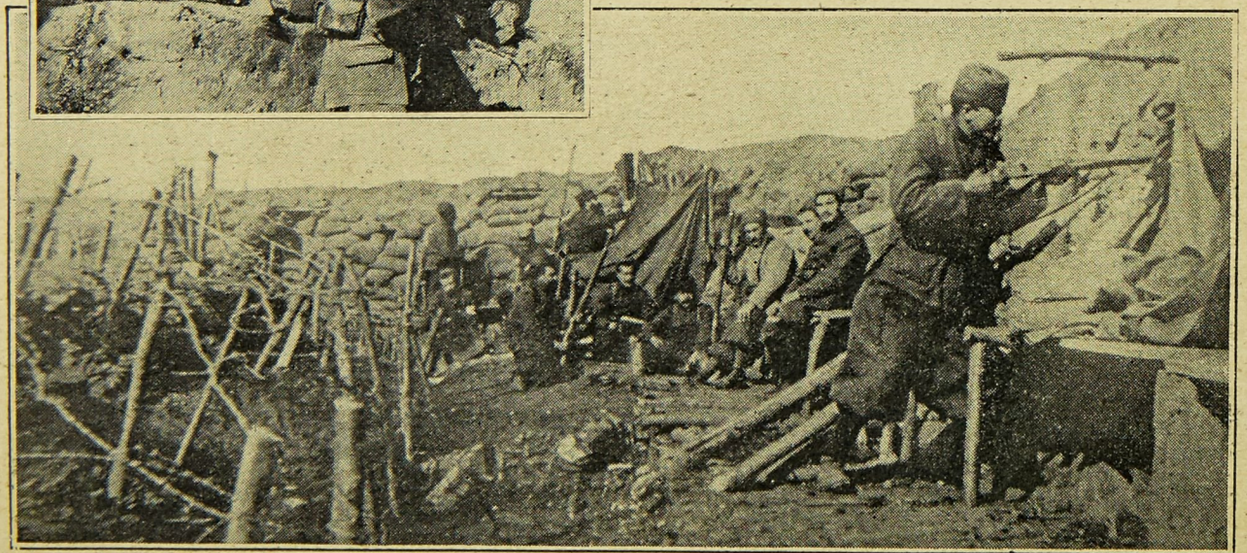
Belgian children waiting to place wreaths on the graves of their fathers, who fell in the battle a year ago. Congregation of Huns listen to an oration, presumably justifying "might is right," on the occasion of the anniversary of Haelen. This was the last historic struggle between the over-powered little Belgian Army and the vast host of German invaders who were concentrating behind a great cavalry screen in Eastern Belgium for attack on the Franco-British forces.

Zouaves in Dug-out and Trench near Soissons



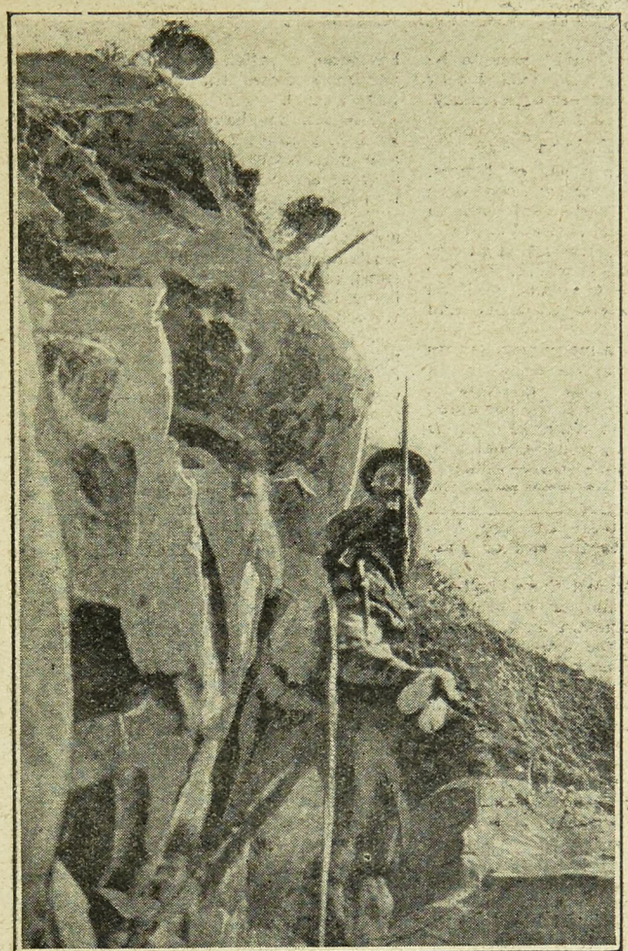
Well able to stand up against German high-explosives. A natural dug-out among the quarries near Soissons, captured by the Germans in their great march on Paris and subsequently retaken by the French in superb charges.



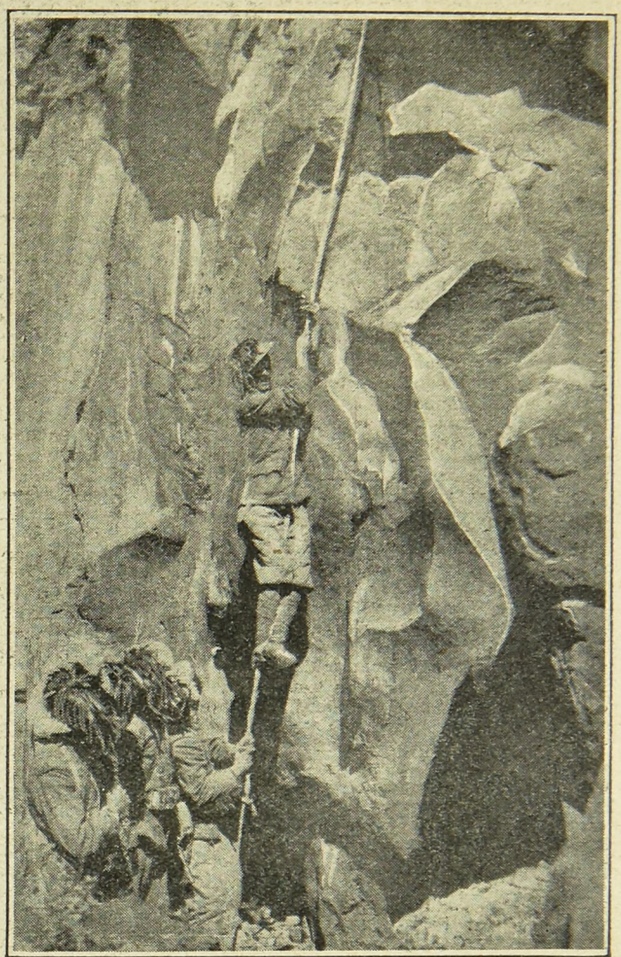


Type of French trench in the region of Soissons. Its width is remarkable, and a thick hedge of barbed-wire is placed so as to entrap advancing Germans. Several Zouaves are seen at their ease. Inset: With their Orientalised uniform Zouaves are among the most picturesque and popular of French fighting men. This striking photograph shows a number working a machine-gun.

Strenuous Warfare 11,000 Feet above the Sea



Why Italy's progress is necessarily slow. Roped Bersaglieri scaling a mountain to advance against the Austrians. An idea of the topographic difficulties with which King Victor's forces have to contend.



To be a soldier in certain sections of our Mediterranean ally's forces it is essential to be a skilled mountaineer. The methods of warfare in the Alps are thus very exciting and exhilarating.

Dramatic scene on the Italo-Austrian front. An enemy sniper and spy who had eluded the vigilance of Italian scouts for days were eventually tracked to the mountain hut seen in the above photograph. The two men are about to be tried. The wife of the sniper stands between them, and her little daughter is crying with fear.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

BE of good courage! That is the word for Britain. We have been passing through dark and trying times, but signs are not wanting that better days are ahead. There will be troubles and shocks during the next few weeks in plenty. There must be heavy losses if we are to carry out the real autumn campaign. But our preparations are reaching, if they have not already reached, a point that gives us cause for hopefulness and renewed endeavour.

The most significant event of the past few days has to do with the Navy, but it so profoundly affects military operations that I am compelled to refer to it here. A British fleet, reported to number forty vessels, bombarded Zeebrugge from the sea, and apparently retired in safety after doing its work.

Our Navy has been so successful in its campaign against submarines that we can operate ships at sea in enemy waters.

The New Campaign in Belgium

This move of our ships has caused wide speculation. Does it mean that we intend landing an expeditionary force along the Belgian coast and thus attacking the long line of German trenches from behind?

This was a plan widely discussed earlier in the war. It has obvious difficulties, but the gain if it could be successfully carried out, would be tremendous.

Our new aerial fleet could combine with the Navy in covering the landing and in preventing the upward movement of German reinforcements.

An attempt such as this would, of course, proceed along with an attack all along our Flanders front. The attempt to break through the German lines cannot be much longer delayed. It will be preceded by a long bombardment, possibly for forty-eight hours, of one or more sectors of the German defences.

The purpose of this bombardment is to shatter the formidable line of German machine-guns and destroy the wire entanglements.

German Defensive Thoroughness

There are at least four lines of German trenches immediately along the British front. Each of these is complete in itself, with its spiked pits, its wire entanglements, its machine-gun shelters, its arrangements for enfilading an attacking foe, and possibly also its poison-gas pipes and other still undiscovered means of defence.

It is not enough to win a small section of the trenches, for the advancing party at once becomes exposed to attack from either side, as well as from the front.

The Germans make use of thick armour plate freely, in building little hidden forts for machine-gun parties. The difficulties of an advance were well shown this summer during the French attack in the Argonne.

The problem is largely one of munitions. I need not refer to the problem of men, for with us there is no problem about the quality of our men. Given the chance, they will go in and do or die.

This is not rhetoric, but a cold, bald statement of fact. The difficulty has been this summer to restrain their impatience. The French advance in the Argonne failed because our Allies could not for weeks together maintain the heavy artillery fire necessary. Both France and ourselves ought now to be able to do this. We have waited four months for our hour of opportunity. Is it coming to us at last?

Germany's Lost Millions

A very extraordinary set of figures, issued with some authority, has been circulated concerning the armed strength and the losses of the Central Powers.

According to these, the forces in the enemy's fighting-lines number, on the west front 1,800,000 Germans, and on the east front 1,400,000 Germans and 1,250,000 Austrians.

There are in addition many more troops in garrison, guarding communications, and under training. Three-quarters of the German Grand Army at the beginning of the war have been rendered *hors de combat* through death, wounds, sickness, and other causes, hence three-quarters of the present fighting forces are reservists.

The losses of the Germans are given as 2,000,000. The total casualty lists of the Germans up to the end of June numbered 1,642,400.

During July and August there has been some of the heaviest fighting of the war, particularly in the Russian advance and in the campaign of the Crown Prince's army in the west. The losses here—not, of course, including Austrian losses—are reckoned at 500,000. Allowing for possible overstatement, the total German losses are placed at 2,000,000.

The Problem of Attrition

The publication of these figures—given with an authority which commands respect—has caused an outcry in various quarters. The German losses were thought to be much higher. For example, French official statements issued early in the year estimated the total German losses up to the middle of January at 1,800,000. My information supports, however, the British statement.

In mid-June, my estimate of the German losses up to that date was 1,750,000, a figure not far from the earlier printed estimate. The losses in the Russian campaign are, I believe, heavier than supposed, and the total attrition of the German forces from every cause—including sickness—cannot be far short of 3,000,000. The fact revealed by these returns is this: Our enemy is beginning to be faced with the problem of keeping up his effective strength.

Too much stress must not be placed upon the possibility of German supplies failing, except they fail through the growing difficulty of maintaining a large contraband traffic. From a military point of view, the placing of cotton in the contraband list is wholly beneficial, but it would be safe to presume that Germany has considerable supplies in reserve.

The German problem of munitions arose and was met late last autumn. Then the German troops found themselves seriously hampered by worn guns, and by old and bad shells, and by inadequate munitions. They faced the problem then, apparently successfully.

The Italian Campaign

The Italian campaign is not proceeding with the speed at one time hoped. The great barrier of the Alps still holds our ally back. Their progress, so far as it has gone, is satisfactory, but a glance at the map shows the little ground they have gained.

The Italians have proved their excellence in mountain warfare; but they are also demonstrating that the advance of a great army through the Alps can only be made at a snail's pace.

The investment of Tolmino is proceeding methodically and successfully. The Austrians have strengthened their Alpine front, and it is difficult for the Italians to bring their full strength to bear against them there.

The winter months will soon be here, magnifying the problems and difficulties of Alpine fighting enormously. Italy may well then face the question—some weeks ago deemed impossible—of moving one part of her army through the Western Alps by rail into France, and co-operating in the campaign in Alsace.

The Strength of Russia

The Russian people reveal their best qualities in hours of defeat; the Russian Army is seldom so fine as when renewing its attack after what should have been a fatal blow. The retreat from Galicia and Warsaw was magnificently carried out, and the Russians are still fighting.

The great marshes around Brest Litovsk, to which I have frequently referred in these notes, are now making themselves felt. They are hampering the movements of the Russians; but equally they are making the advance of the Germans far more difficult.

The Russian armies have, up to the time of writing, largely escaped from the German trap. They have lost heavily, almost incredibly heavily, both in men and in guns. They have done seemingly impossible feats of heroism. Infantrymen have held their place firm against heavy artillery, although themselves unprotected by guns.

If the Russian Army, helped by the coming winter, can keep the Germans back, all may yet be well.

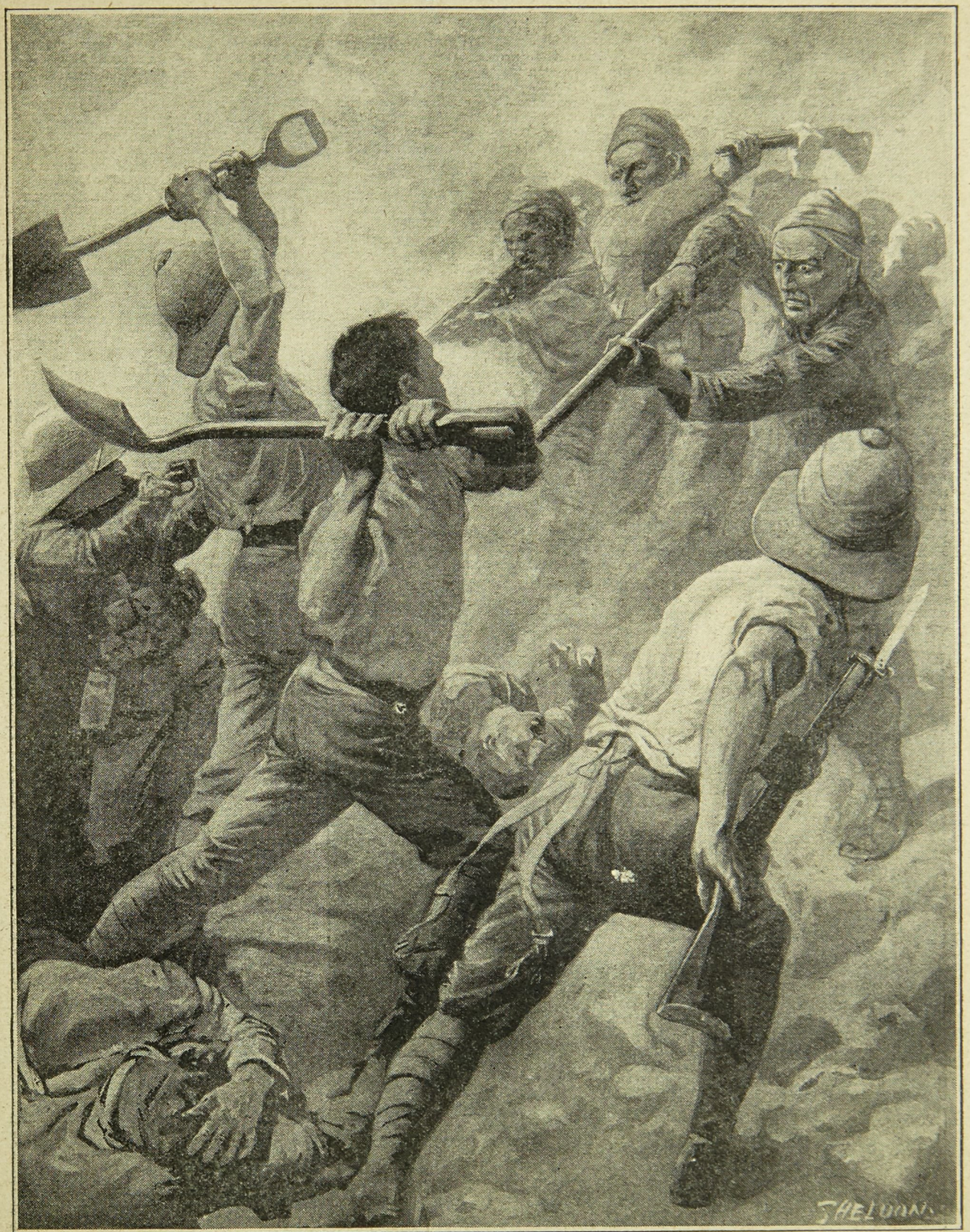
While the Russian soldier has shown his splendid valour, the war has shed a cruel light on the imperfections of bureaucracy. There is talk now of a National Cabinet, in which the great business men and the real men of affairs—as apart from the hide-bound officials—shall make themselves heard. Here lies the real hope of Russia.

The Turkish Campaign

Each day the news from the Dardanelles promises better. Our casualties are naturally heavy, but we are doing big things. Our increased forces are making themselves felt at point after point, and their repeated attacks are only the prelude to a much greater movement.

The Italian declaration of war against Turkey is the preliminary to active co-operation with us in this field. The Balkan States still waver, and Bulgaria for the moment seems inclined against us. The fact is that the longer the Balkan States can maintain their present half and half position, the more profitable it is for the great numbers of influential people within employed in trade and in intrigue. If they wait too long, they may find that they have played a dangerous game, and in seeking to make more than much have lost all.

Turks Routed in Surprise Attack on Suvla Bay



One of the greatest of British achievements was the recent landing on Suvla Bay, the latest operation in the Dardanelles. The attack in this quarter came as a complete surprise to the Turks, who, anticipating the movement on the Asiatic side of the Peninsula, fortified and made ready in vain. In spite of the surprise manœuvre, however, our soldiers encountered a vigorous resistance, and some frightful hand-to-hand fighting ensued. Time and again the Turks charged the new British positions. Rifles and hand-grenades were discharged at close quarters, but the enemy were eventually repulsed with terrible loss.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE operations in the Baltic will not have come as a surprise to the readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, who have been consistently told that it is in the Baltic that the German Fleet will be found at sea, and there will be found the maximum of targets for our submarines. Had there been the larger vision at the Admiralty prior to the war, at least twenty of our submarines would have followed the German fleet into the Baltic when it left the coast of Norway on July 29th, 1914. To have spared one-fifth of our submarine flotilla to the inland sea where it could contribute most to our own defence and to the cause of our Allies, would have been the soundest strategy.

German Naval Strategy

The start is everything in naval war, for ever after we must retrieve in painful effort, such as the loss of E13, what might at the start have been accomplished with ease. Still the effort must be made, and we will find targets enough right at the inside of the entrance to the Baltic, for the vital thing for Germany is to prevent British naval aid coming to that sea, when so much of Germany's military success on shore rests on her naval ascendancy safeguarding her military movements and supplies. We knew at the beginning of February that the German vessels patrolling in the Sound, at the Baltic entrance, had been increased from two to eight; that they examined all steamers.

Such operations as the Germans have attempted, from the time they appeared off the Gulf of Riga with transports of troops and a flotilla of mining trawlers, involve two further distant operations to the north and to the south, because there is the possibility of British naval interference from the south, and of a sortie of the Russian Fleet from the north in the Gulf of Finland. This latter includes six battleships, which can only be met by Dreadnoughts.

Hence apparently the simultaneous events connected with the sinking of E13 by German vessels to the south and of the great battle-cruiser Moltke to the north. The latter event is of the best augury for two reasons. It is not merely that Germany has sustained a great material loss, but she would not have employed the Moltke for what is at best scouting work if she had possessed adequate fast small cruisers of twenty-five knots and over. We believed she possessed as many as seven, and I am now inclined to doubt it. In any case a German fleet at sea in the Baltic is not a properly equipped fleet. Its essential cruiser work will have to be done as far as it can be done by the scouting of aircraft and destroyers. In other words, another fleet, with an adequate supply of fast cruisers, could always drive in the German outlying vessels and deprive their admiral of all means of getting information except by aircraft.

The Operations in the Gulf

Since August 8th the Germans have made persistent attacks on the Gulf of Riga, and on August 16th some of the ships succeeded in entering under cover of a fog. Two or three cruisers and seven or eight destroyers were lost in the operations, and some accounts say a submarine. The Russians only own to the loss of an insignificant gunboat which fought magnificently. On August 19th, the attempted landing by flat-bottomed boats was made at Pernau in the northern corner of the Gulf, from which the railways to Riga and Reval could be raided, and it resulted in absolute disaster. On August 21st the German ships were withdrawn, the primary operations against the shore having failed, and probably coal supplies were running low. It is to be expected that the Russians will re-lay the minefields, in the enforced absence of the German ships, ready for a fresh attempt of the enemy fleet to co-operate with the German armies during the seven weeks of activity that remain to them.

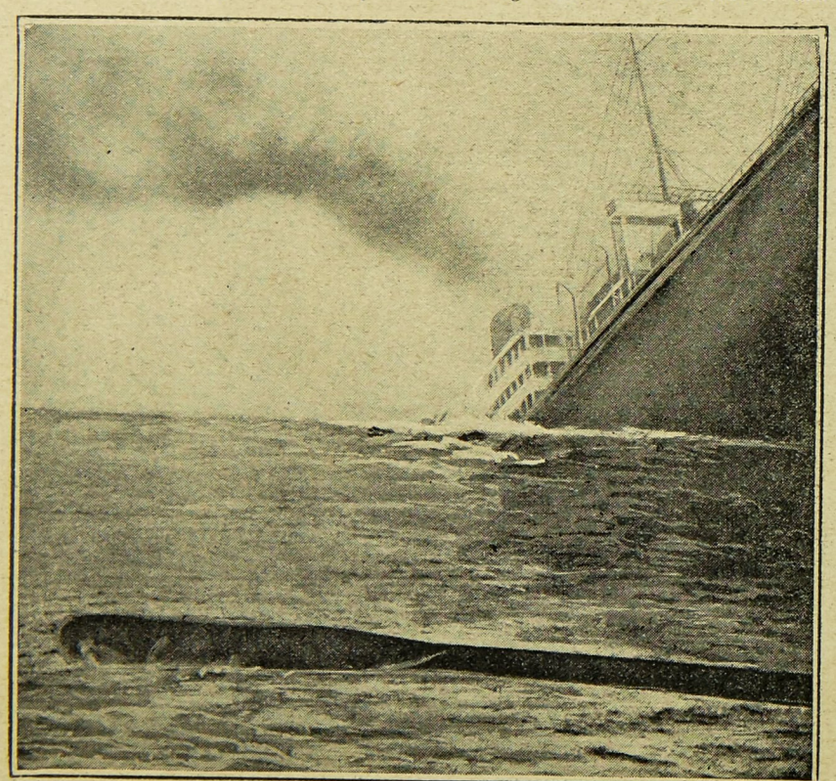
The Gulf of Riga

Imagine a gulf some ninety by sixty miles, with the entrance blocked to a large extent by two islands, sixty by thirty miles, and eleven by six to nine miles respectively, and the sea space left being mainly shoal water stretching from the shore. This sea space to the south, where the Germans operated, is some fifteen to twenty miles wide, but owing to the shoal water the channel is a very contracted one some four miles from the shore, and to a large extent dependent for safe navigation on the navigation marks, which have been removed. The northern channel, giving access to the Gulf of Finland, is shallow, contracted, and somewhat tortuous, but suitable for torpedo craft. It is easy to see that if this latter channel was so used by the Russians, while the other was well mined, the operations the Germans indulged in involved considerable risk, justified doubtless by the extreme necessities of the enemy to score successes within the next seven weeks.

About one hundred miles of coast line intervenes before we reach the inner southern corner where is the River Dwina and its harbours of Dunamond and the great Baltic port Riga, six miles up the river. So long as the Russian line can hold here, it rests on its narrowest front. If it were possible for the Germans to obtain these ports, and to keep them open after November by ice-breakers, they would afford splendid accommodation for transports. That, however, would only open up the larger question of safeguarding the transports in passing to and fro on the sea, a much larger one than our own over the shorter distance with the barrier of the Strait of Dover in between.

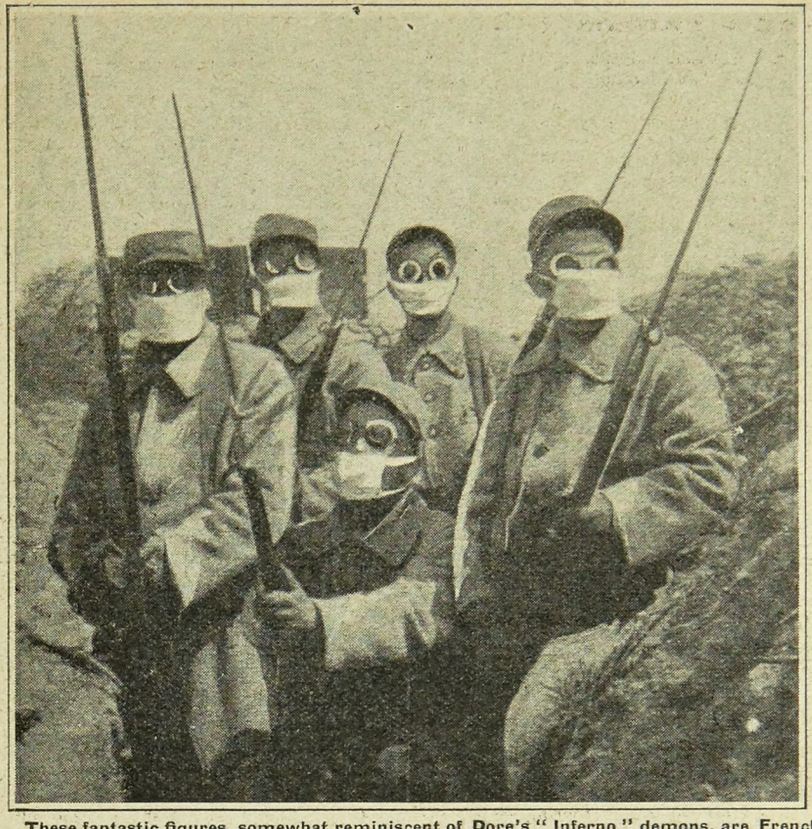
Skirting along the coast from this corner we find it trends for seventy miles north to the other corner of the gulf, where lies Pernau on the Pernau River, in railway communication with the naval port of Reval, and with Petrograd.

Only the idea of complete surprise could have commended the attempted landing to the higher German command. The landing does not appear to have been backed by the artillery of the ships, and it is evident that confusion attended the German plans, as has been foreseen in connection with their amphibious operations before now. German armies work like clockwork on shore, but, as in the Boxer Expedition, they have proved contemptible in their efforts oversea.

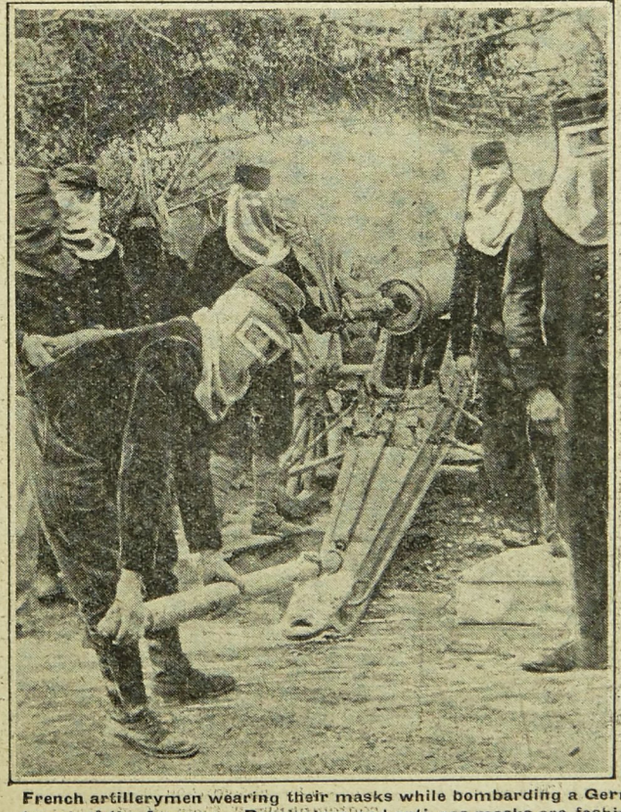


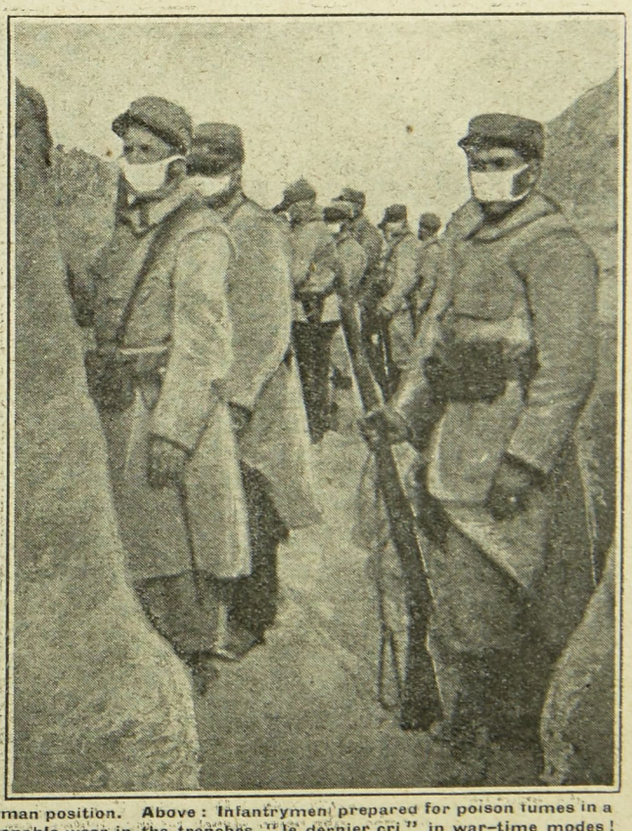
The death-plunge of the Arabic. This wonderful photograph was taken from one of the lifeboats a few moments before the great liner sank from sight—only six minutes after being struck by the pirate's torpedo.

French Soldiers Arrayed in Gargoyle Guise



These fantastic figures, somewhat reminiscent of Dore's "Inferno" demons, are French soldiers wearing anti-poison gas masks and respirators while expecting an attack under cover of a gas cloud. Right: A more elaborate head-dress to combat the death fumes.





French artillerymen wearing their masks while bombarding a German position. Above: Infantrymen prepared for poison fumes in a trench of the Argonne. Respirators and anti-gas masks are fashionable wear in the trenches, "le dernier cri" in war-time modes!

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

RECENT developments in Russia throw light on a state of affairs which has for several months been something of a mystery to those who have followed military aviation at all closely. Letters from men at the front, and even the reports of newspaper correspondents, have stated over and over again that since April, or even earlier, German aeroplanes have been decidedly scarce on the western front. During the autumn and winter German flying men outnumbered those of the Allies, and raids on Dunkirk and other towns were made by ten or a dozen German aeroplanes at once, but in the summer one heard that sometimes for days at a time not a single German flier would appear.

Unreasoning Optimism

Comparatively early in the war Sir John French stated in one of his historical despatches that the pilots of the Royal Flying Corps had established "a marked personal ascendancy" over those of the enemy. The phrase was a well-earned tribute to the little band of military fliers who practically saved the British Expeditionary Force at Mons and during the retreat to the Marne.

But, unfortunately, there are certain unreasoning optimists who believe that the way to encourage the people of this country is to persuade them that our men are having everything their own way. These optimists seem unable to realise that this is just the way to create slackness. The absence of German aircraft and Sir John French's phrase are used by them as proof that the Royal Flying Corps has driven the German fliers out of the air, and that we have won the command of the air as we have won the command of the sea. The result is that some think that we have all the aeroplanes and pilots we need.

As a matter of fact, the case is far otherwise, as those most concerned—the officers and men of the R.F.C.—very well know. The R.F.C. has done wonders with the material at its disposal, but it needs more and better machines, and still more pilots and mechanics—all of which and whom are being obtained as quickly as is possible at present.

The personal ascendancy of the pilots is literally personal. That is to say, man for man, on equally good aeroplanes, the British pilot is a better man than the German, but if he is on a slow or bad-climbing machine he cannot be expected to drive off a bigger, faster German machine carrying heavier arms.

The Vanished Taube

The big German "battle-aeroplanes," which have recently appeared on the western front, are certainly superior in climbing power and armament to the British machines. It is only a question of the Germans producing enough of them, and if they can do so they will have the mastery of the British pilots by sheer brute force, though not in skill.

But, I have yet to explain the indisputable absence of the earlier types of German aeroplanes, which our men are supposed to have driven from the air.

The old "Taube," or pigeon-type monoplanes, disappeared soon after the beginning of the war. There were not very many of them, and they were slow and climbed badly. Consequently they were replaced as soon as possible by the newer and far better "Aviatik" and "Albatross" biplanes. These biplanes were not very fast either, but they climbed astonishingly, and their engines seemed able to run for ever, for they were never brought down by defects in the engines. Yet these are the very machines that vanished so mysteriously in April.

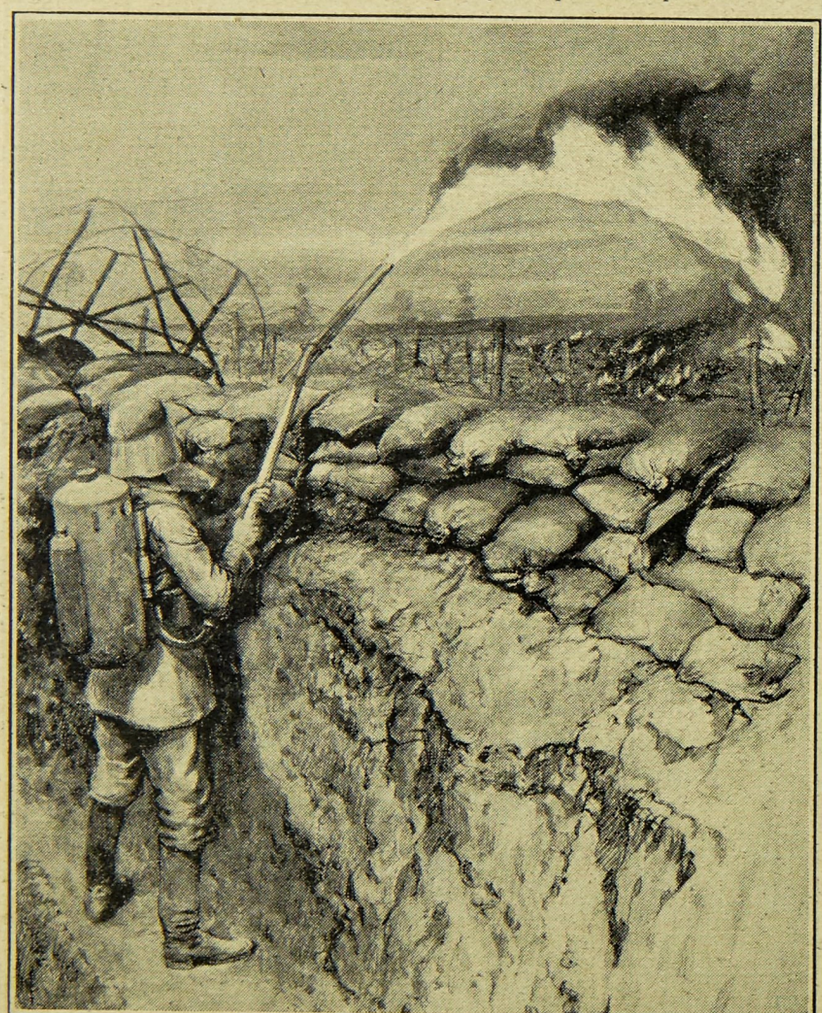
For the reason look at the movements of the Russian troops since then, and look at the fighting-line on the east front. The line extended from the Baltic, all down through Poland, and along to the Rumanian frontier. Now it has swept forward a little and has flattened out, but it still covers hundreds of miles.

The Air-Fleet Watching the Russians

When the Germans resolved on the great attack in Galicia, and massed troops for the forward movement, they had to have not merely a correspondingly great force of aeroplanes, but even an excessive number. Not only was the line itself long, but it was obviously necessary to patrol far behind it, so as to watch exactly the movements of all the Russians.

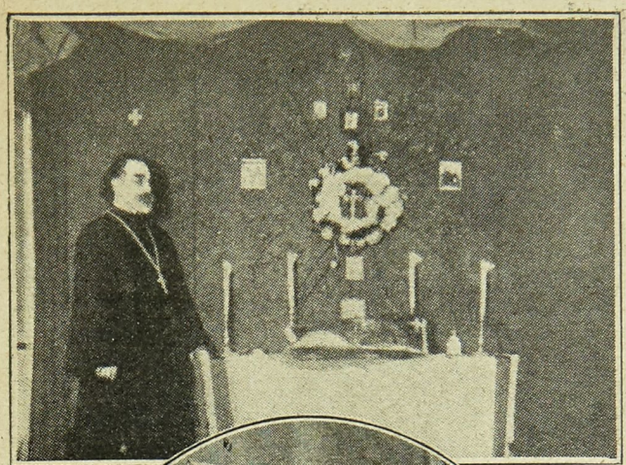
In Flanders thirty miles behind the German lines discloses all the main railways and roads and what is being done thereon. In Russia an air-scout may have to fly a hundred miles behind the German lines to get the same information, for in a land so sparsely provided with railways and roads, masses of troops cannot be handled quickly as in Flanders. Moreover, much of the country is heavily wooded, and thus affords cover to troops against the prying eye of the air-scout. Therefore, the pilots not only have to fly greater distances to get their information but work more closely together.

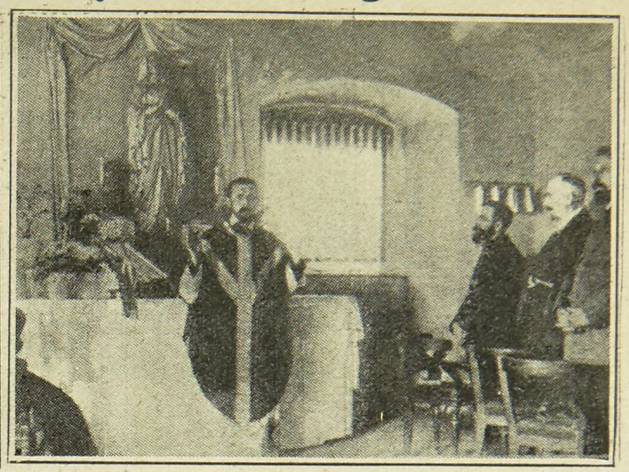
Thus one sees why it was necessary for the German High Command to take every available pilot and aeroplane away from the west front and send it to the east. The Germans, realising the deadlock produced by the present system of trench warfare, apparently calculated that a very few aeroplanes were enough to keep an eye on the French and British movements.



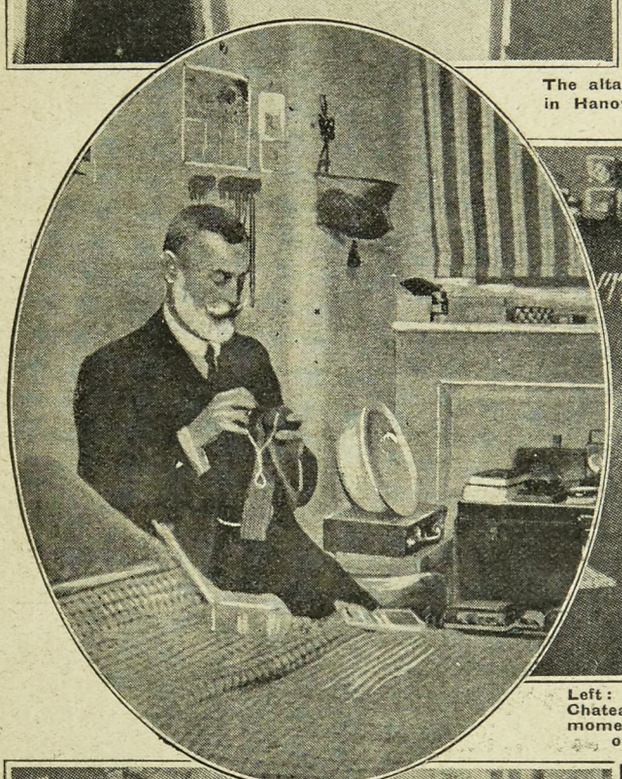
German "Flammenwerfer" (flame-projector) in action. The diabolical invention that caused a temporary British set-back at Hooge by spraying liquid fire on our trenches.

Allied Prisoners at Germany's 'Donington Hall'

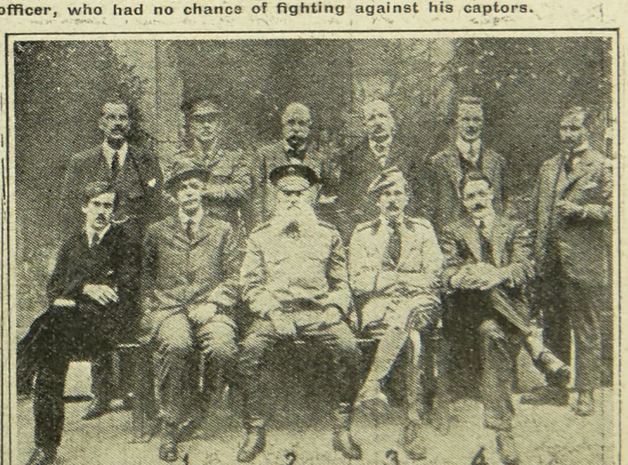




The altars of the Greek and Roman chapels at the Chateau de Celle, in Hanover, where a number of civil and military prisoners have been interned since the commencement of the war.

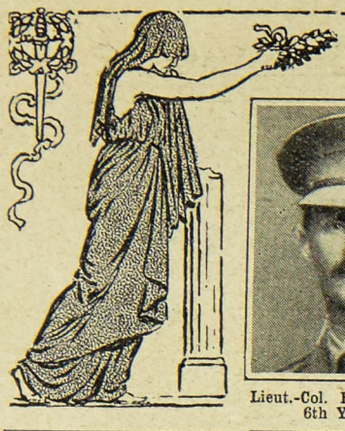


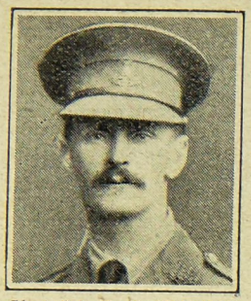
Left: An English colonel mending his socks in his room at the Chateau de Celle. This gentleman was detained in Germany the moment that war was declared. Above: General B——, a British officer, who had no chance of fighting against his captors.



Prisoners in the courtyard of the Chateau de Celle, Hanover. The Count de B—— conversing with a French priest from the Meuse district. Right: Group of allied prisoners of war at the Chateau—(1) General B——, a British officer; (2) Baron K——, a Russian general; (3) the Secretary to the Prince of Wied, ex-King of Albania; and (4) the Baron de K——, a Belgian nobleman.

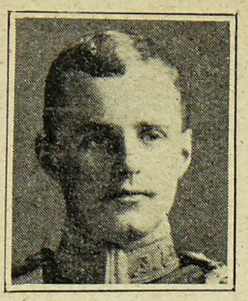
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead





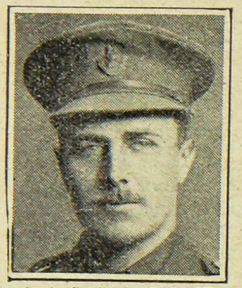
Lieut.-Col. E. H. CHAPMAN, 6th Yorks Regt.

Capt. A. A. C. TAYLOR, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



Capt. Sir JOHN E. FOWLER, Bart., 2nd Seaforth High'rs.

Capt. G. B. T. FRIEND, 6th The Buffs.



Capt. C. C. de FALLOT, 6th Loyal North Lancs.

Capt. ST. JOHN ADCOCK, 3rd Leinster Regt.

Assist.-Paymaster H. BILES, R.N.V.R., 2nd R.N. Division.

Lieut. J. H. ALLEN. 13th Worcester Regt.

Capt. C. P. GWYER, 1st The Welsh Regt.

Lieut. G. W. LYTTELTON TALBOT, 7th Rifle Brigade.

Capt. A. A. C. Taylor, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, obtained his commission in 1897. In the Boer War he served with the Mounted Infantry, was severely wounded, mentioned in despatches, and awarded the Queen's Medal with six clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps. He also saw service in 1903 at Aden.

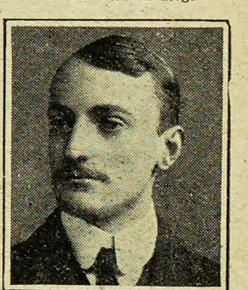
Capt. St. John Adcock, 3rd Leinster Regiment, attached to the 1st Loyal North Lancashire Regt., took part in the South African War in 1902. He served with the Imperial Yeomanry, and received the Queen's Medal with two clasps.

Capt. the Hon. E. W. M. M. Brabazon, D.S.O., 3rd Coldstream Guards, the youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Meath, received his commission in 1904. He was mentioned in despatches in December last, and awarded the D.S.O. In 1912 Capt. Brabazon married Dorothy Mary, daughter of Col. Horace Ricardo, C.V.O.

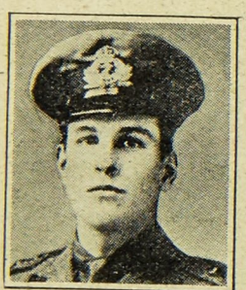
Lieut. Gilbert Walter Lyttelton Talbot, 7th Rifle Brigade, was the youngest son of the Bishop of Winchester and the Hon. Mrs. E. S. Talbot. Having started on a journey round the world, he returned immediately on the outbreak of war, and received a commission.

Lieut. G. Keith-Falconer Smith, Coldstream Guards, was the eldest son of Col. Granville and Lady Blanche Smith. In March, 1910, Lieut. Keith-Falconer Smith married Lady Kathleen Clements, youngest sister of the Earl of Leitrim.

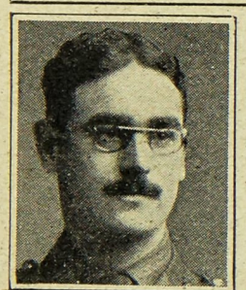
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *invites relatives of officers killed in action or dead from wounds to lend photographs, with brief biographical notes of these heroes, for inclusion in "Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead." Address:* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *Fleetway House, London, E.C.*



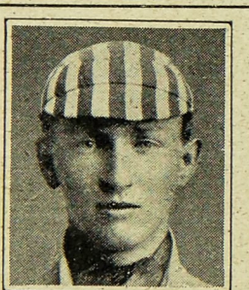
Capt. the Hon. E. W. M. M. BRABAZON, D.S.O., 3rd Coldstream Guards.



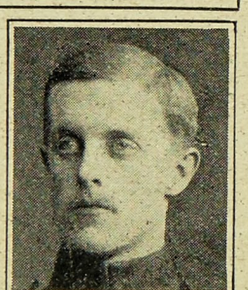
Sub.-Lieut. J. P. ROBLEY, R.N.V.R., Nelson Batt., R.N.D.



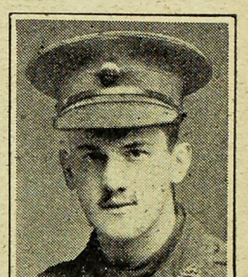
Lieut. C. H. OSBORNE, 9th Lancashire Fusiliers.



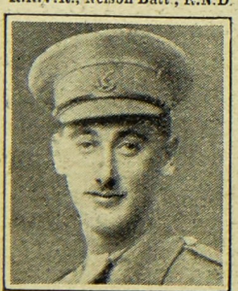
Lieut. H. N. L. RENTON, 9th King's Royal Rifles.



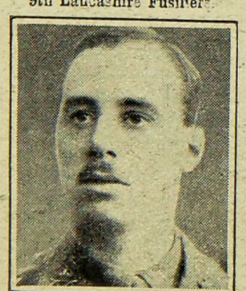
Lieut. G. K.-F. SMITH, 1st Coldstream Guards.



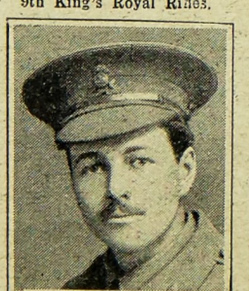
Sec.-Lt. A. G. E. BOURCHIER, 2nd Royal Berks Regt.



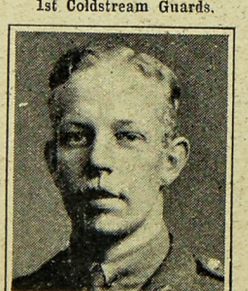
Sec.-Lieut. H. E. VOYCE, 4th Worcestershire Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. G. A. D. LEWIS, 1st Royal Warwick Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. D. HOOK, 9th Lancashire Fusiliers.

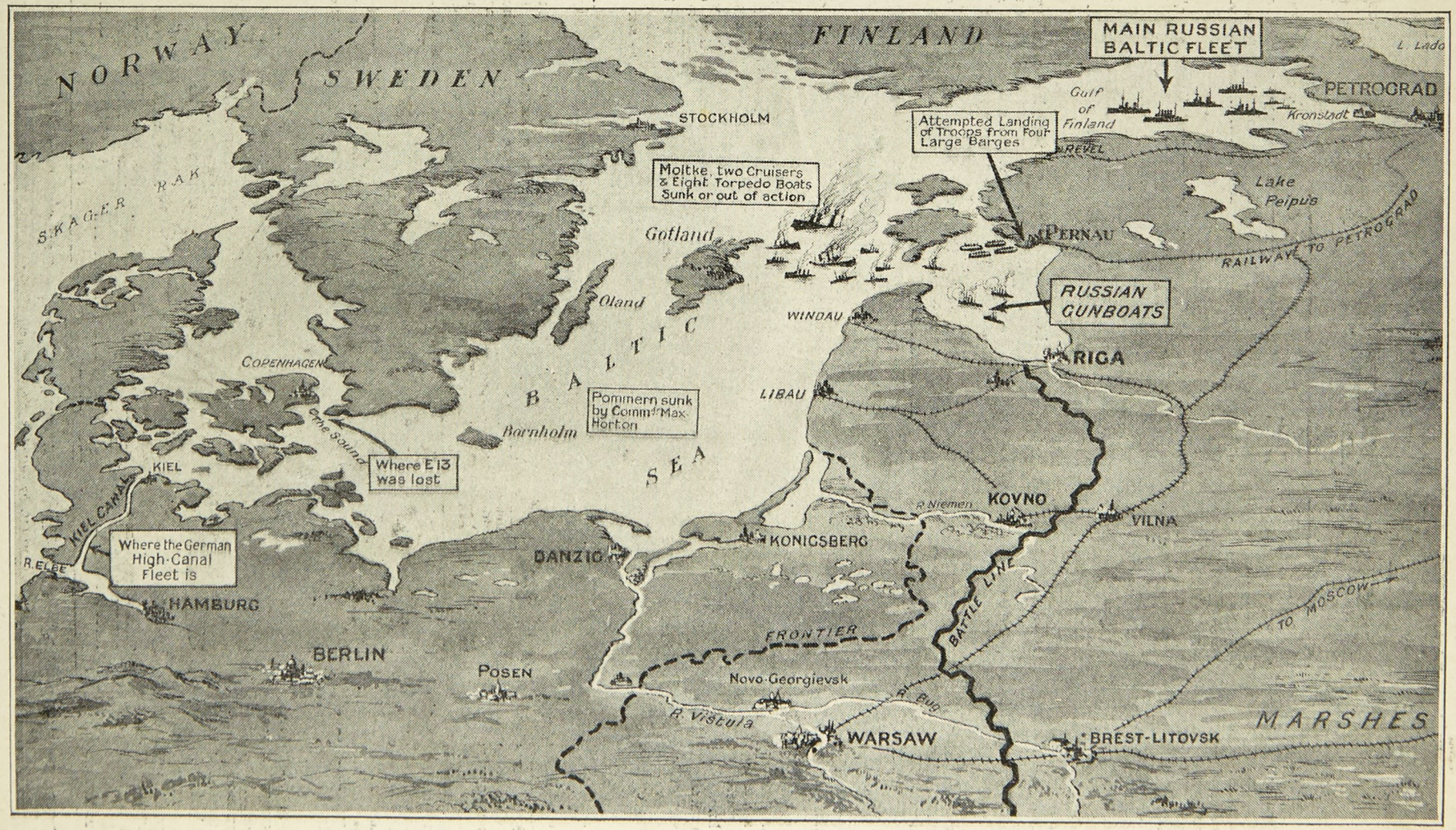


Sec.-Lieut. C. W. BANISTER, 4th Royal Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. A. R. GRIFFITHS, Royal Field Artillery.

(Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Swaine, Bassano.)

Map Indicating the Position of the Allied Naval Victory in the Baltic



It was announced on August 23rd that a German fleet, escorting transports and barges of troops, entered the Gulf of Riga, and an effort was made to reinforce Hindenburg's army, which resulted in a complete fiasco. The Russian Navy with great skill defeated this superior force, two German cruisers and eight torpedo-boats being sunk or put out of action. The Moltke, or a similar powerful battle-cruiser, was disposed of by a British submarine. The localities of the sinking of the Pommern by Commander Max Horton in a recent engagement and the stranding of the ill-fated E13 are also shown in the map.

The Personal Side of the War

By the Editor

I HAVE just had a striking example of what may be called the personal interest of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. I received a letter, in which the writer, a lady, says: "*You will be interested to know that the other day my children were looking over a bound volume of* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *lent them by a friend, when suddenly one of them said, 'There's father!' I looked also, and sure enough, in a photograph of a small column of troops marching somewhere in France, my husband was to be seen as plain as could be. I am now taking in* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *every week. Perhaps we may see my husband again in its pages, and anyway, it will be a splendid storehouse of war pictures for him when he returns to fight his battles over again in the peace of his own home.*"

AS A MATTER of fact, this is far from being the only case where friends and relatives have been identified in WAR ILLUSTRATED photographs. Again and again we have received letters from readers expressing intense delight at having found fathers, sons, brothers, fiancés, and chums in our illustrations of troops on the march, at railway-stations, and in the trenches.

A VERY notable case was the photograph we published many months ago of the London Scottish resting at a wayside station, en route for the firing-line. The photograph was an exceptionally good one, and the faces of the members of this famous corps stood out with singular clearness. As most of them were young men engaged in business in London, they naturally had hosts of friends who were not slow to recognise and identify the "lads in hodden grey," many of whom, alas! were destined to fall a week or two later in the tragic affair at Messines.

ALL THIS goes to show that THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, when bound up in volume form, will in the years to come be for many a treasure-house of personal memories, in addition to being a national pictorial record of the Great War. My correspondent, whose letter I quoted above, speaks of her husband fighting his battles over again when the war is a thing of the past. THE WAR ILLUSTRATED reproduces, with the unerring accuracy of the camera, the scenes of these battles in France, in Flanders, in the Dardanelles, in far-off Africa, on the sea, and in the air.

YES, THE camera has immortalised for all time these historic scenes, and in the days when the actors in these mighty dramas have become but shadowy memories, future generations will be able to point to the trench which the Blankshires held against fearful odds, or the traverse where "my grandfather won the V.C."

THE LONGER I am connected with THE WAR ILLUSTRATED the more am I convinced of its enduring value. I am glad to say that the advice I have given readers to have their copies bound has been widely acted upon. I have received very many letters thanking me for the suggestion, and most of the writers emphasise the fact that seeing THE WAR ILLUSTRATED in volumes gives new interest to the publication, an interest which they had hardly realised when they saw it only as a weekly periodical.

This shows back numbers of "The War Illustrated" converted into handsome volumes of permanent interest by means of the publishers' registered binding cases.

GREAT SATISFACTION is expressed with the registered binding cases supplied by the publishers, and some wonder at the low price at which they can be obtained. Certainly 1s. 6d. is a very small sum to pay for something which transforms twenty-six back numbers into a handsome volume worthy of a place in the finest library. For an equally trifling sum it is possible to arrange for the trimming and binding of the copies into the cases. This can usually be arranged by the newsagent who supplies the cases. We cannot undertake such work ourselves.

JUST ONE word more. A feature of the registered cases supplied by the publishers is the fine coloured portrait of Sir John French, from an original by his own son, which is given away with each case, together with an artistic title-page and a beautifully printed list of contents. See that you get these along with the case, and get it at once. Now is the time. The second volume has only just been completed.

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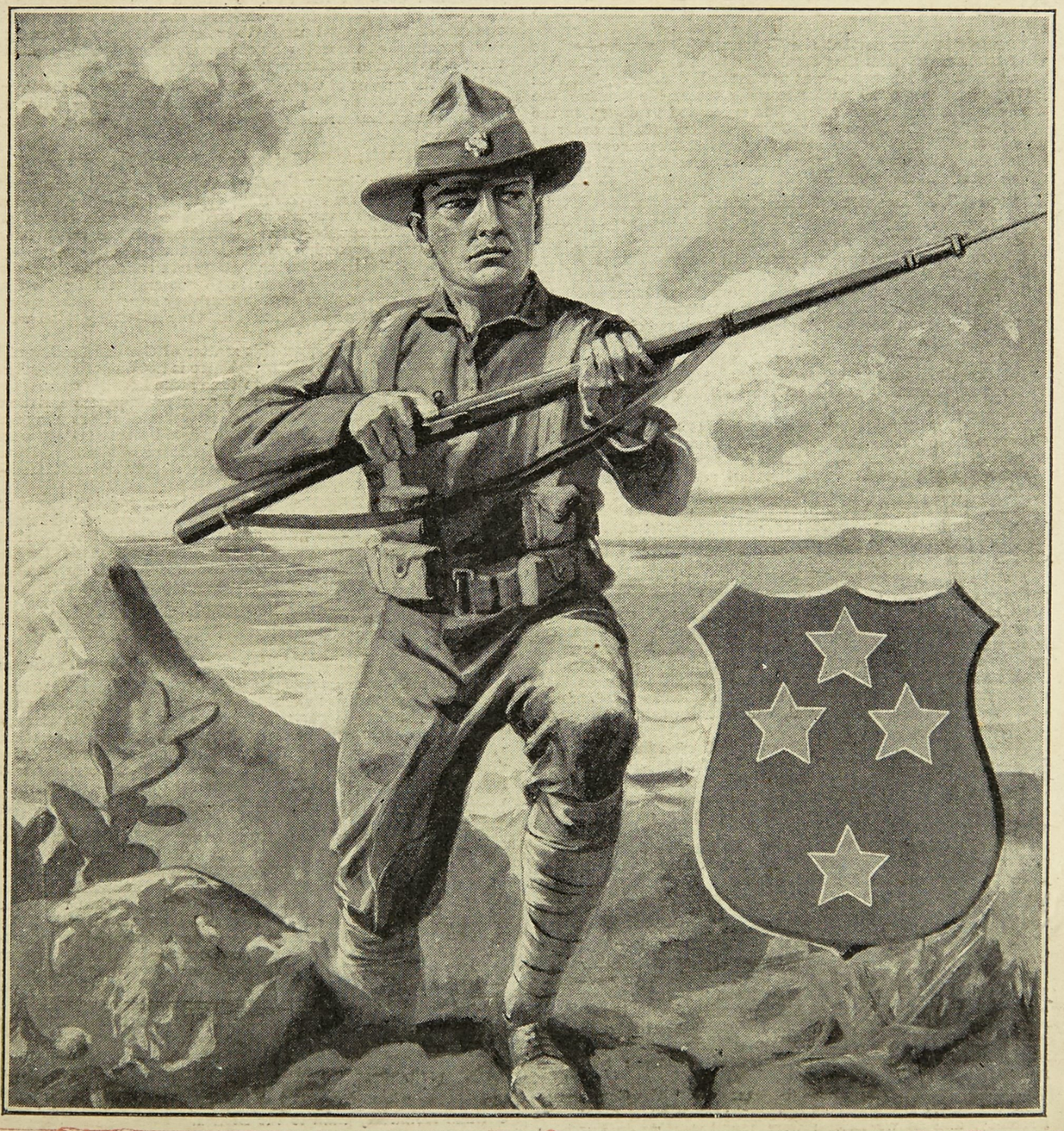
"The Secret Decision of the Tsar" See pages 74-76

The War Illustrated

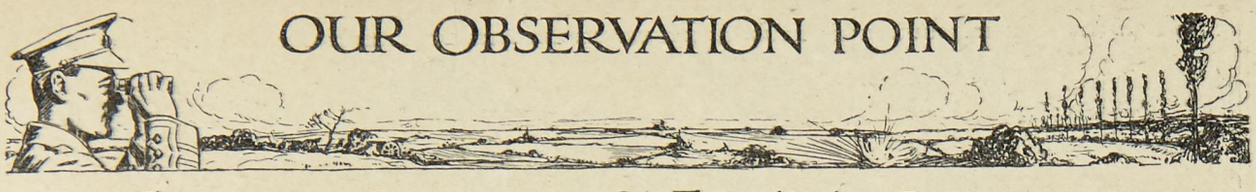
2d. Weekly



Vol. 3

Young Lions of the Old Empire. No. 4.—New Zealand

No. 56



German Liars and English Listeners

ONE of the most interesting documents published in the war has, curiously enough, taken the form of a letter written to an unnamed correspondent by Mr. Balfour, the First Lord of the Admiralty. Published a few days ago, with that admirable clarity of phrase and directness of reasoning for which the right honourable gentleman is famous, it contrasted the true facts of one of the many Zeppelin raids on England with the German official version. So utterly at variance were the two accounts that, as Mr. Balfour observed, "the historian would never guess they related to the same airship raid."

It is fair to suppose that the German official version—which went so far as to claim that bombs had been dropped on British warships in the Thames!—was not entirely dishonest, but that its ludicrous inaccuracies were to some extent the result of the raiders not knowing what they had succeeded in doing, as the great height from which they timorously operate, in order to be safe from the attentions of our anti-aircraft service, makes it difficult, if not impossible, for them to form any just opinion of the results of their handiwork.

Reasons for Germany's Official Lies

At the same time, it is equally fair to assume that the German account contained a large proportion of deliberate misstatements, made in the hope of accomplishing two things. First, to please the German public with news of more anti-English "frightfulness"; and second, to draw forth some sort of official denial from England which might enable them to know what they had really achieved. Doubtless it accomplished the first of these objects. It most certainly failed of the second, and Mr. Balfour clearly demonstrated the wisdom of making no official statement which would enable the German raiders to form any accurate notion of the localities over which they had operated.

A few days previous to Mr. Balfour's letter the German Government had treated us to a still more noteworthy example of official lying. The whole stirring story of how an inferior Russian fleet in the Gulf of Riga had put a German fleet to flight and inflicted on it very severe losses, while somewhere in the Baltic a British submarine had succeeded in destroying the German battle-cruiser Moltke, or some vessel of that class, was, after several days of ominous silence on the part of the German authorities, denied in every detail.

No sensible person having studied all the accounts of the action in the Gulf of Riga, the official announcements from Russia, and the statements made in the Duma, can possibly remain in doubt that a very severe and unexpected reverse had been inflicted upon Germany, even if in some details none of the reports was strictly correct. But after due consideration the Kaiser's minions realised that it was necessary to hoodwink their countrymen as to the seriousness of the affair, and that this could only be done by a total denial, which, accordingly, they had the fortitude to make.

On this occasion, however, they proved even inept at lying, as they stated that the only vessels that had been sunk in the Gulf of Riga were certain boats which the German fleet had purposely sunk at the entrance of the gulf in order to block it up. Yet they did not deny that the objective of the German fleet in the Baltic at that time was an attack on Riga and Pernau, and no procedure could be more absurd than to sink vessels in order to prevent the German fleet from entering the Gulf of Riga to carry out its military objective!

The Renaissance of Lying

Many years ago a certain English author became famous by writing an article in one of the reviews on "The Decay of Lying." There is an opportunity to-day for some author to make a careful study of the lies that have flooded the world since August of last year, and to produce a bulky volume on "The Renaissance of Lying." The liar is really a military necessity in these days, and war has never been conducted without his activity. Napoleon, the great examplar of modern warfare, made free use of falsification for military ends, and with Bismarck lying was raised to a fine art.

Nor is it easy to feel entirely indignant with the Germans in their innumerable campaigns of lies. Deception is a military necessity, and as we British were found wanting in our high explosives, it might with some reason be complained that we have also failed somewhat in the art of lying—for purely military purposes, be it remembered!

It is an established article of the German creed that lies must be told even by a minister of the Gospel, if these lies will help forward the national cause either from a military or a political point of view. And, after all, politics impinge so considerably on military movements to-day that it is not always easy to distinguish between the two. If, by a systematic course of organised lying, the German war-lords can delude their gullible and criminally disposed people to believe that the victories they were promised at the outbreak of war are being steadily realised, there is no good argument against such methods.

From their point of view, they are doing the only right thing, and from our point of view we can only hope that they will make as many blunders in their lying as they have made in their strategy.

Rumours Born of German Lies

While we may dismiss the German falsehoods with contempt, and make a practice of doubting every official statement that emanates from Germany, there is no doubt that their campaigns of lies in neutral countries have a distinct political, and eventually military, value, and, from the German point of view, are well "worth while." If, for instance, they can succeed in deceiving a large body of public opinion in Greece and in Bulgaria that they are going to win the war, just as they successfully deceived the Turks, it cannot be denied that they are doing good work for themselves.

But coming nearer home, this matter of German lies has still more immediate interest for us. There is not one of my readers who has not heard from time to time some horrible rumours of the defeats we are suffering, and as a consequence has been made miserable for days, until time proved that the rumour was only another of the many lies we have heard since the days when it was whispered from lip to lip that whole regiments, and particularly the Black Watch, had been utterly exterminated—before they had really come into action!

At a very early stage of the war, stories were told of how Admiral Jellicoe had gone down with the Iron Duke, and I know not what other dreadful losses our Navy had suffered. More recently rumours of the appalling holocausts caused by the Zeppelins have been flitting about, although we know, on the most substantial authority in England, that the sum total of the damage caused by all the Zeppelin raids which have yet taken place is far less in extent than lying reports have represented the results of one single raid on the town of ——.

Britons Who Play the German Game

All these sinister rumours to which I refer, and which need not be more specifically indicated, have most likely originated with German liars in our midst. I do not blame the German liar, for he is but remaining true to type, discharging his natural rôle; but I do blame the British men and women who give ear to these tales of horror. The Englishman who tells another with bated breath of the appalling catastrophe at ——, concerning which not one word has appeared in the British Press, is playing the German game.

As I have said, we British may have failed in this war-time art of lying, and by refraining from making any public statement where an announcement could not be made without placing valuable information in the hands of the enemy, we have opened the door to Rumour. We may have chosen the lesser of two evils, or we may have chosen the greater; but on the whole I think it better accords with our national character to preserve silence when facts cannot be stated, than to issue an entirely false announcement such as the Germans would do in similar case. And from the military point of view, a policy of silence, such as we have preserved in the matter of our successes against the German submarines, is a good deal better than a falsified statement. The German Admiralty know too well what they have lost in the matter of submarines, but they would like to know where and how their losses occurred; and without this knowledge, their frame of mind is such that I venture to suggest the "submarine terror" to-day is more a terror to the German Admiralty than to the British.

J. A. HAMMERTON

THE WAR Illustrated

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11th September, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

GUIDING RUSSIA IN HER HOUR OF TRIAL.—It is not generally known that the Tsar plays almost as great an active part in Russia's Holy War against the Central Empires as does King Albert with his valiant Army on the western front. In spite of serious military reverses, and a skilful, far-reaching German political intrigue to detach Russia from her Allies in the west and win her over to the ideal of Prussian autocracy, the Emperor of Russia has steadfastly remained loyal to France and Britain. In various ways his Majesty has fostered the nascent spirit of freedom and democracy for his Empire, and demonstrated a will to fight till victory is won, thereby dashing all German hopes of a separate peace. This exceptionally striking picture shows the Tsar with the Grand Duke Nicholas and some of his Staff, anxiously studying the critical situation from the map, at headquarters in the field.

THE SECRET DECISION OF THE TSAR

An Engrossing Chapter in the Unwritten History of Russia's War-Time Politics

One of the most perplexing things for the British reader to-day is to arrive at a true understanding of the real temper of Russia—the Russia that counts, not the semi-Germanised factions who are endeavouring to stir up undercurrents of opinion against Great Britain. This extremely interesting contribution endeavours to put WAR ILLUSTRATED *readers in possession of important and reassuring political knowledge on the subject, gathered at first hand in Russia and transmitted to us*

By a Neutral Correspondent

IT is barely two weeks since I returned from Russia, after making a long tour for purely business purposes through all the trade centres. I first found many Russian business men in a condition of gloom, owing to the rumours of continual disasters to the Army and the alleged possibility of the Government making terms of peace with the Germans. The terms were apparently to be generous, But this did not lighten in any way the shadow overhanging the urban middle-class element in European Russia.

I did not come much into contact with the peasant folk, and I cannot profess to interpret at first hand their sentiments. They are an illiterate and inarticulate lot, especially the Great Russians, who still hold to the primitive socialistic system of village communities. But I was told that the Russian peasant had, almost for the first time in Russian history, ranged himself alongside the townsman, this being especially the case throughout the rich agricultural region that exports its produce through the Black Sea ports. It was generally felt that if Russia came to terms with Germany in order to avoid a longer retreat, Russia was doomed to impotence for a hundred years.

Democracy as the Saviour of Russia

As I understood the position of affairs, the Russian bureaucracy was supposed to have lost its nerve, and some of the principal members of the Council of Empire had become apprehensive. There had been very serious troubles about the problem of munitions, leading to something like a struggle for future political power between the reactionary element in the bureaucracy and the leaders of the manufacturing classes. So long as the Russian armies in Galicia more than held their own and continued their progress into the Hungarian plain, the reactionaries had flourished. In spite of the Grand Duke's promises to Poland, the bureaucrats had been pretty severe towards the Poles, and somewhat more than harsh towards the Uniate Church of Galicia. But when it was seen that all this bureaucratic tyranny was combined with an inefficient management of the materials of war the articulate educated Russian class began to look to a more democratic form of government as a means of saving Russia.

I dare say you know the result of this sudden explosion of opinion in all the towns and cities of Russia. Even the Minister of War, General Sukhomlinoff, went out of office, because (so it was said) of his opposition to the Duma and the new programme of free government. If only Ivanoff with the southern armies, and Alexieff with the central armies, had done as well as Russky did with the Petrograd army in Courland, and held up the German advance last July, we might have seen Russia emerge victorious from the war, with a strong Parliamentary form of government. But before there was time for the new organisers of munitions to get to work, Hindenburg and Mackensen between them had dealt another severe blow to Alexieff's and Ivanoff's troops.

I understand you thought at the time in England that the Germans would entrench on the Vistula after the fall of Warsaw, and then swing back with a million men towards the west. But the Kaiser was playing a far larger game than this. He was downright frightened at the unexpected turn in Russian politics. Where would the Prussian bureaucracy be after the war with a free-governing Russia on the one side and the great democracies of Western Europe on the other side? It was the deep, quiet Russian revolution that first made the Kaiser tremble for himself and his race. It was mainly by his influence, exerted through the German barons of the Russian Baltic provinces, that the Russian system of Parliamentary politics, inaugurated after the Manchurian war, had been destroyed by much bloodshed and terrorisation. Kaiser Wilhelm had always regarded, as former Prussian kings had done, the neighbouring bureaucratic Empire of Russia as the outwork of the more efficient Prussian system of bureaucracy.

The resurrection of the Duma and the overthrow of all the leaders of reaction in the Russian Council of Empire terrified the Kaiser more than another defeat on the Warsaw front would have done. He, therefore, abandoned all his immediate plans against France and Italy, and used every available soldier against the Russians, massing nearly four million men against them. His design was to teach the Russian people that the more democratic system which they were developing would prove an even more disastrous means of carrying on the war than their old slack, half-Germanised system of bureaucracy.

And, at the same time, as he strove with all his might to inflict a staggering disaster upon Alexieff's forces between the Narew and the Vistula, the Kaiser offered clear, definite, and generous terms of peace to the Tsar. His proposal was of an absolutely extraordinary nature, having regard to the military circumstances of the two empires. Russia was to take European Turkey, with Constantinople and the Dardanelles, on condition that she completely re-established her bureaucratic system and entered into a league with Germany against the western democracies of Europe. The main idea was another league of the three Emperors—German, Austrian, and Russian—for the salvation of the world from mob-rule.

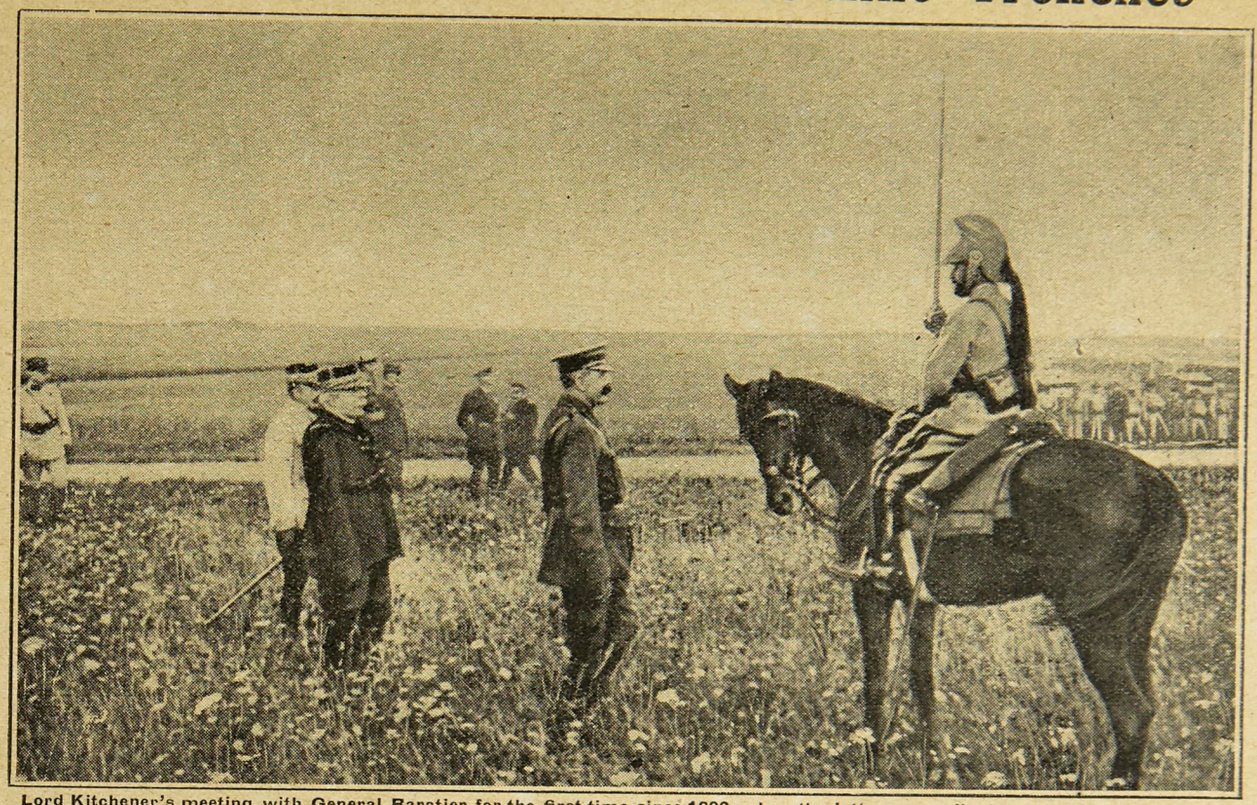
The Intrigue for a Separate Peace

A strong appeal was made through the Russian party of reaction, and during my first week in Russia it was actually thought in some business circles that peace might be made on the German Emperor's conditions. The Tsar went to the front and held a Council of the Empire with the Grand Duke Nicholas and the leading generals and Ministers of State. For some time no one knew what decision had been arrived it, but the air was thick with disturbing rumours.

I consider that your brilliant submarine officer, Commander Horton, did a fine stroke for his country when he sank the German battleship Pommern at the beginning of last July. This unexpected display of British naval power during the first battle for Riga brought home to the average Russian the value of the fighting alliance with Britain. Horton was worth as much to you at that moment as Sturdee or Jellicoe. He torpedoed the Kaiser's plan as well as his battleship.

Of course, I do not say that the success of the British submarines in the Baltic had anything to do with the decision at which the Tsar arrived. But I can say from knowledge that, when the long arm of Britannia appeared off the Gulf of Riga as well as at the entrance of the Dardanelles, the Russian people, after eleven months of war, began at last to appreciate the value of having the main sea Power of the world on their side. You must remember that the Russians are practically all landsmen, with nearly all their forces engaged in land battles. They grow ample food for themselves, and but for a series of misfortunes they

Lord Kitchener in the First-Line Trenches



Lord Kitchener's meeting with General Baratier for the first time since 1898, when the latter was a lieutenant with Commandant Marchand's force which occupied Fashoda, on the west bank of the Upper Nile. The French occupation of Fashoda, seventeen years ago, caused great tension between Britain and France. Behind the War Minister are General Joffre and General de Langle de Cary.

Lord Kitchener in a trench, watching the effect of French shells on a German position, during his visit to the French and British lines in North-Eastern France on August 16th–19th. He was accompanied by General Joffre, M. Millerand (the French War Minister), and by other British and French Generals. At one point Lord Kitchener was only two hundred yards from the German trenches.

SECRET DECISION OF THE TSAR

(Continued from page 74.)

might fully have munitioned themselves. Moreover, when you and the French failed to break the German line round Lille, they began to lose all hope of any help coming to them from the west.

If this feeling of hopelessness had continued all through the summer, the Russian Liberal Party might have been partly won over and partly daunted by the pro-German party in the bureaucracy. For though the Tsar and the Grand Duke Nicholas rejected the Kaiser's terms of peace, this did not put an end to the intrigues of the Germans. The enemy seemed to have agents everywhere, and they worked quite as hard as the German armies in the field. But when the faith of the Russian Liberal Party in the ultimate issue of the struggle had been renewed, there was a pleasant change in the mental atmosphere. Gloomy business men, who had looked forward to being shackled by their bureaucracy, weighed down by heavy war taxes, and ruined by the free import of German manufactures, began to prospect on the bright side of affairs. The mere idea of the re-establishment of free government in Russia had brought the Kaiser to his knees. So it was a new weapon against the enemy as well as an immediately useful means of organising war industry which the bureaucrats had muddled. The German Socialists had been led into the war by their fear of Russian despotism. A free Russia might loosen the bonds between German Socialism and German militarism.

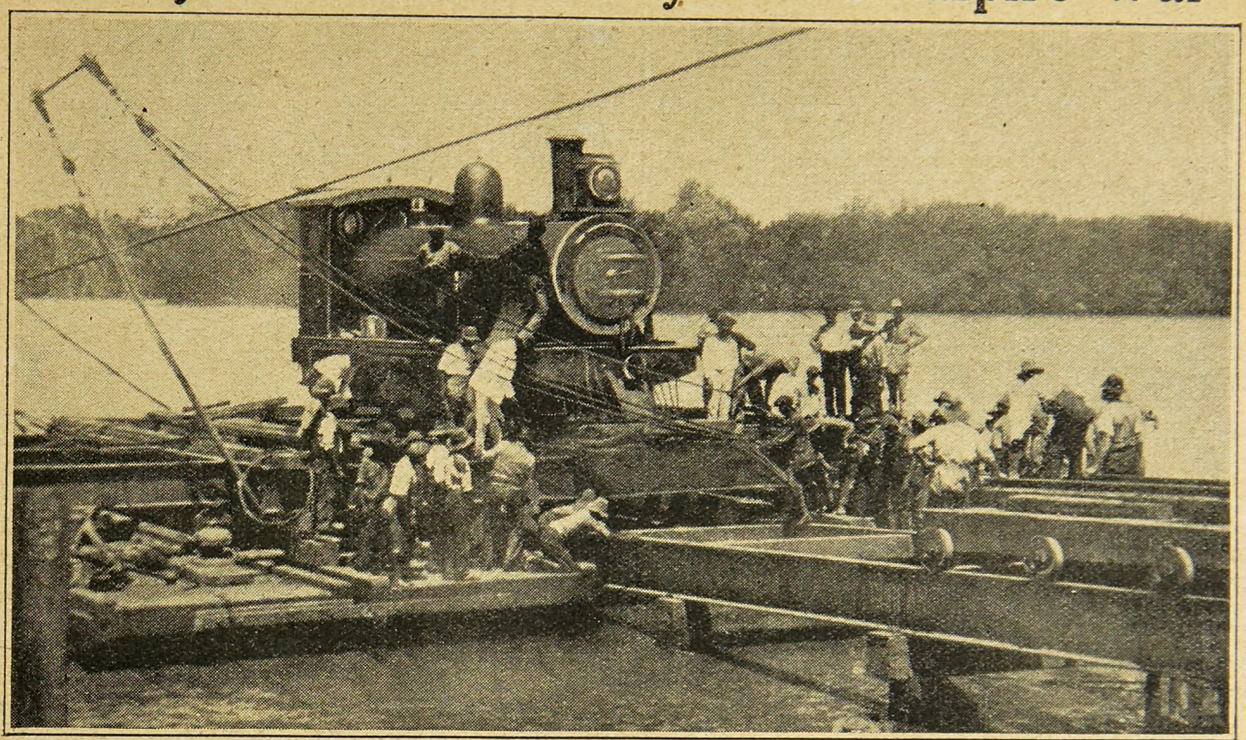
Then it was pointed out to me that the generosity of the Kaiser's terms of peace merely masked one of the most cunning political plots in history. What would a beaten, retreating Russia, apparently saved from destruction at the last moment by the generosity of her conqueror, have been worth in the world, with her military prestige destroyed and her faith with her Allies broken? She would only have been a vassal State of the Empire of the Hohenzollerns; and even as a vassal State she would have ranked second to Austria, who had helped to defeat her.

I am inclined to believe it was this consideration that led the Tsar to his great decision. How could a Romanoff face his people with an upstart Hohenzollern standing behind him and controlling him? It was because Napoleon had tried by a similar offer to a Romanoff, of peace with defeat, that Moscow had been burned and Europe freed from dominion by a single Power. Thus inspired by his great ancestor, Nicholas II., with the approval of the Grand Duke Nicholas, ordered his armies to carry on their great fighting retreat, while the President of the Duma organised the production of larger munitions.

In my opinion, the Tsar is one of those highly-strung men who either break down suddenly or maintain a peculiar intensity of determination. Tempered by disaster, he will show himself a peer to Albert of Belgium.

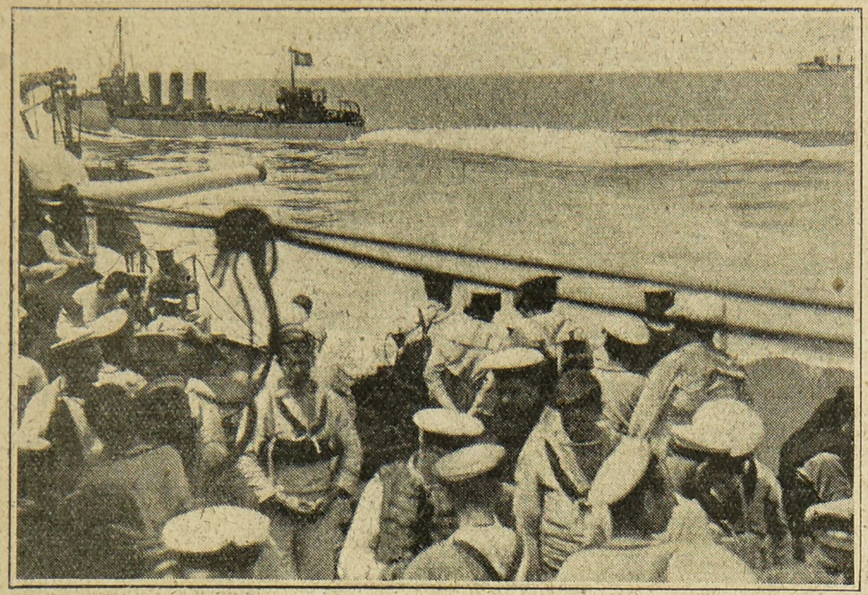
"IN THE MIDST OF DEATH."—This amazing photograph gives the best idea yet recorded of a shell exploding in a trench. The three men have been caught by the projectile. One has thrown himself down in an effort to avoid the terrible consequence of flying splinters, the others have been knocked over perhaps never to rise again. The photographer was but thirty yards away.

Handy-men of the Army in the Empire War

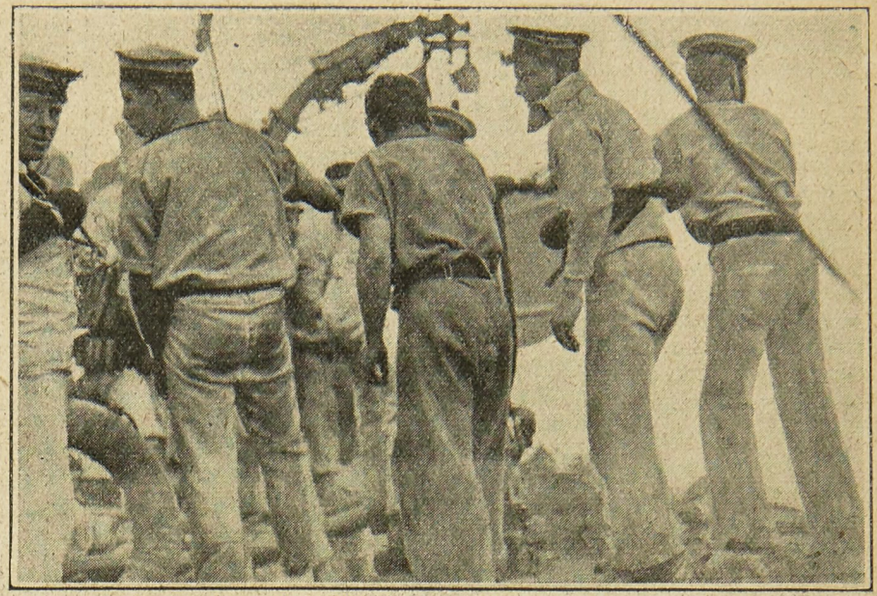


Colonial engineers pontooning a locomotive over the Orange River during the Empire's recent campaign in South Africa. This immense undertaking was made still more difficult by the fact that the river was in flood at the time.

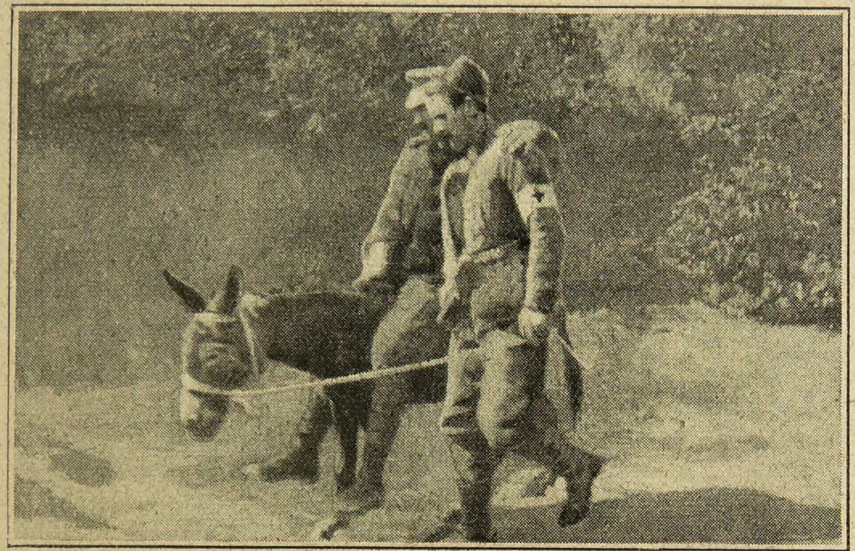
Motor-cycle despatch carriers of the Royal Engineers on the shores of Gallipoli. In the background are some Turkish prisoners behind barbed-wire, and to the right is one of the large searchlights which are used to make war "as usual" at night-time.



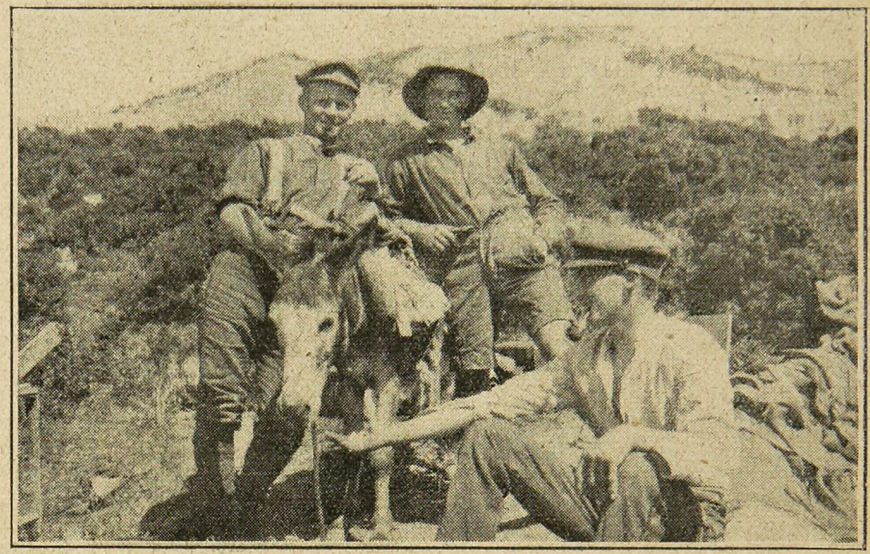
Scene from a British cruiser in the Dardanelles. A French destroyer escort having "spotted" an enemy submarine, goes after it "full bore."



A moment of tense excitement. With an enemy submarine in the offing, British bluejackets make ready for any emergency. Two have donned lifebelts, while others approach the boats.

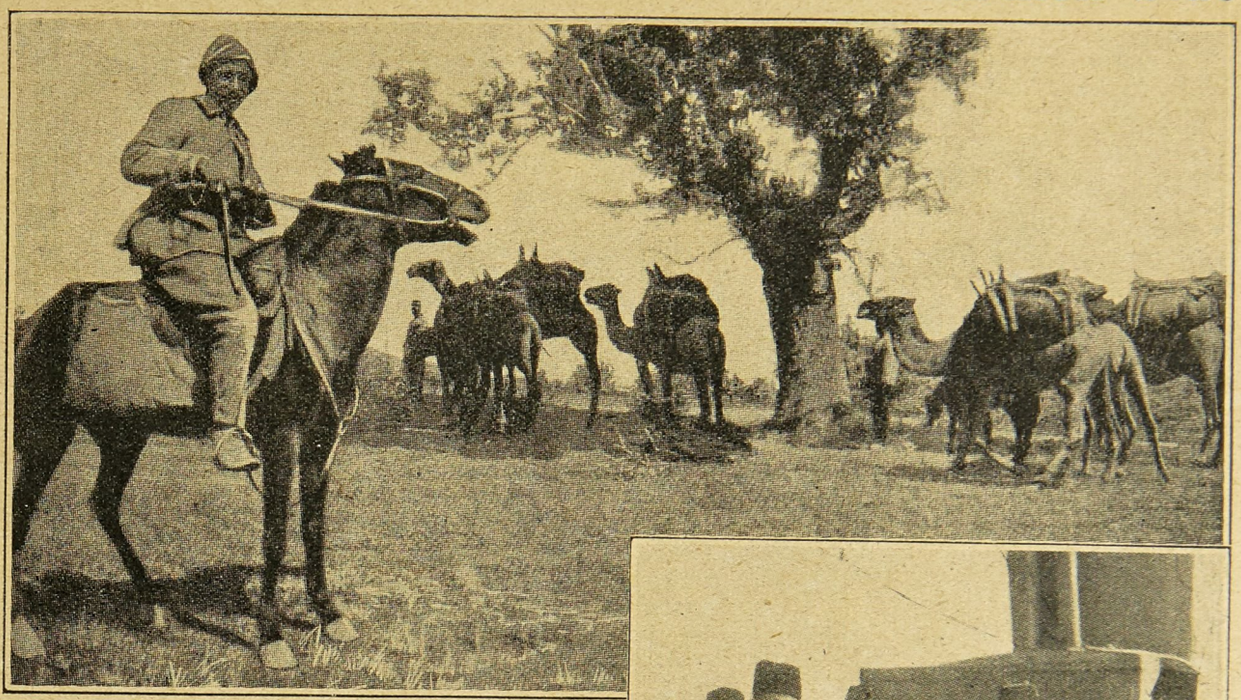


A novel Red Cross cortege in Gallipoli. This Australian has saved many wounded comrades from death with the aid of his faithful donkey.



A happy group of Colonials and their pet donkey pose for an unconventional photograph in the Anzac Cove, made famous by Colonial heroism.

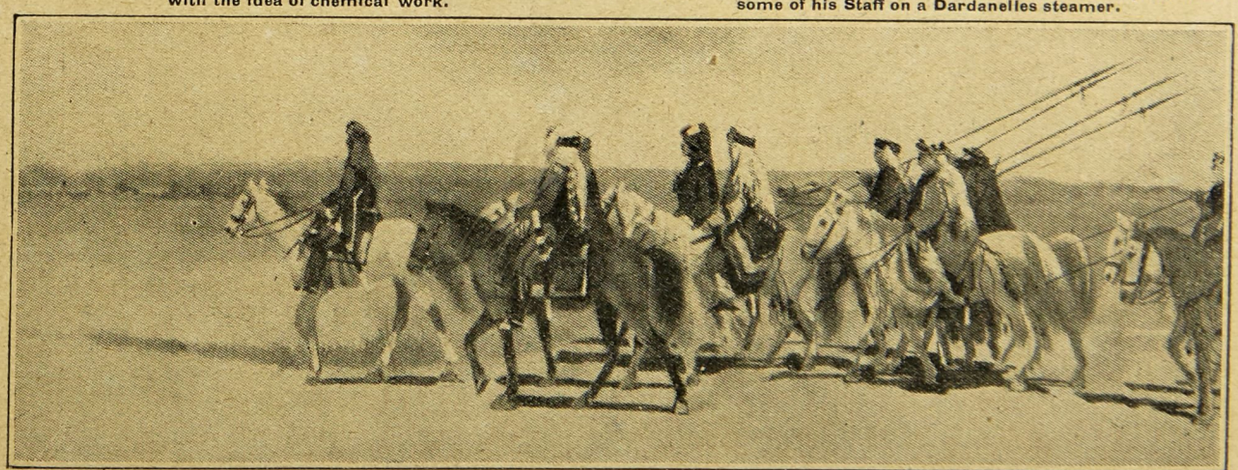
The War in the Levant from the Turkish Side



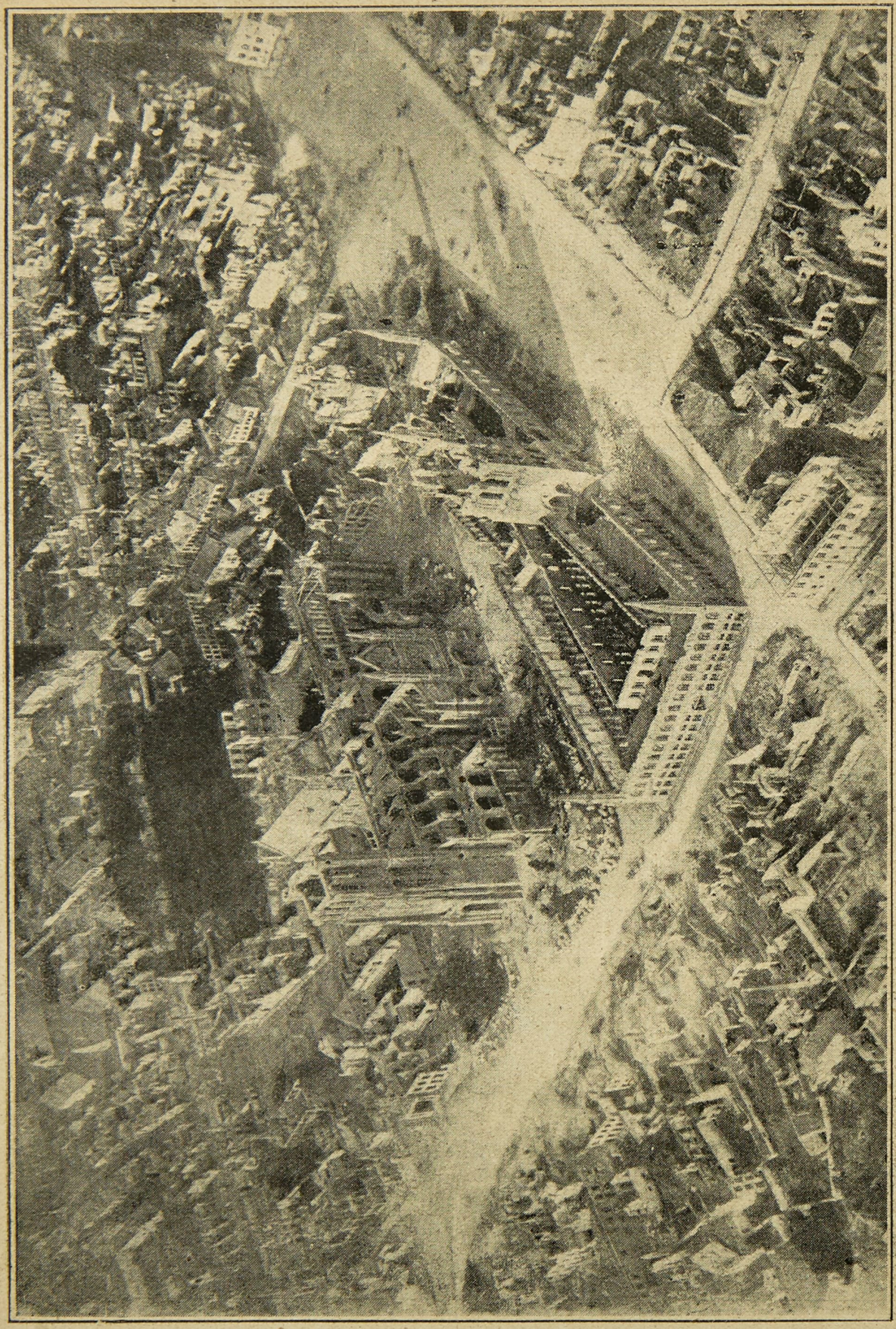
Turkish transport column on the way to a position in Gallipoli. Camels are the most effective means of transport in this railless country, though horses are also used by the Turks, and almost exclusively by the Allies at the Dardanelles.

Chemists attached to a Turkish battalion making prescriptions for wounded soldiers. Their Eastern attitudes accord little with the idea of chemical work.

Marshal Liman von Sanders (marked with a cross), who is in supreme command of the Fifth Turkish Army in Gallipoli, with some of his Staff on a Dardanelles steamer.



A picturesque impression of what is described in a German paper, from which the drawing is reproduced, as a Bedouin outpost near the Suez Canal. The value of such warriors in modern strife would appear to be rather more romantic than real.

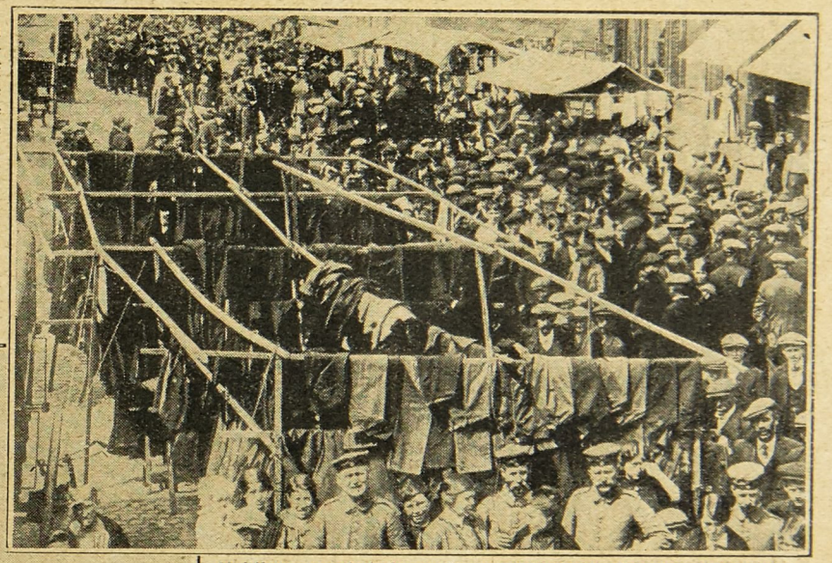


THE CITY OF DOOM.—A skeleton city in a desert of ashes—such is Ypres, now fading from the Flanders plain. Its Gothic relics are all but levelled into dust, and not a house has escaped the ravenous shell. The Cloth Hall, seen immediately in the centre of this photograph, is unroofed, and tottering into oblivion. Behind, is the Cathedral of St. Martin honeycombed with projectiles. At the further end of the Cloth Hall stood the Hotel de Ville, a few bricks of which once handsome edifice remain one upon the other.

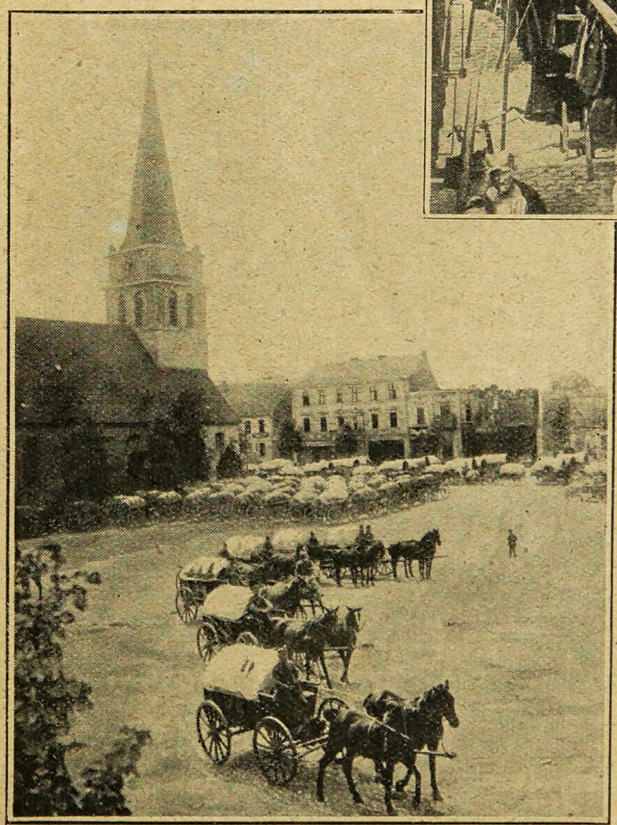
Everyday Scenes in Hun-ridden Belgium

Pirates on the sea, marauders on the land. Truckloads of household goods looted by organised bands of German soldiers from private dwellings in Belgium, and about to be dispatched to Germany.

THESE photographs, taken by a neutral correspondent with the German Army in Belgium, provide interesting glimpses of life in King Albert's country under the invaders' heel. Belgians still remaining live in hourly terror of the Huns who move continually among them. Little has been left to those that remain in Belgium but their lives. Any personal possession that attracts a German's eye is straightway stolen. In fact, organised corps of looters have systematically searched buildings and private dwelling-houses, stripping them of everything of the slightest value, and sending the stolen goods to Germany.



Holding a market-day under armed guard. A scene at Aerschot, where the inhabitants suffered so terribly at the hands of the Germans in the early days of Prussian aggression.



The ruthless invaders' transport waggons in a Belgian town. Those in the foreground are on their way to the fighting-lines. Above: Belgian girl being cross-examined by German sentries, while her passport, necessary even for the shortest journey, is being checked.

Serbia calmly awaits the New Teuton Onslaught

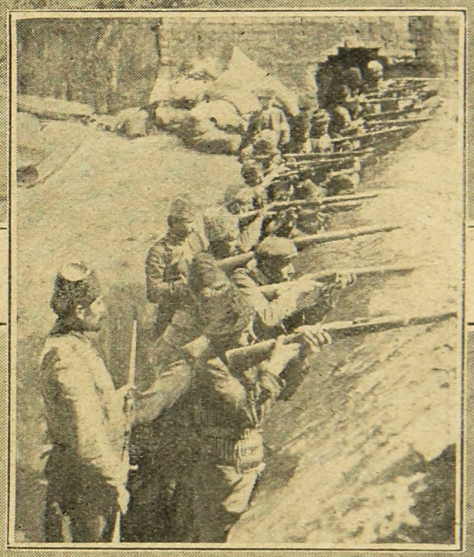
Serbian riflemen in their roughly-made trench during a skirmish with the Austro-Huns. King Peter's gallant troops have suffered lately from heavy floods, and here the water is seen almost up to the trench.

General view of a Serbian mountain battery. Persistent rumours are abroad that the Austro-Germans are concentrating huge forces on the Serbian frontier with the intention of blasting a way through the Balkans to the Dardanelles. Any such effort will meet with vigorous resistance, and may precipitate the Germans in a war with Rumania and Greece.

Serbian officer directing the gun fire at a forward control station. With the exception of Belgium, Serbia has endured more than any country. She was the first of the Allies to defy Prussian oppression—the valiant David against the mighty Goliath Teutonicus.

Armenians Fight with Russia in Asia Minor

Little has been heard of Russia's war in Asia Minor and the Caucasus since our eastern allies so signally defeated the Turks in the Caucasus region early in the year. This photograph shows a number of Armenians who are fighting on the side of Russia digging trenches outside Van.



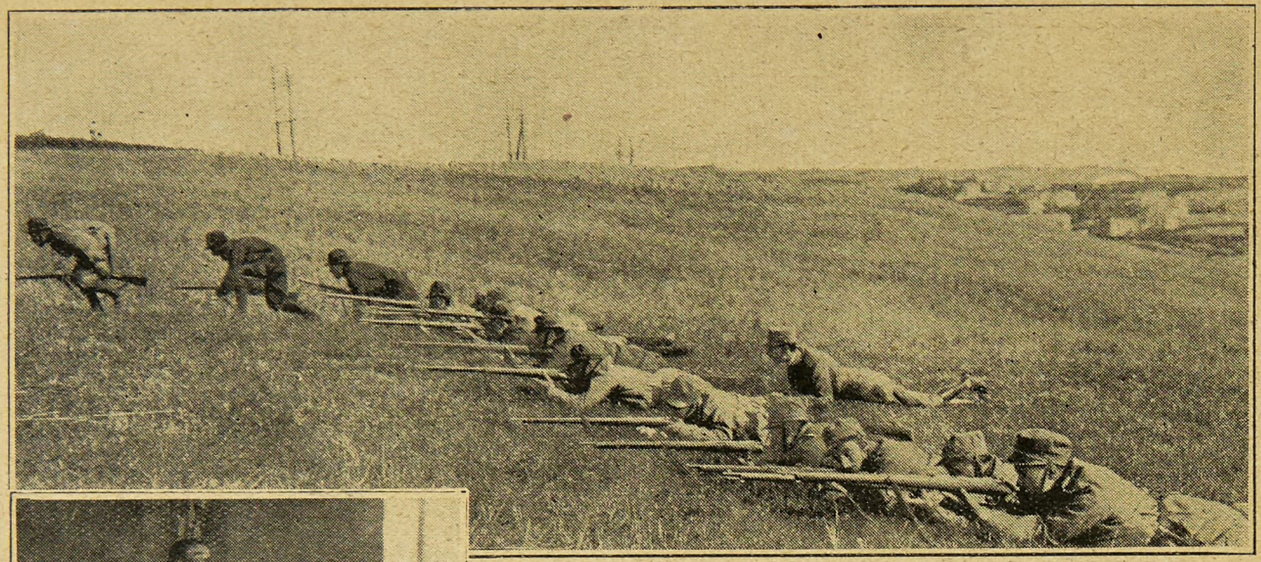
Another photograph of Armenian soldiers repelling the enemy from behind strongly-barricaded trenches in the city of Van. Inset: Types of Armenians, hereditary enemies of the Kurds and Turks, doing their bit for civilisation in remote Asia Minor.

Wonderful Photograph of Italy's Mount

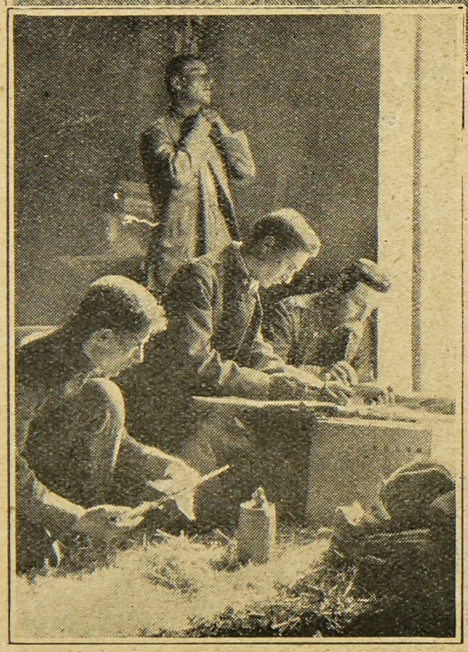
The entrance of modern Rome into the struggle with the modern Hun was hailed by those unacquainted with the vastness of Italy's task as the passing of Austria from the European imbroglio. Subsequent developments in the Italo-Austrian theatre, described by photograph and literal impression, though so far almost entirely in favour of our gal'ant Mediterranean ally, have only thrown into relief her difficulties. When fighting has to be carried on, as seen in this photograph, at a height of 10,000 feet, where physical exertion is most exhausting, amid rocks, across glaciers, warfare must necessarily be of an indecisive character, and numerical strength under such conditions is not so important as individual initiative.—(*Reproduced from L'Illustrazione Italiana.*)

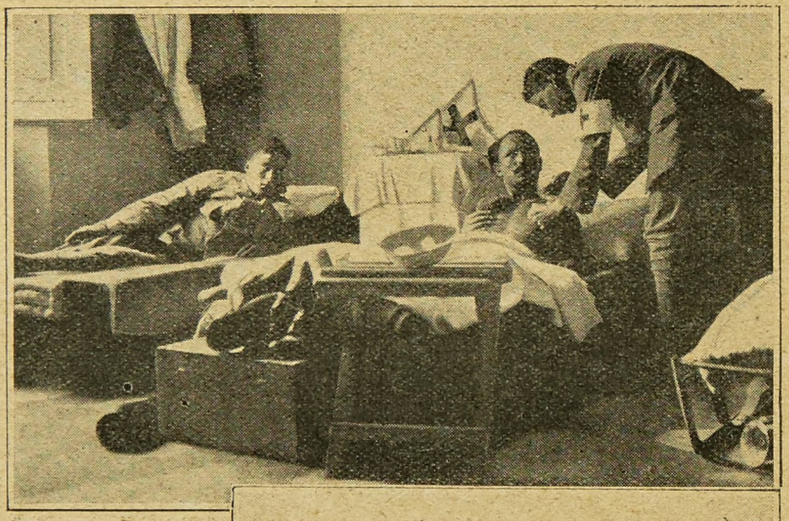
ain Campaign Amid the Eternal Snows

New Scenes of Strife along Italy's Alpine Front

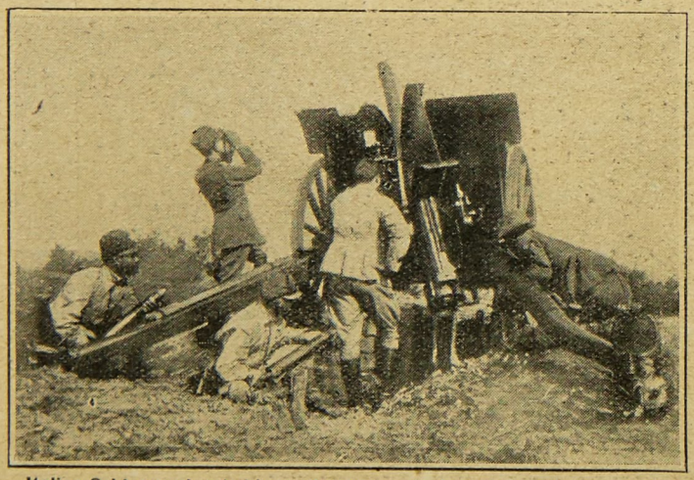


Italian infantry advancing on all fours in the long grass. The three foremost figures have risen to their feet, and are about to rush towards the enemy position. An officer is seen directing operations from behind.





Left: Italian soldiers cleaning their arms at the window of a billet somewhere in the Trentino on a day when there is "nothing to report." Right: Red Cross doctor attending to an Italian soldier's wounds at a base hospital.

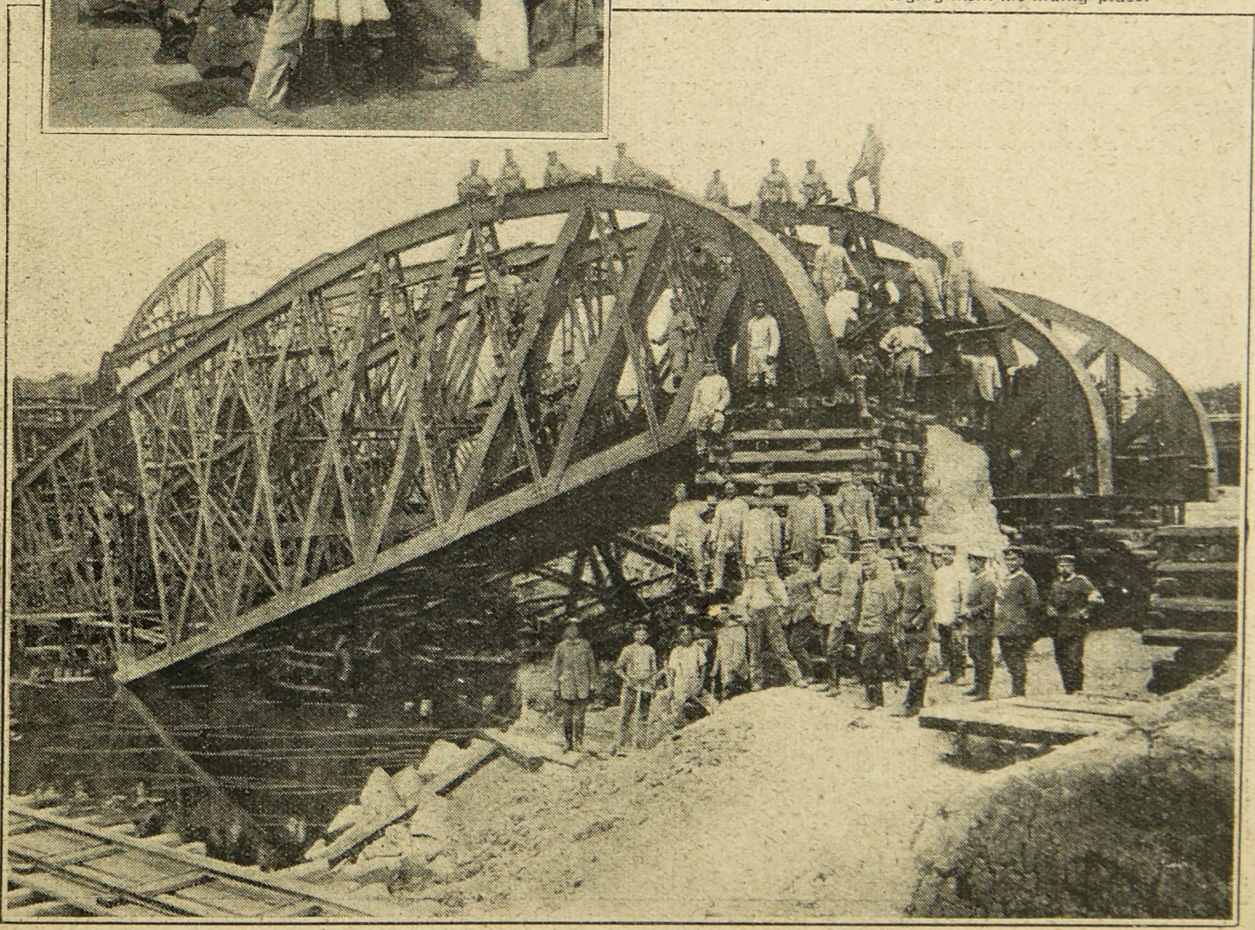


Italian field-gun elevated in such a way as to be serviceable as an anti-aircraft weapon. The photograph was taken at the moment of the passing of an Austrian air-scout over our allies' lines.

Italian infantry in the act of charging. An officer, sword in hand, leads the assault in accordance with the invariable custom of the Allies.

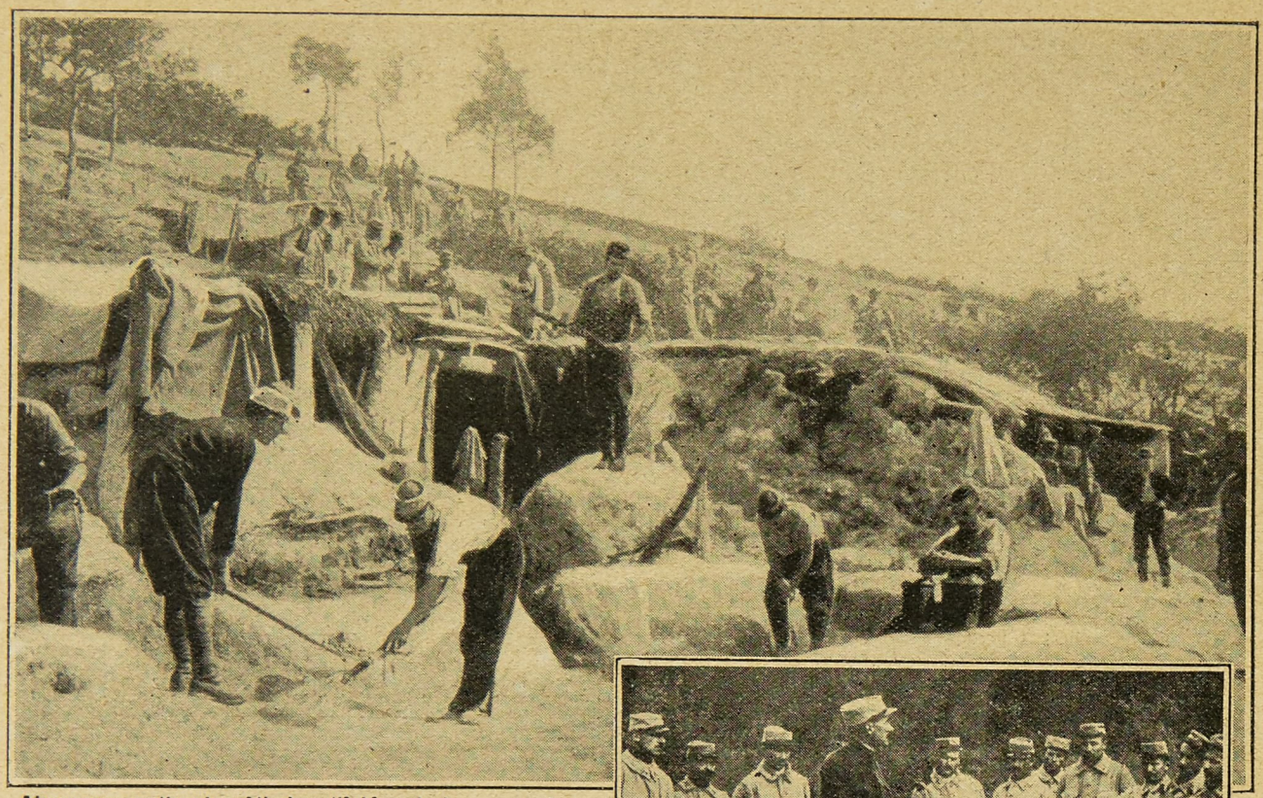
Hun "Justice" and Preparedness in Poland

Dramatic moment with some Germans in Lodz. Enemy soldiers, with bayonets held ready, awaiting the exit of a peasant suspected of robbery. The army dog responsible for tracking the unhappy man to his home is also seen. The suspect received no quarter on emerging from his hiding-place.



German engineers rebuilding a bridge in Poland. With her armies in the field Germany has large and fully-equipped corps of engineers who, working day and night, quickly repair every bridge and railway that is needed for the passage of troops. Inset: German soldiers unpacking cases of fur-lined greatcoats at a clothing depot in Poland, where the enemy evidently anticipates a prolonged stay.

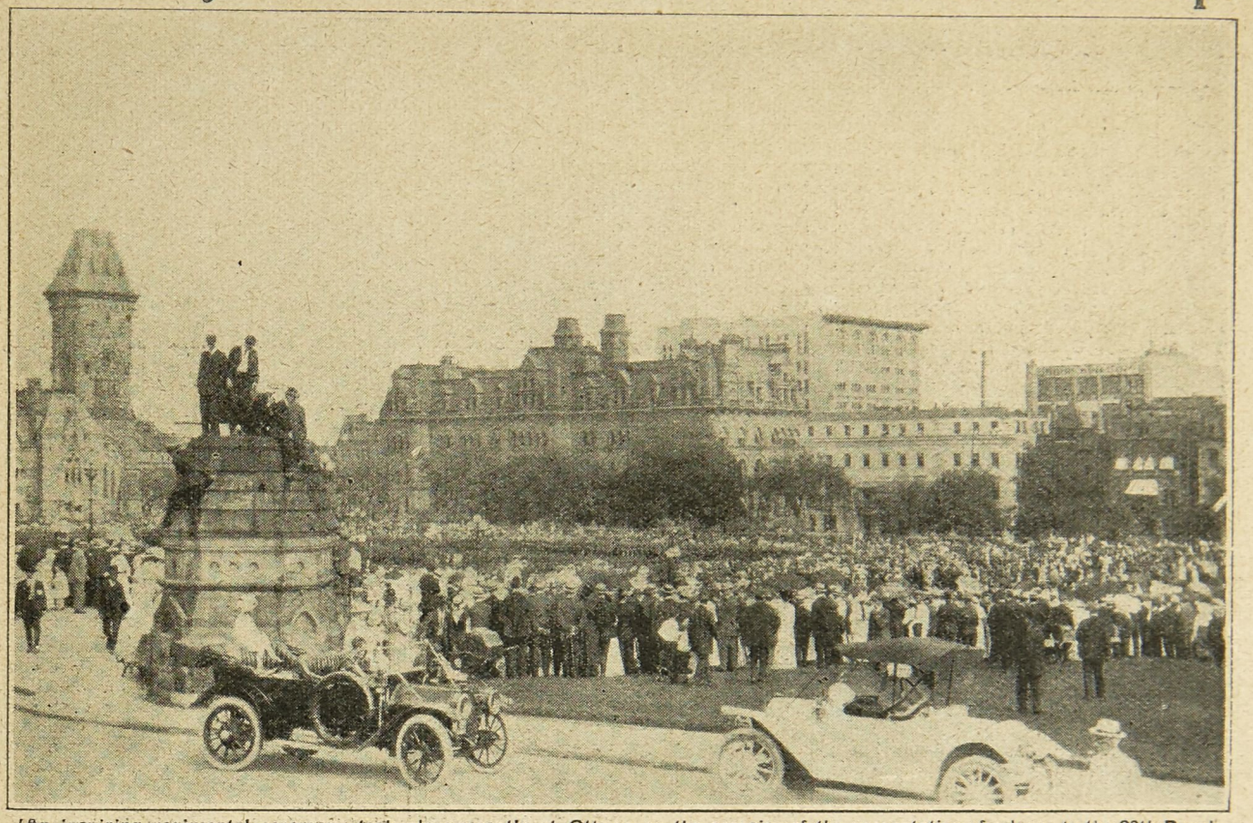
Proof Against the Crown Prince's Futile Attacks



A busy scene on the edge of the beautiful forest where some of our allies are consolidating their positions with strong bomb-proof shelters. One is incidentally peeling potatoes for a welcome mid-day meal for his comrades after hours of invigorating labour.

Some French troops laying a communication line. If war exacts incalculable destruction, it also involves considerable construction. Bridges and railways serving military purposes are built with amazing speed. Inset: "The school for bomb-throwers." French soldiers receiving instruction in the art of throwing bombs, proficiency in which requires considerable practice and skill.

Still they come! More Canadians to fill the Gaps



An inspiring regimental ceremony took place recently at Ottawa on the occasion of the presentation of colours to the 38th Royal Ottawa Regiment before its departure for Bermuda. The presentation was made by Sir Joseph Pope, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., I.S.O., Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. This photograph is an impression of the congregation.

Recruiting in Canada during the past few weeks has been very brisk, and a continuous stream of ardent patriots has been flowing into the depots of the Dominion as fast as trained men have embarked for the Mother Country. This photograph, taken somewhere on the coast, shows a batch of Maple Leaf men from Ottawa after their disembarkation in England.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

ONE of my most vivid recollections of actual war has to do with the Russian Army. The forces to which I was attached had been fighting the Russians in a long battle before Liaoyang. There had been about ten days of continuous struggle day and night, and in the end the Russians were forced to retreat and to abandon the town. The victorious Japanese were worn out. Stretcher-bearers stumbled and let their ghastly burdens fall if their feet so much as stubbed against a stone. The last ounce of strength had gone.

I wrote my long despatch somehow, and sent it off by messengers hundreds of miles to the nearest cable office. Then I flung myself down on the nearest plot of shaded grass to sleep. How long I slept I cannot tell. I was awakened by the sound of great guns. I started up hurriedly. What was the matter? I asked. I soon had my answer. The Russians — the retreating, defeated Russians—had turned round in their darkest hour and were attacking us again.

The Russian Secret

History repeats itself. The retreating Russians—to-day, thank God, our allies!—have turned as I write this, and are attacking the advancing and triumphant Germans. There has been a German repulse in Galicia. It may or may not affect the general result of the present long battle. That I cannot say. But what are we to think of the men who grow stronger, fiercer, and better fighters the harder they are driven?

What is the secret of this indomitable spirit of the Russian soldier? Let me quote from an article by a well-known American writer, Mr. Samuel G. Blythe. He was interviewing a wounded soldier in Warsaw, and asked him if he had been afraid in battle. The stricken man turned his slow blue eyes on his questioner, as though he did not understand what was said. "Afraid?" he repeated. "No; I was not afraid. Why should I have been afraid? I was fighting for my Tsar and my country I was fighting for my Church and my home. If I died I would receive the blessing of my Saviour. If I lived, it would only be because that blessing was not yet for me. We do not fear death, we Russians. When it is for us to die, then we shall die.

The Next Move

The continuous French bombardment of the German lines is a probable preliminary to the long-expected forward movement in the west. In some quarters I find the question being raised if a great attack in force and attempt to break through the German lines is really necessary. "Such an attack must be very costly in life," say these critics. "Why not allow the Germans to continue using up their men in attacks on us, and wait for their coming exhaustion in men and money to end the war?"

Let me say at once that talk like this is pernicious and foolish nonsense. The army that remains permanently on the defensive is a defeated army. That is not an arguable proposition, but is one of the axioms of war. Attack! attack! attack! is the secret of success. Initiative, surprise, and unceasing activity are the only ways to win. Germany will never be beaten by a process of passive exhaustion. She will never be beaten until she is defeated in the field.

Little has been heard recently about the possibility of an attempt at an invasion of England during the coming autumn or winter. It is taken for granted in many quarters that since the Germans failed to make the attempt at the beginning of the war, they will not venture it now. This is not, I believe, the view of many responsible authorities. An attempt at invasion may be made, they believe, before Christmas.

It is no secret that our preparations for

Mrs. Felton, of Fitzroy, East Falkland Islands, to whom the Admiralty has presented a piece of plate in recognition of her services to the British squadron on the day of the naval battle off the Falklands. Mrs. Felton watched for the German fleet and, sighting it, informed the authorities, who communicated the information by wireless to Admiral Sturdee.

meeting such a move are very much more advanced than they were a year ago. Then, we trusted mainly on our Navy preventing a landing. Now, while still believing that the Navy could deal with the transports at sea, we are ready to deal with the invaders by land, should they succeed in slipping through.

I receive many complaints from young soldiers who joined the Army over a year ago, and who are still kept with their regiments in England, eating their hearts out to get to the front. I understand and sympathise with their impatience But in many ways they may regard their detention here as a special honour. Obviously, numbers of the most efficient troops must remain in England to deal with any enemy landing here. It would be useless to reconquer Belgium and let a German army slip into London. Next, it must be remembered that the Kitchener plan of campaign has had from the first, as one of its fundamental planks, a reserve army of a million good men, who are to be thrown into the scale early in the third year of the war, and who may be the final and decisive factor.

"The third year?" I hear some reader repeat questioningly. "Surely the war will not last so long?" It would be very unwise to reckon on any shorter time. The "preachers of soft things" have for months been promising us a quick ending of the war. Financiers assured us it could not last beyond last Christmas. Then we were told April was to finish it. June was quite a favourite month, and many a prophet staked his reputation on peace at midsummer. They have already forgotten their words, and I understand that their forecasts now promise us "Peace by Christmas."

Some Unconsidered Factors

People who talk in this fashion either do not know the facts, or else deliberately adopt a policy of artificially encouraging the public. Such artificial encouragement is, I am convinced, little short of a crime.

The real facts of the war are the best proof that, if we continue to do our utmost, we are bound to win. Unless some fresh factors are introduced, our ultimate victory is as certain as to-morrow's sunrise. Among possible fresh factors are (1) A loss of spirit or slackening of resolution on our side; this is improbable, in the highest degree. (2) The entry of some strong Power or Powers on behalf of Germany; it is more likely that such Powers as are still neutral will come out on our side. (3) Great epidemics among the armies or in the civil populations; these are certainly among the grim possibilities of 1916, but it is more likely that they will break out in the death-sown lands of the Continent than here.

Prisoners of War

I am glad to be able to report that a good deal of evidence reaching me from different parts tends to show that the Germans are displaying in many quarters more humanity towards our wounded and prisoners in their hands than was the case at the beginning. The lot of the prisoner of war is cruelly hard at the best. In Germany it was made worse by harshness, brutality, bad housing, and incredible tyranny. Some of the stories told me by men back from Germany, wounded prisoners and the like, have been horrible.

Now, however, the passion of hate towards England seems slackening. Some of the prison camps have been placed in charge of reasonably humane warders. The women nurses in many of the German hospitals deal kindly with the men under them. The German Red Cross is using real endeavours to see that parcels sent to prisoners of war reach them.

The chief sufferings of many of our prisoners of war are due to lack of clothing and poor and unsuitable food. The result is that those who are not looked after from home are sometimes reduced to a state of semi-starvation. German foods, particularly German sweet soups, are often hard for our men to swallow. The sick Tommy who is presented with a basin of soup made of rice and figs stewed in a great quantity of water, often prefers to go without. I appeal to my readers to send food to any prisoners of war they know. The stores will provide a package for five shillings, consisting of bread, jam, potted meat, cigarettes, two kinds of cake, chocolate, cocoa, and soap, properly packed.

British Officer's Heroic Search for Water

During a recent march, the British and native troops at the Persian Gulf ran out of water. Suffering terribly from thirst, many fell down with exhaustion on the scorching sands. When within only six miles of a river, they found it impossible to go any further. A British officer then volunteered to ride to the river for water. He writes: "I just clung to my saddle, and balanced myself the best way I could. . . . . When I got to the river the horse plunged in, and I rolled off into the water . . . . and sucked away until I thought I was going to burst; but it was glorious, though the water was very muddy."

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

MR. BALFOUR'S letter, August 30th, shows that in no case has any military advantage been gained by the Zeppelin attacks on this country.

I ventured to give a warning to the Government before the first raid on London that it would be attempted, and it was therefore necessary to try and co-ordinate the eighty-seven independent fire brigades in the metropolitan police area. Following the warning a conference of chiefs of fire brigades was summoned by the Chief of the Police, but very little was achieved. The new conditions really require that not merely London, but the whole area of Great Britain should have one great regiment for fire service, as is the case in France; and men and material should be capable of being diverted from one point to another.

Sinking of the Moltke

There is no fresh news from the Baltic, where Germany is in the position for the moment of one nursing her wounds. It is the general rule in history that in the minor operations the predominant naval Power loses heavily, but it must be confessed that Germany's losses in the Baltic have been out of all proportion to the results achieved. The only substantial loss Russia incurred during the thirteen months of war was the armoured cruiser Pallada, whereas, if one attempts a rough appraisement of Germany's losses in the same area, it would be a conservative estimate to put them ten times as high in fighting power. The true test of seamanship is to be able to make the best use of available weapons, and judged by that test the Russians come out with flying colours. A crowning example was given when the "obsolete" little gunboat Sivutch, before sinking, accounted for one of the German torpedo craft.

A vessel like that, capable of only twelve knots, would have come under the ban of what Mr. Balfour unhappily called "a masterly stroke of the pen" in 1904. I gladly pay my humble tribute to the brave and skilful Russian Navy, for at the opening of the century, before the Russo-Japanese war, I wrote some very severe criticisms of it for the "Encyclopædia Britannica." At the same time let me say the policy of substituting the most modern material for old is right, but my point is that we got rid of old cruisers in our Navy without replacing them by new. In such circumstances the sailor must make the best use he can of the old. This the Russians are doing with skill and daring in the Baltic.

I am inclined to see a certain significance in the German Admiralty's announcement concerning the bombardment on August 26th of Russian signal stations on the Isle of Dagoe "at the northern entrance to the Gulf of Riga." The theory I propounded of the sinking of the Moltke was that she was chosen because of her speed to watch if Russian Dreadnoughts came out of the Gulf of Finland. Now Ristna, where the signal station was bombarded, is nearly ninety miles of steaming from the entrance to the Gulf of Riga where the Germans were operating, and it is the same distance from the great Russian naval port of Revel in the Gulf of Finland. It is the rounding corner between the two for large vessels, while small ones have a short cut in the northern passage. The point is equipped with a semaphore, signal, and telephone station, and a wireless may have been added during the war. It is quite conceivable that the Moltke took up her position near this point, and the Germans, intending further operations, have determined to smash up these observation points. The only comment one can make is that they are very soon replaced, and therefore the Germans must contemplate immediate operations if such bombardment is to be of any value.

Russian soldiers, prisoners in the hands of the Germans, exchanging their money with their captors at a wayside village on the Eastern front.

Hunting the "U" Boats

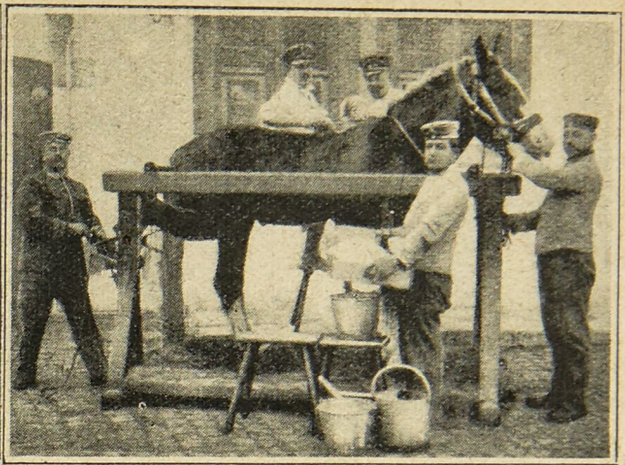
One might make a similar criticism concerning our own bombardment of the coast of Flanders, were it not for the special circumstances of the submarine war. The scarcity of trained submarine crews in Germany prevents continuous operations, and the result is that we expect to find spells of activity succeeded by shorter spells of inactivity. This proves to be the case if we plot the successes of the submarines by weeks. We know roughly that the period of these maximum successes against merchant vessels corresponds with the maximum losses of submarines because they are then most venturesome. If, however, the hunt is to be unrelenting, it must pursue the submarine to its port of refuge, where it rests and refits in the week following a good fortnight of activity.

By a close attention to the dates and places when and where merchant vessels were molested, the time of return to Zeebrugge, Ostend, and Emden can be approximately calculated. Then the attempt can be made to cut them off on return, and to bombard them from the sea and air in their harbours. What are the obstacles? The guns on shore, the mine-field, and the enemy's aircraft, and in the case of Emden naval interference as well. The demands of the two fronts, and especially the Russian front, are so great that the enemy aircraft are easily overcome. If the guns on shore are very formidable, the threat of attack has already gained so much in that these guns and munitions are lost to the fighting fronts.

A Terror to Submarines

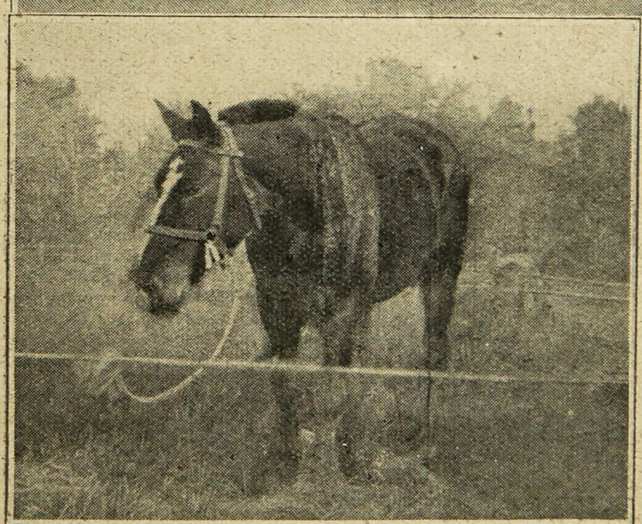
As regards the mines, if they show at low water they are easily disposed of. This means that they have to be laid at a depth of about ten or fifteen feet, and consequently any shallow draught vessel is immune from mines as the tide rises. It results then from a shallowness of the German and Belgian coasts, and of the river systems as well as the mine-fields that this war was bound to create a demand for small, shallow-draught vessels. They would have to manœuvre very rapidly, and therefore not only be immune to mines and to submarines, since their torpedoes run too deep, but be very difficult for guns on shore to hit. Such vessels would be a terror to submarines coming to the surface to enter or leave their harbours of refuge, but also by constantly keeping the coasts in a state of alarm they tend to cause diversion of defences to the coast, and therefore to relieve the fighting-lines. The Crimean War produced a similar demand, but in that case the numerous gunboats were built too late, and inventive genius at that time could not give a really suitable type.

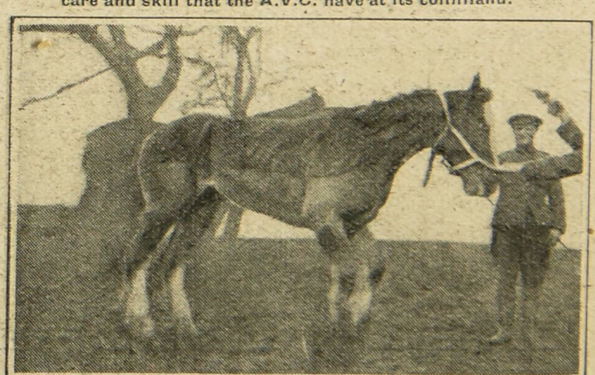
With the Army Veterinary Corps in France



German horse-ambulance and (right), an operation in progress. It is notorious that horses are treated badly in the German Army, but the enemy has been forced, owing to the terrible wastage, to instigate some sort of treatment for their wounded war-horses. But, in contrast to their usual thoroughness, the provision made for the care of horses is of the crudest.

A wounded British war-horse about to be operated upon by officers of the Army Veterinary Corps. The horse has been put under chloroform, and is saved as much pain as possible, with all the care and skill that the A.V.C. have at its command.





A convalescent resting in the horse-hospital pastures. Right: A merciful, instantaneous death. When a wounded or otherwise totally disabled war-horse is beyond curing, it is at once shot by an army veterinary surgeon to end its sufferings.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

THE report that a naval flying officer on a seaplane had sunk a Turkish transport in the Sea of Marmora suggests that it may be worth while to comment on the relative value of the damage done in bomb-dropping exploits, and—in justice to the pilots—on the relative difficulties and dangers met.

Naturally, to a sporting people, the idea of catching an airship away from home and bursting it up in the air appeals as the finest effort an aeroplane pilot can put up. There seems something unsportsmanlike in shooting a "sitter," whether it be an airship in its shed, or an hotel which is being used as a headquarters billet, or a ship at anchor. The flying shot always seems the more difficult to the man on the ground. Hence its popularity. As a matter of fact, to the man in the aeroplane the flying shot is the easier, under ordinary conditions, and it may be very much the safer.

On Hitting a Moving Target

It must be remembered that an aeroplane cannot stand still in the air, and cannot, in most cases, fly slower than thirty-five or forty miles an hour—for if it does it merely sinks. Now if the airship is flying at forty-five or fifty miles an hour, and the aeroplane can get right over it, the aeroplane can also slow down to the same speed, so that the position is much that of a man standing on the parapet of a high building and dropping things into the street.

It is true that when the bomb leaves the aeroplane it will be slowed down a little as it passes through the air; but if it only has two or three hundred feet to fall before hitting the airship, and if it is travelling truly along the same direction as the ship, it can scarcely miss a thing five hundred feet by forty-five.

In much the same way an aeroplane attacking a moving ship on the sea is helped by the fact that the speed of the ship reduces the difference in the speeds of the aeroplane and its mark. That is to say, if the ship is doing twenty miles an hour and the aeroplane has slowed down to forty, the bomb-dropper has only to allow for the error caused by the bomb leaving the machine at twenty miles an hour over and above the speed of the target—which is the ship. On the other hand, if the ship is at anchor, or if the target be a house or a shed, the bomb-dropper has to allow for the error caused by a full forty miles an hour.

The Sternest Test of Ability

When one comes to consider the danger to the aeroplane and its crew, one finds a somewhat similar degree of value. The most dangerous thing a bomb-dropper can attack is a German airship shed. Wherever these sheds have been built the Germans have surrounded them with anti-aircraft guns and searchlights. In daylight it is now almost suicide for a pilot to fly over a shed at less than 8,000 feet, and at that height he is not very likely to drop his bombs with any remarkable accuracy.

The German "Archies," as the flying people call them, fire in salvos, and throw a regular bunch of shells all round the aeroplane. To anyone watching from the ground it always seems a wonder that any pilot ever escapes being hit, and even the strongest nerves cannot stand much of it at a time. Even when attacks are made at dusk or dawn, when the pilot can hardly see his mark, the searchlights find him out, and moreover dazzle him so that he cannot see the shed. Therefore, the destruction of an airship shed is the highest test of a flying man's ability.

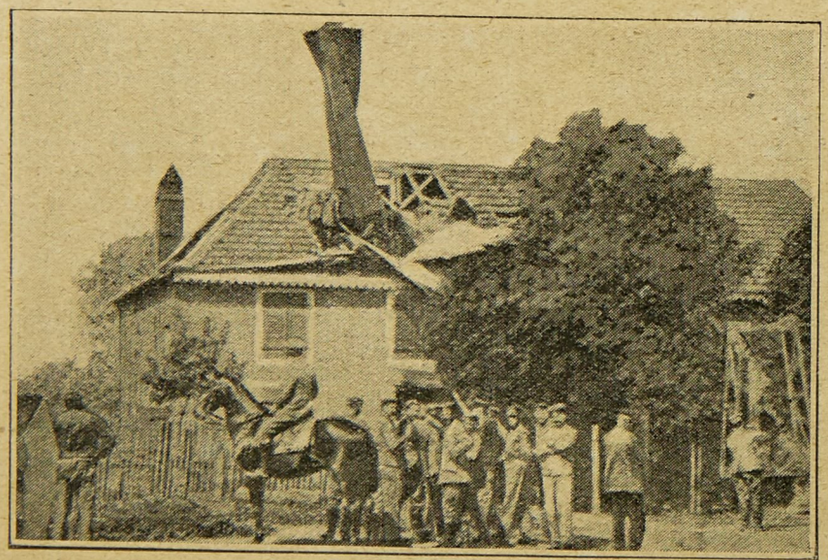
Moreover, when an airship shed is destroyed, it means that something worth while has been done, for if there is an airship inside it means that it is destroyed also, and probably also a number of the crew of the ship and of the specially trained men who handle the big machines on the ground; and if there is nothing in the shed, it means at any rate that no other airship can take up its abode there for some time.

It is, however, arguable that the true military value of destroying a transport is greater than that of "doing in" a mere Zeppelin—which is, after all, a fairly useless military weapon. The soldiers lost in the ship would probably do more harm in the war than ever the crew of the Zeppelin would do, and the transport herself would in the course of her career carry more weapons of destruction than ever an airship could. Therefore, looking at it in that way, a transport ship is about the most important moving target a bomb-dropper can find—for it has even more potential harm in it than a troop-train or an ammunition column. I exclude battleships from the comparison, because it is impossible as yet for any aeroplane to carry a bomb which would sink a big ship-of-war with an armoured deck.

Bombing Transports and Airships

Attacking a transport is no light game for the aeroplane, for if it came low enough for the pilot to make sure of hitting, it would be well within rifle range; and as a troopship would certainly carry quick-firers of its own as well as machine-guns belonging to the troops on board, there would be every chance of hitting the aeroplane as it slowed to drop its bombs; or even if it tried the old dodge of diving at its limit of speed and then shooting up again, it would be in almost as great danger as it would over an airship shed.

On the other hand, in attacking an airship in the air, an aeroplane is fairly safe if it is able to rise higher than that particular ship, for if the pilot is careful to keep out of range of the machine-guns till he is above the airship, there is no chance of his being hit, for the crew cannot fire up through the gasbag, and it is now fairly well proved that even Zeppelins do not carry guns on top, as the Germans boasted that they did. If the bombs set light to the airship, the aeroplane may be upset by the explosion, but that is no worse than looping the loop, and any decent modern aeroplane will right itself if left alone. So, after all, the flying shot is the easiest and safest.



Enemy aeroplane that was shot down by the French and fell through the roof of a cottage. The Germans in the photograph are endeavouring to extricate the engine.

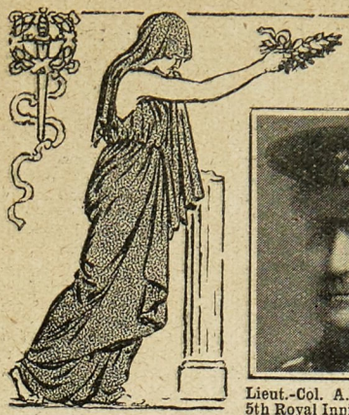
Free Gifts Without Cost

How you can Cheer our Men at the Front

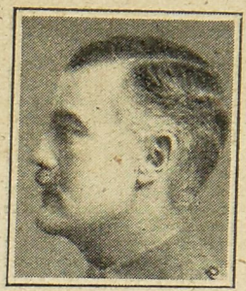
Following on the Postmaster-General's recent announcement, all post-offices are now receiving reading matter from the public, and sending it to the front free of charge.

Here is an excellent opportunity for you to send free gifts at just the bare cost of purchasing the papers. Remember that no newspapers will be accepted, nor periodicals over a year old. Neither cover nor address is necessary. THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is just the sort of journal that is required at the front. So take this, and other periodicals you have—or, better still, buy some specially for our soldiers—hand them over the counter of the nearest post-office, and *your* gift will be sent to the front, free of cost.

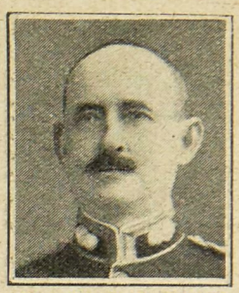
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



Lieut.-Col. A. S. VANRENEN, 5th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.



Lt.-Col. Sir J. P. MILBANKE, V.C., Notts Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry.



Lieut.-Col. B. E. PHILIPS, 5th Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Major C. H. TIPPET, 7th Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

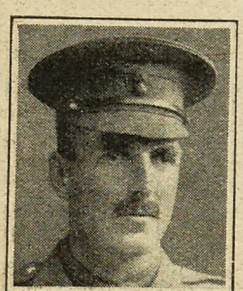
Major De L. W. PASSY, 8th Northumberland Fusiliers.

Major A. G. SHARP, 9th Royal Warwick Regt.

Major E. W. BOYD-MOSS, D.S.O., Worcester Regt.

Major C. W. CROFTON, 9th Worcester Regt.

Major G. R. FIELDING, 1st Sherwood Foresters.



Capt. R. W. ROBINSON, 5th Royal Inniskilling Fus.

Lieut.-Col. Sir John Peniston Milbanke, V.C., commanding the Notts Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry, was formerly in the 10th Hussars, in which he received his commission in 1892. He saw a good deal of service in South Africa, was mentioned in despatches, and awarded the V.C., the Queen's Medal with six clasps, and the King's Medal with two clasps. Sir John was the tenth baronet.

Lieut.-Col. B. E. Philips commanded the 5th Royal Welsh Fusiliers, but for some time was connected with the 3rd Battalion, of which he was hon. lieut.-colonel, as well as hon. captain in the Regular Army.

Major C. H. Tippet, 7th Royal Dublin Fusiliers, served as major in the Boer War, receiving the Queen's Medal with five clasps. He retired in 1905 with the hon. rank of lieut.-colonel, rejoining his old regiment as major at the outbreak of the war.

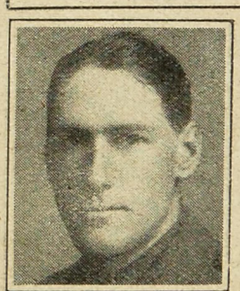
Major De Lacy Wolrich Passy, 25th Punjabis, attached 8th (Service) Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers, after Neuve Chapelle served with the 59th Scinde Rifles for a time. He died from wounds received at the Dardanelles landing of August 6th–7th.

Major A. G. Sharp, 9th Royal Warwickshire Regt., saw active service with the Manchester Regiment in South Africa, receiving the Queen's Medal with three clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *invites relatives of officers killed in action or dead from wounds to lend photographs, with brief biographical notes of these heroes, for inclusion in "Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead." Address:* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *Fleetway House, London, E.C.*

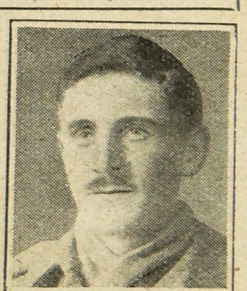
Capt. L. E. P. JONES, 7th Yorkshire Regt.

Lieut. E. C. M. CROSSE, 2nd Leicester Regt.



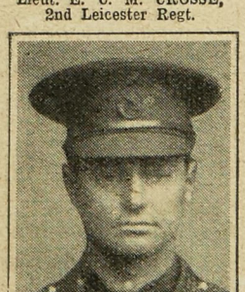
Lt. the Hon K. R. DUNDAS, R.N.V.R. (Anson Battalion.)

Lieut. P. F. CONSIDINE, 4th Royal Scots.

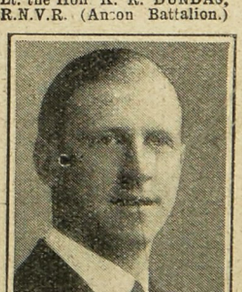


Lieut. R. E. MACKIE, 4th Royal Scots.

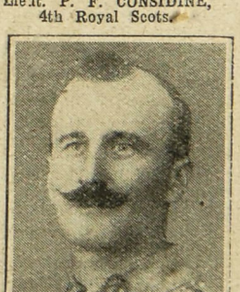
Lieut. L. A. PINSENT, North Staffs Regt.



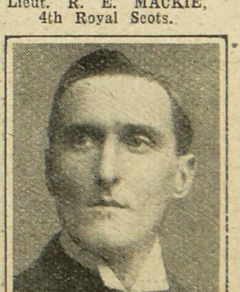
Lieut. E. FAIRBAIRN, 10th Durham Light Infantry.



Sec.-Lieut. W. P. HEFFERMAN, 3rd Royal Irish Regt.



Lieut. C. H. STEAD, 8th Middlesex Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. H. W. GOLDBERG, 1st R.W. Surrey Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. D. G. THOMAS, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

(Portraits by Russell, Chancellor, Elliott & Fry, Bassano, Lafayette.)

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, August 1st to 31st, 1915

AUG. 1.—**Fight for Warsaw.**—German advance north and south of city. Russians admit evacuation of Lublin.

Sir John French reports that portion of trenches taken by Germans west of Hooge recaptured.

AUG. 2.—**Feats of our Submarines.**—Admiralty announced that in North Sea, near German coast on July 26, a German destroyer sunk. Another of our submarines in Sea of Marmora torpedoed large steamer. Torpedoes were fired at lighters alongside the arsenal at Constantinople. Railway cutting one mile west of Kara Burnu bombarded and line blocked.

Italy announces conquest of Mount Medetta.

Heavy fighting, with advantage resting with the Russians, reported on the Narew front.

AUG. 3.—**The Russian Situation.** Desperate battles on the Narew continuing, the enemy's prodigious efforts costing him enormous losses. Between the Vistula and the Bug the German forces, attacking in the district of Kurow and north of Lublin repulsed with great losses.

Press Bureau announced that in Gallipoli a successful attack was carried out against a network of Turkish trenches, and the result was the gain of the crest of an important ridge.

AUG. 4.—Germans reported to be attacking the Warsaw forts, and claim to have captured the western forts of Ivangorod.

Night attacks in the Argonne thrown back by the French.

King and Queen attended an Intercession Service at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Russians Evacuate Warsaw.

AUG. 5.—New Vosges battle. Desperate actions on the heights dominating the Fecht. Germans captured a blockhouse from which later driven. At the Lingekopf French beat off all attacks except on crest of the Linge.

Italy reports capture of big entrenchments on the Carso plateau.

Fall of Ivangorod.

AUG. 6.—Fighting in the Argonne with great intensity around Hill 213.

Petrograd officially announces that Warsaw evacuated in order to save the city from effects of a bombardment.

AUG. 7.—Germans held near Riga. Enemy dislodged from the region between Dwina, the Eckau, and the lower course of the Aa.

AUG. 8.—H.M.S. Ramsey, small armed patrol-vessel, sunk by German auxiliary Meteor.

Germans cross the Vistula east of Novo Georgievsk, and take some of outlying forts of latter, and gained further ground south-east of the Narew.

In the Argonne Germans penetrated one of French works in the salient in the western part of the front to the north of Fontaine Houzette, but expelled by counter-attacks.

H.M.S. auxiliary cruiser India torpedoed in North Sea.

Germans heavily shelled whole Belgium front on the Yser.

AUG. 9.—**British Advance near Hooge.**—All trenches captured by Germans on July 30 retaken, and following up success our troops advanced, extending the front of the trenches captured to 1,200 yards.

Austrian attack on Serbia in attempt to cross Danube defeated.

Turks announce their battleship the Hairredin Barbarossa sunk by Allies' submarine.

French air raid on Saarbruck; 164 bombs dropped on the station and factory.

German fleet of 9 battleships and 12 cruisers attacking entrance to Gulf of Riga driven off, three of vessels damaged by mines.

Zeppelin Raid on East Coast, 28 casualties, including 14 deaths. One of hostile airships damaged by gun fire of land defences, and blown up by our aircraft at Ostend. Flight Sub-Lieut. R. Lord killed on landing after engaging the enemy.

H.M.S. Lynx, a destroyer sunk in North Sea after striking a mine, 4 officers 22 men saved.

More Fighting at Hooge.—Violent artillery engagement as result of which open ground south of Hooge became untenable by either side. British line slightly withdrawn, without making any material difference to our position. North-west of Hooge our gains made good.

Dardanelles Advance.—Sir Ian Hamilton reports gain east of Krithia road. In Anzac zone a footing on the Chunuk Bair portion of Sari Bair gained, and a crest occupied. Elsewhere a fresh landing of troops successfully effected, 630 prisoners and 9 machine-guns taken.

AUG. 10.—Germans reported to have occupied Lomza, evacuated by Russians. South of Riga Germans fall back, leaving prisoners and guns.

Severe fighting in Gallipoli, in the Anzac zone. Australian and New Zealand troops treble the area they had held.

AUG. 11.—Poison shell attack in Argonne. French line penetrated temporarily.

Austrian submarine U12 torpedoed by Italian submarine in Upper Adriatic.

Russians holding in check the German flanks south of Riga and in South-East Poland. Furious enemy attacks on the fortress of Kovno.

AUG. 12.—German armies in east pressing forward from Ostrolenka in the north to Cholm in the south. Two enemy attacks in the Argonne repulsed.

Admiralty announce Turkish gunboat, the Berk-I-Satvet, torpedoed in Dardanelles by British submarine.

Zeppelin Raid on East Coast, 6 killed, 23 injured.

AUG. 13.—Russians evacuate Siedlets. In Courland Germans driven back.

AUG. 14.—French report repulse of big German attack in the Argonne along the entire front of the sector of Marie Therese.

British Transport Royal Edward sunk by submarine in Ægean Sea, 1,000 men missing.

AUG. 15.—Raid by 19 French aeroplanes on a German park and depot in the valley of the Spada.

National Register Day.

At Suvla in Gallipoli British advance 500 yards, capturing a Turkish trench.

AUG. 16.—**English Coast Towns Shelled.**—A German submarine fired several shells at Parton, Harrington, and Whitehaven (Cumberland), but no material damage done.

Fresh German advance in east. Enemy report they have broken the Russian centre at Bransk. Von Mackensen and Prince Leopold of Bavaria closing in on Brest Litovsk from the west and the south-west.

Balkan crisis. Greek ministry resigns, and a Venizelist President (pro-Ally) elected. Serbian Government's attitude regarding the Entente proposals reported to be reasonable.

AUG. 17.—Kovno forts reported taken by Germans, with prisoners and guns. Enemy claim to have taken one fort at the fortress of Novo Georgievsk.

French gain in Vosges. At Landersbach the infantry gained a footing on the ridge, and established itself there.

Zeppelin Raid on Eastern Counties, 10 persons killed, 36 injured.

AUG. 18.—**Fall of Kovno,** after desperate battles lasting eleven days.

Italians report capture of Alpine trenches, and a farther progress towards Tolmino (Upper Isonzo) by carrying trenches on the Santa Lucia height. On the Carso (Lower Isonzo) important success gained to the west of Marcottini.

AUG. 19.—White Star Liner Arabic torpedoed, 391 saved out of 423.

Severe Fighting in Gallipoli.—Sir Ian Hamilton reports that the recent operation included a fresh landing at Suvla Bay. This enterprise anticipated by about 24 hours a projected attack by the enemy. After very severe fighting we won the position at which we aimed.

French attacked a salient of German line in Artois, and mastered the junction of the Bethune-Arras and Ablain-Angres roads.

Turkish defeats in Caucasus announced by Russia. Eleven divisions routed.

British submarine E13 grounded on Danish Island of Saltholm.

Fall of Novo Georgievsk.

AUG. 20.—French capture 250 yards of trenches in Vosges.

AUG. 21.—**Italy declares War on Turkey.**

German Naval Defeat.—Officially reported from Petrograd that in great naval battle, beginning Aug. 16 and ending Aug. 21, German fleet attacking in Gulf of Riga had two cruisers and eight torpedo-boats sunk or put out of action. During this time a German cruiser said to be the Moltke torpedoed by British submarine in Baltic.

Bielsk occupied by Germans.

AUG. 22.—**Cotton Declared Contraband from this date.**

German destroyer sunk off Ostend by French torpedo-boats.

AUG. 23.—Osowiec evacuated by Russians.

French in Vosges take trenches on crests of the Barrenkopf and the Linge.

Bombardment of Zeebrugge by 40 British ships.

AUG. 24.—Squadron of French aeroplanes bombarded the stations of Tergnier and Noyon, dropping over 80 projectiles.

AUG. 25.—**The Dardanelles Campaign.**—Important statement issued by Press Bureau, in which announced that although "attacks at Anzac and Suvla have gained ground enough to enable our lines to be connected along a front of more than 12 miles," at no point has the real objective yet been attained.

Fall of Brest Litovsk.

German war works bombed. Sixty-two French aeroplanes threw over 150 bombs on the Dillingen shell and armour plate factory.

Allied Air Raids.—Great concerted attack by British, French, and Belgian Army and Navy aeroplanes on Forest of Houthoulst.

AUG. 26.—Sir Edward Grey's reply to German Chancellor's recent speech at opening of Reichstag published.

British Aeroplane Destroys Submarine.—Squadron-Commander A.W. Bigsworth, R.N., destroyed single-handed a German submarine by bombs dropped from an aeroplane off Ostend.

French airmen bomb poison-gas factory at Dornach.

AUG. 27.—To the north of Arras some German trenches wrecked and munition depot destroyed.

AUG. 28.—Reported that German submarine commanders will no longer attack merchantmen without warning.

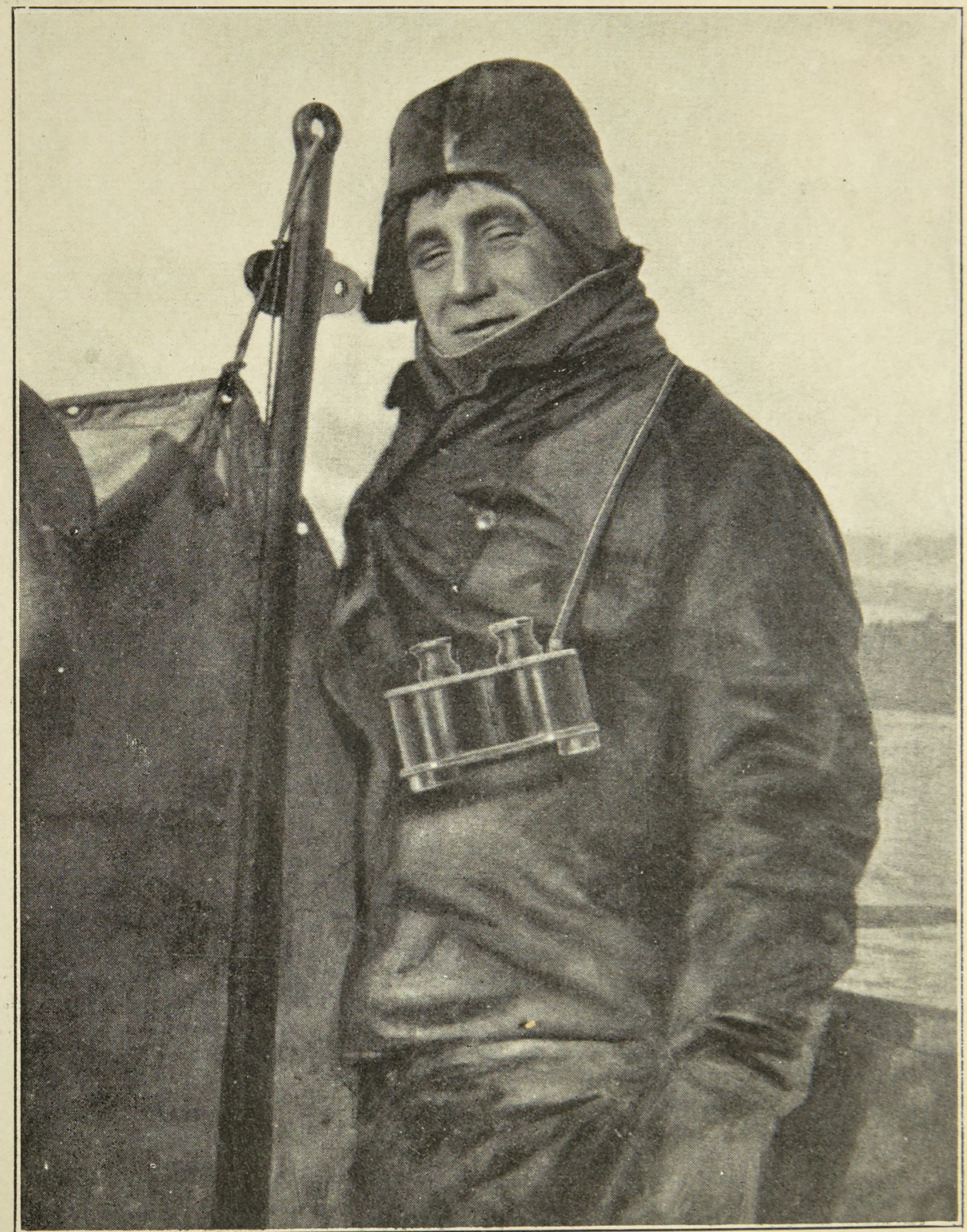
AUG. 29.—Heavy bombardment of enemy trenches along the whole of the Lorraine frontier.

Germans storm Lipsk, on the Bobr, 20 miles from Grodno.

AUG. 30.—In the Argonne the French batteries repeatedly stopped attempts at bombardment by the enemy.

AUG. 31.—Russians continue fighting retreat in the Pripet Marshes with success.

Commander Max Horton, Britain's Baltic Hero



With a face that beams with humour, expressive of supreme confidence, ability, and pleasure in his hazardous work for the Empire, Commander Max Horton is typical of the best "that go down to the sea in ships." With his elusive craft he has certainly sunk three German ships—the Pommern in the Baltic, on July 2nd, the light cruiser Hela off Heligoland, on September 13th last year, and the destroyer S116 off Borkum, while patrolling off the mouth of the Ems, and possibly took part in the victorious action off the Gulf of Riga. He was promoted in December in recognition of his services and awarded the D.S.O.

A Many-sided War

By the Editor

IT IS A TRUISM to say that the present war transcends in importance all previous wars of history, but I wonder how many of us have adequately realised what a many-sided thing it is. In the first place we are fighting in three elements—land, sea, and air—whereas in former wars operations were confined to the first two, and often there was no sea fighting at all.

THE PRESENT WAR is also remarkable for the number of nations engaged. On the one side we have Britain, France, Russia, Belgium, Italy, Serbia, Montenegro, Japan, and Portugal; and on the other Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey. Twelve nations in all are thus involved in the deadly struggle, and the war is thus practically co-extensive with civilisation itself.

THEN AGAIN WE have the extraordinary spectacle of a war waged in ten distinct parts of the world—Western Europe, Eastern Europe, the Austro-Italian Border, the Dardanelles, the Persian Gulf, the Cameroons, East Africa, South-West Africa, the Suez Canal, and the Far East. Happily to relate, hostilities have ceased in the last three theatres, for the Dardanelles Expedition has drawn off the threatened attack on Egypt, while our Japanese allies and General Botha have settled the pretensions of Germany in China and South-West Africa.

THE DIFFERENT NATURAL circumstances in these spheres of operations, separated from each other by thousands of miles, have produced different varieties of warfare. In Eastern Europe the immense spaces open to the respective commanders have made possible what may be termed "the old-fashioned kind of warfare," the warfare of the military text-books, in which immense moves and counter-moves are made by great bodies of troops. On the comparatively short western front, on the other hand, the struggle has long resolved itself into trench warfare, where substantial progress by either side seems almost impossible, and the same state of things seems about to supervene at the Dardanelles.

IN THE OTHER theatres of war, where natural conditions are more primitive, we see more primitive modes of fighting—surprise attacks through almost impassable tropical jungles, or long, forced marches over trackless and waterless deserts.

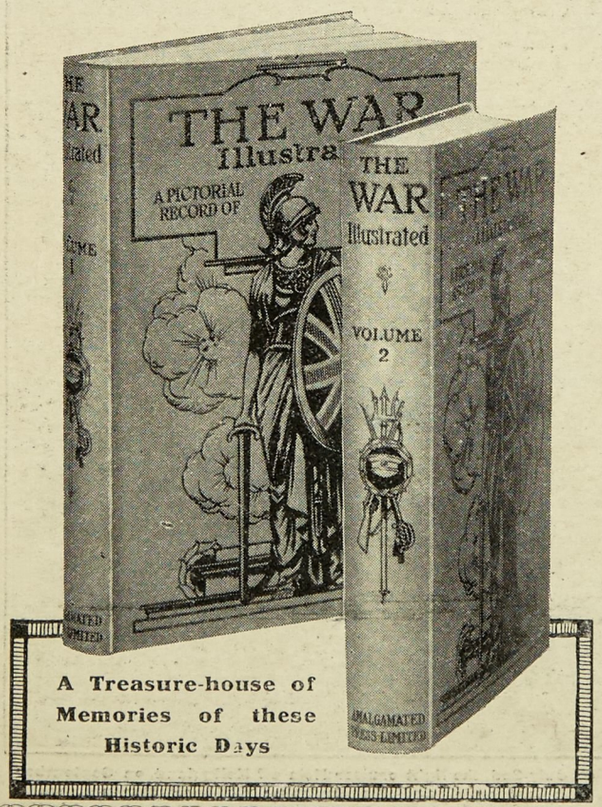
THERE IS YET another aspect of the Great War which gives it an unenviable distinction from any other war fought in the last two or three hundred years. I refer to the appalling treatment which non-combatant populations have received at the hands of the Germanic allies. To the civilised and "cultured" German has been left the unique and shameful distinction of having introduced the terrorisation of non-combatants as a deliberate scheme of warfare, in which, to quote the words of their own Staff handbook, "the object of war is to destroy the total material and intellectual resources of the enemy."

I THINK I AM correct in saying that virtually every aspect of this many-sided and far-flung war finds pictorial representation in the pages of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. During the thirteen months in which the journal has been issued we have seen in all its phases the trench warfare of the west, the theatre in which for us Britons must always lie our chiefest hopes and fears. We have had many glimpses, too, of the heroic fighting done by our indomitable Russian allies in the vast territories of Poland and Western Russia. We have seen photographs of our brave soldiers upholding our banner in far-off places of the earth at a temperature of 120 degrees in the shade, while their comrades-in-arms have been fighting in Flanders' trenches, standing in icy water up to the waist. We have seen something of the wonderful work performed by our Navy in clearing and keeping the seas, while thrilling photographs have shown us the perils faced by our intrepid flying men.

THE MANY-SIDEDNESS of the war is, of course, best realised when one is able to see in volume form the wonderful pictorial epitome which twelve months' issues of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED have created. Even from the first number I have steadily kept in view its value as a permanent record, with the result that the weekly numbers can now be bound up to form an organic whole. The binding cases which I had specially designed are constructed to hold twenty-six weekly numbers, so that there is now material for two volumes.

EVERY ONE WHO acts upon the advice I have so frequently given—to make use of the publishers' special binding cases—will, I am sure, be more than satisfied with the result. No one can grudge the expense. The cases can be obtained for 1s. 6d. from any newsagent, who for a sum equally small, will arrange for the binding of the copies into the cases.

HAVING "THE WAR ILLUSTRATED" bound up in this way will give a new interest to the work, and the handsome volumes will prove a treasure-house of memories of these historic days, and will, as the years go on, acquire a value far in excess of the trifling sum they have cost to secure.



A Treasure-house of Memories of these Historic Days

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The War Illustrated, 18th September, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

The Insatiable Hunger of the Guns, By Major G. W. Redway

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly

Vol. 3 The Deciding Factor of the Great War : Feeding a Gun on the British Front **No. 57**

The Eternal Outlaws of the World

HORDES of mere blood-mad brutes have often swept over this wild planet of ours, but there has been no people in history like the modern decivilised Huns, as the condition of Poland shows. The verdict of the Poles is even more important than the verdict of the Belgians, and the manner in which they have given their verdict is extraordinary. They have migrated by the million, with their old allies the Lithuanians, from all the territories threatened by the German advance. It has been one of the vastest movements of nations in the last two thousand years, and when the story of it is fully written, it will be found to be an enormous, strange, terrible, and moving event that will damn the name of the German for all time.

The Flight of the Fatal Pole

We already know some of the incidents of this immense flight of one of the finest races in Europe; the choked railway stations, where women waited a week for a ticket, and sometimes another week for a seat in a train for their children, camping out in the meantime near the railway town; the packed highways running for a thousand miles to Moscow, full of farming folk driving their sheep and cattle before them, with oxen dragging the household stuff on the carts where the babies slept. And just behind the tail-end of the immense winding columns were flaming farm-houses, which the inhabitants had burnt with their own hands, and stretches of burning fields and forests which they had lighted. Along the great routes of migration, the hospitable Russian peasantry laboured with noble energy to relieve the wants of the fugitives, and some of the best men in the Russian Council of Empire formed a great and active organisation for feeding, sheltering, and employing the immense multitudes. But as the work had to be done while the Russian armies were fighting for their lives, and the railways working at full pressure to help them, there were many tragic scenes down the long roads to Kieff, Moscow, and Petrograd.

Yet, dreadful as were their sufferings at times, the migrating nations endured all the anguish of a long flight rather than live under German rule. And the fact that they elected to perish, if need were, by the roadside, rather than live under the protection of the Hohenzollern, constitutes a crown of infamy which the German must wear to the end of time; for the German came to Poland in a manner different from his entry into Belgium. He was, he said, a liberator of the Polish people, and he was making war against the Russians in order to build up the ancient kingdom of Poland as a great, permanent buffer State between the contending Empires. The Neronian Kaiser, with his insane taste for blasphemous theatricality, spread through Poland the statement that the images of the Virgin and Child in the Holy Place of Poland, Czestochowa, had appeared to him in a vision, and had commanded him to rescue their shrine from the common foe of Pole and German—the Russian. And he followed up this piece of amazing folly by offering jewels for the enrichment of the shrine.

Grey Beasts in Human Shape

Everything the coarse German mind could devise for winning over the people was done. Large sums of money were spent in bribing men of supposed influence, and the Poles of Austria, who had been fairly well treated by their own Government, used all their powers of persuasion to lead the main body of Poles to submit to Teutonic control. The brother of the famous pianist Paderewski has been named among those who worked on the side of the Germans.

In any case, it is clear that the Poles were regarded as an innocent, much-wronged, non-combatant people, with whom the German had no ground of quarrel whatever. But because they remembered what had happened to their kinsmen in German Poland in times of peace, and refused to rise up in rebellion against their brother Slav, the Russian, the soldiery of the Kaiser were loosed upon them. The atrocities that ensued were more ghastly and far more widespread than those of Belgium. Town after town was invaded by beasts in human shape, until the villagers of Poland adopted the most fearful way of escaping from the creatures they called devils in grey. They fired their own villages and burned themselves alive in their homes rather than fall into the hands of the troops who came to "liberate" them.

Why Civilisation Must Conquer

Had it been England, one could understand the policy of the German commanders in exciting their armies of invasion into every conceivable form of brutality and fiendishness, for we all know that what was done in Belgium and North of France was mild compared with what would be done in England if the Germans could only get here. But no intelligent motive can be traced in the deeds which the German armies did in the country of peaceful people to whom they came as professed liberators. The military policy of terrorising a hostile population, and so cowing it as to lighten the work of protecting the lines of communication, had no bearing upon the Polish atrocities. Neither were these atrocities devised by the Kaiser and his Staff with the Bismarckian motive of inflicting such terrible punishment on the civilian element of a warring State as to make them clamour to their own Government for peace at any cost. For Poland was not a warring State. She was a subject State, which had suffered heavy oppression in the past from the Russian bureaucracy, and which the enemies of Russia designed to set free and restore to a condition of at least semi-independence.

This is why the verdict of the Poles, as shown by their great migration, is even more important than the verdict of the Belgians. The present condition of Poland, and the state of towns such as Kalicz, Turek, Sieradz, and Kielce, with the hundreds of burnt-out villages between them, prove that the German will not be fit for generations to come to consort with humanity. He is the permanent outlaw of the world, and if the forces of civilisation had to maintain the struggle against him for thirty years, the end of the struggle would be well worth the cost of it in life and treasure. At the worst, if our financial strength declines, we shall have to continue the contest in a slower way out of the income of our productive energies. In any event, no peace is possible. Our forefathers once waged war for a hundred years, and barely a century ago they kept up a struggle with a tyrant, who had far more genius than the Kaiser, for the best part of a generation.

German Deviltry and Bestiality

So long as we get enough food to maintain us alive and healthy, and have each a warm house for shelter, and work to keep us from getting sick-thoughted, does it matter if we lack luxuries we do not need, and leisure that is mainly idleness? Our entire Empire ought to be dedicated solely to the holy war against the Germans. The peasants of Poland—and they ought to be good judges in the matter—now believe that if the German Emperor is not Satan himself in human form, he is a representative of Satan. The early Christians had a similar view in regard to Nero. And putting aside the existence of a personal evil spirit, it might be shown, in quite a rationalistic manner, that the German Emperor now clearly stands for that element of vice in human nature which it is the task of all civilising influences to weaken and eradicate. We all have something of the tiger and ape in us, but the bestial element has grown so enormous in the average German that, though he retains the face of a man, he has the soul of a devil.

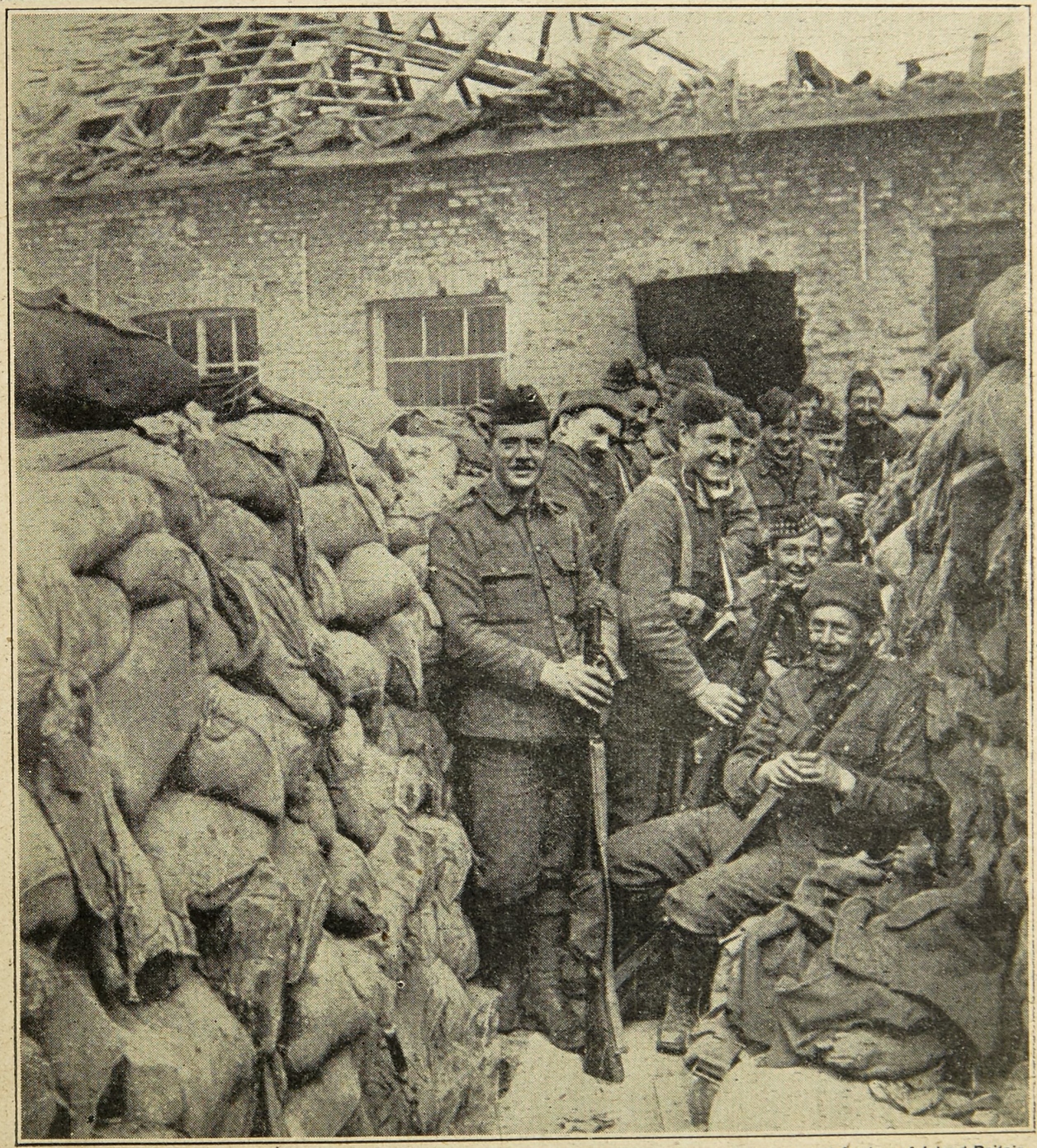
EDWARD WRIGHT

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 57. Vol. 3.
18th September, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton



ALL AT HOME TO OUR PHOTOGRAPHER.—Men of a Scottish regiment posing in front of a fortified house somewhere in the British first-line. Though the building has obviously been the frequent bull's-eye of German shells, it still constitutes a strong position, piled high as it is with the invaluable sandbags. During the lull on the western front, these defenders of Island Britain, in France, have been passing the monotonous days in sniping, consolidating defences, and other uneventful routine. Confident and smiling they, one and all, are patiently awaiting the hour of bigger things, the inspiring order for the great "push and go."

THE INSATIABLE HUNGER OF THE GUNS

A Full Description of the Marvellous Organisation of our Artillery in Action and the Consumption of Shells

By MAJOR GEORGE W. REDWAY

The shibboleth of the Prussian Junkers, "cannon fodder," as applied to the hapless pawns of their military system, is a misleading term. The real food for the guns is, of course, ammunition, an overwhelming supply of which, it is now generally recognised, is to be the deciding factor in the European conflict. The expenditure by the French during the operations about Souchez of 300,000 shells in a few hours, and subsequent greater extravagance of German batteries on the Eastern front, came as a colossal surprise to those unversed in modern military tactics. So little has been said on the distribution and consumption of projectiles at the front, that the following article by Major George W. Redway, the eminent military critic, will constitute a timely and absorbing subject to readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

FOR the only picturesque story of artillery in action that is artistically true we are indebted to the admirable "Eye-Witness," Colonel Swinton, who combines knowledge and imagination so perfectly in "The Green Curve." He shows us in his sketch entitled "The Kite," how one battery caught another battery *in flagrante delicto*, otherwise in the formation known as column of route, and annihilated it. Colonel Swinton is a sapper, not a gunner, and yet all the characteristics of artillery, its strength and its weakness, are brought out in his narrative—range, power, and rapidity of fire on the one side and the vulnerability of a target formed of a mass of horses, vehicles, and guns on the other side. But nowadays the brigade, not the battery, is the tactical unit, and like the battalion of infantry and regiment of cavalry, it is commanded by a lieutenant-colonel who is assisted by an adjutant. The battery in our regular service consists of six guns, the brigade of eighteen guns; but a brigade is not merely three batteries, for it comprises what is called an ammunition column—that is a reserve of everything likely to be required by the three batteries in action—ammunition, of course, in the first place, but also men, horses, waggons, and spare parts, to repair or renew whatever may be lacking in the batteries in the course of a duel with the enemy.

Artillerymen's Three Rules

The battery *par excellence* is the field battery, which works with infantry, the gunners riding on the limbers and waggons. The horse battery works with cavalry, and in order to go the pace it must lighten the weight behind the teams, and, therefore, the gunners ride on horses. The "horse" guns, too, are lighter. But the brigade organisation is adopted both for Royal Field Artillery and Royal Horse Artillery, and how this unit would look upon a road in Flanders may be imagined if the reader will conceive a procession of eighteen 18-pounder quick-firing guns, each gun preceded by its limber and followed by two waggons; every pair of guns (a section) is in charge of a subaltern and every three sections (a battery) is commanded by a major who is assisted by a captain. Following the third battery come half-a-dozen baggage, store, and supply waggons, called the train, and then a collection of thirty-four waggons which form the brigade ammunition column, the entire cavalcade filling about one and a-quarter miles of road space and taking about nine minutes to pass at the trot. Including bicycles and water-carts, cooks'-waggons, and medical carts, there might be counted one hundred and seven vehicles drawn by five hundred and sixty-eight horses. Add one hundred and ninety-eight riding horses and seven hundred and ninety-five officers and men, half of whom are drivers, and you may realise what a prodigious quantity of machinery is needed to get even eighteen guns to the front.

Now, curiosity has been excited by recent discussions about the supply of shells as to how many projectiles a gun or a battery will consume in a day's fighting. Fabulous stories are told of the consumption of ammunition, some of which may be true in the sense that on special occasions a large number of guns have to fire as rapidly as possible for a short period. But we must be on our guard against exaggeration in this matter. The first rule of the artillery is to find what is called a "remunerative" target, and this is not so easy in days when the art of tactics so largely depends on concealment by every artifice that ingenuity can suggest. The second rule is to *hit*, and that implies ranging—a tedious process when the target is a moving one. The third rule is to keep the reserve of ammunition under cover and well to the rear of the guns, which involves bringing up supplies by hand over ground that is not altogether immune from shrapnel bullets and splinters from high-explosive shells. All these factors being considered, you would find, if serving with a field battery, less activity than might be expected from the unofficial reports that reach us. And, of course, we are not likely to receive any official reports until the close of the war, if even then, for these secrets are jealously guarded.

The British field-gun is capable of discharging twenty aimed rounds a minute, and a certain Krupp gun with complete automatic action can double this rate of fire. But needless to say, artillery is not taken into the field to give a pyrotechnic display, and economy in the use of ammunition is only second in importance to accuracy of fire.

The French operations about Souchez last June attracted attention here mainly by reason of a statement that our ally supported the infantry attacks with a deluge of 300,000 shells. To the uninstructed the quantity seems enormous, but when the circumstances are considered we shall see that the gunners were not really overworked.

Twenty Shells for Every Man Hit

The defending force consisted of eleven German divisions, as estimated by the attackers, who would presumably be in superior strength—probably sixteen divisions. But let us take the French force as only twelve divisions, and assume that each division had an average of twenty-five guns in action for two days. These three hundred guns might consume five hundred shells apiece per day by a steady fire for fifty minutes at the rate of ten rounds a minute, or by five spells of ten minutes at the same rate, or by increasing the rate of fire to twenty rounds a minute they would expend five hundred rounds per gun within half an hour.

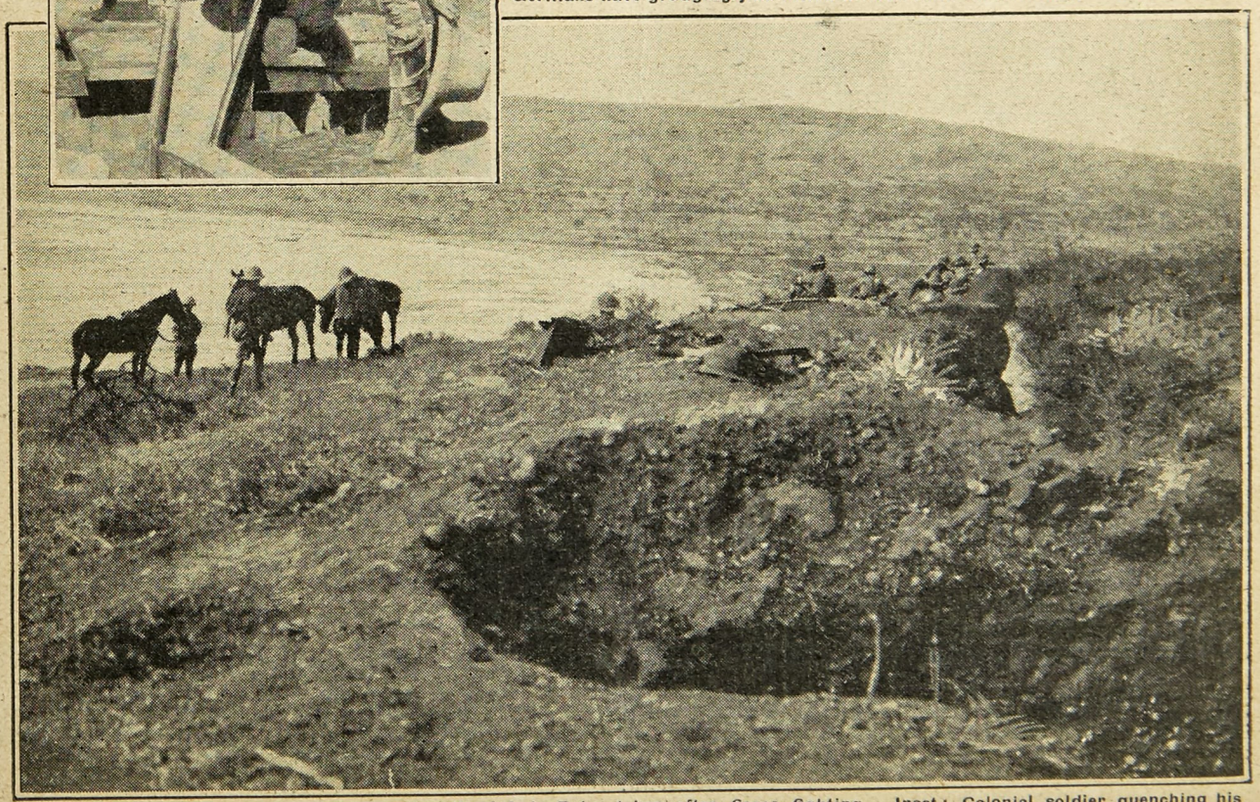
Any statements as to the expenditure of ammunition are of little military value without exact information as to number of guns in action and the effect of their fire, and history tells us that the Japanese on May 30th, 1904, at Nan Shan, with about one hundred and ninety-eight guns, under General Oku, opposed General Fock, and expended 3,747 high-explosive shells and 30,300 shrapnel shells. The artillery carried about one hundred and ninety-eight rounds per gun, and expended about one hundred and seventy-five rounds per gun. The enemy's loss was 1,416 all ranks, and evidently at least twenty shells were fired for every man hit.

General Oku, at Ta Shih Chiao, on July 24th, with two hundred and fifty-two guns, opposed General Zarubaieff. Oku expended an average of eighty rounds per gun, while

[*Continued on page* 100

Some of the Anzac Supermen at Anafarta Bay

The new landing-place on Gallipoli. British troops congregated on the beach of Anafarta (or Suvla) Bay, situated on the northern side of the peninsula, and whence the Anzacs are co-operating in renewed heroic attacks on Sari Bair ridge. Even the Germans have grudgingly admitted the valour of the men from "down under."



General view of Anafarta Bay, showing the hill of Lala Baba, taken after fierce fighting. Inset: Colonial soldier quenching his thirst at a well sunk in the beach of Anafarta Bay immediately the successful landing manœuvre was carried out.

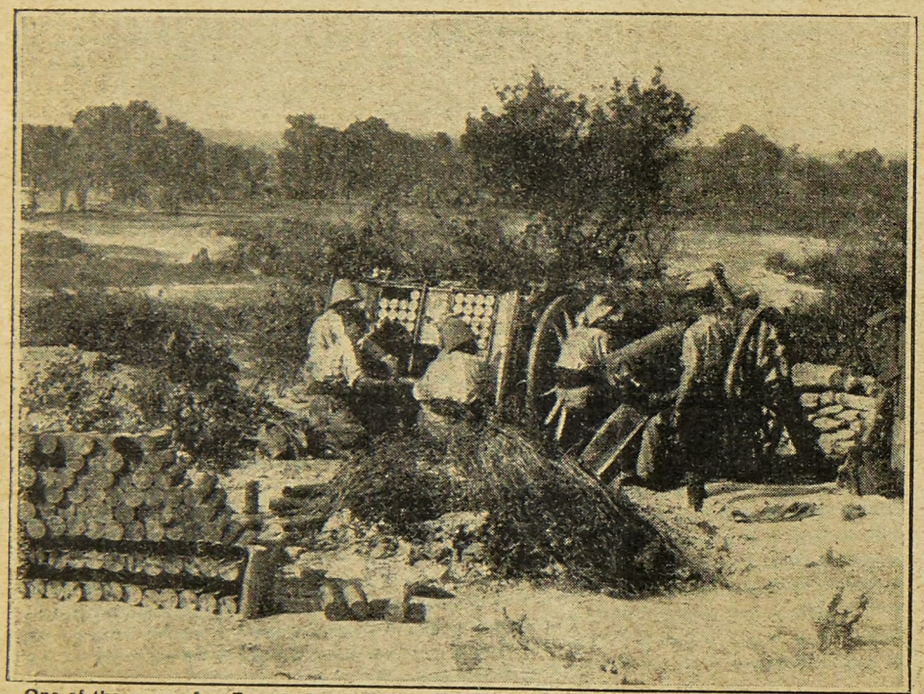
INSATIABLE HUNGER OF THE GUNS

(Continued from page 98.)

the Russian artillery expended two hundred rounds per gun. The Russian losses were estimated at 2,000 of all ranks. But, of course, the Japanese infantry may have accounted for fifty per cent. of the enemy's loss.

338,960 Shells on Twenty Miles' Front

These figures, taken from the "Official History," form the latest reliable data on the subject of field-artillery tactics, and we see that at Ta Shih Chiao one side expended only eighty rounds per gun, while the other expended two hundred rounds per gun. These are averages, for one group of sixteen Russian guns alone consumed 7,141 rounds of shell, that is an average of 446 rounds per gun in this group. Now let us assume that for some reason the whole of the artillery of a British division fired at this rate at the Battle of the Marne. There were three brigades of 18-pounders, one brigade of howitzers, and a battery of heavy guns, and together they would have expended 33,896 shells. And it follows that if we had ten divisions in action, and every gun was firing at the given rate, we should use 338,960 shells on the front which the hostile infantry were defending; this front would certainly not exceed twenty miles. On this front we could hardly expect to find commanding positions for forty brigades, besides positions for ten batteries of heavy guns, and so the attacking batteries would have to come into action where they could, in cornfields or meadows, in villa gardens with the palings broken down, on railway embankments in single or double tiers of fire. The target front of each brigade being reckoned at half a mile, the one thing needful is that the guns should get into action even if they must be pushed forward to within machine-gun range.



One of the guns of a French battery in action near Seddul Bahr, Gallipoli. The apparent liberal supply of ammunition seen in the photograph will soon be consumed.

One of these days the British Army may have a million men at the front—say fifty divisions, including fifty heavy batteries, fifty brigades of howitzers, and one hundred and fifty brigades of field-guns. How are we to supply two hundred 60-pounders, nine hundred howitzers, and 2,700 18-pounders with ammunition for a six days' battle? Take the 18-pounder, for instance; the gun limber contains twenty-four rounds, and the two waggons seventy-six rounds each—total per gun with battery one hundred and seventy-six rounds. Another waggon load per gun is with the brigade ammunition column. Some miles in rear is the divisional ammunition column, conveying another one hundred and twenty-six rounds per gun. Thus with the division are three hundred and seventy-eight rounds, the whole of which could be fired away in twenty minutes. From the advanced base another one hundred and fifty rounds per gun could be brought up by motor-lorries, and from an ordnance depot another four hundred and seventy-two rounds might be forwarded at a day's notice by rail to complete 1,000 rounds per gun. By similar arrangements the 4½ in. howitzers could get eight hundred rounds, and the 60-pounders five hundred rounds per gun. But how shall we replace this gun ammunition for fifty divisions, the mere weight of which is 60,334 tons?

Difficulties of Shell Distribution

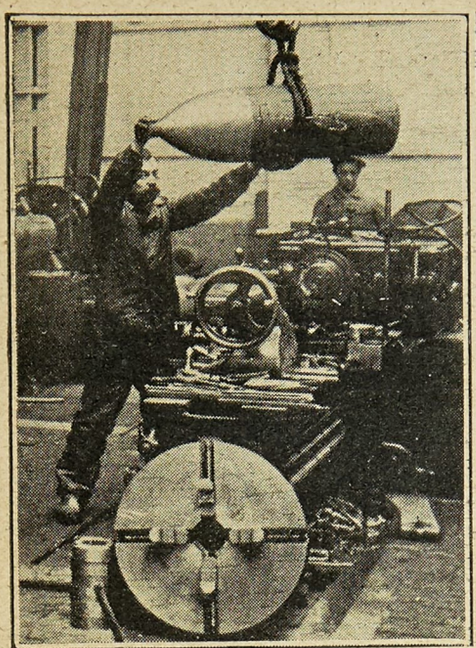
An ideal arrangement would allocate one factory to each division. The output of each factory should approximate to 1,200 tons for every day its division has its guns in action. Transport would be waiting to convey the shells to the railway en route for the coast. Then it must be loaded into vessels at the port of embarkation and unloaded at the overseas base. Another train journey would bring it to railhead, somewhere in rear of the zone in which the division is operating. Thence by motor-lorries (called the ammunition park) it would be taken to the divisional ammunition column (horsed transport), which would distribute the shells among the four brigade ammunition columns and the heavy battery, and from these points the shells would be delivered to the firing batteries. Thus every 18-pounder gun might obtain another 1,000 rounds, but if the gun were in action three times for periods of half an hour, and fired at the rate of ten rounds a minute, the whole of this supply would be exhausted. The same is true of the heavier pieces.

We see, then, that the question of ammunition supply must be approached not from the gunner's point of view, which regards only the capacity of the weapon to fire rapidly, but from the standpoint of the shell-maker, the railway manager, and the director of transport, who really must govern the consumption of shells. In short, the artillery must cut its coat according to the cloth, as the phrase goes. And what is true for us is equally true for our allies, though in their case the overseas journey is not needed if they manufacture at home. The quantities required, however, must correspond with the size of their armies. If the French have fifty corps in action, their consumption of shells would be double the quantities given for fifty British divisions, although their rate of fire may be no greater. The Germans are in a worse plight, for they have one hundred corps to supply, and if ever the day comes when they are all in action the German guns will need about a quarter of a million tons of shells, if each gun is to fire shot for shot with the French and British guns, for a period which may be reckoned in minutes if their utmost capacity for rapid fire is to be fully exploited.

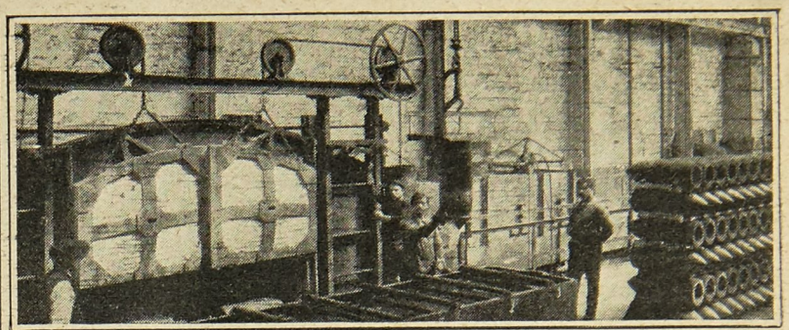
Armaments and Armageddon's End

But in fact no army dare employ all its guns in this way, for fear of being suddenly rendered helpless by a cessation of ammunition supply, and the larger the army the greater the danger of this happening. To cut off a British army from the coast, or interpose a French army between the German army and Krupp's works at Essen, would do more to end the war than a repetition of all the inconclusive actions that have yet been fought, and if the Frankenstein monster created by the German military hierarchy should in the end devour the authors of its being, posterity will only say that the punishment fitted the crime.

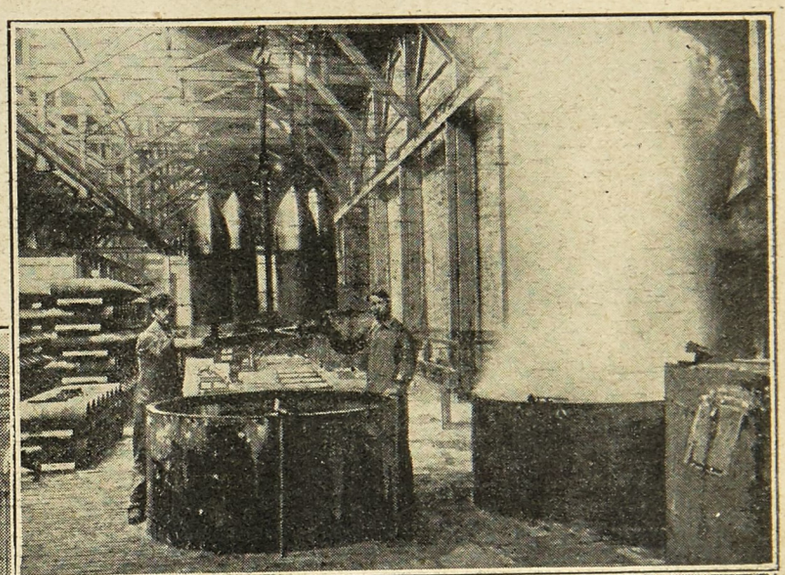
Steel Harbingers of Death in the Making

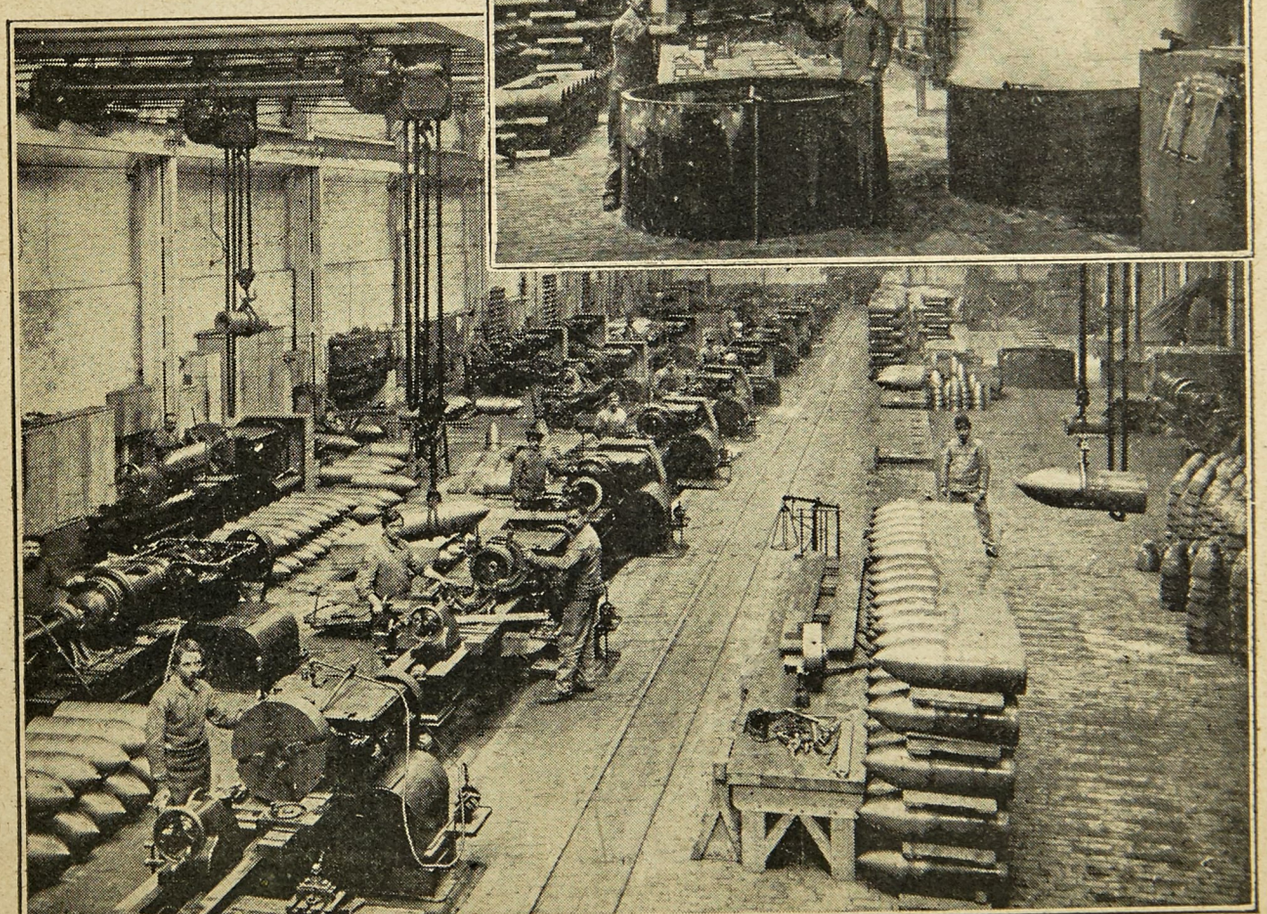


A 305 mm. shell being let down by a pulley into the lathe for turning, in a corner of French munition factory.



Oven and vats where the 303 mm. shells are tempered in one of France's biggest munition factories. Our ally, in addition to keeping her own armies adequately supplied, is providing King Albert's troops with munitions.



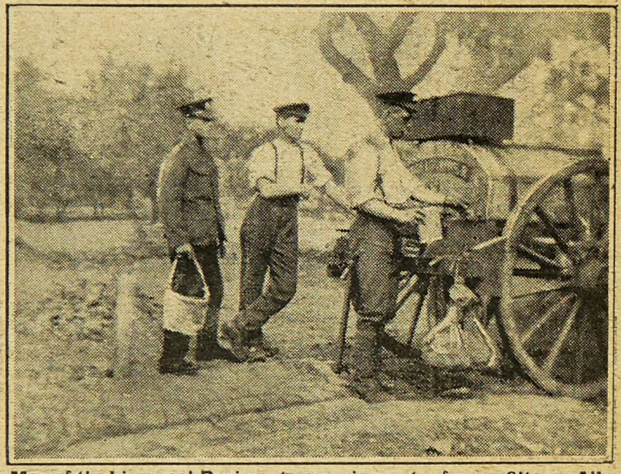


The birth-place of fearful death! View of one of the huge workshops in France where 305 mm. shells are being manufactured in their thousands. Inset above: A vat into which four projectiles are being lowered for tempering.

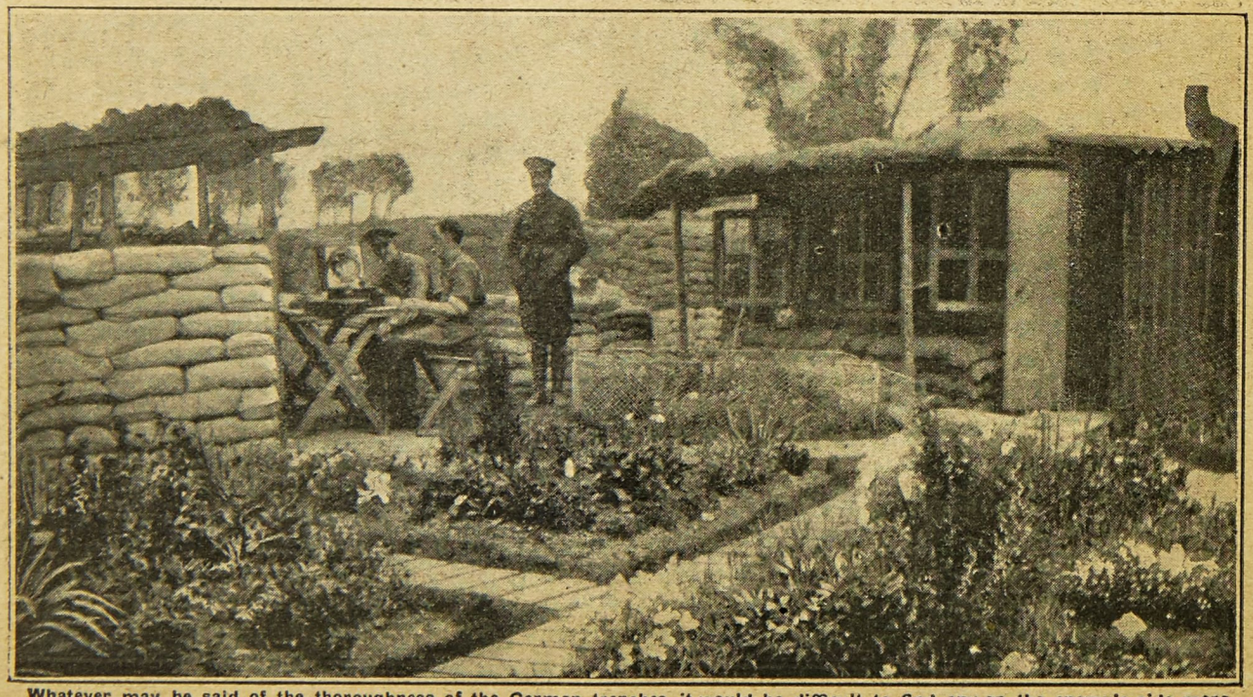
The Lull in Flanders before the Coming Storm

Rural pursuits as a relief to the business of war. Some British soldiers, while on leave from the trenches, occupy themselves harvesting for our allies in the wheat-fields behind the British lines. Soon they will be reaping a grim harvest.

British officers listening to the homely strains of a gramophone installed in the first-line trenches.

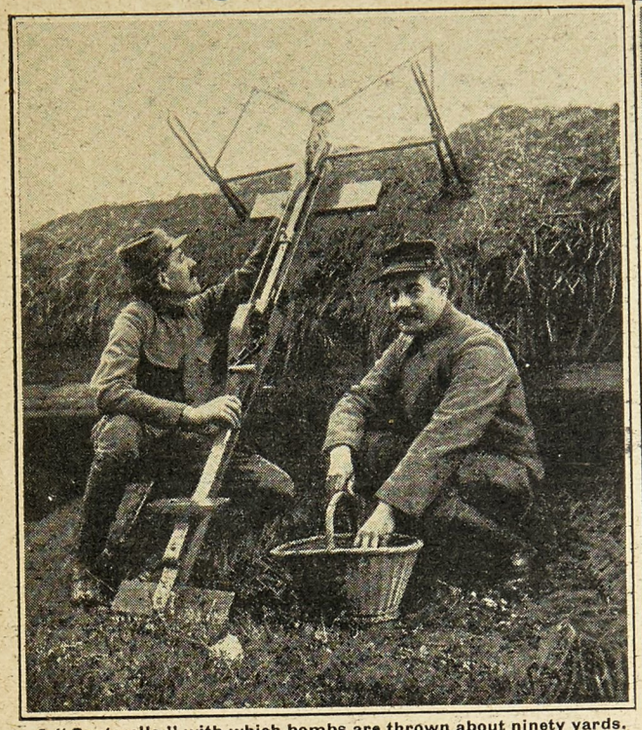


Men of the Liverpool Regiment procuring water from a filter. All drinking water for the troops is thus sterilised against typhoid.

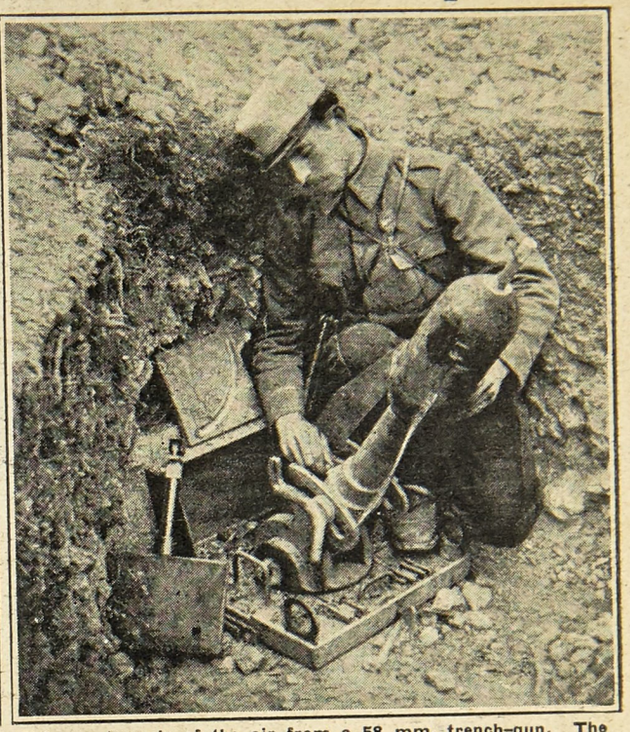


Whatever may be said of the thoroughness of the German trenches, it would be difficult to find any on the enemy's side more complete in general construction than that shown in the above photograph. Footpaths have been laid down with neatly cut sleepers, and even flower plots abound in this unique corner of a Flanders trench-town.

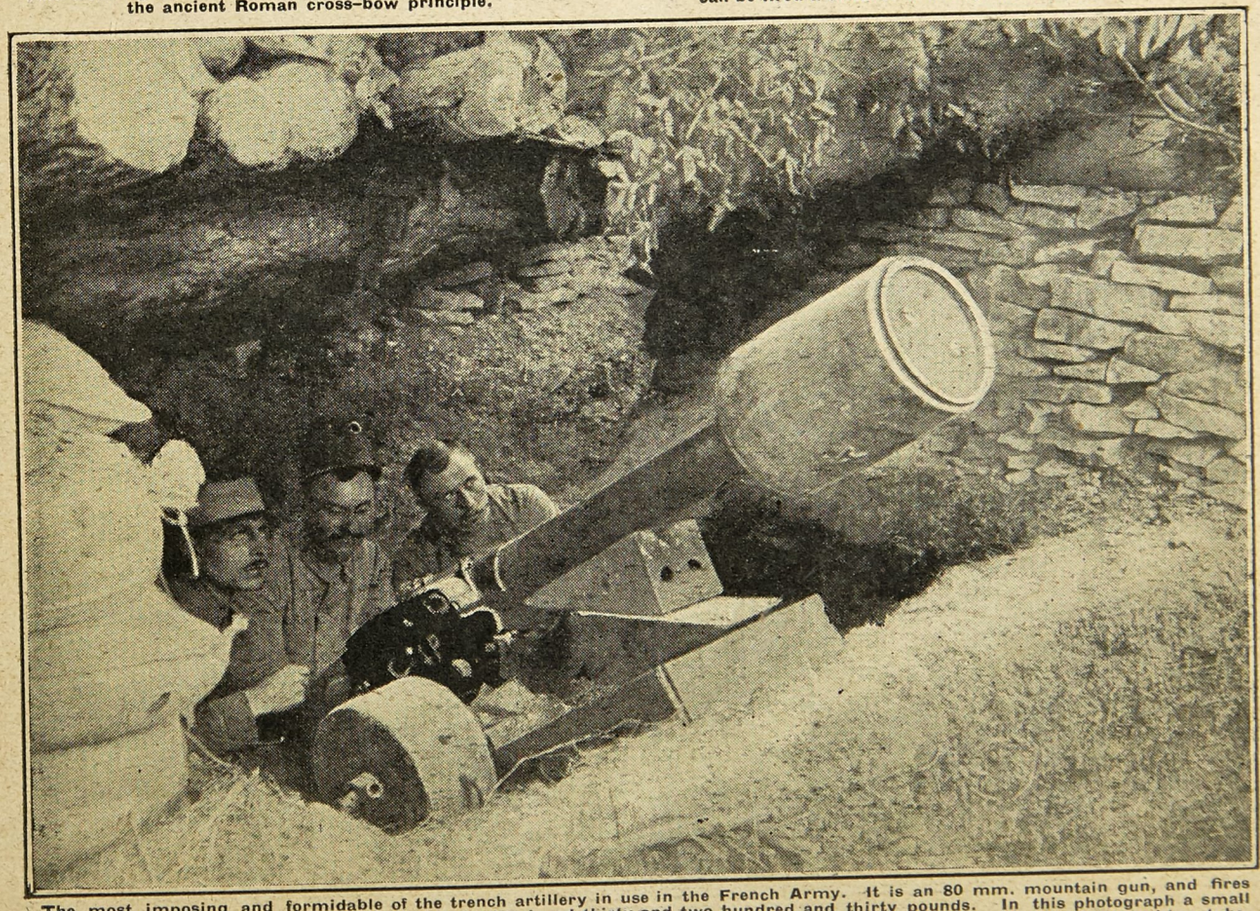
Trench-guns that hurl Air-mines and Torpedoes



A "Sauterelle," with which bombs are thrown about ninety yards. This trench-gun is a kind of arbalest, and works somewhat on the ancient Roman cross-bow principle.

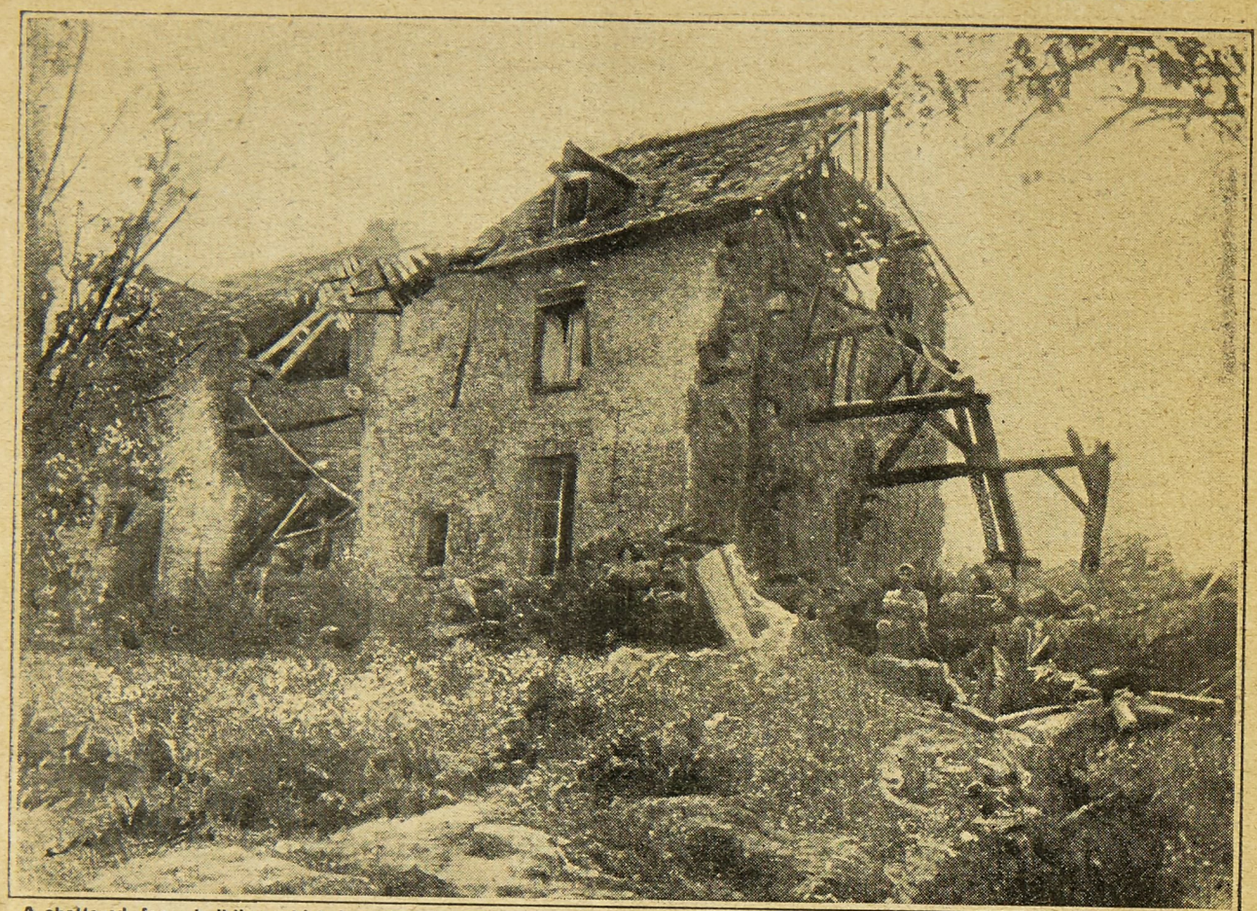


Firing a torpedo of the air from a 58 mm. trench-gun. The projectile is "winged," weighs about thirty-three pounds, and can be fired a distance of nearly six hundred yards.

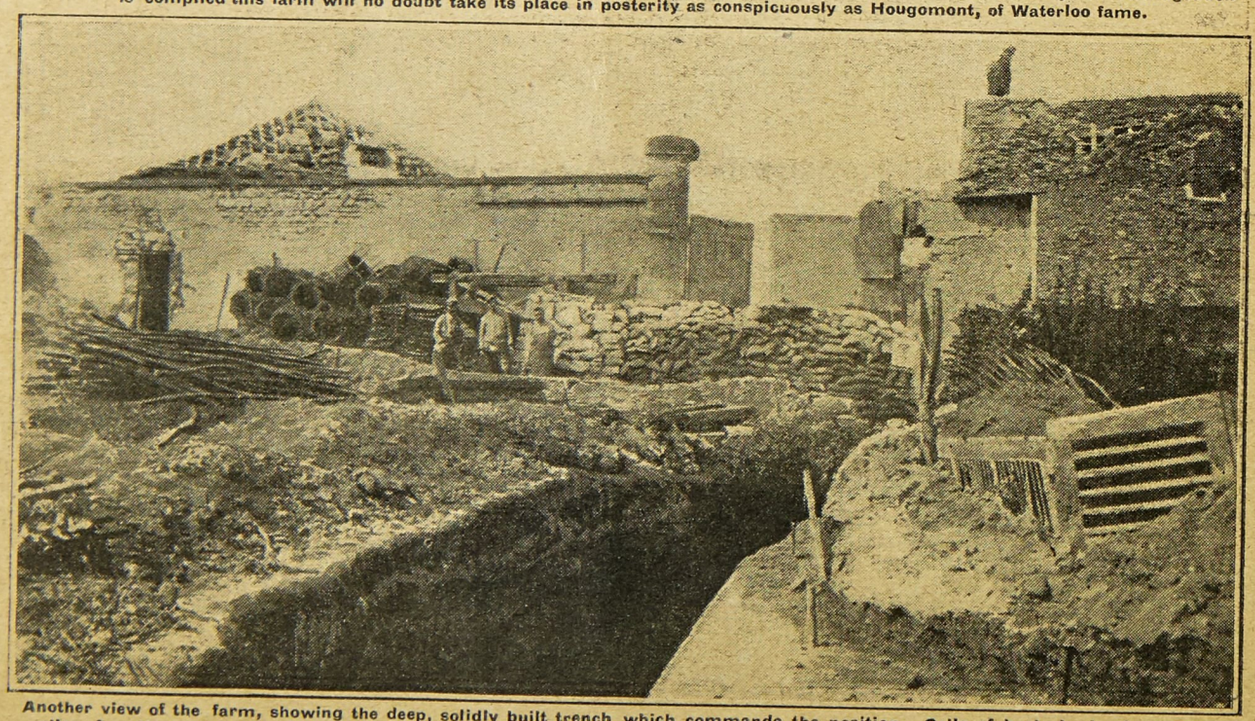


The most imposing and formidable of the trench artillery in use in the French Army. It is an 80 mm. mountain gun, and fires air-mines which vary in weight between one hundred and thirty and two hundred and thirty pounds. In this photograph a small air-mine, weighing one hundred and thirty pounds, is about to be fired. The mine does not enter the gun, but is attached to a tube.

Metz Farm: A Grim Sentinel of France



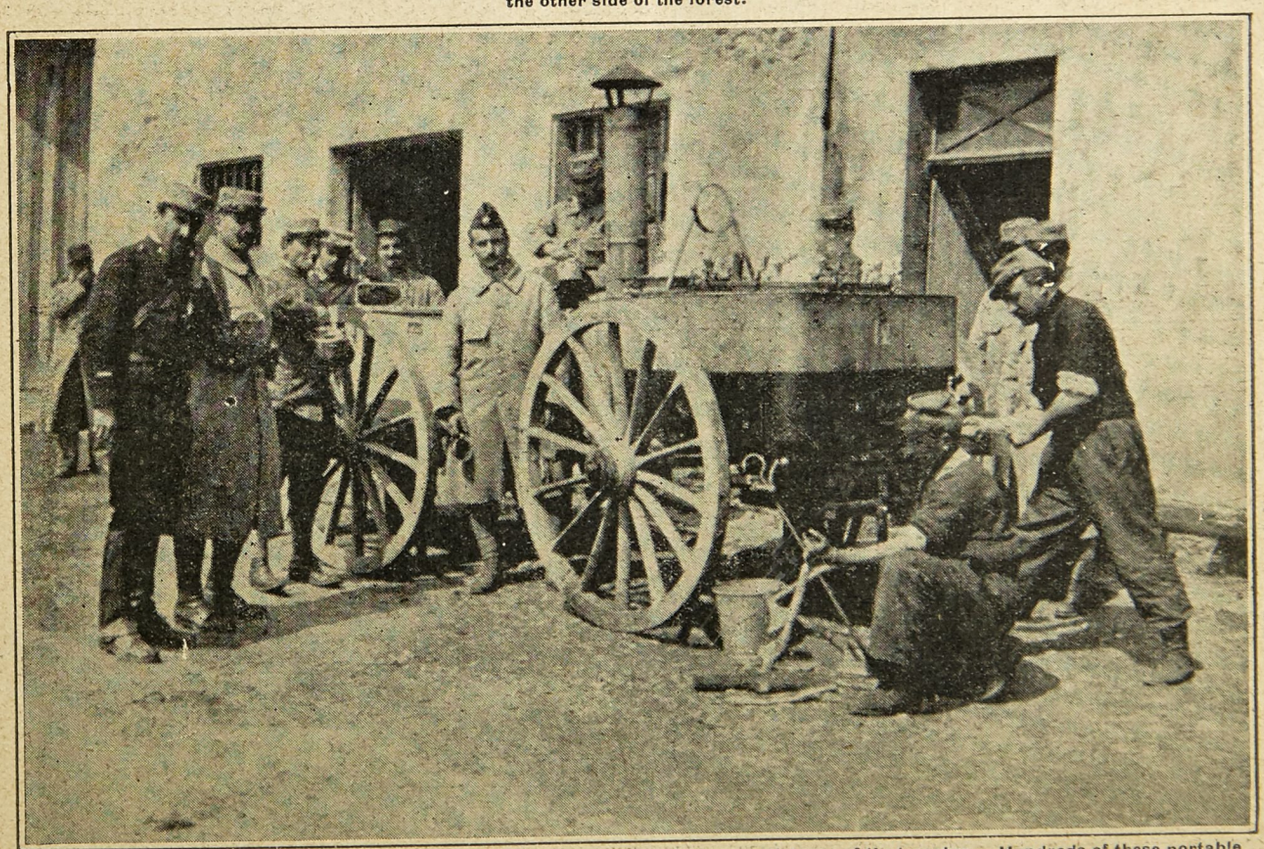
A shattered farm building which has played an important part in recent French offensive operations. Terrible hand-to-hand conflicts and incessant artillery duels have raged round this identical spot, and when the official history of Armageddon is compiled this farm will no doubt take its place in posterity as conspicuously as Hougomont, of Waterloo fame.



Another view of the farm, showing the deep, solidly built trench which commands the position. Coils of barbed-wire in reserve, piles of earth sacks, and huge stone slabs used to consolidate the defence are seen in the background. (Exclusive photographs.)

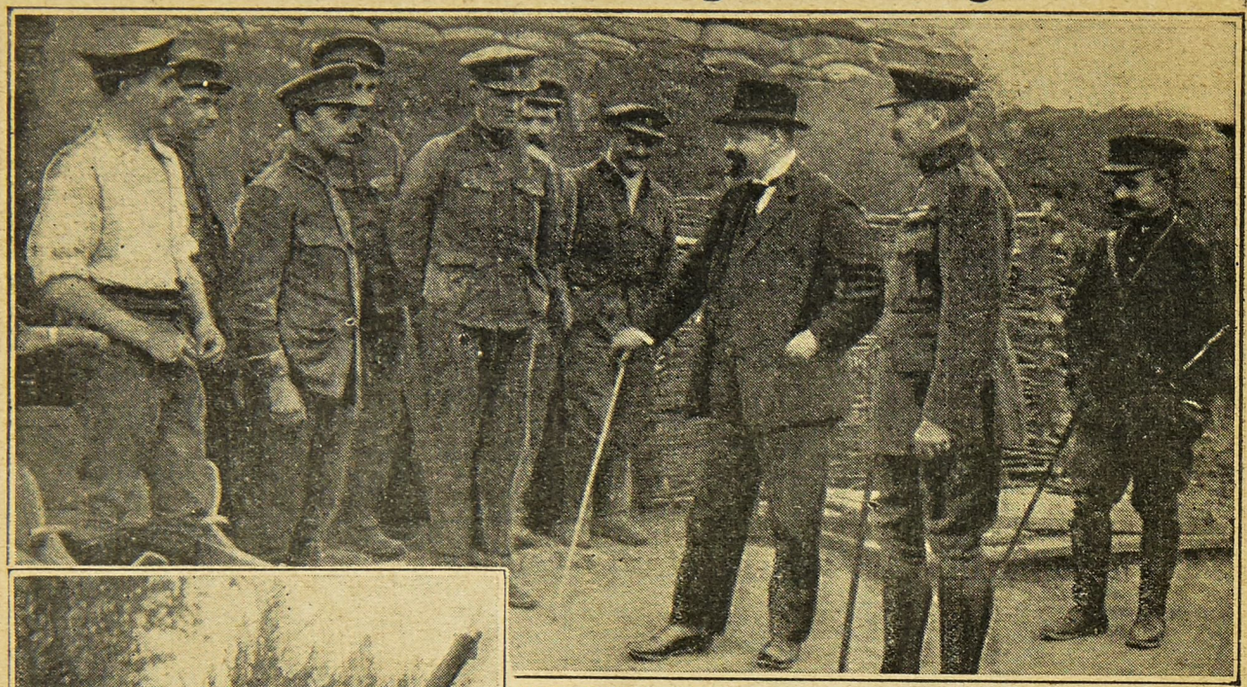
Halt Before Action · A French Field-Kitchen

A French column halts for a rest in a wood near Toul, one of the strongest points in the French line, which, since the beginning of the war, has defied every effort of the Huns to break through. Two officers are seen cracking a joke at the expense of the Boches on the other side of the forest.



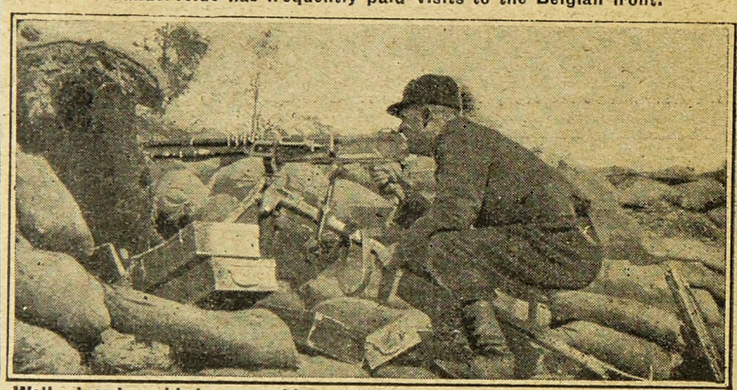
French soldiers laying the fire of a field-kitchen before proceeding to within easy distance of the trenches. Hundreds of these portable restaurants are now doing great service in the French Army. Piou-piou is as particular about his food as is our own Tommy.

Personalities with the Belgians along the Yser



M. Emile Vandervelde, the famous Socialist and King Albert's Minister of State, with General Jacques, enjoys a joke with some Belgian soldiers on the Yser. M. Vandervelde has frequently paid visits to the Belgian front.

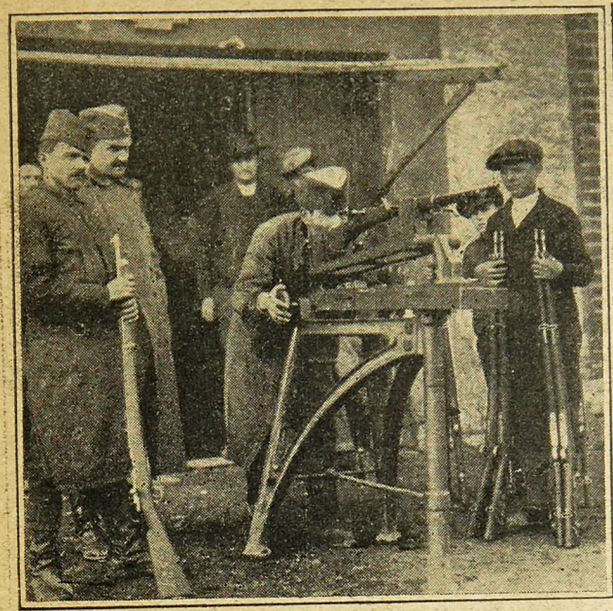
Prince Alexander of Teck, who has been at the front almost since the beginning of the war, watching a Belgian gunner's efforts to bring down an Aviatik.



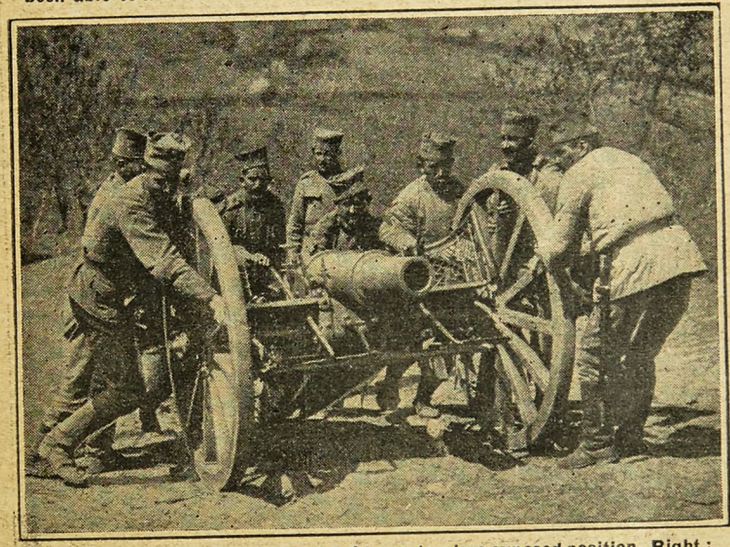
Well placed amid innumerable earth sacks, this mitrailleuse has proved invaluable time and again along the tragic Yser. The Belgians can claim to possess more machine-guns proportionately than any of their allies.

A troop of Zouaves, who have been co-operating near the Belgian Army, cleaning their rifles during a brief rest in a pleasant sylvan glade somewhere along the Flanders front.

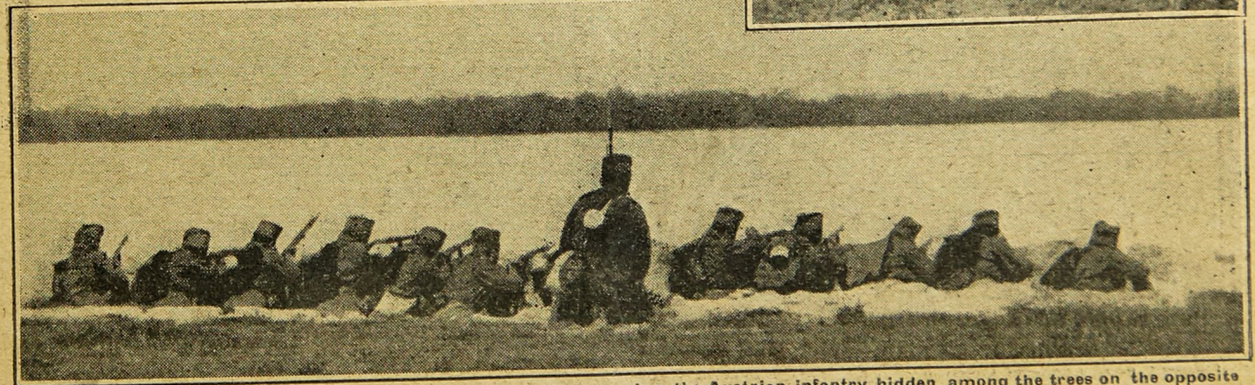
Serbia Defiant along the Lovely Danube



Every Austrian rifle captured by the Serbians constitutes a valuable prize, and such weapons are tested by an experienced shot. Right: Howitzer battery about to fire on an Austrian position. That the Serbians have been able to hold their own is a source of great bitterness to the Kaiser.



Serbian artillerymen dragging a field-gun to a less exposed position. Right: Rifles being handed out to new recruits to Serbia's forces in the field.



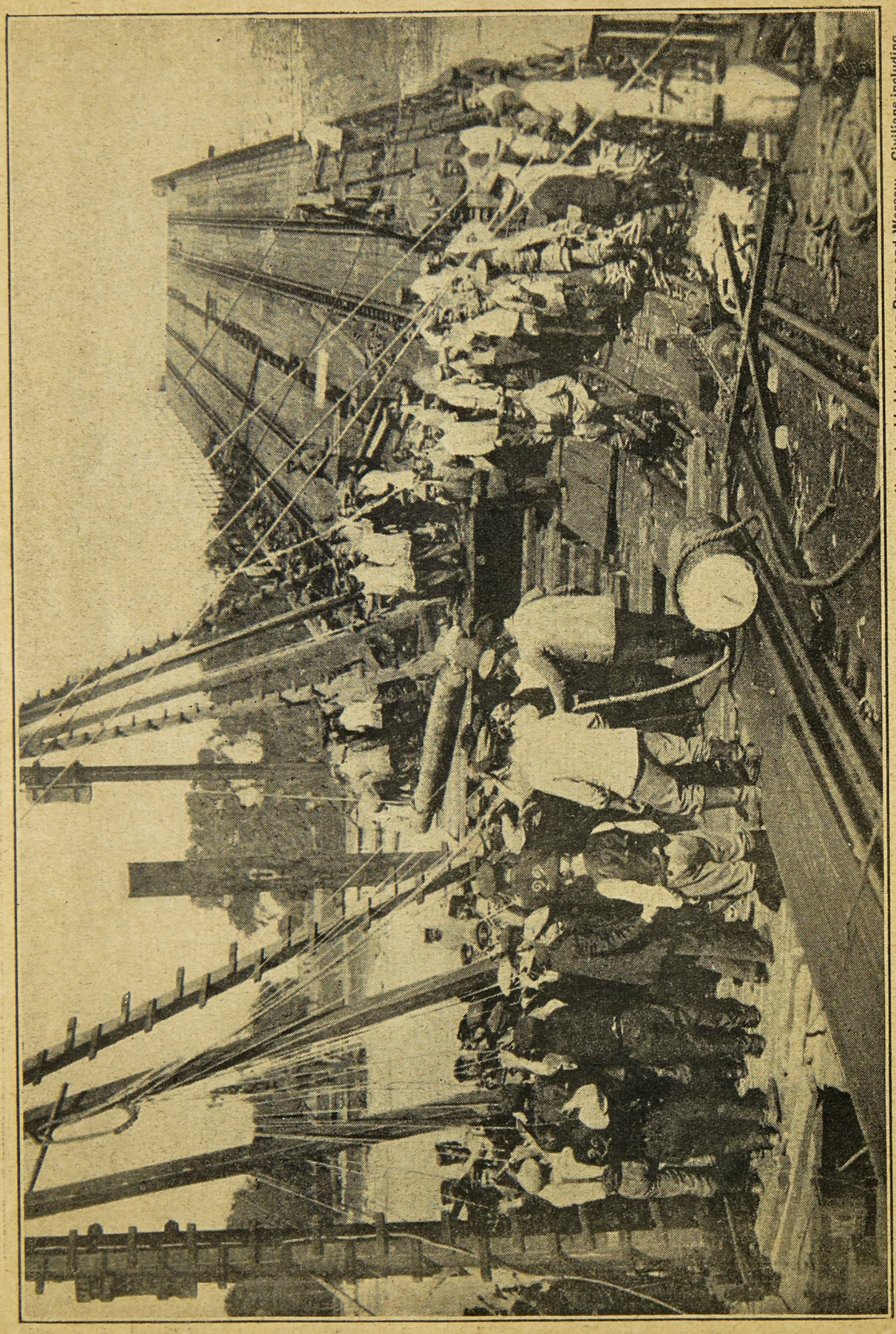
Serbian soldiers entrenched along the bank of the Danube engaging the Austrian infantry hidden among the trees on the opposite bank. With the exception of Belgium, Serbia has endured more than any country. She was the first of the Allies to defy Prussian oppression—the valiant David against the might of the Goliath Teutonicus.

Half-hearted Turks Surrender to New Zealanders

That the Turk fights bravely but without ideal is not the outcome of any general Oriental characteristic, but merely the result of a sublime indifference to the ruling fates, who are at present Enver Bey and his notorious clique of German militarists. An incident occurred recently which once more proves this fact. The Otagos in rushing a position were amazed to find themselves assisted up a difficult incline by the enemy, who kissed the hands of the New Zealanders as an expression of submission, and were thereupon taken prisoners and promptly sent to the base. They were in no humour to "carry on" for Kultur's cause.

British Hero-Officer's Ride for Turkish Flag

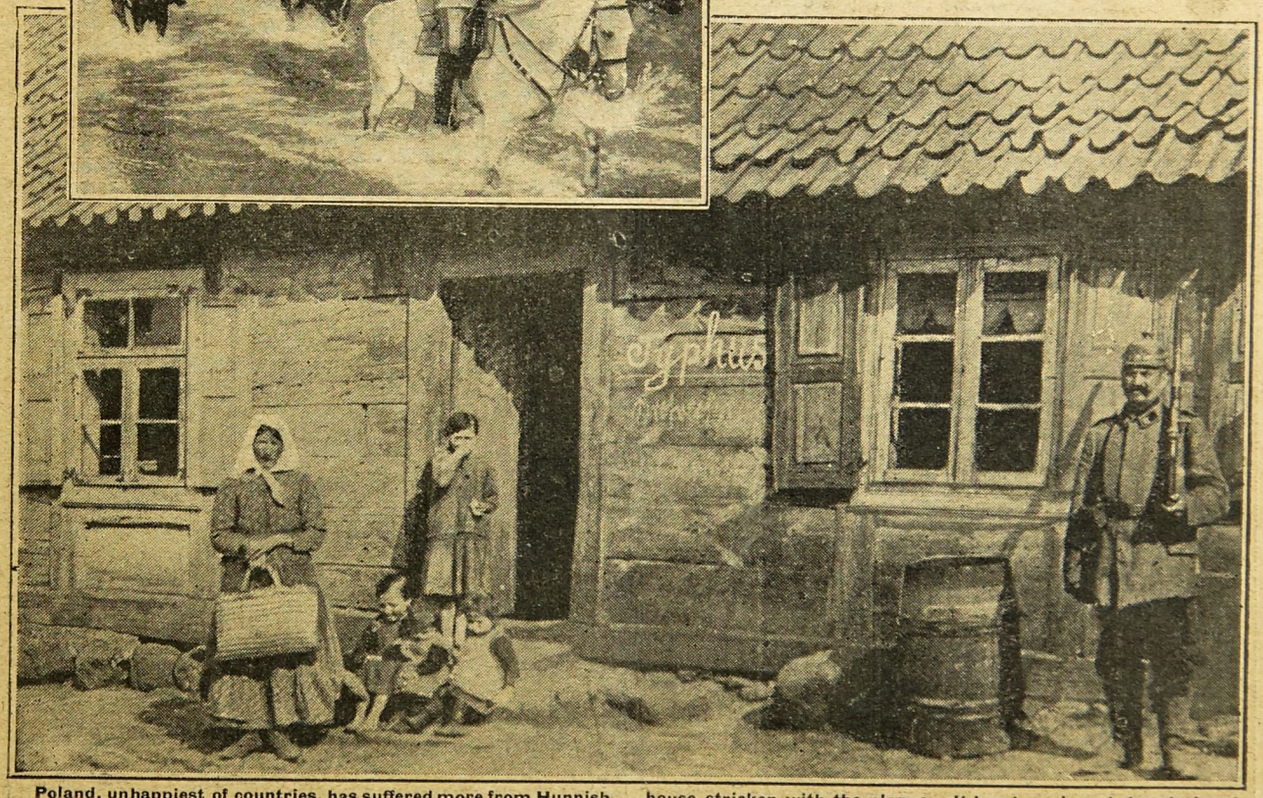
In the operations at Shaiba, Mesopotamia, Major George Godfrey Massy Wheeler asked permission to take out his squadron and attempt to capture a flag, the centre point of a group of the enemy. He advanced and attacked the enemy's infantry with the lance, doing considerable execution among them. He then retired, while the enemy swarmed out of hidden ground and formed an excellent target for our guns. On the following day Major Wheeler led his squadron to the attack of the "North Mound." He was seen far ahead of his men riding straight for the enemy's standards. The heroic officer was killed on the Mound.



GERMANS REBUILD VISTULA BRIDGE.—The retreat of the Russians and inevitable destruction of communications have given the German pioneers work in plenty. One of their first tasks was the reconstruction of all the Vistula bridges. This photograph illustrates a scene on the ruined bridge between Praga and Warsaw. Civilians including, no doubt, forced Poles, are seen working under military direction. In these days of rapid engineering the rebuilding of a bridge is but a question of hours.

War and Disease the Dual Tragedy of Poland

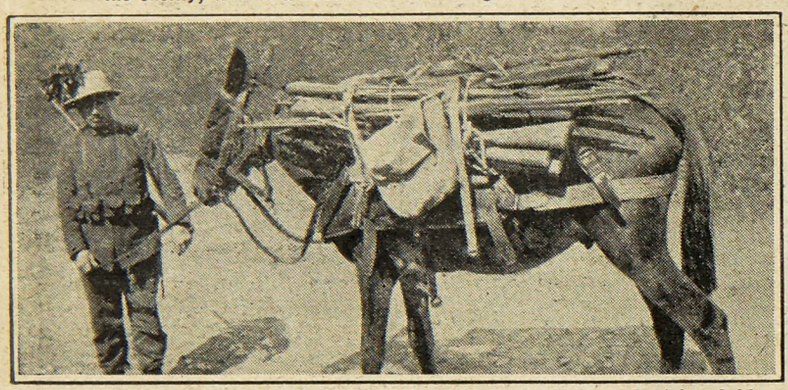
The Russians, from the Tsar to the lowliest peasant, are united in their determination to fight on until the enemy is subdued. This photograph, taken in the neighbourhood of Brest Litovsk, shows a band of infantry resting before pushing on in the general retreat.



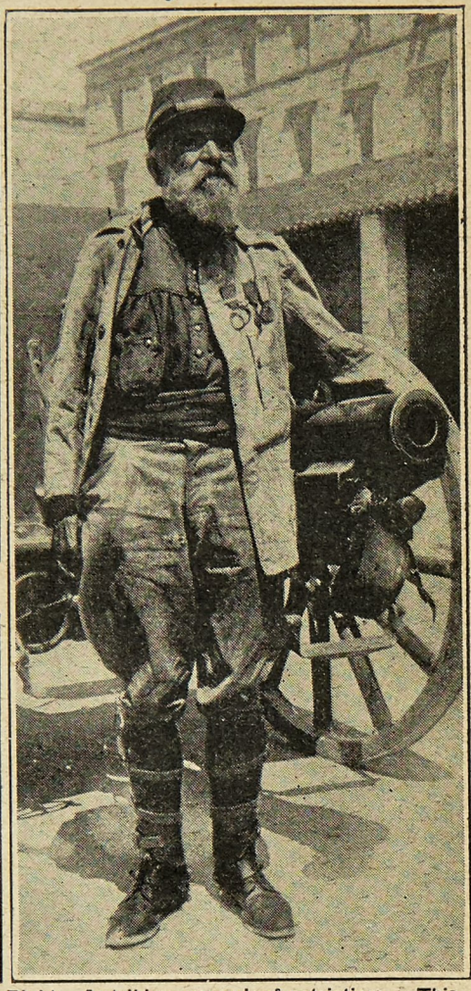
Poland, unhappiest of countries, has suffered more from Hunnish brutality and insolence even than Belgium. Added to the disaster of war being waged through the ill-fated country, dread typhus has broken out in various localities. This photograph shows a house stricken with the plague. It has been branded and placed under German guard. Inset: Field-Marshal von Mackensen, on a white charger, who shares with Hindenburg and Falkenhayn the responsibility for Prussia's hordes on the eastern front.

Dramatic War Scenes from Italy's Front

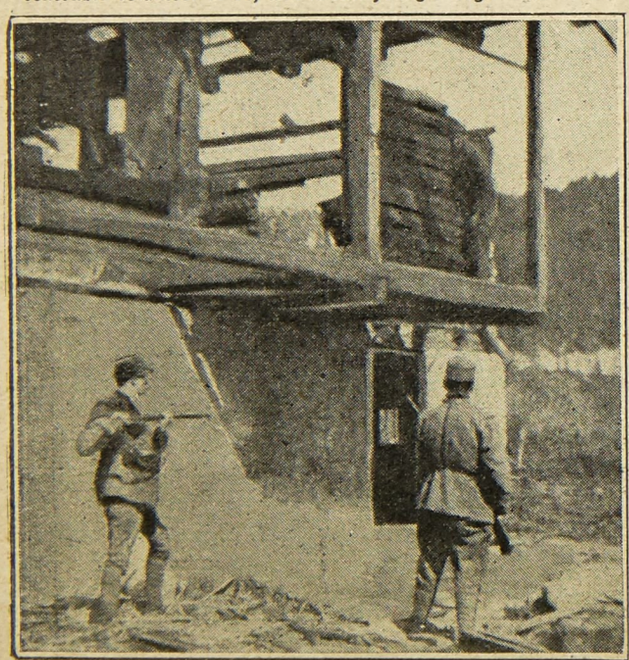
Italian outpost in action. Under cover of a giant tree, the patrol is seen engaging the enemy, who is ambushed in the foliage across the stream.



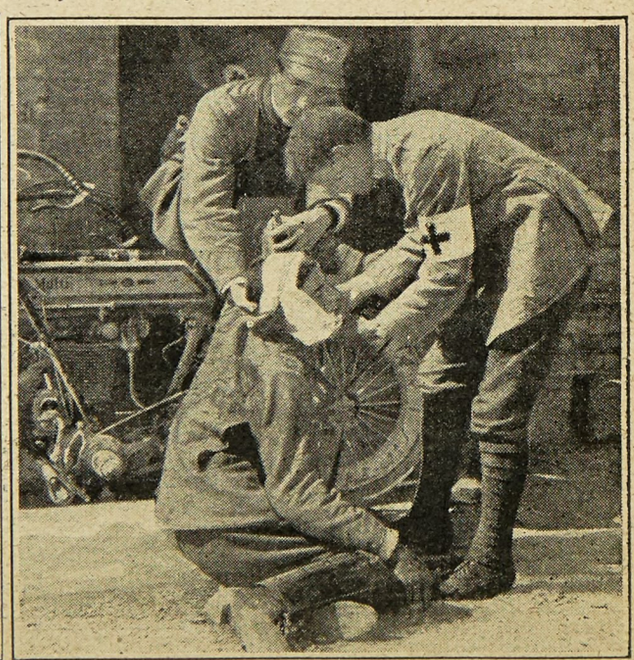
Mule, laden with rifles, that was captured by the Italians on an Austrian field.



Right: A striking example of patriotism. This venerable volunteer is 74, and is still young enough to do his bit for Italy. He accomplished one share in the wars of independence.

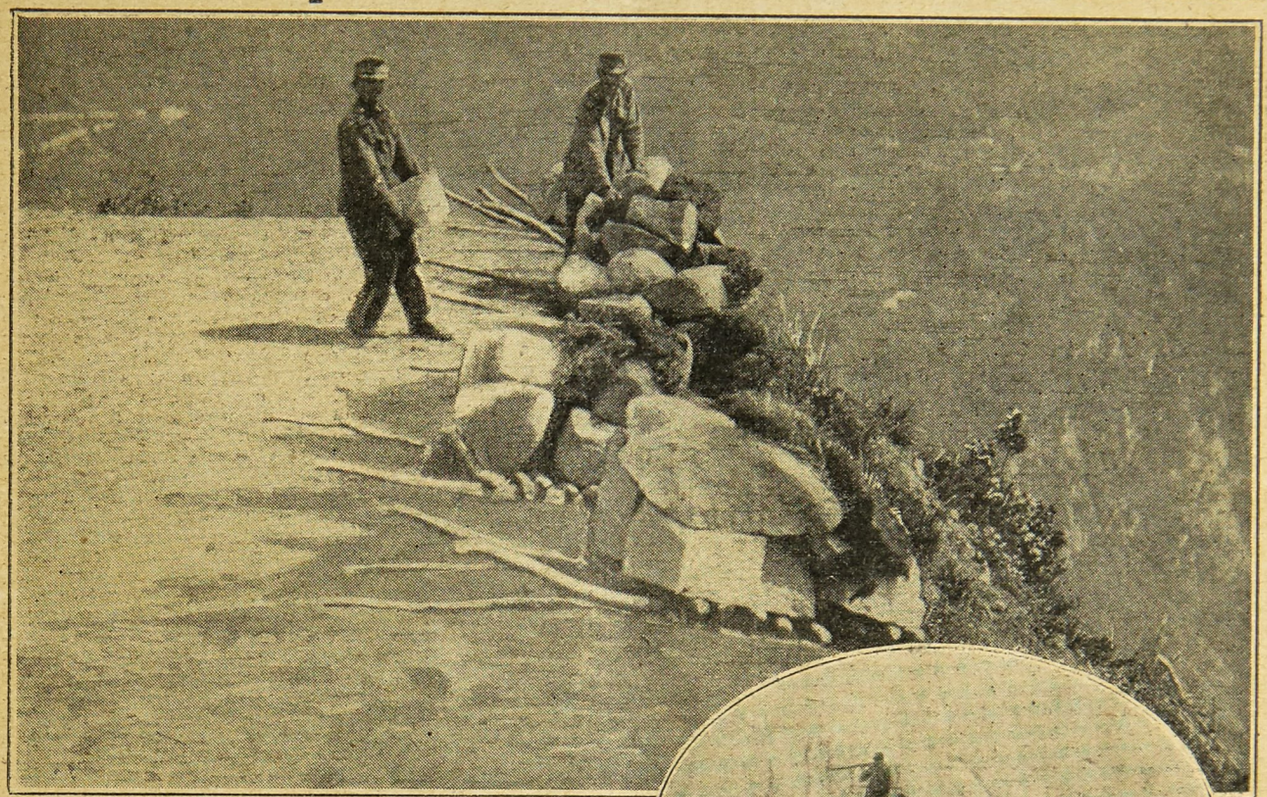


Dramatic incident on the Isonzo front. Italian outpost having spotted an Austrian sniper's retreat, await his exit with rifles at the ready.

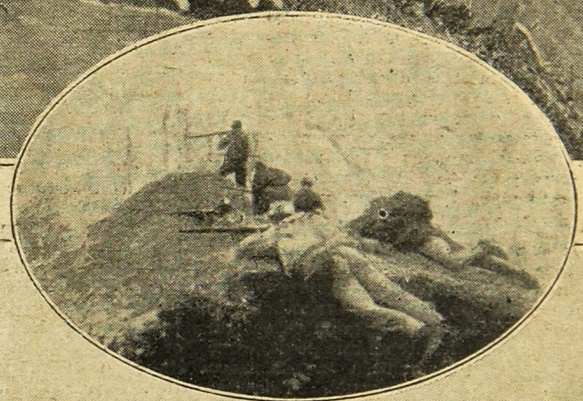


First-aid by the way. Italian Red Cross worker attending the head wound of a motor despatch-rider, shot while on a perilous errand.

Austrian Alpine Warfare Primitive and Practical



Austrians placing stones on the edge of a precipice. When the Italians climb the mountain side, the wooden stakes are withdrawn, thereby releasing these—the first weapons of warring mankind.



Austrians fixing barbed-wire entanglements in the Tyrol at an altitude of six thousand feet. Inset: On the barren, snow-capped, immemorial peaks an Austrian outpost is seen in skirmish with Italian Alpini across the valley. Such mountain warfare must necessarily proceed at a slow pace, though Italy has made comparatively good progress against the ally of barbarism.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

EVENTS are steadily developing on the Western front. The great artillery duel—French and German—along large sections of the line south of Arras has now continued for close on a fortnight. There have been repeated attacks by allied British and French warships on the Belgian coast, attacks whose possible significance cannot escape the most casual observer. There has been a formal, official conference between General Joffre, the King of Italy, and General Cadorna, a conference which may mean plans for a united advance on the south-west front.

The Russian armies have rallied, and are once more engaging the enemy in a great battle on the region between the Rivers Niemen and Pripet. The silence from our own front in Flanders continues, but it is a silence which does not indicate inaction. In the Dardanelles fighting continues daily, and every known fact makes it the more certain that we intend to press our campaign there to the uttermost, despite difficulties and discouragements.

The faint whispered suggestion that we should slacken in the Dardanelles campaign in order to concentrate altogether upon Flanders was immediately silenced. Everyone in this country who knows anything of the Near East is aware that for us to abandon the Dardanelles now would mean for us to step down definitely and finally from our place in the world. Let us leave the Dardanelles, and we should be forced out of Asia within a year.

The Choice before Germany

It is a cardinal rule of successful war to take the initiative and to maintain the offensive. What can Germany now do? The Central Empires have several choices before them for their autumn campaign. They can concentrate on one point, while attempting to maintain a defensive barrier on the other fronts. This was their policy during the summer Russian campaign. They can also endeavour to carry out two or three great campaigns simultaneously. This seems scarcely probable, although it must be reckoned as one of the possibilities.

One large section of German strategists is known to favour the single campaign plan. It advocates throwing the entire strength of the German armies on to the eastern front, linking up the lines of railways from Riga to Lemberg, and then crushing through by sheer force of artillery and intensity of attack up to Petrograd. The occupation of Petrograd this autumn and the strengthening of the German front all along the east would enable Germany to make her plans for turning the immensely fertile plains of Poland into a granary and manufacturing centre for her peoples next year.

The Balkan Menace

A second plan would be to concentrate a considerable force on the Serbian front, to overrun that country, and to establish the German armies in a position where they could effectively menace Bulgaria if Bulgaria refuses to be bought or bribed. Still another plan is to turn a considerable army against Italy, and to fight a winter campaign in the plains of Lombardy. Italy has not yet met the full strength of the German armies.

The long-promised march to Calais seems further off than ever, but it is when the least is said about things that nations need to be much on guard against them.

On the western front the Germans have several possible schemes. Roughly, they divide themselves into two groups: (1) Attack on the coast made either against the Belgian army to the north or the British front lower down in Flanders; or (2) attacks in Central France in the direction of Paris, whose aim would be to drive a wedge into the extensive French front. Behind all this, of course, comes the much longed for German scheme of the invasion of England, a scheme whose obvious perils and tremendous risks are realised even in Germany itself.

The Danger in Central Asia

People unfamiliar with Central Asian affairs may well be excused if they are blind to the real significance of the brief official communication stating that there had been an irruption of Bunarwans into the Peshawar district, and that a hostile force from Upper Swat had made an attack upon our position at Sandaki. The year of war in Europe has caused very real unrest in Central Asia, not confined to the peoples on our own frontiers.

Apart from Mohammedan nations, the Buddhist peoples of Asia and the Confucians are beginning to question what the future will bring forth. A trusted and level-headed correspondent in Eastern Asia reflects the position there in a letter which has just reached me. "China is very strongly pro-German," he writes, "and from the very first the Chinese military authorities, many of whom were trained in Germany, believed that Germany would win out. Germany has most cleverly handled the Chinese vernacular Press, and has shown no shortage of able men or money, while we British with our heads buried in the sand have been stupidly asleep.

The Orient and Kaiserism

"Central Asia is being worked through and through, and once the banner of the Great White Tsar is humbled in Warsaw, the once embedded States of Central Asia will begin to feel that their time is coming. With the Asiatics nothing succeeds like success, and might is right.

"The Japanese Government is, I am sure, honourably loyal to its alliance with us, but numbers of its better informed people say that we are only half-heartedly attempting to fight for our life and existence."

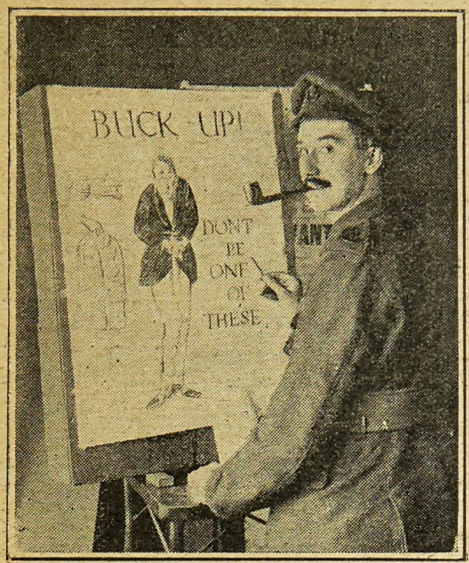
This last criticism may seem to many of my readers, as it seems to me, unjust. The question is, however, not is it just or unjust, but what may be the effect of other peoples entertaining this opinion of us?

The Tsar Takes the Helm

The intelligence that the Tsar has taken command in person of the Russian armies is one of tremendous significance. The Slav is spiritual and emotional in a way we Western peoples can scarcely realise, and the presence of the Great White Tsar among his soldiers will do more to revive their spirits and strengthen determination than anything else could do. The Tsar's arrival probably also means the strengthening of the hands of the group of scientific soldiers, led by General Russky, who months ago saw the danger of the Russian forward movement, and attempted to keep it back. General Russky incurred great unpopularity and loss for the time; but events have justified him. Every day which Russia can now check the German advance is a victory for her. The time is very short before the weather will have broken for the autumn, and land advance on a large scale will be exceedingly difficult.

Au revoir till our countrymen return victoriously to the Rhine provinces. Young French children leaving an Alsatian station for France. Each one is labelled for identification purposes.

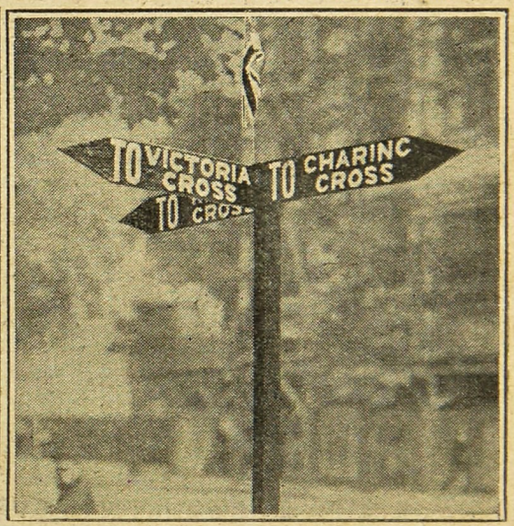
Helping to Raise Britain's Fourth Million



Soldier poster artist. Rifleman S. Tresilian, who is one of the survivors of the "Rangers'" charge at Ypres, is now "doing his bit" again by drawing recruiting posters while convalescing from his wound.

Miss Violet Lorraine, the popular music-hall artiste, addresses a Trafalgar Square recruiting meeting on behalf of the London Regiment Royal Fusiliers.

"Little Zola," a music-hall comedian, promises to perform in any hospital or barracks free of charge for the duration of the war in exchange for two recruits. Right: Novel recruiting signpost which speaks for itself.



Recruiting sergeant pointing out to a prospective soldier the locality on the map where his regiment won immortal fame.

The Prime Minister of Mirth turns recruiter. Inimitable George Robey, who is a special constable, places his persuasive wit at the disposal of the Empire by calling for men from the Nelson plinth.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

EARLY in June we were still in the defensive stage against submarines, and Mr. Churchill said at Dundee that "the submarine menace had been fixed within definite limits." We have now passed to the offensive stage and it will increase in stringency. The earliest doctrine preached in this page was that the Power which commands the sea—and the Allies do command the sea—can make use of anything which can float a gun. The American correspondent, Mr. Fred Palmer, says that "in all Britain has 2,300 trawlers, minesweepers, and other auxiliaries *outside of the regular service* on duty, on the blockade from the English Channel to Iceland, and in keeping the North Sea clear." All these vessels from outside the Royal Navy, and others as well, are involved directly or indirectly in the submarine hunts which "are regarded as great sport." Incidentally, let me congratulate the new Board of Admiralty for breaking with exaggerated secretiveness, and allowing Mr. Palmer to visit the Grand Fleet. The new Board is exercising a most beneficial influence on the Navy in many other ways, and its integrity gives confidence to all who have the good fortune to serve under it. It is the best Board the Navy has had in living memory.

Frightfulness—a Bad Investment

Following on Lord Selborne's recent statement that "the Navy has the submarine menace well in hand," we find that the German Government is staging matters so as to lead up to the side-tracking of the "blockade." It was the supreme good fortune of this country that Germany was as deeply committed to the attempt to make a success of this policy, so that we were able to land our Expeditionary Force in the Dardanelles without an appalling disaster on April 25th. On April 17th there appeared in this page, eight days before the landing, the following:

"The diversion of submarines to the attack of commerce, instead of prosecuting a military campaign against warships and transports, is an absolute gain to the cause of the Allies." We landed—five days later—on six separate beaches, and at only one beach were there the enemies of the submarine, and there only eight destroyers. It was not until May 25th that a German submarine appeared and torpedoed the Triumph. The fact is "frightfulness" only pays when it is associated with and subordinated to military success, as was the case in Belgium; but on the sea Germany was met by military failure, and "frightfulness" has considerably added to that failure.

Modification Policy

As a result, an assurance has apparently been given that liners (passenger liners ?) will not be sunk without provision being made for the safety of the passengers, except in the case of resistance or attempted escape. The interest lies in the interpretation. Many descriptions of vessels carry passengers, and we do not know what will be considered an attempted escape. *One cannot parley with a periscope*, so the submarine must show herself on the surface. As I write, the telegram appears about the passenger ship Hesperian torpedoed at night without warning. Of course, we shall be told that there was no way of informing a submarine off the Fastnet of the change of policy. But will not German ministers show themselves always as resourceful in evading an issue as British Ministers at question time in the House? If they realise their blunder through the hard logic of six months of failure, they will give up their submarine "blockade" to an extent at which they calculated the occasional torpedoing of a British merchant ship will produce a diversion of fighting force. The spot where the Hesperian was torpedoed on July 31st was in the Fastnet zone off the S.W. corner of Ireland, where the Arabic was torpedoed and the Iberian stopped by the gun fire of U58 and subsequently torpedoed. It represents the extreme "going west" of the German operations.

The Price Paid

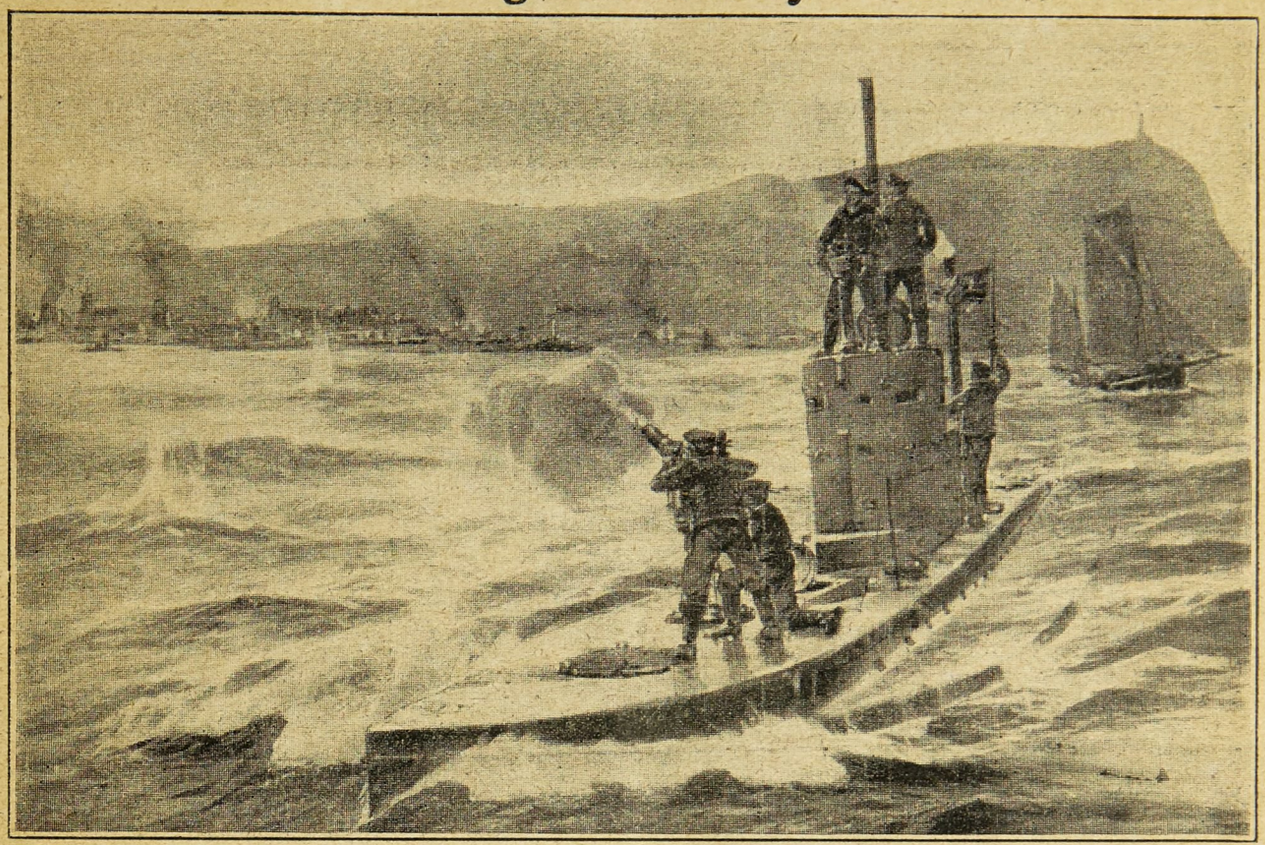
The price paid is not merely that the Allies have had the advantage of a large number of German submarines being removed from the military theatre of war. Nor again is it that the enemy has lost a large number of submarines and, what is more important, submarine crews in the process. Nor is it that by the sinking of as many neutrals as British vessels, America and other nations have been antagonised. The immeasurable loss to Germany is that at least six months was conceded to the British Government to atone for former lethargy and lack of preparation. This, by organising offensive measures against the German submarines while they were effecting no military purpose whatsoever, except in the Ægean Sea and off the Gallipoli Peninsula. Those six months were simply priceless, for they just enabled us to pass from the defensive to the offensive stage against German submarines. Mr. Balfour now lifts a corner of the curtain and tells us that the losses of German submarines are "formidable." The methods for their destruction have been numerous. The Admiralty indicated one when they described the loss of one off Ostend "by bomb dropped from an aeroplane," and of others by the official descriptions of bombardments at Zeebrugge, where in the intervals of rest, fourteen or more submarines would be assembled. What has been achieved by aeroplanes can be obviously better done by dirigibles, owing to their power of remaining stationary over a point when a submarine is spotted.

Our Increased Imports

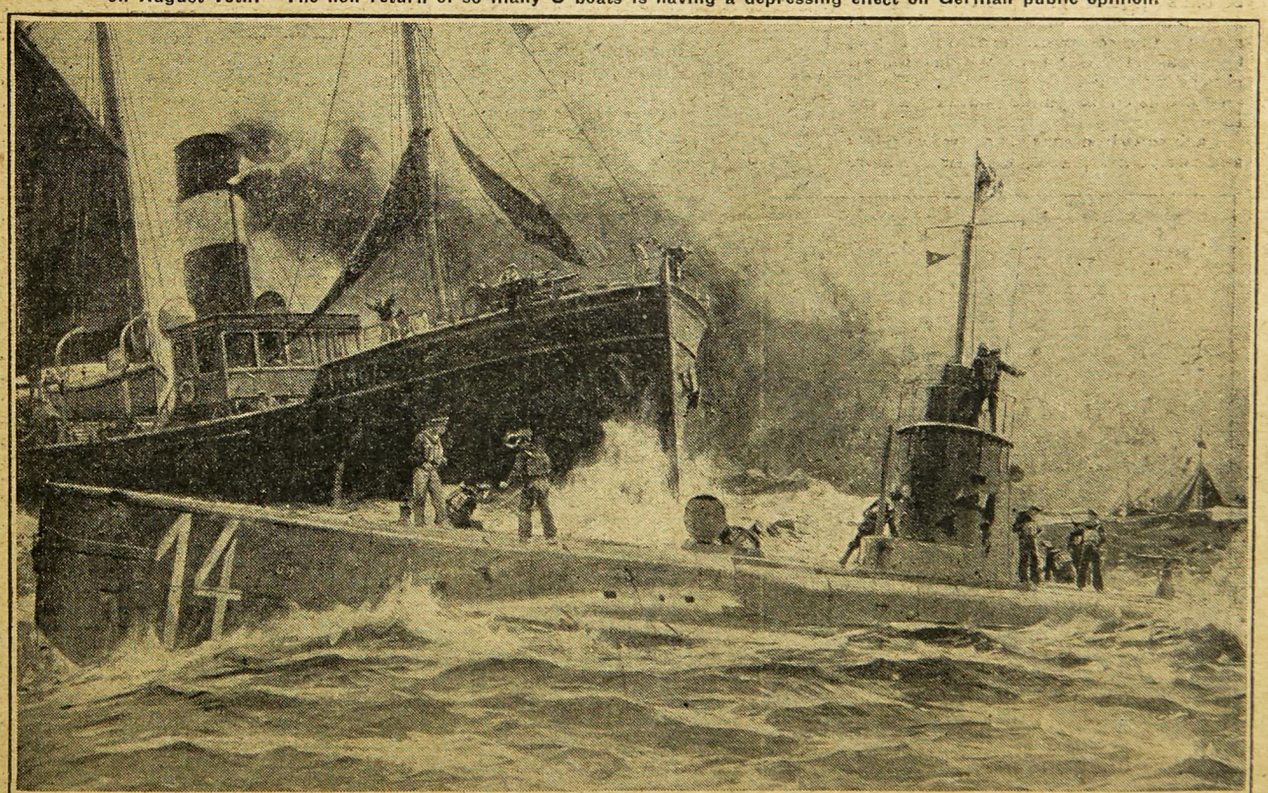
Recently New York papers announced that the armed merchant vessel Demerara sank by gun fire on May 14th a new-type submarine which used a buoy as a decoy. There are at least half a dozen other methods of attacking submarines, but since nothing has been given out, nothing can be said. By all the methods—whether ram, gun, net, bomb, dredge, or mine—the Germans have probably lost about five times as many submarines as have been publicly given to the Press. Put it another way, they have lost one submarine for every three British steamers they have sunk. As we have now over 300,000 tons more of British steamers than we had before the war, Von Tirpitz, and his amiable scribe Reventlow, have much to explain as to their policy. If starvation was their object, I commend to them the fact that whereas we imported only 68,968,000 cwts. of cereals in the first five months of 1914, in the same period of war in 1915 we have imported 80,326,000 cwts.

An old Alsatian woman seated in the Church of Thann where, for years, she has sought spiritual consolation. Now the hallowed shrine is partly wrecked; the high altar is but a heap of debris; yet still the lonely worshipper repeats her prayers in the house that, in spite of war's desecrating tumult, remains inviolable as a sanctified place.

Coward U Craft glorified by German Artists



"Crimes in May, blunders in September"—Mr. Balfour's apt and reassuring summing up of the pirate policy may well give the Huns furiously to think. This would-be heroic drawing from a German paper represents the submarine attack on Whitehaven on August 16th. The non-return of so many U boats is having a depressing effect on German public opinion.



The German public must indeed be a simple quantity if it really believes what it is told by apparently respectable and expensive illustrated papers. The drawing reproduced above actually purports to show the "cowardly" ramming by a British trawler of a "harmless" German submarine. The picture requires no comment other than that it is an impertinent as well as obvious lie.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

THOSE of us who have for years been advocating the provision of a really big flying corps have some reason to feel gratified at the growth of the R.F.C. as indicated in recent "Gazettes." Naturally one must not even hazard guesses at present numbers, but when one recalls that it is only a little over three years since the corps was commanded in its entirety by a major, the appointments made lately indicate its rapidly growing importance.

It is now some months since Colonel David Henderson, D.S.O., a temporary brigadier-general, was promoted, to be a substantive major-general, for good service in the early part of the war. This alone indicated that the R.F.C. was even then considered to be of as much importance as a division of infantry—which means roughly twelve thousand men. Last week, however, two senior officers of the R.F.C., Brevet-Colonel Trenchard and Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel Higgins, were promoted to be temporary brigadier-generals, and the same paragraph of the "Gazette" notified the appointment of Colonel Soady, of the Indian Army, to be a brigadier also—and the assumption is that he has been imported into the R.F.C. to command one of its brigades.

The R.F.C. Composition

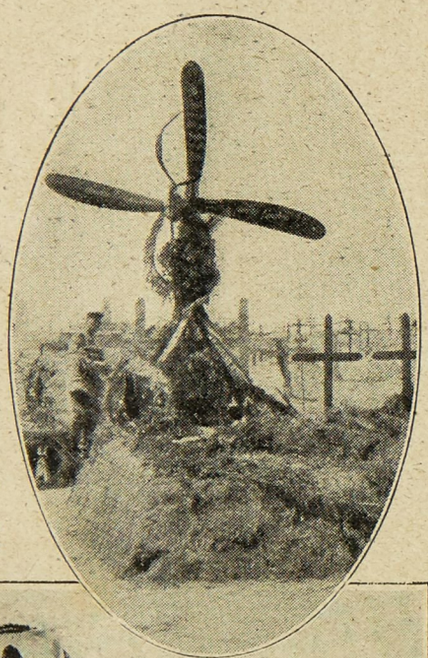
During the past year a number of squadron-commanders have been promoted to be wing-commanders, with the temporary rank of lieut.-colonel, so that, apparently, each wing corresponds to a battalion of infantry, and thus one sees how the formerly insignificant little body commanded by a major is gradually becoming a real fighting force.

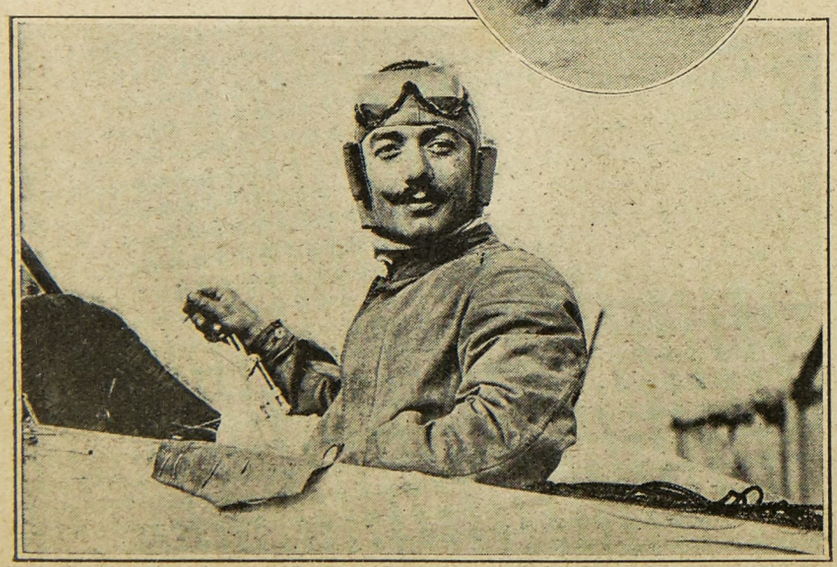
It may be of interest, therefore, to explain the composition of the Flying Corps as laid down in various official papers published long before the war, and discussed in public journals at the time.

Each squadron consists of twelve pilots and twelve aeroplanes, with twelve more pilots and aeroplanes in reserve. A squadron is divided into three flights, each of four pilots and aeroplanes, with four in reserve. A flight-commander is either a captain or a temporary captain, and is an active flying officer. A squadron-commander is a major or temporary major, and is not supposed to do any flying—much to the regret of the greater number of these officers, who have generally been selected from the most experienced and able pilots of the early days of the corps.

Thus one sees that a flight corresponds roughly to a company of infantry and a squadron to a half-battalion or a double company. The precise size of a wing has not been publicly laid down, but it would appear to correspond to a full battalion.

Now, twenty-four flying officers, or pilots, in a squadron may not at first sight seem to account for anything like a half-battalion, but when one comes to look at the number of men needed to handle aeroplanes, and the number of other officers employed, one soon finds the numbers mounting up. Of course, a certain number of the aeroplanes only carry the pilot alone, but the majority are two-seaters, which carry an observer, who is almost invariably an officer who is not a pilot and is attached to the R.F.C. to observe the movements of the enemy, or the effect of our own artillery fire. Thus a squadron may easily have a dozen, or two dozen, officers attached as observers.





M. Pegoud, who was shot dead by the Germans whilst flying at a height of 6,000 feet. The famous aviator acted as aerial guard to General Joffre, and was a constant source of terror to the enemy, who were baffled by his "loops" and "angle gliding." Inset: Grave of a German airman, with a propeller as a memorial emblem.

The Repairs Section

Each aeroplane has a certain number of men allotted—known as "air mechanics"—whose duty it is to keep the machine in order, to fill its tanks with fuel and oil, to tune up the engine, and generally to make it fly as well as it can. The air mechanics also repair minor breakages, and replace broken parts, the replacements being obtained from a stock of such parts which are a regular part of the equipment of each flight.

It would be cutting things rather fine to allot six air mechanics to each aeroplane, so that a flight would need roughly fifty men and a squadron at least a hundred and fifty. These men naturally require a certain number of non-commissioned officers, who not only have to maintain discipline, but act as foremen in charge of the various repair jobs done on the machines, so that the numbers are swelled still further by flight-corporals, flight-sergeants, squadron-sergeant-majors, and so forth.

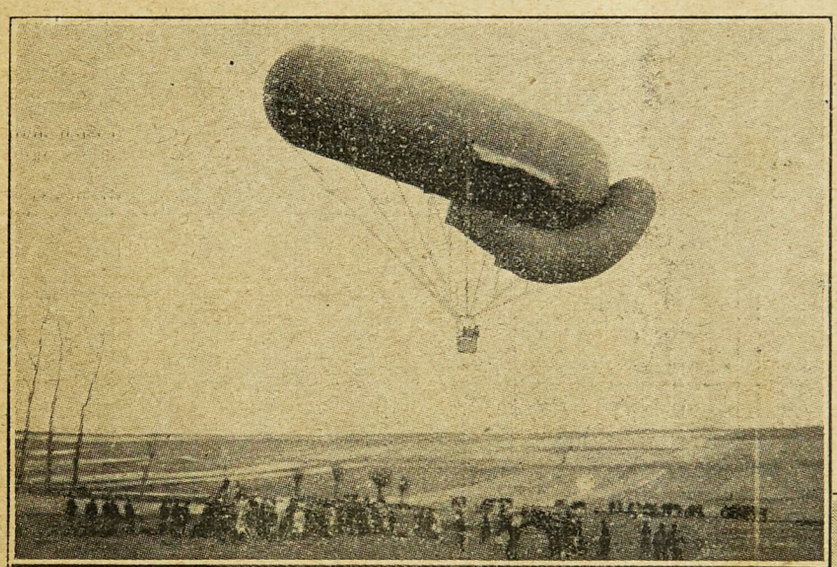
Extensive Transport

Naturally, such a mobile force as the R.F.C. has to have the most rapid of transport, consequently each flight has its own equipment of motor-vehicles, which are very varied in kind. There is, for example, a big travelling motor-workshop, containing various lathes, drilling machines, power-saws, and so on, each tool driven by the motor which drives the vehicle when it is moving. Then there are heavy lorries capable of transporting a whole aeroplane if necessary, or a big load of baggage when the flight, or squadron, is moving from one ground to another. In addition, there are light motor-lorries for the rapid conveyance of spare parts and breakdown gangs for aeroplanes which happen to have come down some distance away. All these vehicles need men of their own as drivers and mechanics, and there is generally a squadron transport officer, who is not a flier, in charge of the lot. And so the total personnel of a squadron may easily run to over two hundred officers and men. This means the four squadrons would exceed in number the personnel of a cavalry regiment, and would come very near being as big as an infantry battalion.

It follows then that as soon as a number of wings are formed it is necessary to have brigadier-generals to command groups of wings, just as brigadiers of artillery command grouped batteries, and the appointments officially notified show that the number of wings already formed, or in process of formation, is now sufficiently great to find employment for officers of such rank.

Captive Balloon for "Spotting" Elusive Artillery

Observers of a Parseval-Siegsfeld type of captive balloon seeing that all is in order before giving the word to "let go." This effective gasbag is universal, and as an artillery "spotting" post has been doing valuable work for all belligerents on the western front.



Snapshot of the captive balloon ascending, showing the tail-like appendix which, by admitting gusts of wind, keeps the craft evenly balanced.

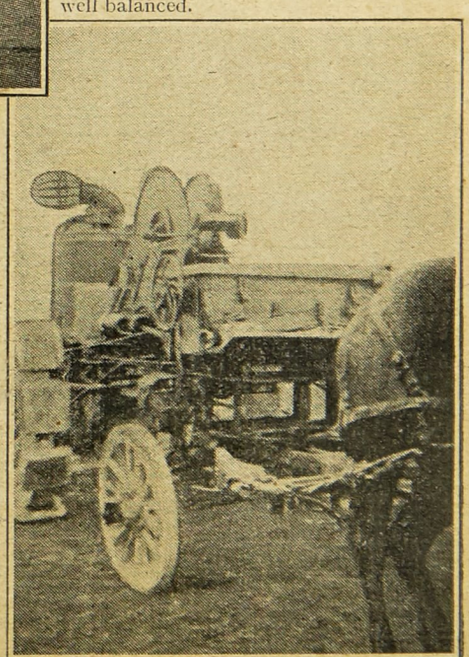
THE four exclusive photographs on this page illustrate a factor of the great war in the air which has proved of exceptional value to strategists. The science of aviation as applied to military operations is by no means confined to powerful mobile machines racing through the air at eighty miles an hour, or gigantic Zeppelin dirigibles seeking innocent blood under cover of night.

There is a phase of aerial activity which, perhaps, by reason of its remoteness, has not received an undue publicity.

Such is the captive balloon known as the Parseval-Siegsfeld. Originally of enemy invention, it has been adapted, and is now used by the Germans and Allies alike for the purpose of "spotting" hostile artillery and telephoning the range to a friendly battery.

It is so constructed as to remain in the air with a minimum of motion. The appendix seen in the second photograph is open at one end, and admits the air in a steady current, thereby keeping the vessel well balanced.

Telephone connection with the observers of the captive balloon and the French artillery working in conjunction. Exclusive photographs.



Inflating apparatus, a contrivance which necessitates caterpillar wheels to ensure transport.

New Heroes of the Victoria Cross

Captain R. R. Willis, 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, was awarded the V.C. for his bravery during the landing on Gallipoli to the west of Cape Helles.

Sec.-Lieut. Sidney Clayton Woodroffe, 8th The Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own) gained the V.C. at Hooge. After gallantly defending his position when the enemy broke through the lines with burning liquid, he skilfully withdrew his remaining men, and then led his party in a counter-attack under intense fire, and was killed in the act of cutting wire in the open.

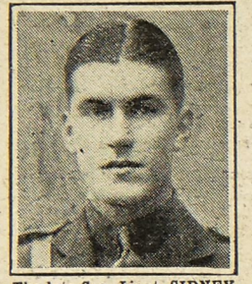
Captain J. A. Liddell, 3rd Princess Louise's (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) and Royal Flying Corps, won his V.C. for his exceptional bravery while on a flying reconnaissance. After having his right thigh broken, and momentarily losing consciousness, he recovered control of his damaged machine when it had dropped about 3,000 feet, and succeeded, under heavy fire, in completing his course and returning to the British lines. Capt. Liddell died from his wounds on August 31st.

Captain C. C. Foss, D.S.O., was awarded his V.C. for most conspicuous bravery at Neuve Chapelle. After the enemy had captured a part of one of our trenches, and our counter-attack had failed, Captain Foss dashed forward with only eight men, under heavy fire, attacked the enemy with bombs, and captured the position and fifty-two Germans.

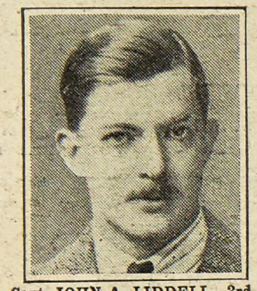
Captain L. G. Hawker, D.S.O., who gained the V.C. for attacking three enemy aeroplanes and bringing two of them down, has upheld the fighting tradition of his warrior family, for he is descended from three famous soldiers and three sailors. His brother, Lieut. Tyrrell Hawker, has been mentioned in despatches.

Sec.-Lieut. G. R. Dallas Moor is one of the youngest V.C. heroes, being only eighteen years of age. He gained the coveted decoration for recapturing a lost trench during operations at the Dardanelles. He only entered the Army in October, 1914.

Capt. RICHARD RAYMOND WILLIS, 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, one of the three heroes of the Regiment awarded the V.C. by vote.

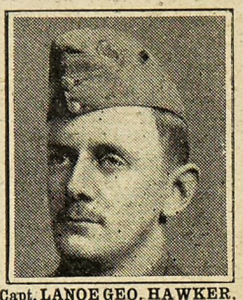


The late Sec.-Lieut. **SIDNEY CLAYTON WOODROFFE**, 8th The Rifle Brigade, who won the V.C. for his conspicuous bravery at Hooge.



Capt. JOHN A. LIDDELL, 3rd Princess Louise's (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), gained his V.C. for heroism while on a flying reconnaissance.

Capt. CHARLES C. FOSS, D.S.O., 2nd Bedfordshire Regiment, who gained the V.C. for his conspicuous bravery in a charge at Neuve Chapelle.



Capt. LANOE GEO. HAWKER, D.S.O., Royal Engineers and Royal Flying Corps, gained his V.C. for attacking and routing three enemy airmen.

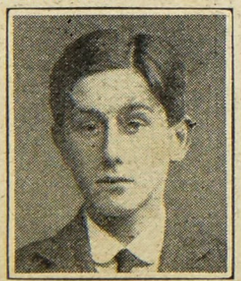
Corporal ISSY SMITH, Manchester Regiment, the first Jewish soldier below commissioned rank to win the V.C. in this war. The Mayor of Stepney is seen presenting the hero with a gold watch.

Pte. EDWARD WARNER, 1st Bedfordshire Regt., who lost his life while winning the Victoria Cross.

Sergt. SOMERS, 1st Inniskilling Fusiliers, to whom the Victoria Cross has been awarded for his bravery in action.

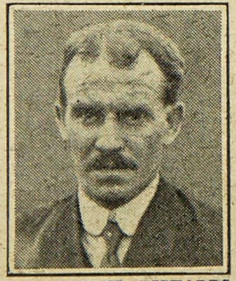
Corporal ANGUS, Highland Light Infantry, who won the V.C. for saving a wounded officer who was lying within a few yards of the German trenches. Corporal Angus received forty wounds.

Corpl. WILLIAM COSGROVE, Munster Fusiliers, who won the V.C. for his bravery in action against the Turks.



Sec.-Lieut. G. R. DALLAS MOOR, 3rd Hampshire Regt., who gained the V.C. for his gallantry in the Dardanelles.

Lieut. J. G. SMYTH, 15th Sikhs, awarded the V.C. for his marvellous exploit in carrying bombs under fire to advanced position.



Sergt. ALFRED RICHARDS, 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, gained the V.C. during the landing in Gallipoli.

Sec.-Lt. G. A. B. ROCHFORT, 1st Scots Guards, who has been awarded the V.C. for his exceptional bravery in action.

Photo by Bassano

SOME OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—NO. X.

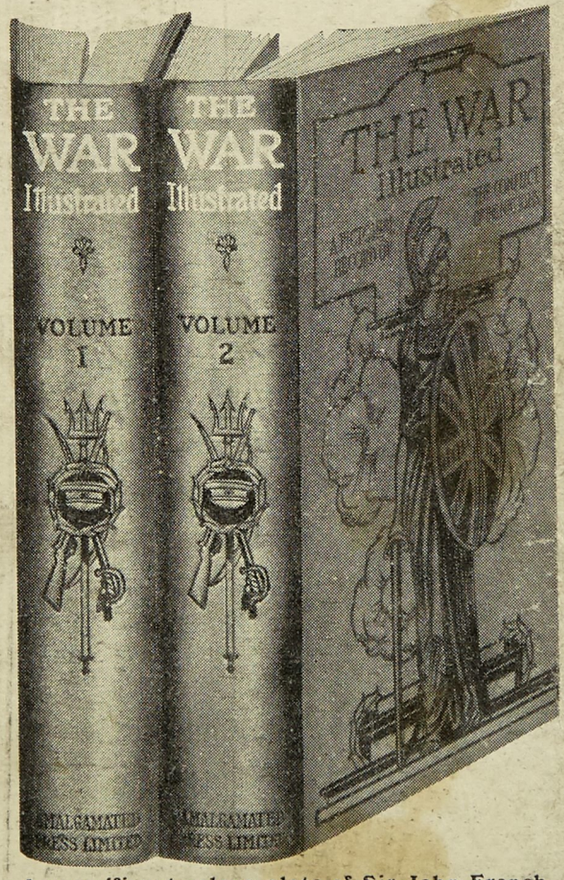
5th BATTALION THE BEDFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.—Back row (standing), left to right: Sec.-Lieut. P. R. Chaunder, Sec.-Lieut. E. L. Rawlins (wounded), Sec.-Lieut. R. J. Brighten (killed), Sec.-Lieut. J. T. Yarde (wounded), Lieut. and Quartermaster G. O. Lydekker, Sec.-Lieut. G. R. Day (wounded), Sec.-Lieut. F. B. Hobbs, Sec.-Lieut. F. W. Ballance (wounded), Lieut. T. A. Franklin, Lieut. C. R. James. Third row: Capt. R. Forest, Sec.-Lieut. R. Hill, Sec.-Lieut. L. J. Hunter (wounded), Lieut. R. O. Clark, Lieut. F. Shoosmith, Lieut. W. S. Chirnside (wounded), Sec.-Lieut. H. E. Woodhouse, Lieut. C. H. Miskin, Lieut. C. R. Lydekker (killed), Lieut. O. S. Chandler, Lieut. F. C. Kempson, R.A.M.C. Second row: Capt. E. T. Maier, Capt. R. M. Smythe, Capt. J. E. Hill, Major J. Clutton, Lieut.-Colonel E. W. Brighten, Capt. and Adjutant A. Younghusband, Capt. W. K. Meakin, Capt. B. C. Cumberland (killed), Capt. C. T. Baker. Sitting on ground: Sec.-Lieut R. Campbell, Sec.-Lieut. Theobalds, Sec.-Lieut. H. Toogood, Sec.-Lieut. B. W. Smythe.

The Cheapness of Books

By the Editor

I HAD a very appreciative letter from a reader the other day, in the course of which he stated that, though he was a poor man earning but twenty-eight shillings a week, he considered the amount it had cost him to acquire THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, and have the copies bound up in handsome volumes, as money very well spent. Including the parts of each weekly issue, the binding cases and the amount charged for actual binding, the whole sum worked out at seven shillings and twopence per volume. My correspondent ended up with the humorous remark that he absolutely declined to lend his volumes to anybody, on the grounds that the man who grudged the small sum required to become a possessor of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED volumes, did not deserve to have anything lent to him.

CERTAINLY, the cheapness of books—using the word book in the broadest sense—is one of the most notable features of modern civilisation. When one thinks of the enormous number of people, from the author at the one end to the bookseller or newsagent at the other, who have to be remunerated for the part they play in the production and distribution of a book or periodical, it is really astounding how the whole operation is commercially possible. Apart from the labour involved, there is also to be considered the immense capital required for the laying down of modern printing plant.



A magnificent colour-plate of Sir John French, from an exclusive painting by his son, is given away with the publishers' registered binding case for Vol. 2; also artistic title-page and list of contents.

IN this last sentence, as a matter of fact, lies the secret. It is chiefly to the continuous progress of mechanical means of production that we owe the cheap book and periodical. As everyone knows, the most expensive labour is hand labour, and the more hand labour has been displaced by machinery, the cheaper has literature become. Hand-in-hand, of course, with the improvement in means of supply, there has also been an ever-increasing demand, due to the spread of education through the whole mass of the population.

ON the one side, therefore, we have enormous facilities for production, and on the other enormous demand, and the two factors between them render possible the sale of the finished article in immense quantities, at a price that all can pay, and is, at the same time, sufficient to remunerate all concerned. The old-fashioned cynic, the type of man who thinks everything was better done in the days of his grandfather, may affect to deplore the cheapening of literature, but his arguments carry little weight at a time like the present, when it is of vital importance that all aspects of the life-or-death struggle in which we are engaged should be brought home to everybody.

IT is my modest claim that one of the most potent means to this end is offered in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, which by its profuse illustrations has an appeal to the eye that is not found in the journal which employs cold type only. Last week I showed how the many-sidedness of the Great War had been brought home in its pages, with their photographs and pictures of the various aspects of this colossal contest of twelve nations, in three elements, in nine distinct parts of the world.

NOT only does THE WAR ILLUSTRATED enable us to realise the seriousness of the present; it is, as I have emphasised again and again, a publication for the future as well. The day will come—at a not too distant date we hope—when the last shot will be fired, and the treaty of peace will be signed that will give us all we have fought for. In the years that follow, the pictorial record of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will have a new interest, for it will be a source of inspiration to ourselves and our children, a treasure-house of memories of historic days, and a constant reminder never to forget the heroic sacrifices that our people have made.

FORTUNATE then will those be who had the foresight to convert into permanent form the weekly numbers of our journal, and I make no apology for again reminding my readers, while there is yet time, that they should have their parts bound up in the cases which can be so cheaply obtained. Any newsagent can supply the publishers' registered cases for one-and-sixpence, and for a sum equally small will undertake to have the parts bound in them. The second volume has only just been completed, so that the present is a most opportune moment for doing a thing that will be a source of the greatest satisfaction in the years to come.

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The War Illustrated, 25th September, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

The Passing of Island Britain, by Sidney Low

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3

The Tsar of Russia takes the Lead and Stems the German Tide

No. 58

The Amateur Touch in Aerial Defence

FOR many months we have been taught to look with pride upon the young men of military age, chiefly drawn from Government offices and banks, who swaggered about in dark-blue uniform with red decorations in the streets of the capital city of the Empire. We had Mr. Winston Churchill's word for it that these fine fellows were a most efficient defence force against the midnight assassins in German airships. The Royal Naval Anti-Aircraft Corps seems to be quite sure of themselves. And we were sure of them. Instead of being lost to public view in strenuous training for war, they became notorious as the cavaliers of pretty girls, whom they took out driving on Government motor-cars or perched behind them on motor-cycles.

Some of us may have wondered why these young men were not despatched in shifts to gunnery schools for long and hard practice with balloons and other aerial targets ; but, as Mr. Churchill stated in the House of Commons, that a warm welcome had been prepared for any Zeppelin that tried to bombard the capital city, we all took it that the members of the newest branch of our naval force were fit and ready for the task ahead.

More Picturesque than Satisfactory

Alas ! It is now patent that the ex-First Lord of the Admiralty was as correct in regard to the aerial defences of London as he had been in regard to the strength of resistance of Antwerp, the "digging out" of the German Fleet, "the few miles" that separate us from victory in the Dardanelles, etc. The fact is, Mr. Churchill is a brilliant politician, with the politician's great gift—rhetoric. For the rest he is an essential amateur. That is why he exploited, when he was the directing power at our Admiralty, the amateurishness of bank clerks and Patent Office clerks, with a view to frightening the Zeppelins away from London ! Many guns of a kind that eventually proved of little use against Zeppelins were placed in and around London, instead of being sent to France, Flanders, and the Dardanelles, where they would have been of real value in field warfare. And some thousands of young, well-educated and well-built men, who should have entered the Officers Training Corps, were able to remain in snug civilian jobs at home, while parading the streets of London in uniform, in an atmosphere of popular admiration such as no real war-bitten soldier or sailor enjoyed.

So long as the Zeppelins operated in the region known officially as the "Eastern Counties," London's aerial defences were taken at their face value. It was thought that the increasing audacity of the nocturnal assassins was due to the fact that a trap was being laid for them. They were being "lured on !" But when they were "lured" right over "the London District" and the great aerial battle opened in a clear night of stars, the outcome was more picturesque than satisfactory.

A Competent Light on the Subject

Like millions of other people in London, I was a hopeful and fairly unperturbed spectator of the extraordinary and thrilling combat. I will not maintain that a Zeppelin came exactly over my head, but one seemed to come fairly near without alarming me, for I knew that there was an anti-aircraft gun within a few hundred yards, and I placed my faith in the anti-aircraft men whom I had seen driving about in motor-cars. I merely wondered how long it would take them to bring down the enemy. If the searchlight men were as much inclined to swagger in the old days as their comrades were, I can forgive them, for they were certainly competent to their work. Those I saw kept a lane of white light full and steady on the Zeppelins for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. At times even the windows in one of the cars of the airship could be seen flashing in the radiance of the searchlights.

It was as good a target as any gunner could wish to have. Some time elapsed before the Zeppelin threw out a cloud of smoke, put up her nose, and mounted. I went out into the street, careless of shrapnel, and mixed with the throng of people, who were about as frightened as the crowd at the Crystal Palace on Brock's Benefit night. I saw three women running with babies in their arms to the shelter of a Tube station, but this was not panic but precaution. The rest of the crowd was enjoying the marvellous scene, without any shadow of thought of danger. The men argued with heat over each shot that could be seen bursting in a puff of light smoke in the direction of the target. It was for all the world as if London were out on holiday, watching a picturesque but harmless match between airships and guns.

First-Line Experience in London

The shrapnel, after exploding, fell in a golden rain down the starry sky ; the great searchlights swept in swords of flame through the purple darkness, and in their light the Zeppelins glowed like fairy ships in front of the dimmed expanse of stars. The slamming of the guns and the less frequent and irregular noise of exploding bombs just gave one enough sense of danger to be thrilling. I felt myself that I was at last sharing a little of the perils of war that our men had been undergoing for a year on the front of battle overseas ; and this was the very thing a woman said to me as we stood side by side in the darkened street. "Now we can all feel what it is to be in battle," she said. And she was a married woman with two young children.

London certainly behaved very well, and in so far as Count Zeppelin, directing the raid in person from Emden, intended to strike with panic the capital of the British Empire, and so prepare the way for a German peace, the raid completely failed. The airships did not strike a single church ! Nevertheless, it must be admitted that it was clearly and indisputably a German victory over London, with some of the usual evidences of a Teutonic triumph. There was a baby's sock found next morning in London with a baby's foot in it ! The general feeling in London the next morning, when the achievements of the assassins became known, was very different from the spectacular interest of the previous night.

The Feeling for Reprisals

There was, of course, a considerable rise of business in the recruiting offices ; and also a complete lack of interest in the swaggering figures of the Naval Anti-Aircraft Corps. They, too, were subdued in temper, and bored their friends with explanations of their lack of success. But the public was no longer so puffed up about the aerial defences of the city. What we all thought about in London was what people on the East Coast and in the Eastern Counties had been thinking for many months. We thought about Cologne, Düsseldorf, and other Rhineland cities. And we wondered if our own airmen would continue to be as averse from injuring a single German civilian as they were when our flying machines first hummed over the Rhine. But as an enemy officer remarked some months ago : "You Englishmen will always be fools, and we Germans will never be gentlemen."

EDWARD WRIGHT.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 58. Vol. 3.
25th September, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

ALLIED OFFICERS NEGOTIATING THE SURRENDER OF GARUA CAMEROON.

The moment before the German capitulation in Equatorial Africa the enemy hoisted white flags on their forts, and the Allies, although suspecting a Teutonic "ruse de guerre," ceased fire. The Officer Commanding, the French Commander, and a Staff officer galloped to our forward trenches, about one thousand yards from the enemy. They then dismounted, and walked another few hundred yards, headed by a native soldier, carrying a white shirt on a stick to do duty for a flag of truce. Arriving fairly close to the German position they halted. A German officer then approached under a white flag and surrendered.

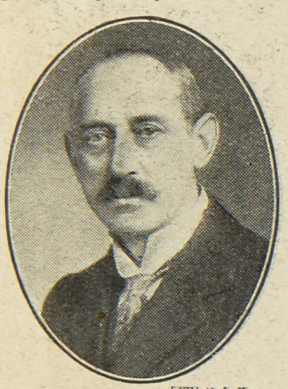
THE PASSING OF ISLAND BRITAIN

How Armageddon has forced Albion into the Continental System and dispelled a Thousand Years' Tradition

By SIDNEY LOW, M.A., Author of "The Governance of England"

After twelve months of unprecedented racial strife, John Bull is slowly but surely realising a stupendous phenomenon. No longer is his island home proof against the foe, for, since war in the air is a practical factor of modern conflict, Father Neptune is impotent to hold Britannia inviolate. Splendid Isolation, an unbroken tradition of nearly a thousand years, is a myth, and in a political, military, and every sense, save merely geographical, Albion is now joined to the mainland of warring Europe. To explain this epoch-making change to our readers, the Editor is pleased to be able to publish the following article by Mr. Sidney Low, M.A., the eminent publicist and authority on Imperial and Colonial history, whose study on "The Governance of England" and other works are familiar to all students of history.

THE other night, sitting in my room not far from the centre of what is officially described as "the London District," I was aroused by the reverberating crash of a loud explosion near at hand, and issuing forth, I made out the messengers of death skimming high above the roof-tops. I saw the sparkle of the dropping bombs; I heard the strident roar of the defending guns. A strange experience truly for a citizen of our London, once so peacefully and prosaically busy, so remote as it seemed from danger and from harm. Stranger still to wander in the "disturbed area" the next day, and to note that here had a Londoner's house been wrecked by hostile missiles, and here perhaps a Londoner's children had been massacred in their beds.



[*Elliott & Fry*

Mr. Sidney Low, M.A.

Strange, and strangely significant of that most potent change which the war has brought home to us, though it may be that even now we do not all grasp its full import and larger meaning. Those thunder-claps in the summer night, rending the moonlit air of the "Eastern Counties," are ringing the death-knell of an old order and an age-long legend.

They tell us that our Britain, "the land that never foeman wronged nor stranger dared to waste," is no longer insular in the former splendidly comprehensive sense. An island it is physically and geographically; a "little gem set in the silver sea," we may, if we please, still continue to call it. But the sea no longer sunders us from the mainland; it no longer throws about us for our protection a moat, unfordable and unbridged; no longer does it permit us to live our own lives, if we choose, careless of the nations beyond the encircling flood.

From the political and the military point of view, Britain is annexed to the Continent of Europe, and never again can she be an island Power in the same manner as in the past.

Corsairs Shatter Insularity

We comfort ourselves under the assaults which have been made by the new agencies of war in sea and air with the reflection that after all they have done us no substantial injury. We are told that the bombardments, the air-raids, and the invisible corsairs have neither perceptibly weakened us nor conferred any real benefit upon the enemy. Some hundreds of men, women, and children killed or maimed in our towns, some tramp steamers and liners sunk, some houses shattered and fired—these incidents, regrettable enough in themselves, can have no influence on the result of the war. This may be true enough; but none the less is it true that they mark the opening of a new era, a change in our attitude towards the external world, a point of departure in our international relations. Fortunately for us is it that the war has come while the new machines are still in their infancy, while the real mastery of the sea has not ceased to rest with the superior ocean-going fleet.

But we cannot set bounds to the limits of progress in aerial and subaqueous invention. Ten years or twenty years hence we may have to deal with Zeppelin squadrons that can transport army corps, with submarine Dreadnoughts that can not merely tie up the battleships in their harbours, but seek them out and sink them there. Even as it is the margin of safety, conferred on us by our geographical situation, has narrowed painfully. The sea can be crossed by projectiles as well as by ships. If the Germans had reached Calais they could have thrown their shells upon Kent from their batteries on shore. For artillery purposes our frontiers may be said already to be conterminous with those of the Continent of Europe.

Old Facts and New Myths

The next war may be fought with guns of 40 in. calibre, and aerial torpedoes that will fly a hundred miles. The Navy has saved us this time, but we must not refuse to admit the unwelcome truth that the new weapons and new instruments of warfare have impaired its value as our shield and bulwark, and that maritime supremacy can never again give us the old sense of unchallenged security. We are insular enough to hold to sea-power, but no longer so insular as to rest on that alone.

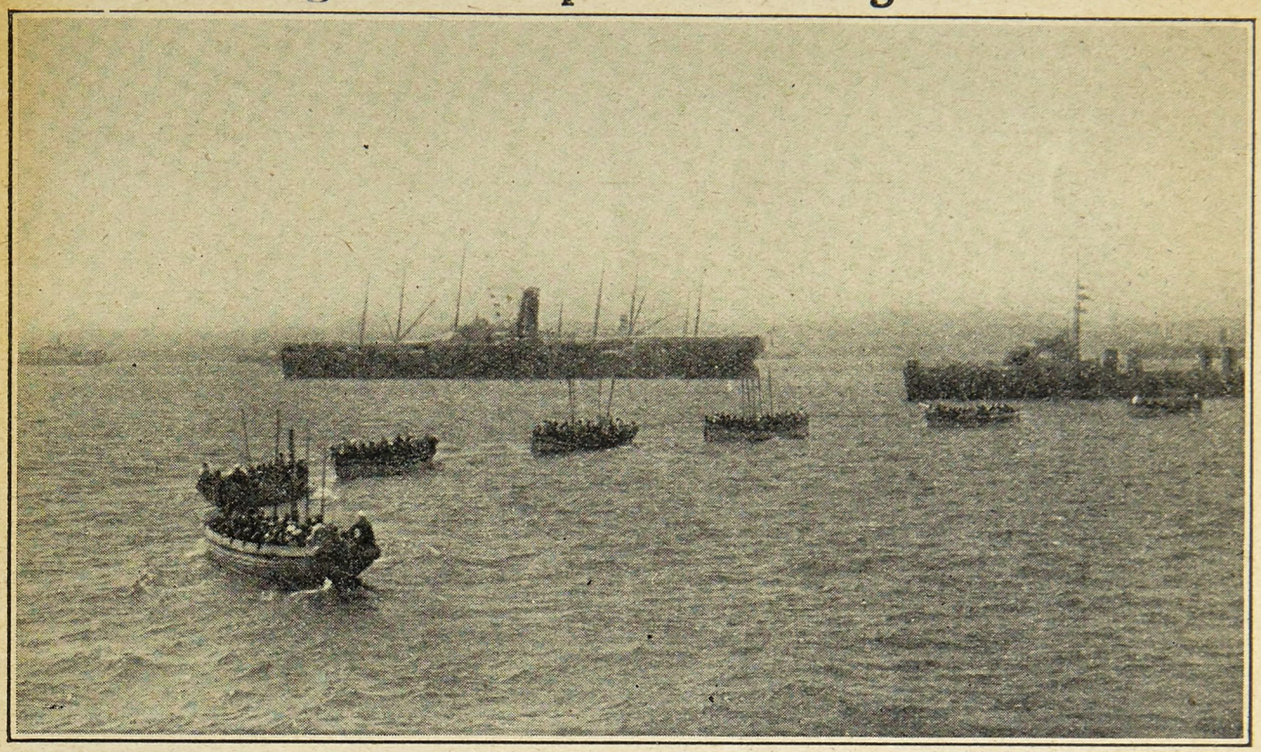
Even the present war has made this point plain enough for all to see. When we entered upon it we were still under the bondage of the traditions brought down from the 18th and the 19th centuries. We took it for granted our main and serious effort would be made upon the sea. By land our Allies would bear the brunt of the fighting, and from us no more than a relatively small body of well-appointed auxiliaries would be required. Our very nomenclature testifies to this idea. The army we sent abroad was (and still is) the "British Expeditionary Force," a good enough title for four or six divisions, though singularly inappropriate when applied to a host running into millions. But in August, 1914, we were still only thinking in terms of sea-power. The armed multitudes, the embattled peoples, were for the Continental nations, with their close-linked frontiers; for us islanders an "expeditionary force" would be sufficient.

Very speedily we find that it is not; that we cannot defend ourselves or protect our Allies and clients by means of the Navy alone; that we are, in fact, converting ourselves into a military Power of the very first magnitude. Our Army reformers and Army administrators, until eighteen months ago, were content if we could be reasonably sure of throwing into a European war a contingent of 160,000 at the outside. We are understood to have some three million men in arms now, and it is a question whether we shall get through without four millions or more. And it is also a question, and a grave one, whether the "British Expeditionary Force," instead of being merely subsidiary to that of France, will not eventually have to take over the larger part of the western front from our sorely tried ally.

There, on the Yser, the Vosges, and the Meuse, the fight is waged for our life. In the last great war, even though

[*Continued on page* 124

Rehearsing a Gallipoli Landing at Lemnos



Scene of military activity off Lemnos, one of the Ægean Islands ceded by Turkey to Greece after the Balkan Wars. Soldiers and marines are practising landing preparatory to disembarking on the Gallipoli shore. (Exclusive photographs.)

Alexandria is the half-way house to the Dardanelles, and the quay of this Egyptian resort is ever agog with military movements. Troops, stores, and munitions are always coming and going, arriving from the four corners of the Empire, thence setting out for the cynosure of civilisation's Levantine war, the Dardanelles. This photograph shows the kits of a regiment piled up on the quay awaiting the transport

From billets to the first-line trenches is generally no far cry, but it is invariably a journey fraught with many perils from stray shot and shell. Yet these sturdy Scotsmen are covering the ground with a light step and lighter heart. What emotions, inspired by ever pregnant danger, are stifled by the spirit of duty and patriotism. Inset: Two cheery soldiers in the first line snapped in the middle of effecting their morning toilet in the trenches. (Exclusive photographs.)

THE PASSING OF ISLAND BRITAIN

(*Continued from page 122.*)

Wellington had been defeated in the Peninsula or in Belgium itself, the storm-beaten ships of Britain would have kept our homes inviolate from attack. Now we all know that this is not the case. We have German bombs in London. If the western line gave way, we might see the German soldiers here too.

Some of us find it hard to understand why these things were not clear to our politicians and the public at large even before the overwhelming demonstration of the past thirteen months. For even if the full effect of the new instruments of warfare was not foreseen, it was obvious that the political conditions were changing, as well as the material. The passing of Island Britain was certain. Even if military invention had remained stationary for ten years, and if there had been no airships, or sea-keeping submarines, or high explosives. For with these or without them we must have been drawn into the vortex of Continental politics, and compelled to assume the corresponding obligations.

When we found it necessary to abandon the late Lord Salisbury's system of isolation, the die was cast. We could no longer conduct either diplomacy or war on the principle of limited liability. When we made an entente with France and an alliance with Russia, we had ceased to be insular. We had adopted a Continental policy, and that involved, sooner or later, a Continental army. We ought to have been providing that from 1905 onwards, and we need not delude ourselves with the belief that we shall be able to dispense with it for many years to come.

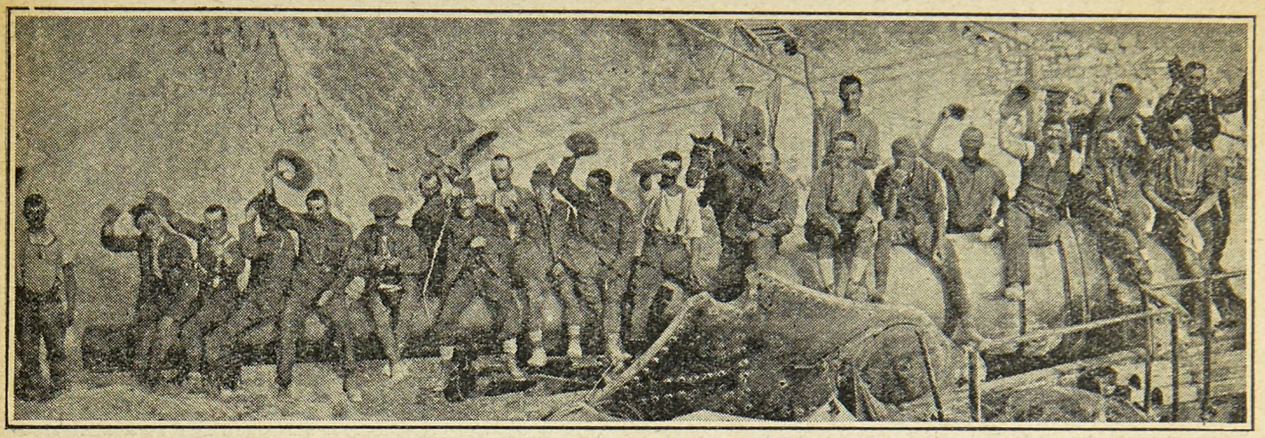
The new European constitution which will be created by the present war will rest on the sanction of the organised forces of the Allies, and we shall have to supply our full quota. There will be no going back to the old insular reliance on a full purse, a great Fleet, and an Army less than that of Bulgaria.

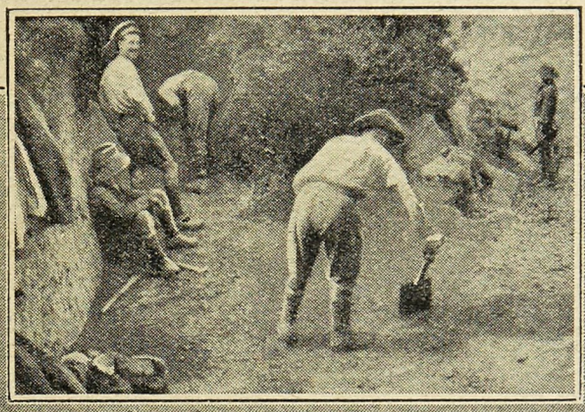
There is one consolation. The passing of Island Britain is balanced by the growing of Empire Britain. Our foreign politics have had to become Continental; but happily they must also become Imperial. It is not the British nation but the British Empire that is engaged in the struggle with the three autocracies. Militarism will have been struck down by the swords of Canadians, Australasians, South Africans, Indians, as well as by those of Englishmen, Scots, and Irish; and it is the Britons overseas, the men of Anzac and Ypres, who will help us to ward off the return stroke of reactionist despotism, and maintain the régime of liberty and law. The war will leave us—it will leave all Europe—proportionately weaker; the future will belong, more than seemed likely or possible in the immediate past, to the extra-European world, to the world of the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Southern Seas.

And of that world fortunately we form part, and as the oversea dominions grow in population and development, it will be a part of continually increasing magnitude, influence, and power. We might well shrink from the perplexities and the perils that must continue to confront us in Europe for generations to come, but for the fact that we shall face them, if only our statesmanship is wise and far-seeing, not as Britons of the Island State, but as Britons of the World-Realm.

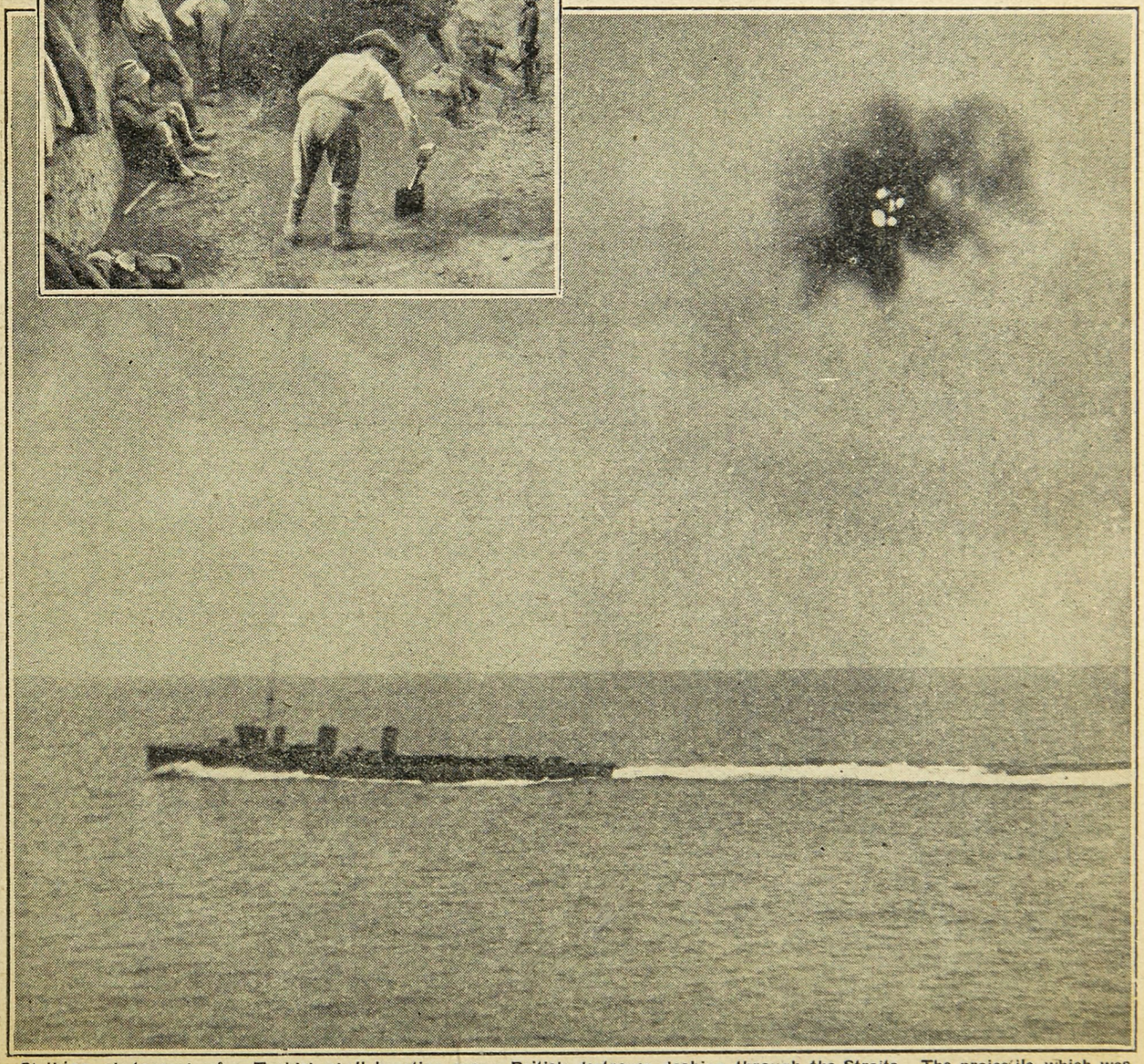
Sidney Low

Moments of Ease & Tension at the Dardanelles





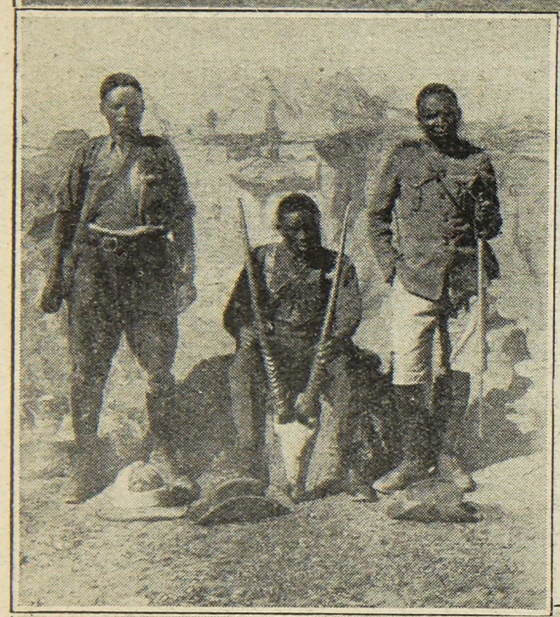
Happy British soldiers seated on a disabled Turkish gun in the fallen fort on Gallipoli. Inset: Corner of the Australian position in Gallipoli. Colonials are busy clearing up their trench "parlour."



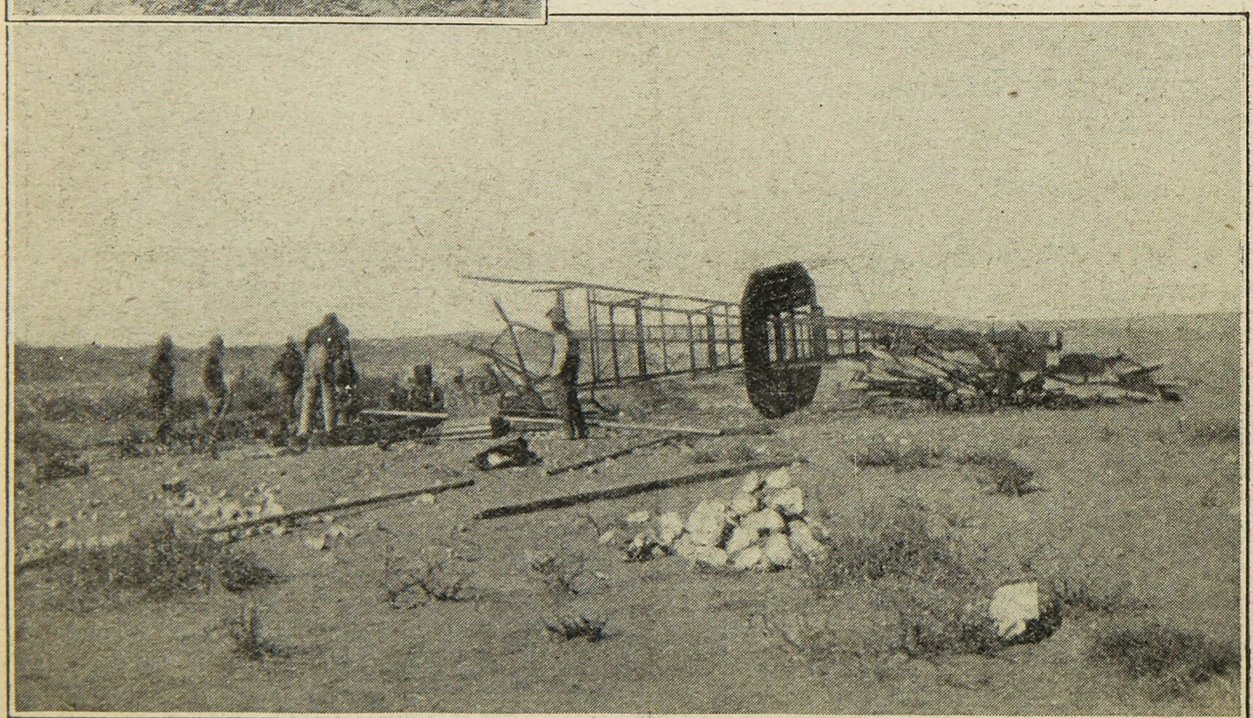
Striking photograph of a Turkish shell bursting over a British destroyer dashing through the Straits. The projectile, which was fired from a gun several miles inland, fell between the destroyer and a transport, causing no damage whatever.

More Scenes from 'Botha Land,' our New Colony

Artillery of the Union Forces being draggod over the desert near the village of Keetmanshoop, Namaqualand, which was once German South-West Africa, but is now unofficially known as Botha Land.



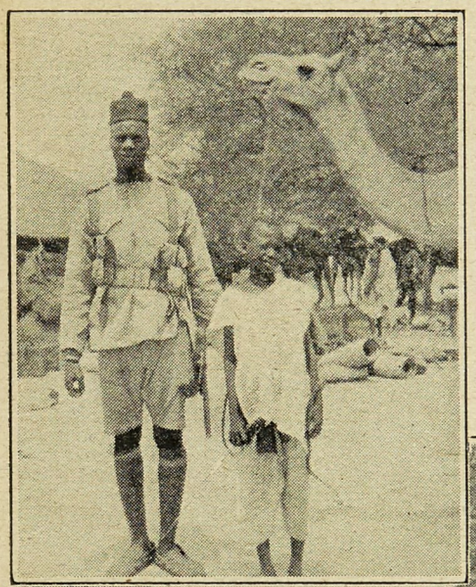
Left: Natives of South-West Africa at General Botha's camp. Above: Cooks of the Southern Rifles outside the kitchen at their headquarters.

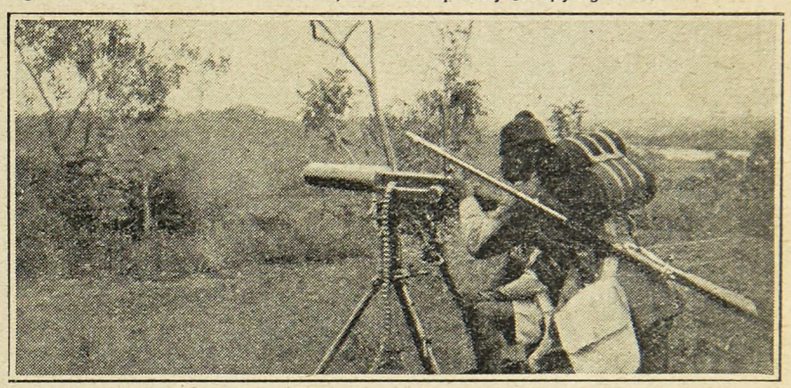


German "frightfulness" in the desert. The well and pumping apparatus at Narib, South-West Africa, that were poisoned by the Germans. Owing to this General Botha's troops were without water for two days, during which time men and animals were forced to trek through fifty miles of heavy sand to the next spring.

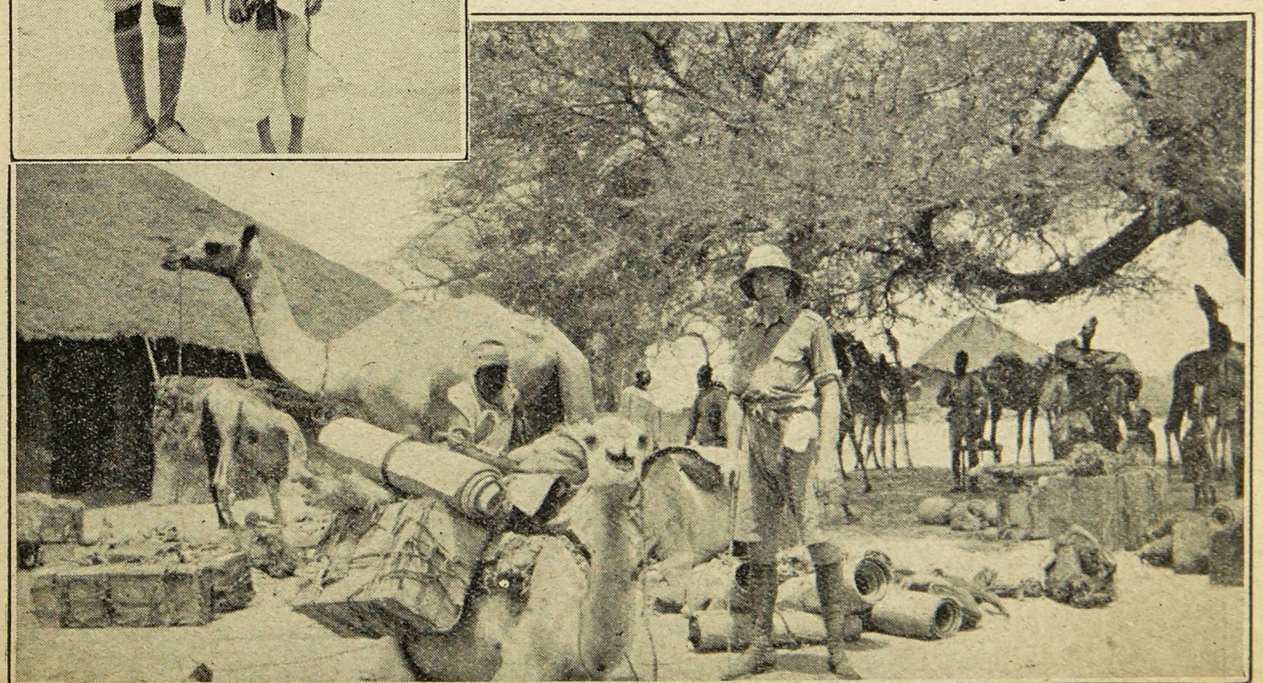
Unfurling the Union Jack in the Cameroons

Bandsmen of the Nigerian Regiment, resplendent in their parade uniforms. The Nigerian Regiment has been fighting valiantly against the Germans in the Cameroons since August 25th, 1914, when the campaign opened by a British force crossing the Anglo-German frontier from Yala, in Nigeria, repulsing the Germans with serious losses, and subsequently occupying Tebe.



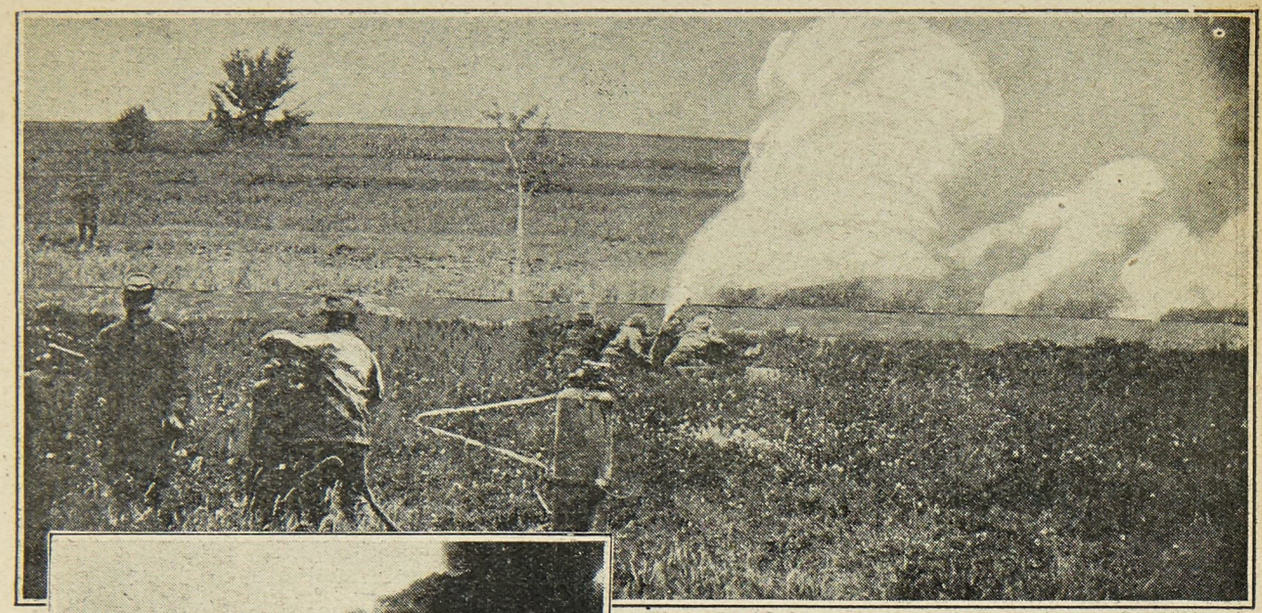


Left: Private of the Nigerian Regiment, with a young camel-driver, at a British encampment in the Cameroons. Above: Machine-gun in action against the Germans.

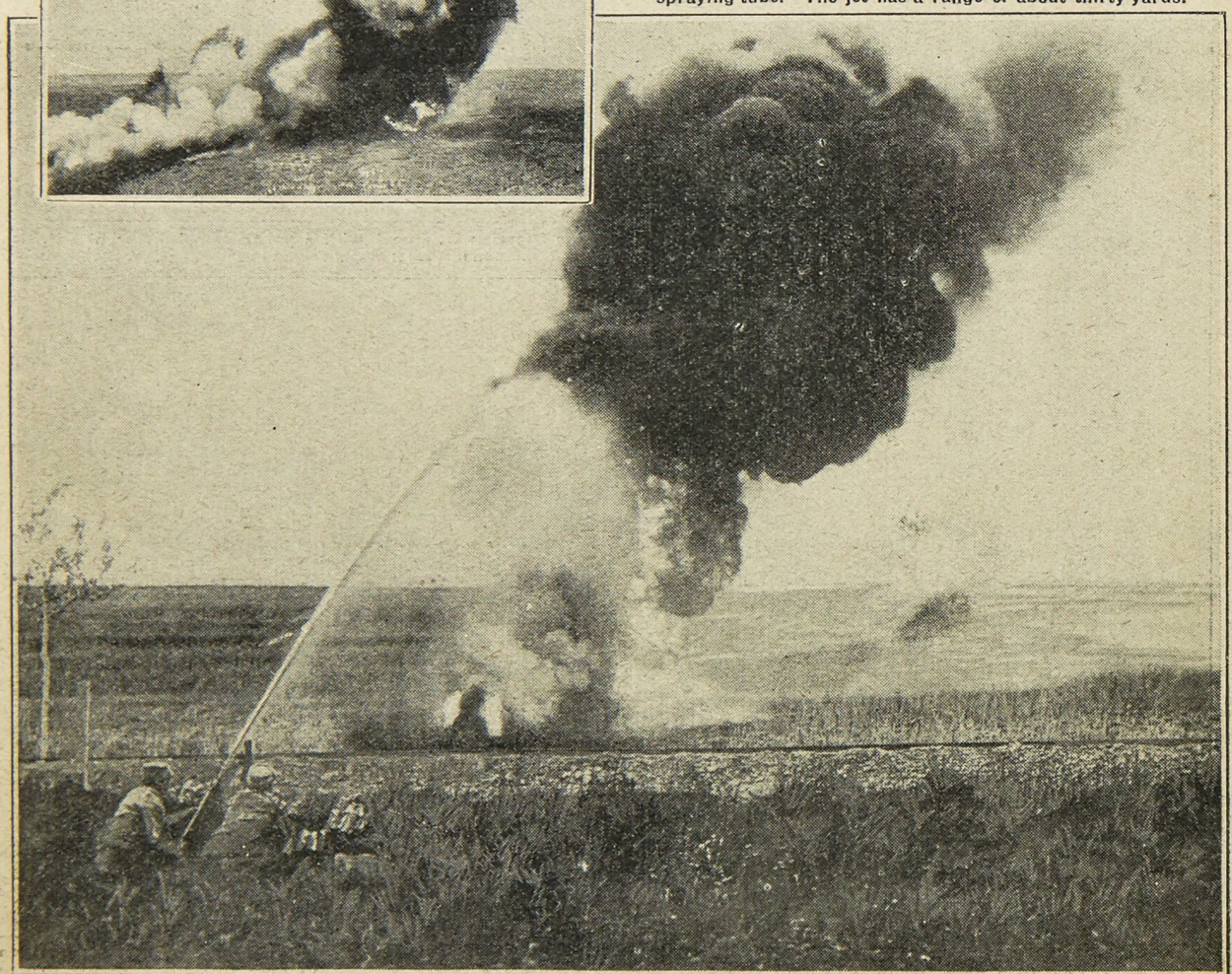


British officer superintending the packing of officers' baggage. Although the capture of Garua, the principal German stronghold, on June 10th, marked a great triumph in the determined struggle against the Teuton menace in East Africa, the Franco-British operations in the Cameroon Protectorate have still to be strenuously conducted to a definite finish.

Demoniacal Flames of War: Fire-Jets in Use

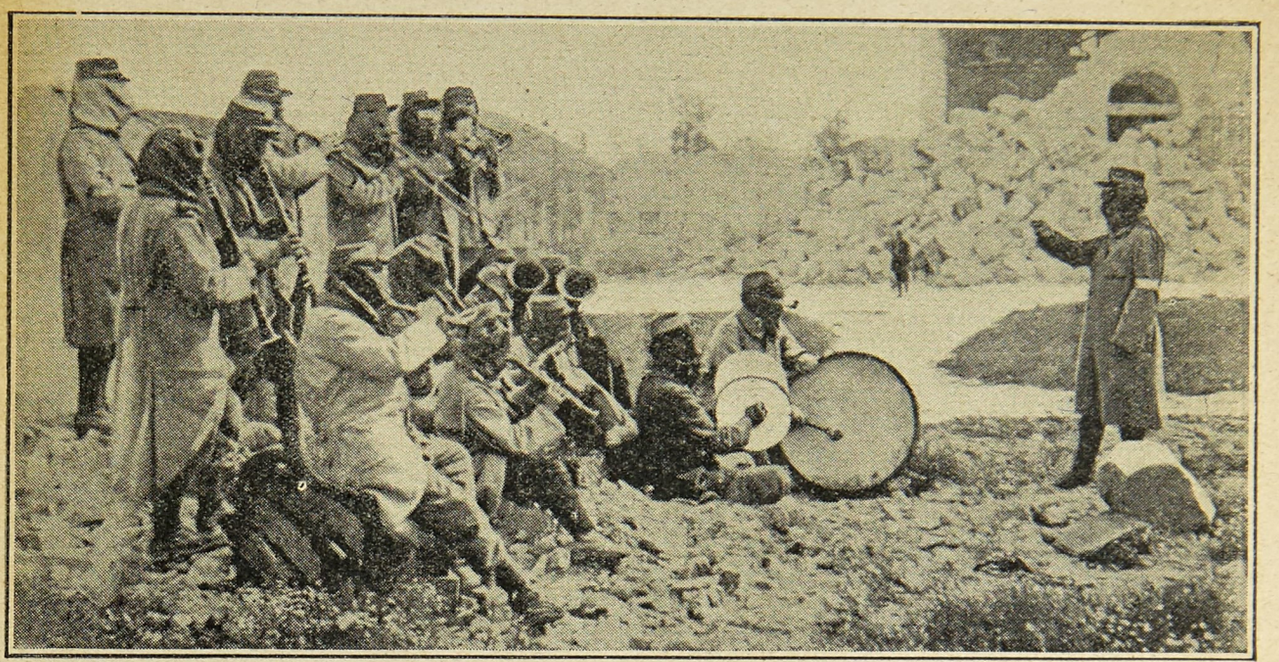


French soldiers experimenting with a German flame-projector. The cylinders contain the inflammable liquid oil and nitrogen. The men beyond are ejecting the flame from the nozzle of the spraying tube. The jet has a range of about thirty yards.

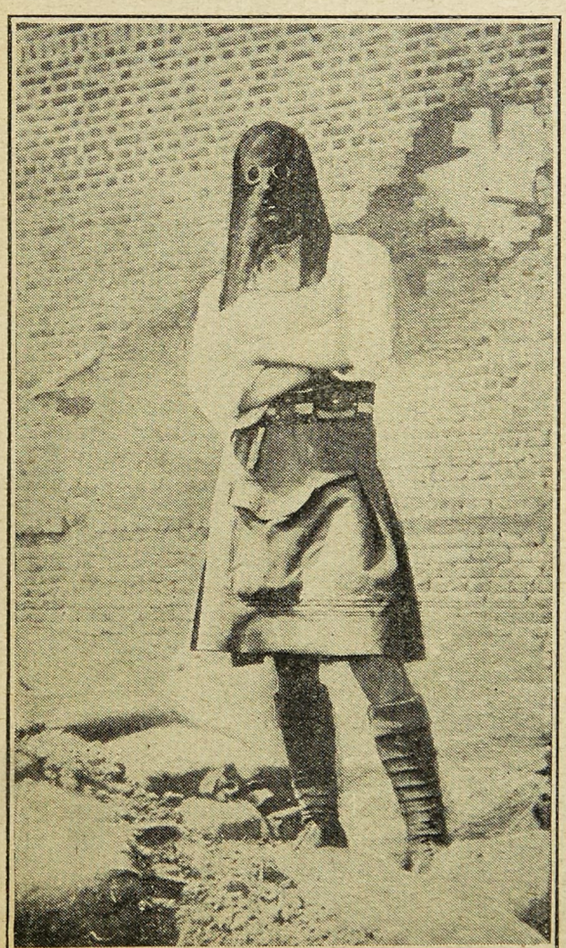


Operating with a captured German "Flammenwerfer," and watching the results of the flaming "chemical attack." Inset: Closer view of the dense clouds of black smoke that accompany the operating of a flame-projector. It will be recalled that British troops suffered from the effects of this inhuman apparatus at Hooge on July 30th.

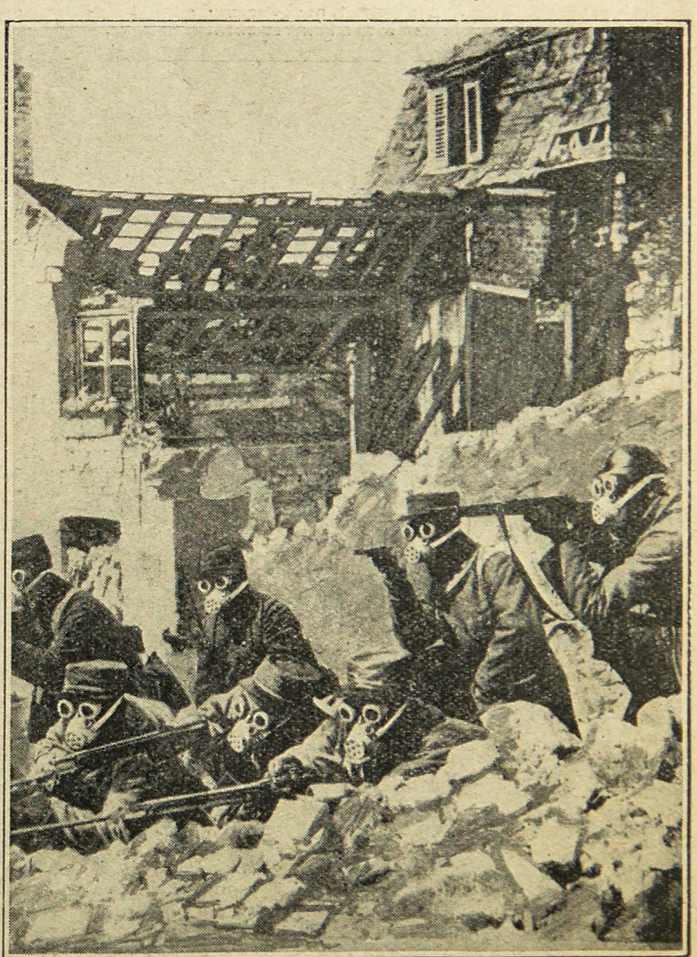
Even Poison-Gas has its Humorous Side



Amusing scene in a part of the first French line where a band insists on playing the "Marseillaise" for the benefit of the Huns a few yards away, although the soldier musicians are unable to remove their respirators for fear of a gas attack.

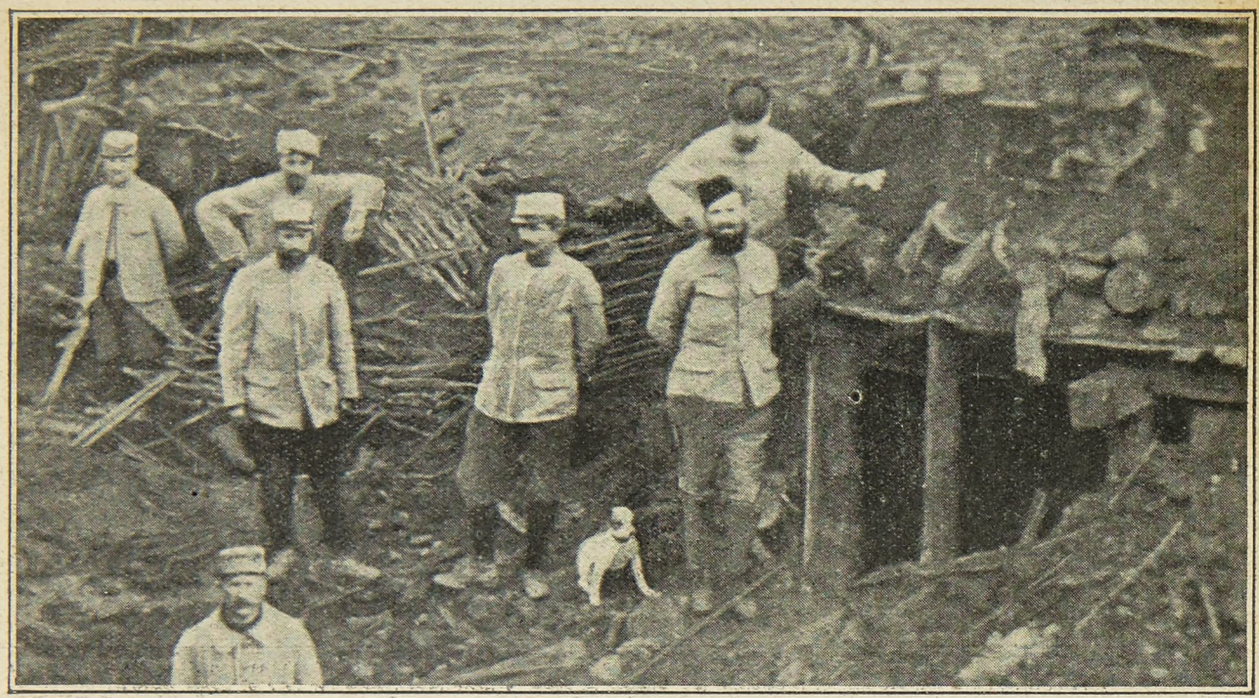


Not an Egyptian mummy, but merely a stalwart Scot wearing a more than usually complete respirator.



To what the Huns have reduced civilisation in 1915. French soldiers equipped with masks facing the enemy in spite of a coming gas-cloud.

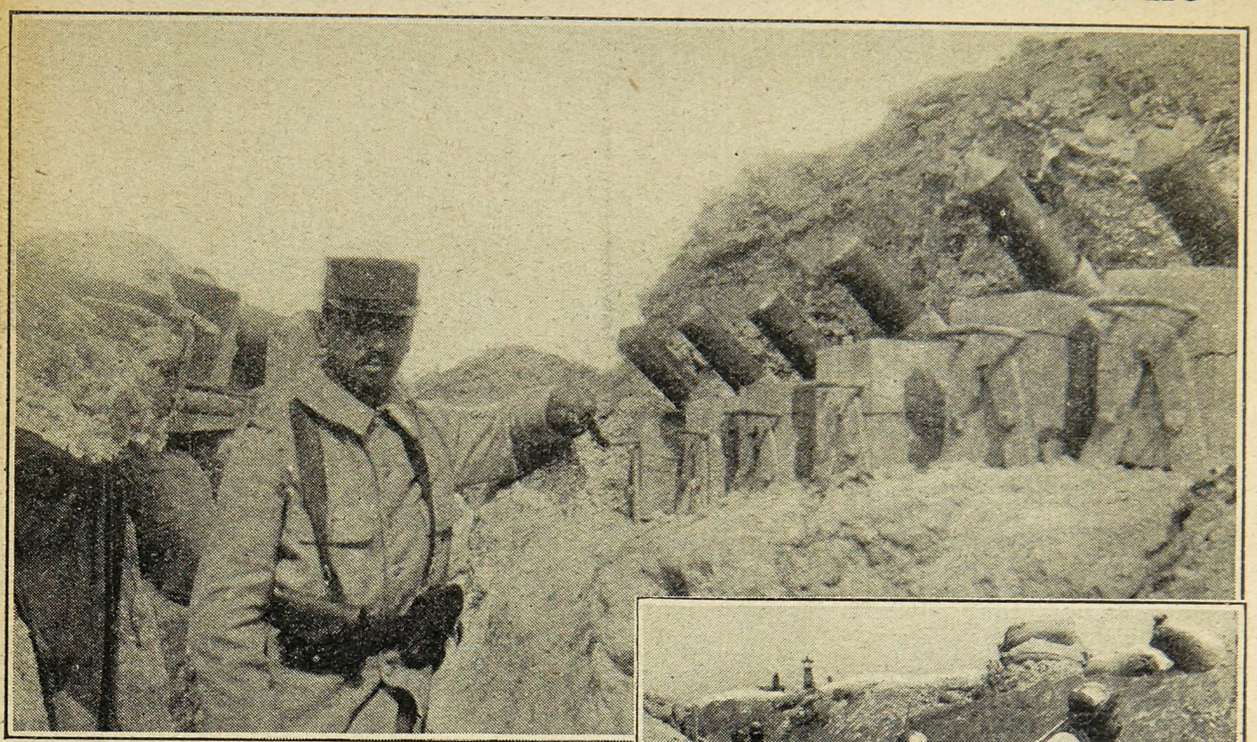
French Fortitude and Heroism in the First Line



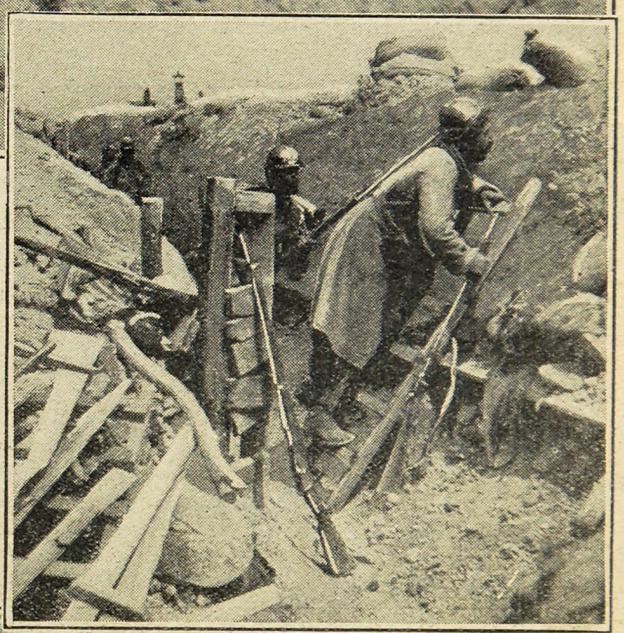
In this dug-out in the Artois district, near Carency, a large French gun was placed. Although, when they ultimately discovered its position, the Germans hurled over a hundred shells into it, the only damage was to the little pet dog, which had a paw slightly injured!

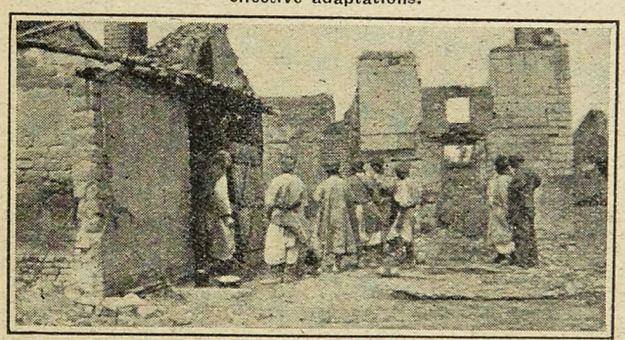
The ceremony of conferring the "Croix de Guerre" taking place in a French trench. A French colonel, specially deputed to decorate recipients of this medal in the trenches where the decoration was won, is pinning the cross on a soldier's tunic.

Round about Arras and the Historic Marne

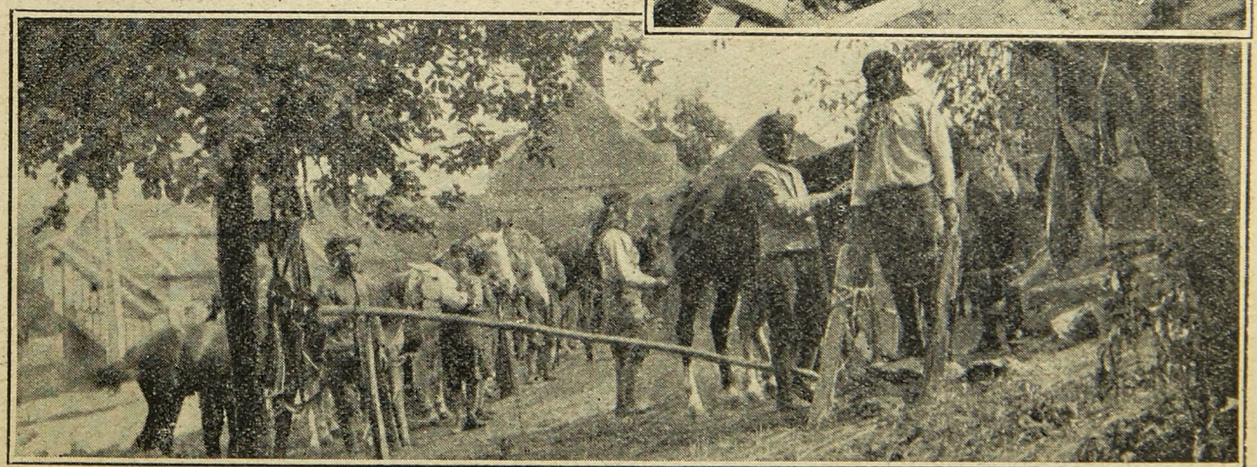


Battery of trench mortars installed in the Sabot Wood, near the Marne. They have the appearance of a row of primitive cannons of the Middle Ages, of which in fact they are really modern effective adaptations.





Much shell-shattered billet of French Moroccan troops near Souvain, on the Marne.



France has been loyally supported by her colonial soldiers, and there is talk in Government circles of enlisting 700,000 more coloured troops under the flag of liberty and fraternity. Some striking African soldiers, with their Arab steeds, are grouped in this picturesque photograph. Inset: A few minutes before this snapshot was taken the trench was a German position. After a heavy "75" bombardment, of which ample evidence is seen, helmeted infantry stormed the trench and put the enemy to flight.

British Sailor Sinks U Boat Single-handed

One of the finest exploits of the war in the air was the sinking of a German submarine, on August 26th, by Squadron-Commander Arthur Wellesley Bigsworth, R.N., who has been awarded the D.S.O. for his feat. The gallant airman, while under heavy fire from shore batteries as well as from the submarine, coolly descended to within 500 feet of the U boat, and manœuvred for position. After several attempts he was able to get a good line for dropping his bombs on to the submarine, which quickly sank.

Neolithic Strife on the High Road to Austria

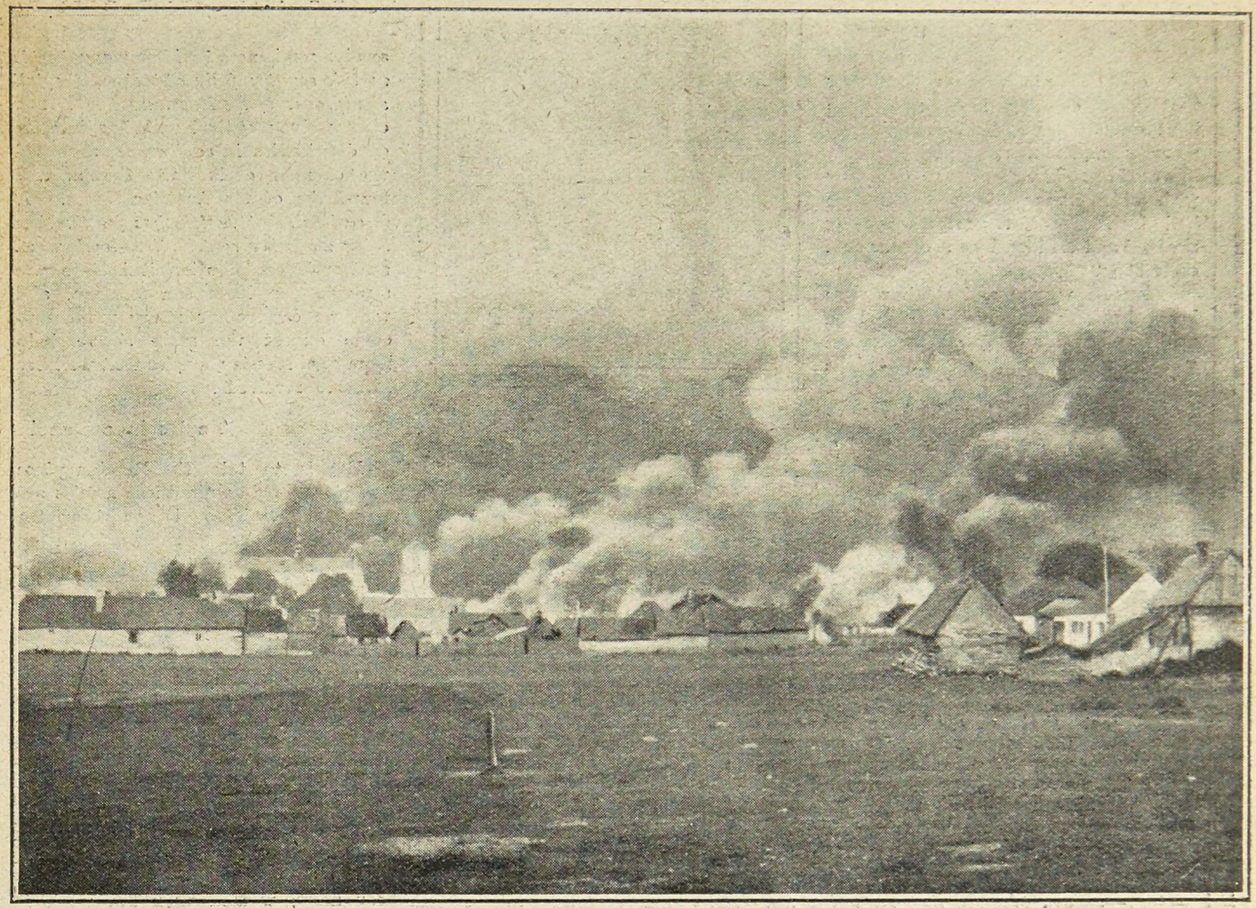
Italy's struggle for the main road to Austria amid the rocky Dolomites, that are already whitening beneath winter's touch, is being waged, in some respects, in quite a primitive manner. The sturdy, lion-hearted Alpini, fighting on rocky crests that would seem to defy the foothold of the chamois, and where man's modern death-dealing engines cannot possibly be taken, make use of the projectiles of primæval ages—loosened boulders. These rocks they lever to the edges of the cliffs, and then send them hurtling down on to the enemy, crushing the lives out of the defenders of the Dual Monarchy advancing up the mountain side.

Russia's 1812 Tactics Baffle 20th Century Hun

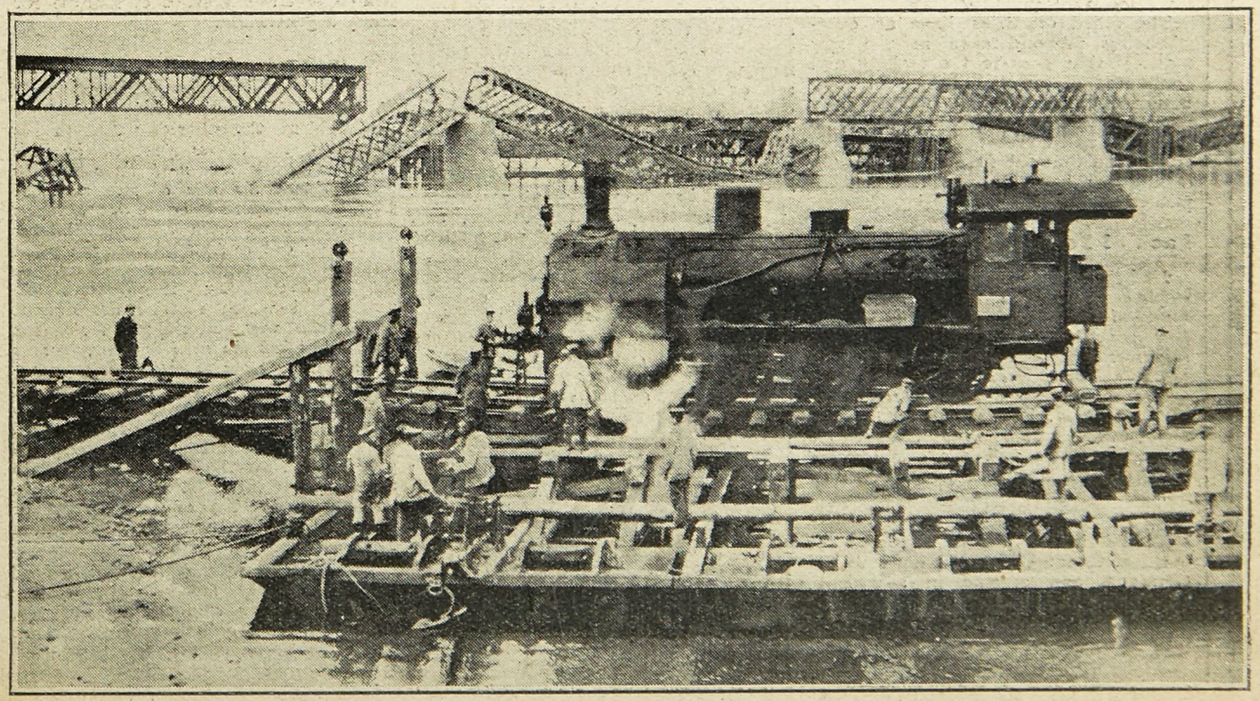
Russia, resolute and confident in ultimate victory for her arms, has shrunk from no sacrifice in order that nothing of value should fall into enemy hands. Every town and hamlet in the line of retreat has been laid waste. This photograph shows German soldiers salving a few sacks of grain from the otherwise vacuous and burning fortress citadel of Brest Litovsk.

Though the granary was a raging inferno, every effort was made by the German Army Service Corps to rescue the sacks of corn. Important as has been the enemy successes on the eastern front, from a military point of view, as far as plunder is concerned the advance has proved a fiasco, thanks to the Grand Duke's memorable 1812 tactics, the same strategy that baffled Napoleon.

German Handiwork—Destructive & Constructive



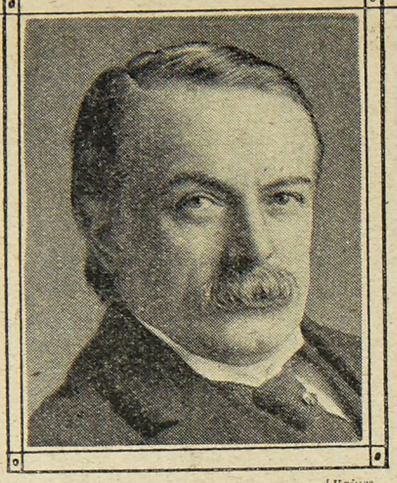
That the Russian towns and villages have invariably been shorn by our Allies of everything of military value has proved a bitter pill for the enemy, and out of revenge for these elemental strategic tactics, the Huns have fired many villages in the line of advance. This photograph shows a once flourishing village on the Eastern front now in its death throes.



Some wonderful engineering work has come out of the welter of destruction consequent upon war, and many feats regarded as impossible before August, 1914, have been accomplished. The above photograph is an instance of overcoming the difficulties of broken bridges on the Vistula. A heavy German locomotive is actually seen crossing the Vistula on a pontoon bridge.

An Historic Warning

By Mr. Lloyd George



[*Haines.*

Mr. Lloyd George has issued a remarkable preface to "Through Terror to Triumph," a reprint of his speeches and pronouncements since the war began, published at 1s. by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The preface, written within the past few weeks, is reprinted on this page, and constitutes a valuable document, in view of its historical importance.

AFTER twelve months of war my conviction is stronger than ever that this country could not have kept out of it without imperilling its security and impairing its honour. We could not have looked on cynically with folded arms while the country we had given our word to protect was being ravaged and trodden by one of our own co-trustees.

If British women and children were being brutally destroyed on the high seas by German submarines this nation would have insisted on calling the infanticide Empire to a stern reckoning. Everything that has happened since the declaration of war has demonstrated clearly that a military system so regardless of good faith, of honourable obligations, and of the elementary impulses of humanity constituted a menace to civilisation of the most sinister character; and despite the terrible cost of suppressing it the well-being of humanity demands that such a system should be challenged and destroyed.

Allied Preponderance

THE fact that events have also shown that the might of this military clique has exceeded the gloomiest prognostications provides an additional argument for its destruction. The greater the might, the darker the menace.

Nor have the untoward incidents of the war weakened my faith in ultimate victory—*always provided that the allied nations put forth the whole of their strength ere it is too late. Anything less must lead to defeat.*

The allied countries have an overwhelming preponderance in the raw material that goes to the making and equipment of armies, whether in men, money, or accessible metals and machinery. But this material has to be mobilised and utilised. It would be idle to pretend that the first twelve months of the war has seen this task accomplished satisfactorily.

Lack of Foresight

Had the Allies realised in time the full strength of their redoubtable and resourceful foes; nay, what is more, had they realised their own strength and resources and taken prompt action to organise them, to-day we should have witnessed the triumphant spectacle of their guns pouring out a stream of shot and shell which would have deluged the German trenches with fire and scorched the German legions back across their own frontiers.

WHAT is the actual position? It is thoroughly well known to the Germans, and anyone in any land, belligerent or neutral, who reads intelligently the military news must by now have a comprehension of it. With the resources of Great Britain, France, Russia—yea, or the whole industrial world—at the disposal of the Allies, it is obvious that the Central Powers have still an overwhelming superiority in all the material and equipment of war.

The result of this deplorable fact is exactly what might have been foreseen. The iron heel of Germany has sunk deeper than ever into French and Belgian soil. Poland is entirely German; Lithuania is rapidly following. Russian fortresses, deemed impregnable, are falling like sand castles before the resistless tide of Teutonic invasion.

When will that tide recede? When will it be stemmed? As soon as the Allies are supplied with abundance of war material.

Every Ounce of Strength

That is why I am recalling these unpleasant facts, because I wish to stir my countrymen to put forth their strength to amend the situation. To dwell on such events is the most disagreeable task that can fall to the lot of a public man. For all that, the public man who either shirks these facts himself or does not do his best to force others to face them until they are redressed is guilty of high treason to the State which he has sworn to serve.

THERE has been a great awakening in all the allied countries, and prodigious efforts are being put forth to equip the armies in the field. I know what we are doing: our exertions are undoubtedly immense. But can we do more either in men or material? *Nothing but our best and utmost can pull us through. Are we now straining every nerve to make up for lost time? Are we getting all the men we shall want to put into the fighting-line next year to enable us even to hold our own?*

Does every man who can help, whether by fighting or by providing material, understand clearly that ruin awaits remissness? *How many people in this country fully apprehend the full significance of the Russian retreat?* For over twelve months Russia has, in spite of deficiencies in equipment, absorbed the energies of half the German and four-fifths of the Austrian forces. *It it realised that Russia has for the time being made her contribution*—and what an heroic contribution it is!—to the struggle for European freedom, and that we cannot for many months to come expect the same active help from the Russian armies that we have hitherto received?

To Relieve Russia

WHO is to take the Russian place in the fight while those armies are re-equipping? Who is to bear the weight which has hitherto fallen on Russian shoulders? France cannot be expected to sustain much heavier burdens than those which she now bears with a quiet courage that has astonished and moved the world. Italy is putting her strength into the fight. What could she do more?

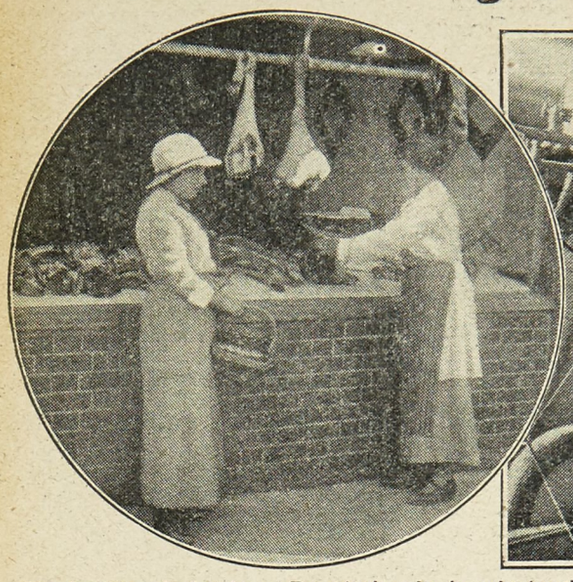
There is only Britain left. *Is Britain prepared to fill up the gap that will be created when Russia has retired to rearm? Is she fully prepared to cope with all the possibitities of the next few months*—in the west, without forgetting the east? Upon the answer which Government, employers, workmen, financiers, young men who can bear arms, women who can work in factories—in fact, the whole people of this great land—give to this question will depend the liberties of Europe for many a generation.

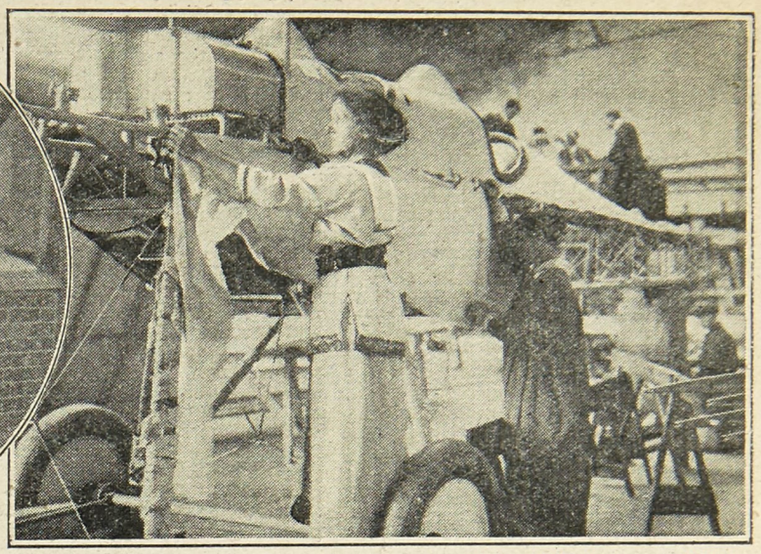
The Fateful Period

A SHREWD and sagacious observer told me the other day that in his judgment *the course pursued by this country during the next three months would decide the fate of this war.* If we are not allowed to equip our factories and workshops with adequate labour to supply our armies because we must not transgress regulations applicable to normal conditions; if practices are maintained which restrict the output of essential war material; *if the nation hesitates, when the need is clear, to take the necessary steps to call forth its manhood to defend honour and existence;* if vital decisions are postponed until too late; if we neglect to make ready for all probable eventualities; if, in fact, we give ground for the accusation that we are slouching into disaster as if we were walking along the ordinary paths of peace without an enemy in sight—then I can see no hope.

But if we sacrifice all we own and all we like for our native land; if our preparations are characterised by grip, resolution, and a prompt readiness in every sphere; then victory is assured.

For Men must Fight and Women must Work

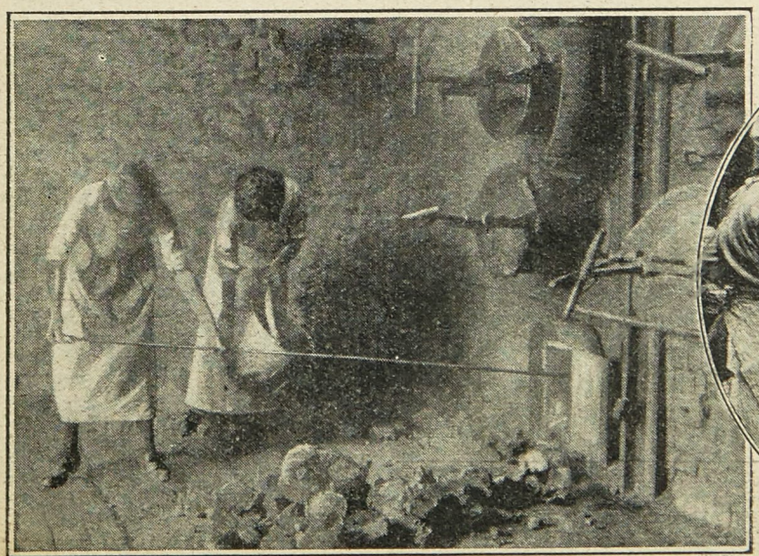


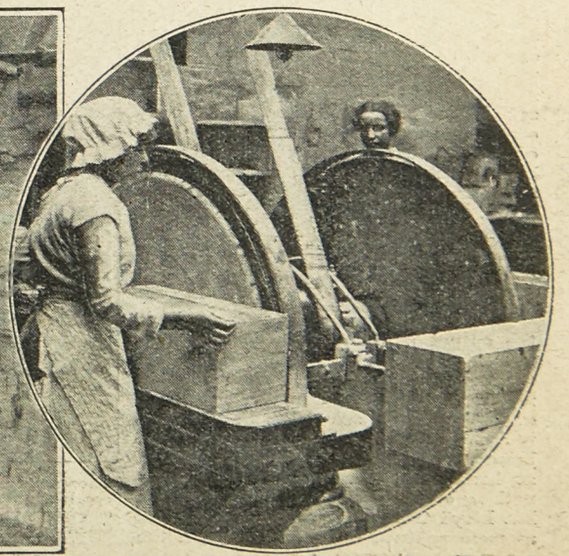


The daughter of a butcher at Barnstaple, who, in order to release a man for the Army, is working hard in her father's shop. Right: Probably the only woman in the world who is an aeroplane maker. Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, wife of the novelist, who has a large aeroplane factory that is making aircraft for military use. Mrs. Hewlett is seen fitting canvas to the side of a machine.

WOMANHOOD has undoubtedly experienced the greatest possible metamorphosis as a result of the war; the feminine outlook is wholly changed, the horizon widened beyond the dreams of those who, "once upon a time," agitated for an extension of woman's sphere, and for a status that should be practically untrammelled. To-day women are engaged in many activities that yesterday would have been considered unwomanly. The women of to-day have been called upon to suffer as of yore, but, unlike the women of other days, they have, in addition to suffering uncomplainingly, turned their thoughts and energies to the Empire's aid. That men may fight, our women are working. They are working, too, in spheres which are entirely original. Who, before the world eruption, would have thought of feminine railway-workers, for instance, or of tram-women, lift-women, or feminine commissionaires?

Women potters. Owing to the number of men who have enlisted in Cornwall, much of the work in the pottery industry is being done by women.





Women as gas-workers. A mother and daughter in a village near Bristol have undertaken the very arduous work of making gas. They are seen drawing the furnace fires. Right: Ammunition boxes being made by women carpenters.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

THE autumn war in the west is showing a marked difference over the spring and summer fighting. Then each side after a heavy bombardment, lasting twenty-four or even forty-eight hours, hurled its infantry forward and stormed the enemy's trenches at the point of the bayonet. Now the campaign is being transformed into one long artillery duel lasting not days but weeks.

Day and night, seven days a week, the guns are fighting one another on the French lines. Hundreds of thousands of shells are being used. Behind the guns, resting in their sheltered trenches, or even in front of the guns, waiting at the nearest points to their goal, lie the infantry, and the cavalrymen turned for the time into infantrymen, ready to dash forward when the moment comes. In the end, the advance with the bayonet must settle who shall win, but each side seems resolved to wipe out first every possible defence of the enemy.

A Vital Object Lesson

This is war, modern style, in which the soldier often enough sees not a single man of the enemy, and sees nothing of their positions save a long, monotonous, shell-torn countryside ever spitting fire and death at him. Would to God that some of the engineers at Woolwich and on the North-East Coast, who have been boycotting their mates who turn out too many shells in the day, could be taken somewhere along the front and shown how shells, the over-abundance of shells, are to-day deciding the issue!

The side that prevails in this artillery duel wins the autumn campaign. No army, however courageous, can stand fast for long if the enemy has abundant artillery and it has none. The Russians demonstrated that. I know few more tragic tales in the history of war than those telling of how some of our own regiments stood in their trenches this spring, sacrificing themselves because we had not enough guns behind them. This was why the Princess Patricia's lost seventy-five per cent. of their men in a single engagement. German artillery opened a terrific fire, destroying telephones to headquarters, levelling embankments, filling trenches, killing men wholesale. Time after time the German guns ceased, and the German infantry advanced, only to be driven back pell-mell by our brave soldiers. Then the guns would open again, mechanically pounding our men to death. And the only reply we could give was for our men to stand and die.

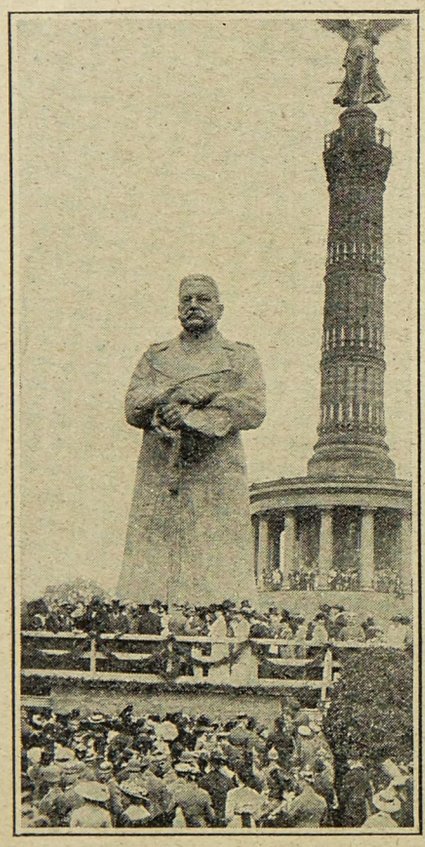
What of Russia?

Do the engineers who seek to limit the output of ammunition want to see this kind of thing repeated all along the front this autumn? I know they do not, yet this must be the inevitable result of their policy if successful. The soldier is doing his part. But his part cannot bring us to victory unless the workman at home does his. People who know nothing of war are inclined to look upon Mr. Lloyd George's warnings about shells as mere political tub-thumping. On the contrary, they are cold, hard, sober facts.

Much of the current comment on the Russian situation is far too optimistic, and does not sufficiently recognise the grave dangers immediately ahead. I am, as my readers know, a firm believer in the recuperative powers of Russia, and I am convinced of the great dangers that attend any German advance far into the Tsar's Empire. The Russians have recovered wonderfully, and we hope they will do much better still. But it is mere foolishness to regard the victories in Galicia, splendid as they are, as the vital moves in the eastern campaign. The real German blow is now being directed northwards, towards Petrograd. Every possible effort will be made to reach a secure natural position, in the direction of the Russian capital before the winter weather comes. It remains to be seen if it can be done. The Germans here are playing for high stakes, and are facing grave risks. But for the present they are certainly going forward towards their goal.

The Italian Front

The Russian armies have escaped the danger of being driven back on the Pripet marshes. The Galician victories have renewed courage and determination throughout the ranks. The presence of the Tsar at the front has done great good. Russia has surprised even her warmest friends and admirers. All I ask is that people shall not regard the danger on the eastern front as yet over, and shout before our brave ally is out of the wood.



Enormous wooden statue of von Hindenburg erected in Berlin, in front of the "Goddess of Victory" column, commemorating 1870. Germans, on payment of a mark (one shilling), are permitted to drive nails into Hindenburg, the money being for war charities.

Friends of my own, newly returned from a visit to the Italian front, assure me that things are going very well there. The gains of territory have been considerable, they declare, when the nature of the country is borne in mind. The Italians have proved their supremacy as fighting men over their enemy. The spirit of the Italian Army is contagiously high, and the nation is united.

The British in Serbia

All this can be gladly admitted. Unfortunately, however, events have proved that in the Alps and the Dolomites the Austrians have a natural defence of the most powerful and effective kind. Italy has not yet succeeded in forcing her way through, and it is as certain as anything can be that she will not get through before the snows make the passes impossible for armies. I have not yet found evidences that the Italian artillery can surpass the splendid Austrian guns. Italy has a very difficult task in the Alps. She has tackled it manfully and ably. Later on, when the way has been cleared, her strong armies will pour into Southern Germany and have their real opportunity. Work like the present Alpine fighting tests the moral and stamina of troops to the utmost. The Italians are standing the strain splendidly.

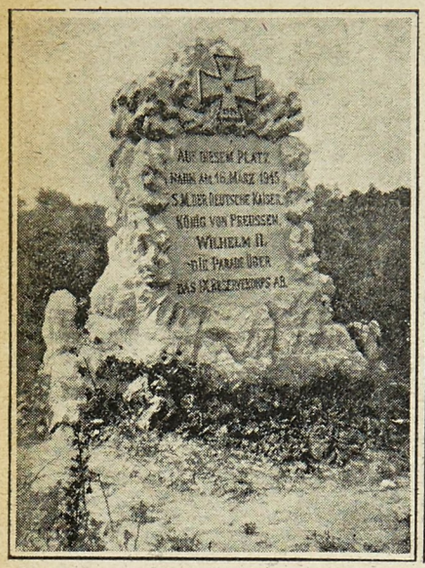
The situation in Serbia promises to become interesting. It is no longer a secret that there are British forces there, for the name of the admiral in charge of our Serbian Naval Contingent has been officially published. Of the nature and number of our forces in this field nothing is known. That Serbia to-day presents one of the fresh possibilities of the war must be obvious to all. The Danube may once more play the part of the governing river in Europe.

If America Joins Us

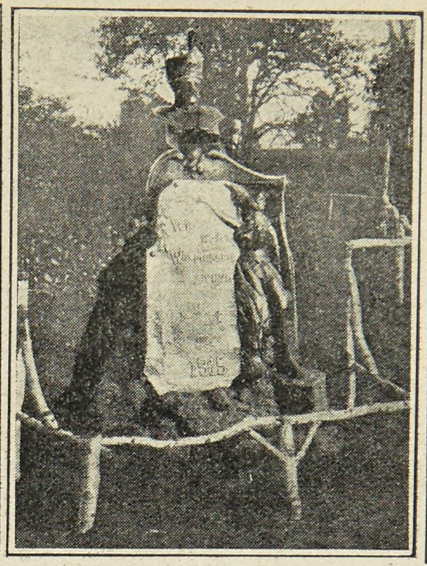
The German campaign to stir up ill blood between America and England seems definitely and finally to have failed. Even up to two months ago, German statesmen hoped against hope. To-day there is, for the first time, a possibility that America will take her stand by us. There is no enthusiasm for war in America; the great mass of the people, particularly in the west, would regard the declaration of hostilities as a matter for profound grief and regret. If there is any way by which America can avoid war, without sacrificing her rights or her honour, she will take it.

Looking at the matter from a military point of view, it would suit our purpose better for America to remain neutral for at least the next six months. She is giving us the most valuable aid now by making munitions on a wholesale scale. Were war to begin, or to seem almost certain, all the supplies being made for us, from shells to aeroplanes, and from submarines to rifles, would naturally be taken by the American Government for itself.

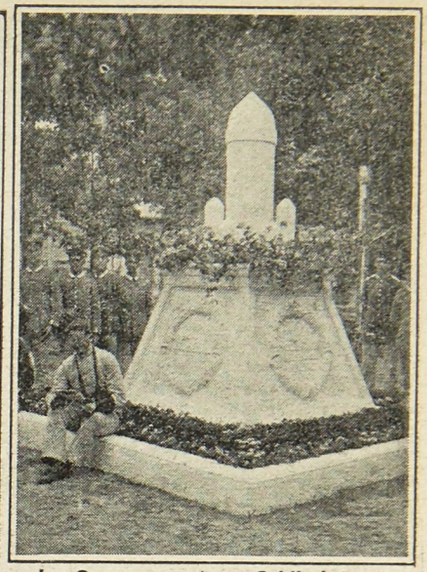
"Kultur's" Crudity expressed in War Monuments



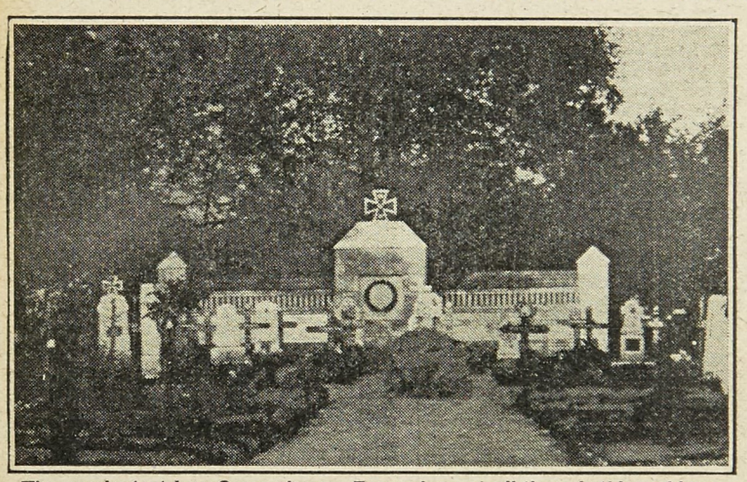
To commemorate an inspection of German soldiers by the Kaiser on French soil.



Monument in Linden Park, Berlin, on which is inscribed, "We will—we must win."



In a German cemetery. Soldier's tomb designed in the shape of shells.



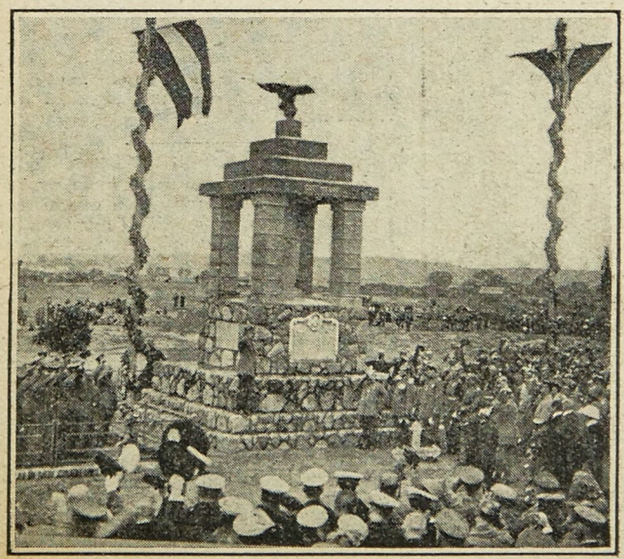
The omnipotent Iron Cross shape. Everywhere at all times is this emblem available, but more particularly in German soldiers' cemeteries in France.

NO more eloquent expression of the crudity of "Kultur" is available than in Germany's monuments of self-glorification. The National Sieges Allee, Berlin, and the Niederwald Denkmal which scowls over the natural beauty of the Rhine, both commemorating the victory of '70, are vulgar in sentiment and atrocious in design.

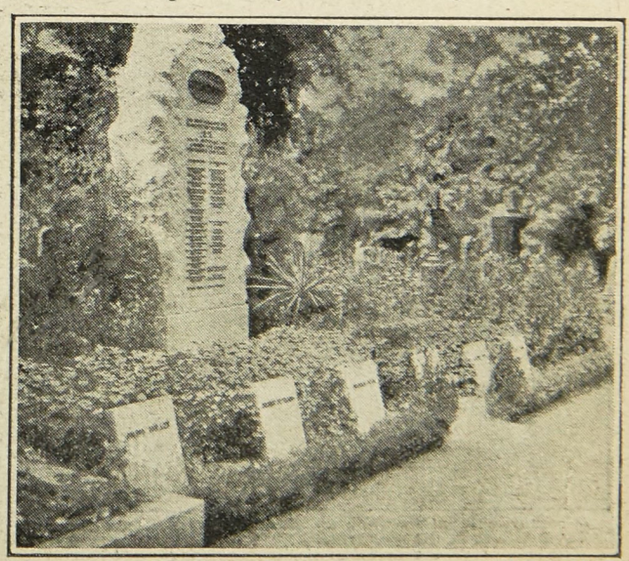
So long as the idea is carried out in a "Kolossal" scheme it is always acceptable to the German temperament. It is merely a question of so many tons of metal, so much avoirdupois of stone.

German monuments lack beauty and spiritual significance. They are worldly and cynical and truly symbolise the ideal of Prussian militarism, the creed of "might is right." The Huns could never represent the glory of patriotism with that grace and charm which characterise Latin constructions, such, for instance, as the Place de la Concorde, Paris. Nevertheless, the enemy lets no opportunity slip to disfigure his country with memorials which should have the reverse effect than love of Fatherland on any German gifted with a sense of beauty, if such exist.

On this page will be found some photographs of monuments erected in the Fatherland and on ravaged territory since the war began.



A severe and utterly unsympathetic construction erected somewhere in Germany to the memory of fallen Teutons.



Memorial in Hasenheide Cemetery to the men of the L2 airship, which was destroyed in October , 1914.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE naval news is small but good, a part indeed of the long grinding process of sea-power. A German submarine is snapped up in the Levant. A couple of Russian destroyers attacked in the Black Sea a convoy of the Turkish cruiser Hamidieh, two destroyers, and five vessels laden with coal for Constantinople. The Russians succeeded in sinking the five colliers, altogether a very brilliant little affair, especially as sufficient damage was done to a cruiser, armed with two 6 in. guns and eight 4·7 in., as to put her to flight. It rather suggests that the Turkish Navy is either very inefficient or short of ammunition. The Turks appear to be trying to get their supplies for Gallipoli across the Dardanelles from the Asiatic side, and the French report for the last week of August indicated that eight transports were sunk in the Straits in that period. In the Sea of Marmora one of our submarines has sunk one of her very few enemies there in the shape of a Turkish destroyer. The Syrian coast, especially in the case of the Smyrna neighbourhood, has been kept in a state of alarm. Taken in conjunction with the attempt which was made to cut the Turks' communications in Gallipoli, and the transference of the Grand Duke to the Caucasus, there is much to suggest that the Allies are pressing the fighting in the east before Germany is ready to intervene there herself and bring ammunition to the sorely pressed Turks.

While the French have been maintaining a heavy bombardment right along their line, we have intervened at intervals on the coast of Flanders as far as Ostend. From a naval point of view, the German occupation of this coast is an inconvenience because of the hospitality it offers to their aircraft and submarines.

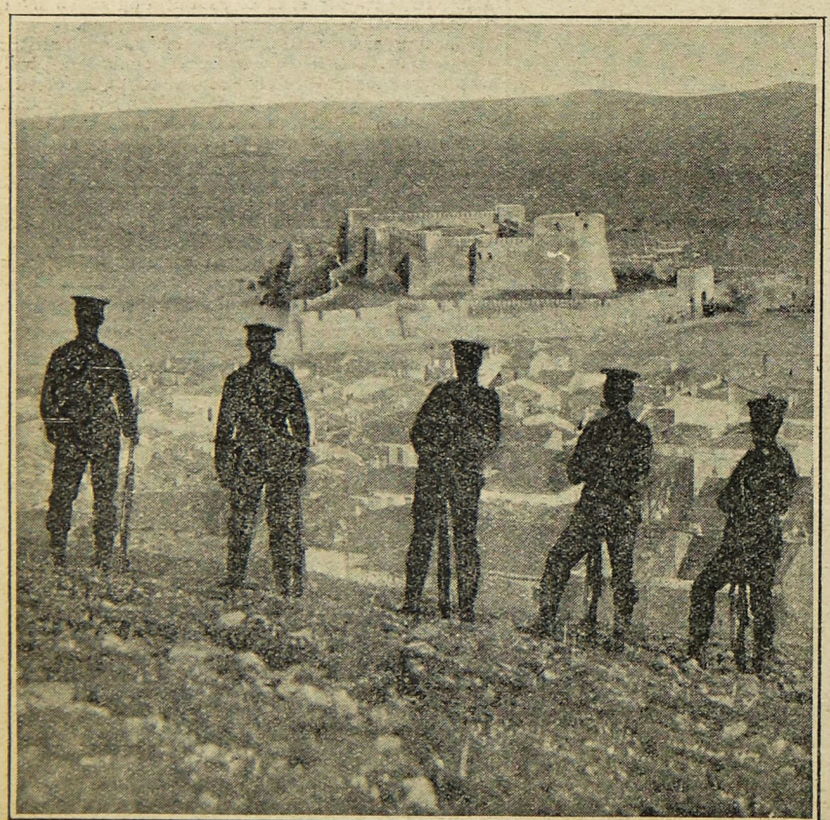
Belgium—the Corsairs' Base

If the Germans were pressed back and the coast was in our occupation, the German submarines could only obtain rest and refitment in the waters extending from Emden along the German coast, and at Heligoland. Their aircraft would then have far greater difficulties to encounter in attacking this country. With a N.E. wind to help her, a Zeppelin can come from Heligoland and return to Belgium, or the reverse trip with a S.W. wind. But with the coast of Belgium in our hands, they would have to face the precise difficulty that occurs in the case of Paris, the crossing of a fighting front with its high-elevation guns and aeroplanes to intercept them both going and returning.

They would therefore have to make shift with the far more formidable task of setting out and returning to the same spot on German territory at Emden or Heligoland. It is useless to discuss what might have been the case if we had built our Navy to a policy of policing and occupying the North Sea, as we undoubtedly will do for any future wars. We started with the War Staff plan of taking no risks for a Navy with an inadequate margin, supposing we had no allies—which involved holding the ends of the North Sea. I have always profoundly disagreed with this policy; and the bombardments of our coast, the submarine campaign, and the air raids on London and the East Coast, have only strengthened my conviction. Given, however, the Navy which we had created for the policy, and given the timorous attitude of the Cabinet of twenty shivering round a table during the crisis prior to the war, it was wise to stick to the policy. As Moltke said, a general may take the third best of several plans and achieve success if he keeps to it, whereas he will certainly fail if he tries first one plan and then another. Whether our own plan was first-rate or second-rate, it has certainly been successful; but it must become a subject of inquiry after the war *how much diversion of guns, ammunition, aircraft and men has there been to the sedentary defence of this island and of London as the result of the North Sea plan?* When we come to consider a German occupation of Riga, which threatens as a result of the inland operations of the German armies, we are faced with a very different problem from their occupation of Ostend and Zeebrugge. The latter gives them no sustenance from the sea; the former will not only give them the greatest sustenance, but resources can be built up on the spot for helping the armies, just as has already been done with the captured Russian ports farther south.

The Value of Heligoland

The "New York Times," which has published many informing articles on the war, has recently had one on Heligoland's "Silver Jubilee." It certainly is a standing argument against secret diplomacy, and the Admiralty, as in the case of the absurd Fanning Island route for the Pacific cable, do not appear to have been even consulted. They at least would have remembered its utility in the past, and how the French fleet coaled under its lee, outside the three-mile limit, in the war of 1870. Lord Granville, as Foreign Minister in 1885, after being approached about Heligoland by the German Ambassador, relates that he "subsequently consulted the War Office and the Admiralty as to the advantages of Heligoland to us. The War Office saw none. The Admiralty was strongly in favour of its importance. But its reasons seemed to me to be a little far-fetched." Lord Salisbury, in giving up the island, ignored the Admiralty altogether.



A remarkable photograph of five British Marines keeping guard on a captured Turkish fort at the Dardanelles. The clarity of the atmosphere is responsible for the detail of the distant stronghold and background.

FOOD FOR PRISONERS

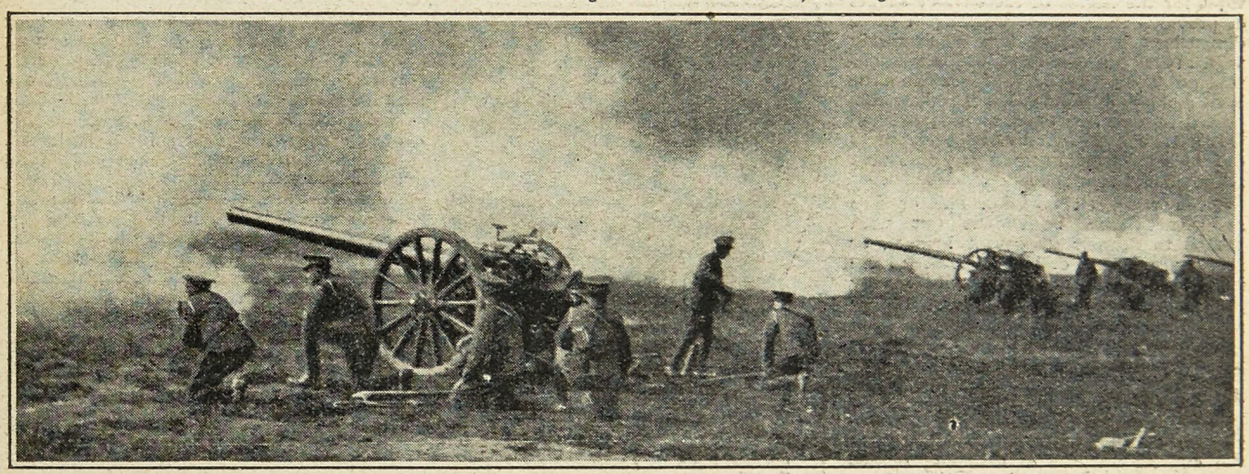
A few weeks ago I urged upon readers to send food to any prisoners of war that they knew in Germany, and I gave a list of the contents of five-shilling packages of foodstuffs with chocolate, potted meat, jam and the like, which can be obtained from the great West End stores. I have since had opportunity of discussing this question of food supplies more closely with a number of returned wounded prisoners.

These men declare that the selection of foodstuffs is not what the prisoners want. They do not want jam, chocolate, or other fancy goods. They are really hungry. Bacon, Army biscuits, and substantial tinned meats are what they long for. I suggest that some of the West End stores get up packages of this kind, and offer to supply them.

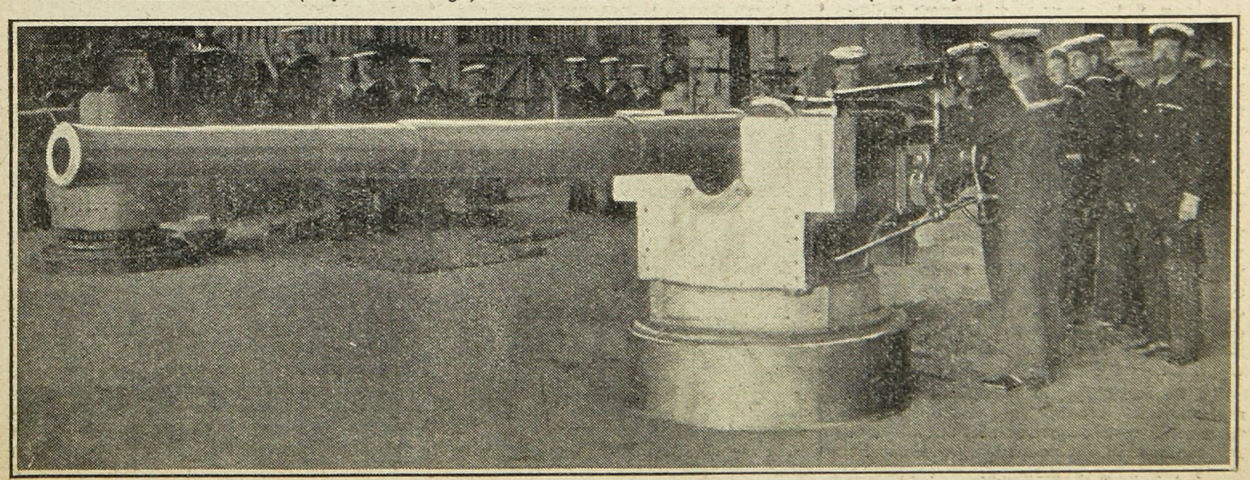
F. A. M.

New Warriors for Land and Sea make Ready

Canadian cavalry practising in readiness for the coming advance in Flanders at one of their base depots. Three riders are coming well over the "sticks." Canadian horsemen are among the finest in the world, rivalling even the far-famed Cossacks.



There is no more awe-inspiring scene than that of a battery in action. The incessant shriek of the shell, the tension of the gunners, and the joy of registering a hit combine to make this the most exhilarating branch of the Service. Above is seen a gun-team of the 1st Battalion Lowland (City of Edinburgh) R.G.A. in action on the occasion of an inspection by Lord-Provost Inches.



While the New Army is attracting most attention, the new recruits to the Senior Service are coming in in good numbers, and take up their training duties with interested enthusiasm. This photograph shows some naval volunteers studying the mechanism of a 4·7 in. gun.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

MUCH has been seen in the papers recently about German "battle aeroplanes," and French "*aeroplans de bombardment*," and "*aeroplans de chasse*," which are respectively machines specially built to carry big loads of bombs and machines built for the purpose of chasing enemy aeroplanes, the latter type being more than usually fast, and carrying machine-guns. The German "battle aeroplanes" I have already described as big high-powered machines with at least two machine-guns and frequently with two engines.

With the development of aeroplanes for these special purposes we see the first steps towards the use of aircraft as a striking force, co-operating with the armies in the field, but in no way subordinate to any particular branch of those armies.

Substitutes for Cavalry Scouts

Hitherto, the ordinary air-scout has been subordinate to the particular divisional or army corps commander to which his squadron was attached. The aeroplanes have been simply modern substitutes for the horses of the cavalry scouts of previous wars, albeit working in three dimensions instead of two. Similarly with artillery fire control, the aeroplanes told off to carry artillery observers have been merely substitutes for church towers or hill tops or any other eminences from which artillery officers have hitherto observed the effects of gun fire, and have signalled the results to their batteries.

Even when on occasion one or two aeroplanes have been sent out with bombs to destroy important bridges, or railway junctions, or buildings, they have merely been acting as guns with a very long range, and their objectives, or targets, have been fixed by the immediate requirements of the troops with whom they were working.

As a Fighting Unit

Now, however, with the definite formation of squadrons of aeroplanes for the express purpose of dropping bombs on towns and other places of military importance, the place of aircraft in the scheme of military things assumes a new importance, for they now become a distinct arm capable of carrying out raids on their own account, much as in earlier wars cavalry forces have made raids behind the enemy's lines—as for example, General Rennenkampf's cavalry did in the Russo-Japanese War, and General Stuart's and General Phil Sheridan's cavalry did in the American Civil War.

It is particularly worthy of note that the new French machines are intended respectively for bombing and chasing, whereas the Germans call theirs battle aeroplanes. The mere names are significant of the fact that while the French are essentially on the offensive, the German machines are to give battle to them—on the defensive.

To be successful in bombardment, an aeroplane must carry just enough petrol to take it to its objective and back again. All the rest of its possible load must be made up with bombs. If it carries a passenger as well as the pilot it means that anything from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty pounds less of bombs can be carried. If it carries a machine-gun and ammunition, in order to defend itself, another fifty or sixty pounds of bombs must be sacrificed. And the result is that when its last bomb has been dropped it is still saddled with the weight of a passenger and gun to bring home, neither of which are any real use for offensive purposes against a town or fortress on the ground, whereas their weight in extra bombs might have meant scoring a big success in spite of missing with the first.

Therefore, the obviously sensible course is for the bombarding aeroplanes to carry nothing but bombs and to be flown by pilots specially trained in bomb-dropping. They must, of course, be protected against the enemy battle aeroplanes sent up to meet them, and the simplest and most sensible defence is a number of fast-flying machines carrying machine-guns, but no bombs. A comparatively few of such fast fighting machines could protect quite a number of bomb-carriers, for their high speed should enable them to attack the "battle aeroplanes" before these are able to reach the bomb machines, and their extreme mobility should make it possible for them to outmanœuvre the bigger machines and evade their superior armament.

The battle aeroplanes, also, are quite a sensible scheme, for, being intended for defensive purposes, they need not carry fuel for more than a couple of hours, and so they can carry more guns or heavier guns, and the men to work them. They naturally have to depend on the weight of their armament to defeat the fast fighting machines, and if they can do so they naturally have the slow bomb-carriers at their mercy.

A Naval Analogy

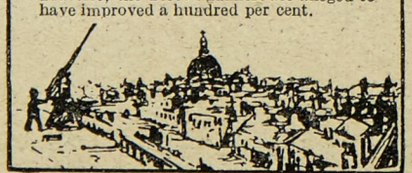
The whole position, therefore, is very like that of a fleet of battleships setting forth to bombard a coast fortress or an enemy fleet, and armed with heavy long-range guns, but without the secondary armament of smaller guns. Battleships armed only with big guns became an accepted type in most navies some time before the war, and any squadron of such ships is always preceded and flanked by a screen of destroyers and fast cruisers, just as the bomb-carriers are protected by the fast fighting machines; so that there is the best possible naval precedent for the latest development of the French air fleet.

Hitherto this arrangement has proved uniformly successful, for the French bombardments of places in the south-west of Germany have been very effective, and the losses have been surprisingly small, which seems to show that the fast fighting machines have come fully up to expectations. So far nothing has been made known officially of the existence of British aerial forces organised on a similar plan, but doubtless we shall profit by the experiences of our Allies in this respect as we have done in other matters in which we in this country have only copied and improved upon the types introduced by our Allies, and even by our enemies.

THE appointment of Sir Percy M. Scott as controller of London's defences against hostile aircraft has had a reassuring effect on public uneasiness. The Zeppelin corsairs, principally owing to favourable weather conditions, have been more persistent during the last few weeks than throughout the whole of their infamous career. Having groped their way to the heart of the British Empire under cover of night, as befits their criminal intentions, and caused, with infernal machines, a large number of casualties among innocent non-combatants, much speculation was rife as to what was being done to shield the metropolis from such raids.

With Sir Percy Scott in supreme command, Londoners may be confident that the anti-aircraft service will become a really potent factor of defence. The Admiral, in addition to being an expert on ordnance, is a practical inventor of genius, and many of his gunnery appliances have proved invaluable to the State.

To him, also, is largely due the efficiency in naval marksmanship, for under his supervision as first Inspector of Target Practice, the Fleet's gunners are alleged to have improved a hundred per cent.



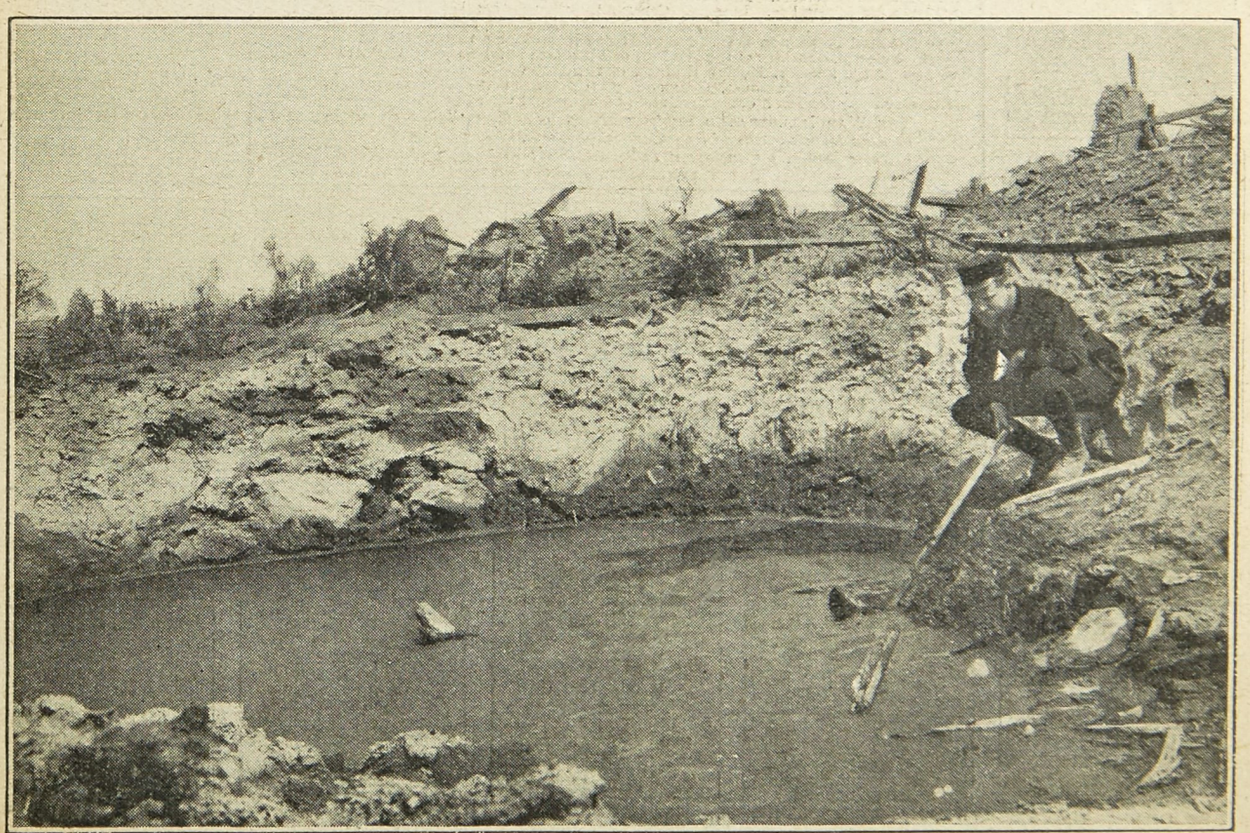
SIR PERCY M. SCOTT,
The Defender of London.

TO OUR SOLDIER READERS AT THE FRONT

The publishers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED are arranging for several exhibitions in different parts of the country at which they purpose showing, in addition to important collections of war photographs and pictures, interesting trophies, such as German helmets, belts, shells, etc., and other curiosities of the battlefields. They would be pleased to hear from any readers possessing such trophies who were prepared to sell, hire, or lend the same to the publishers for the purpose mentioned. Address: War Trophies Dept., THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

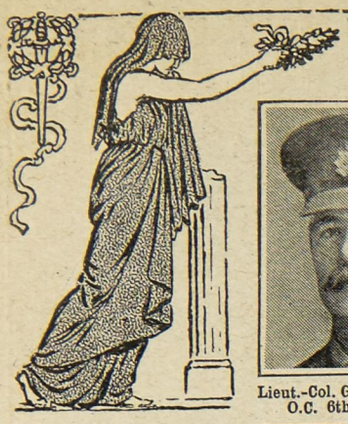
Shells and Smiles along the Belgian Front

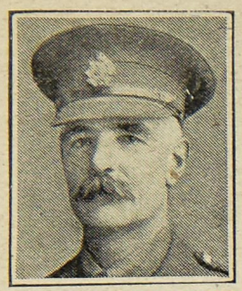
Scene in a Belgian trench which has been subjected to severe German shelling, but with no other result than the destruction of some tall trees lining the parapet. One Belgian soldier is about to fill some sacks with earth to further consolidate the position.



It would take many men several hours to dig a crater as deep as that made in a second by a shell from a big German gun. Thousands of these cavities have been torn in the fields of Flanders. A Belgian contemplates the havoc with philosophical interest.

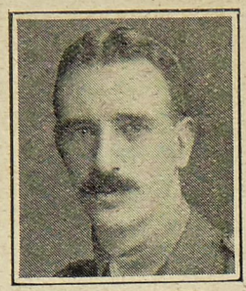
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead





Lieut.-Col. G. F. BROADRICK, O.C. 6th Border Regt.

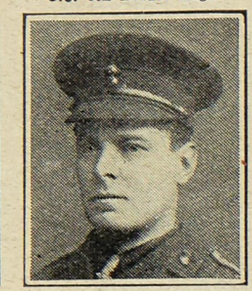
Brig.-Gen. P. A. KENNA, V.C., D.S.O., Notts & Derby Yeomny.



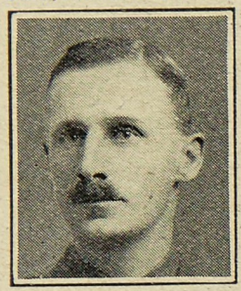
Major F. J. C. HILL, 6th York & Lancaster Regt.

Lt.-Col. L. A. BOSANQUET, O.C. 9th Sherwood Foresters.

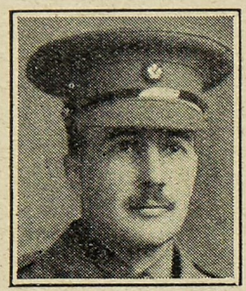
Capt. N. D. PRINGLE, 6th East Yorkshire Regt.



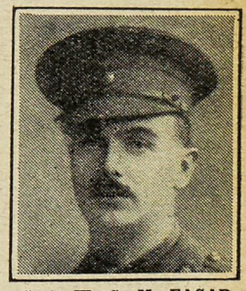
Capt. P. H. HICKMAN, 7th Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



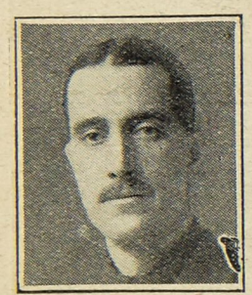
Capt. C. C. R. BLACK-HAWKINS, 2nd Hants Regt.



Capt. A. B. H. WEBB, 1st/5th Gurkhas.



Capt. W. G. M. EAGAR, 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers.



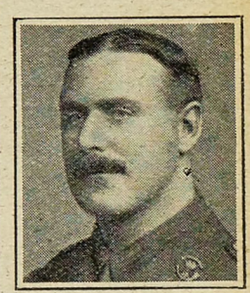
Capt. C. H. ELLIOTT, 58th Rifles (Frontier Force).

Lieut.-Col. G. Fletcher Broadrick, commanding the 6th Border Regiment, entered that Regiment from the Militia in 1891; he was given command of the 6th Battalion in August, 1914, and his rank of lieutenant-colonel was gazetted in May last.

Brigadier-General Kenna, V.C., D.S.O., who was killed in action at the Dardanelles, saw much service. He was with the Nile Expedition in 1898, and for his services at the Battle of Khartoum was mentioned in despatches and received the Victoria Cross. In the South African War, for which he held the Queen's Medal with six clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps, he was awarded the D.S.O. For his distinguished services with the Somaliland Field Force, 1902-4, he was mentioned in despatches, and made brevet-lieutenant-colonel. In 1895 he was presented with the Royal Humane Society's certificate for saving life. Brigadier-General Kenna, who has been an Aide-de-Camp to the King since 1906, was appointed to command the Notts and Derbyshire Territorial Force Mounted Brigade in 1912. He was twice married, his first wife being Lady Cecil Josephine Bertie, daughter of the 7th Earl of Abingdon, and his second wife Angela Mary, daughter of the late Mr. Hubert Hibbert, of Beaufort Gardens, S.W.

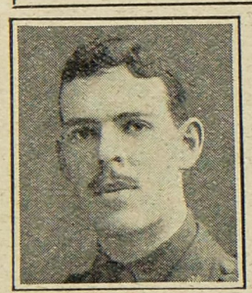
Lieut.-Col. L. A. Bosanquet, commanding the 9th Sherwood Foresters, had seen active service in the Tirah Campaign, and had the medal with two clasps.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *invites relatives of officers killed in action or dead from wounds to lend photographs, with brief biographical notes of these heroes, for inclusion in "Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead." Address:* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *Fleetway House, London, E.C.*



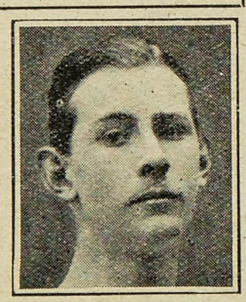
Capt. P. E. BRADNEY, Somerset Light Infantry.

Lieut. N. J. COX, 7th Royal Sussex Regt.



Lieut. R. C. WOODHOUSE, Royal Horse Artillery.

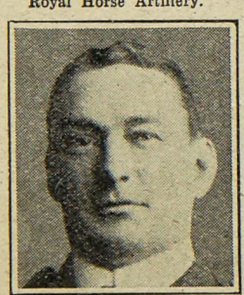
Lieut. J. A. E. ALEXANDER, 12th Highland Light Infantry.



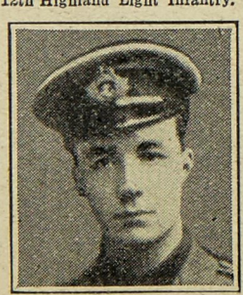
Lieut. W. H. GRENVILLE-GREY, 1st King's Royal Rifles.

Lieut. A. W. HADRILL, 9th Lincolnshire Regt.

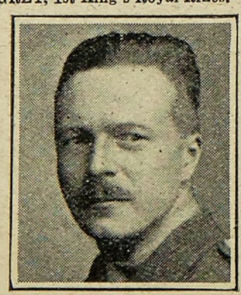
Sec.-Lieut. E. ENGLISH, 13th West Yorkshire Regt.



Lieut.-Com. E. J. McBARNET, R.D., R.N.R.



Sub.-Lieut. GUY P. COOKE, Nelson Batt., R.N.D.



Sec.-Lieut. T. W. RUTHERFORD, 6th Yorkshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. H. J. HOARE, 10th London Regt.

(Portraits by Swaine, Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Sport & General, Bassano, Harris.)

Photo by Bassano

OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—NO. XI.

7th BUFFS.—(From left to right) Back row: Sec.-Lieut. A. H. White, Lieut. J. E. M. Sloan, R.A.M.C., Lieut. A. J. Hett, Sec.-Lieut. A. D. H. Foster, Lieut. M. Hammond, Lieut. P. G. Norbury, Lieut. G. T. Neame, Sec.-Lieut. W. L. McColl, Sec.-Lieut. E. Nightingale, Sec.-Lieut. I. Imbert-Terry. Third row: Sec.-Lieut. E. V. Morse, Lieut. F. J. O. Montagu, A.D.C., Capt. A. A. Mackintosh, A.D.C., Capt. C. K. Black, Lieut. L. Wood, Lieut. E. C. Dunstan, Lieut. E. B. C. Burnside, Lieut. G. J. Neame, Sec.-Lieut. H. A. Dyson, Lieut. J. G. Whitfield, Sec.-Lieut. W. H. Amos. Second row: Capt. A. G. Kenchington, Capt. C. V. Allen, Lieut and Adjt. F. Phillips, Brig.-Gen. J. H. V. Crowe, Maj.-Gen. F. I. Maxse, C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. W. F. Emslie, Gen. Rt. Hon. Sir A. H. Paget, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., Major C. L. Parmiter, Brig.-Gen. A. Martyn, Major R. L. P. Birch, Capt. H. H. Hobbs, Capt. G. Flemming, Capt. R. T. Monier-Williams. Front row: Sec.-Lieut. C. Morse, Sec.-Lieut. F. M. Stoop, Sec.-Lieut. H. L. Quartermaine, Sec.-Lieut. J. G. Spencer, Sec.-Lieut. G. M. Tait, Sec.-Lieut. R. W. Keown.

"When the Last Shot is Fired"

By the Editor

IT is a solemn thought that some day, somewhere, in some one or other of the vast theatres of operations, some rifleman or gunner will fire the very last shot of the Great War. When that day will come even the most rash among us has ceased to prophesy. But come it will, for everything must have an end, be it soon or later.

IT is no new thing in a great campaign for a time to arrive when a condition of stalemate seems to supervene. This happened during the American Civil War—which, by the way, lasted four years—when the Federals and Confederates faced each other month after month in the trenches at Richmond. So long drawn out was this trench warfare that many people began to think that nothing effective would ever be done by either side.

THE time came, however, when the superior resources of the North in men, money, and material began to tell, with the result that the Confederate defence at Richmond collapsed, and this proved to be the beginning of the end for the cause of the South.

SO it will be, we hope and believe, in the present war. Notwithstanding the advantage the Central Empires have possessed through years of preparation, the time must come when the superior resources of ourselves and our Allies will prevail. There will be a collapse on one of the many fronts the Germanic allies have now to defend, and though this collapse is not likely to end the war, it should prove to be the beginning of the end, and bring us within measurable distance of the day when the last shot is fired.

OF course, the mere cessation of hostilities will not mean the return to normal conditions. There will probably be months of negotiations before peace terms are settled, and if an indemnity can be obtained from the bankrupt losers, it will undoubtedly be necessary to maintain an army of occupation in their countries for some years.

BUT gradually things will right themselves and begin to approximate to the normal. In the fullness of time the war will become a memory, and something to look back upon as a hideous nightmare. Yet not altogether as a nightmare; for if war stimulates some of the basest, it also stimulates some of the noblest traits of human character, and we shall have every cause to be proud of the part which our people played individually and as a nation in the great struggle.

I THINK I may safely claim that in these days to come THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will be even more appreciated than it is now. Though its panoramic pictorial record of the war is cast in the form of a weekly periodical, I have always kept in view the likelihood that a large proportion of my readers will have the weekly numbers bound up in permanent and enduring volumes.

TO this end I was at special pains to have designed binding cases which would be at once durable and inexpensive. These cases cost but 1s. 6d. of any newsagent, who for an equally small sum will arrange for the trimming and binding in of the parts. Thus, for the trifling expenditure of some 3s., one can convert twenty-six numbers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED into a handsome volume, replete with illustrations of every phase of the war. Enough numbers have now been issued to allow of two volumes being thus bound up.

I HAVE received numerous letters from readers, who have hitherto been unable to bind up their weekly parts owing to some of them being missing, and asking if it is possible to obtain back numbers to complete the volumes. I am glad to say that this can be done. I foresaw such a possibility, and ordered extensive reprints, so that any back number can be obtained on inquiry through a newsagent.

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The War Illustrated, 2nd October, 1915. Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

The Riddle of the Balkans, by John Foster Fraser

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3 The Three Kings who can solve the Balkan Riddle: Greece. Rumania, Bulgaria **No. 59**

Concerning "Fatuous Optimism"

"THINGS breed their opposites" according to a philosophic Hun. Thus out of tyranny comes liberty by revolution, out of liberty grows licence, and from licence the pendulum swings round again to tyranny! In Lancashire there is the saying: "First generation in clogs, the second in boots, and the third in clogs again." This goes to support the supposed law of life to which I have referred. In a rough way, certainly, things do breed their opposites, but only when they exist in extremes. Too much optimism in the end breeds pessimism, and too much of the latter carries us back by the essential hopefulness of humanity to optimism once more.

FOR my part I have endeavoured in this war to be neither optimist nor pessimist, and if at times I feel within me a glow of hopefulness for which a careful and dispassionate examination of the circumstances of the war does not furnish forth sufficient reason, I feel that I am dangerously nearing that condition which eventually produces what Mr. Lloyd George has bluntly called "the fatuous optimist." I then feel it time to keep my hopefulness in hand, to cold-douche my rising spirits with a further consideration of the tremendous difficulties that beset our country in these days when grim determination should be the one inspiring force of our national character.

THE optimist, in times of peace, may possibly be a person worthy of some emulation, for individually it is no bad thing if men can beguile themselves into imagining that everything is for the best, in the best of all possible worlds, and that all one's affairs are going gorgeously. One may be living in a fool's paradise, but after all one is having a glimpse of what is a paradise. In time of national danger, however, if the optimist of peace days multiplies widely in the "fatuous" species, no transient glimpses of paradise, foolish or otherwise, will compensate for the ghastly future he is helping to realise.

WHILE I am profoundly convinced that it is no man's business to-day to be optimist or pessimist, but to be purely a person resolved grimly upon "doing his bit" to the end that his country may maintain her pre-eminence, and that all the splendid liberal institutions for which she stands may continue to exist. I am of opinion that between optimist and pessimist the latter is probably the more sincerely concerned as to the welfare of his country, and the likelier to do it service in the critical hour.

FEW would accuse Mr. Lloyd George at any time of ever having shown himself pessimistic, and his warning against the "fatuous optimist" is therefore the stronger. To cry "Peace!" when there is no peace, "Victory!" when no victory is in sight, is more infamous than to cry "Wolf!" or "Fire!" with mere intent to frighten.

SOME months ago I spent—or rather wasted—an evening at a London theatre listening to a "War Lecture" by a celebrated military strategist, who is popularly known as Colonel Mark Tapley, C.B. For the gentleman in question as a writer on military affairs I have the highest possible respect, and as to his sincerity no shadow of doubt, but he is nearing the fatuous stage of optimism, and when I recall to-day the things he then told us about Russia's possibilities, and about the certainty of "the Great Push" coming in a few weeks—how futile it all seems!

THERE was a considerable audience, in which the feminine sex predominated, and these ladies had obviously come for no other purpose than to hear "smooth things" about the irresistible power of Russia, and the unquestioned ascendancy of the allied arms on the western front. A good deal that the lecturer said was well-reasoned and wholesomely encouraging, but the large movements which he confidently prophesied were then—fully three months ago—on the eve of altering the whole complexion of the war are still delayed, and must now be post-dated to the Greek Kalends.

I DO not doubt, however, that those who wish only to be told that we are marching on to victory, and that all is well, still turn to the writings of this eminent military strategist for daily succour, and conveniently forget his innumerable unrealised hopes. This is an amiable weakness of human nature, and we are all too prone to it, but in these days of national peril it is a weakness to be avoided. Let us have the courage to face our difficulties, the determination to overcome them, and faith in the justice of our cause.

NOW, these are the very factors of success which amateur strategists of the Mr. Hilaire Belloc type are steadily undermining. The popularity of Mr. Belloc's opinions at the present moment is little short of a public danger, as one might draw from them the conviction that all that was necessary to bring the war to a successful conclusion was well in hand, and no more remained for us but to read his weekly review and study his jolly little maps. His prophetic utterances, with the single accidental success of his old article on the defences of Liège, have been pathetically wrong.

IF one makes a prophecy every week over a sufficiently long period, one or two of these prophecies will surely come true. Prophecy is really no part of the military critic's work, and, if it is dangerous at all times, it is particularly so in the case of a war when nothing but the unexpected ever happens. To bring together the opinions of different minds as to when the war may end is not entirely a useless task, but to shut one's eyes to the still terrible uncertainties of the course of the war, and to tell the public only of the splendid things our arms are about to do—things which none of us would not gladly make sacrifices to realise—is to-day a pernicious proceeding.

THE "Fatuous Optimist" who is abroad in the land represents a grave danger, and I sincerely counsel my readers to avoid drifting into his category. For my part, while I have never fallen into the fear that we shall eventually be beaten, which I hold to be a near approach to treason, I have always realised the simple truth that one side must win, and that if our side did not put forth its fullest effort against the amazing energy of the enemy, *it* might be the side that did *not* win, and its failure would rest with itself.

WE have recently passed through grave crises due to realising that our fullest national effort was not being made, and those who helped the public to realise this have been branded as pessimists, though they were nothing of the kind. It seems to me that we are steadily increasing our effort, and may yet be forced vastly to augment it; but I still believe that, despite the tremendous set-back which our eastern ally has experienced, and from which she cannot recover for many months to come, we are still capable of pushing the war to the only tolerable conclusion that a patriotic Briton can contemplate.

J. A. HAMMERTON

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 59. Vol. 3.
2nd October, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

THE V.C. WHO SMOKED.—A feat of wonderful courage and endurance was that of Lieut. W. T. Forshaw, of the 1/9th Manchesters. On August 7th–9th a position in Gallipoli, known as the Vineyard, was subjected to a violent bomb attack by the Turks. Repeated attempts were made by the enemy to rush the Vineyard, but Lieut. Forshaw, coolly smoking a cigarette, kept them at bay, throwing bombs continuously for forty-one hours. Once some Turks succeeded in getting over the barricade, but the officer drove them off with his revolver and held on. For this magnificent exploit Lieut. Forshaw received the coveted order.

THE RIDDLE OF THE BALKANS

An Explanation of the Greatest Diplomatic Problem in the History of Statecraft

By JOHN FOSTER FRASER, F.R.G.S.

The dramatic mobilisation of the Bulgarian Army brings the Balkan question to a head. Rumania has been threatened with Belgium's fate, but still stands firm against the tacit violation of her neutrality, in not allowing German ammunition to pass through her territory. Serbia, after a year of war, is hard pressed, but undaunted. Greece awaits the action of her neighbours. The whole world and the diplomatists look with anxiety towards the the Near East, where the first flame of war ignited. The following article, by Mr. John Foster Fraser, the eminent author and traveller, and writer of such well-known books as "Pictures from the Balkans," "The Land of Veiled Women," will help our readers to understand the aims, ideals, and grievances of the Balkan group, whose concerted action, which may make or mar the future of Europe, appears at last to be imminent.

MOST folk skip the war and diplomatic news from the Balkans. They would like to know what Bulgaria is up to, and whether Rumania intends to join in the fighting or keep out. But everything has got in such a tangle, and the unravelling seems so difficult that the average man has given up trying to find where the ends of the string are.

Serbia has ambition to revive the old Serbian empire with all Serbs living in adjoining territory, principally in southern parts of Austria, Montenegro, and Herzegovina, within its ring. Bulgaria is quite sure it is the dominant country in the Balkans, and after fighting the Turks a few years ago feels very sore that parts of Macedonia inhabited by Bulgars should have gone to Serbia and Greece. Rumania is quite willing to join the Allies against her old enemies the Turks and, as she cannot expect Bulgaria to yield territory, her price is a slice of Bessarabia, where much of the population is Rumanian in race, but belongs to Russia—and Russia, which is being invaded in the north, is not disposed to give territory away in the south. Were such a thing done there would be nasty demonstrations in Russia against the unpatriotism of the Government.

Mr. John Foster Fraser

New Ideals and Old Songs

Little countries, like little people, are very touchy; and when you add to this the hot rivalry of the hillsmen in what is called savage South-Eastern Europe, and where people as frequently die from difference of opinion as from disease, and you want them to live in peace, you have got hold of a riddle which will take long to solve. But it is as pretty a complicated puzzle as ever worried a diplomatist to baldness.

The Balkans means "black mountains," and from the Danube River down to the Ægean Sea there is a welter of hills, and all people who live in hills have the instinct for fighting. In the romantic old days the whole of the region was conquered by Turkey. But though Turkey could conquer she could not rule. So the submerged nationalities began to rise, and Turkey began to take steps to the rear. When I was a small boy and wore knickerbockers, Russia became the "Liberator" of Bulgaria, to free the Bulgars from Turkish misrule. There was great fighting in the Balkans, and when I rode a horse over the Shipka Pass I found plenty of relics of sturdy battles. Those were the days when our fathers sang: "The Russians shall not have Constantinople"; and to-day a good many of us are willing to revise the chorus.

Now, Russia helped Bulgaria, getting on for forty years ago, not so much because Russia's heart panted to save a gallant people from "Turkish atrocities"—which, by the way, were rather exaggerated—but because Bulgaria would be an excellent stepping-stone for Russia to reach Mediterranean waters. But when the Russo-Turkish War was over Bulgaria disappointed Muscovy. Having got her liberty, she said, "Thank you very much, Mr. Russian, and now we think we can manage for ourselves." And, notwithstanding abductions of princes and assassinations of premiers, Bulgaria did manage for herself and, in fullness of time, "took on" Turkey and thrashed her, expected much territory, failed to get it, had a bloody quarrel with her neighbour Serbia, and did not exactly come off with flying colours. And one of the things Bulgaria insists upon, before she throws in her lot with the Allies and helps Serbia, is that she be handed over a slab of the ex-Turkish territory of Macedonia which went to Serbia, and which she says ought to be Bulgarian because Bulgars live there—of which a little more anon.

The Bulgars are a fine, sturdy, agricultural people, a little dour, perhaps, sometimes called the Scotch of the Balkans, who have pushed back the Turks, secured their independence, and really done amazing things in the development of their country. Animated by the spirit of national discontent, they want Bulgaria to be a bigger country than it is, and it goes against the grain that enormous areas of Macedonia which she had reckoned upon as hers should belong to Greece and to Serbia.

Now Serbia is—or was, before the curse of war reft her—the most delightful nation of peasants in the world. The rival claimants to the throne, the Karageorgovitchs and the Obrenovitchs, have occasionally cut one another's throats; but the Serbs are charming, for all that. They, too, have had their dreams of all the Serbs living in one national family. But always they have been badgered and bullied by their big neighbour Austria-Hungary. There was always the possibility of Austria annexing little Serbia, and getting down to Salonica, a useful port which Austria has long fancied, and which Germany has urged her to fancy, because Germany had an idea that one of these days she would gobble up the Austrian Empire and all attached to it, and then the region of the Teutons would extend from the Baltic to the Ægean. And the first move in this war was the attack of Austria upon Serbia to carry out the plan. It had to be done, or those confounded little Balkan States, rather out of wind with fighting each other, would be puffing themselves up again.

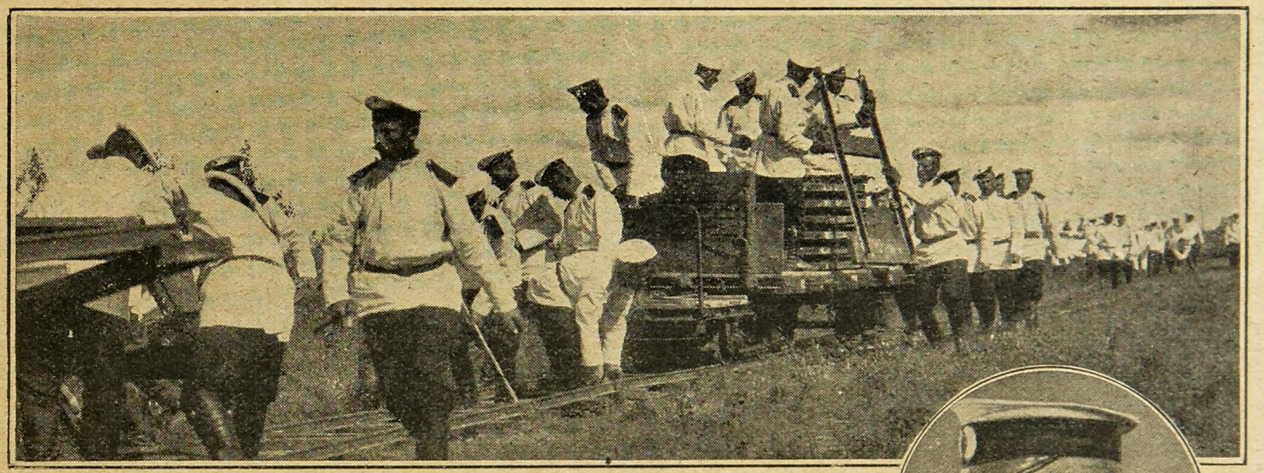
The Fatal Quarrel Over the Spoils

There is another bit of the riddle it is worth while trying to understand. The Balkan countries north of Macedonia—those belonging to Turkey—saw what a little country like Japan did to Russia, and they concluded they could do the same thing to Turkey. Turkey would be defeated, and then Macedonia would belong to—whom? "Where the Serbs live must be ours," said Serbia. "Where the Bulgars live must be ours," said Bulgaria. "But where the Greeks live should belong to us," said Greece, from

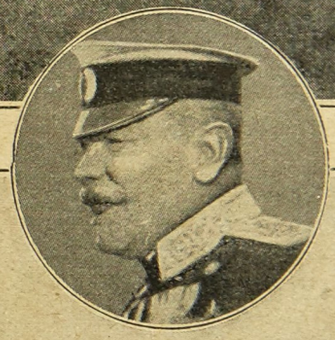
[*Continued on page* 148.

Bulgaria Mobilised for the European Drama

Bulgarian artillery on the march. The guns are mainly of Creusot and Krupp manufacture, but Bulgaria's success in the Balkan War against the Turk has been attributed to an overwhelming strength in French guns.



A detachment of Bulgarian pioneers laying a railroad. The strong Slav influence in the uniforms is very noticeable from this photograph.



Types of Bulgarian infantry in full marching kit. Inset: General Savoff, Bulgaria's Generalissimo, whose military genius was thrown into relief by the late Balkan War. The attitude of Bulgaria towards the European War has been enigmatical, and the sudden order for the mobilisation of her forces occasioned the surprise inevitable when rumour gave way to reality.

THE RIDDLE OF THE BALKANS

(Continued from page 146.)

the south. "If justice is done," observed Rumania, "the whole of Macedonia should come to us, because it was once ours." So while they were all crying out against the accursed atrocities of the infidel Turks towards the poor Christians in Macedonia, they each began to mark the feathers that were to be theirs, before the bird was dead; which would have been all right if they had not wanted to have the feathers. So they fell to quarrelling, and when I took a jaunt through Macedonia I found that most of them had forgotten their quarrels with the Christian-slaying Turks and were slaying one another. Indeed, the agitation to rid Macedonia of the Turks was a scheme to get hold of territory.

At Monastir I found myself right in the middle of the whirlpool. "You cannot deny this was once part of Serbia," said the Serbs, and I did not deny it; at any rate, it was not advisable to argue about it. "Now, these people belong to the Bulgar Church," said the Bulgarians, "and, of course, the region ought to be ours." "But they are Greeks in race, and they speak Greek, and it is absurd for the Bulgars to claim them," said the Greeks.

Religion, Nationality, and Strife

The Greeks pointed to villages where all the folk went to the Greek Church, and must be Greek. "What nonsense!" exclaimed Bulgaria. "They are of our race and speak our tongue." Then "bands," as they were called, penetrated Macedonia to convert Greek people to the Greek Church, and Bulgarians to convert Bulgars to the Bulgarian Church—both claimed nationality for the others who were different in race. The poor villagers had the roughest time of it. When the "bands" met they shot at sight. Europe intervened, because Europe got the stupid idea the massacres were all done by the Turks, whereas most of the massacres were by Christians upon each other—and the one country which refused to interfere was Germany. How wrong it was for France, England, and Italy to interfere with the domestic affairs of Turkey! Germany was the friend of Turkey, and Germans—clever fellows—got nearly all the big concessions which Turkey had to give to western nations. And that partly explains the alliance between Germany and Turkey.

Well, the Balkans, particularly Bulgaria, prepared to clear Turkey out of Europe, and very nearly did. Next the victors disputed over the bones. Serbia and Greece got a fair share, and Bulgaria, which had borne the brunt of the fight, got comparatively little. However, the Balkan States were battered with much fighting, and were in no state for a third war. Now was the moment for Austria, egged on by Germany, to make the stroke which would upset the whipper-snapper nations, and give access to the Ægean. The assassination of the Austrian Grand Duke in Bosnia—alleged to be the work of Serbs, who had ideas of including Bosnia in a regenerated Serbia—was the excuse.

Bulgaria's Price for Intervention

Serbia, however, was not going to be swallowed. Besides, she had a powerful friend in Russia, who did not want Austria-Germany marching to Stamboul. Russia stood by Serbia, France stood by Russia, Britain stood by France, and her determination strengthened by the German outrage upon Belgium—and everything was in the fire. Serbia has made the bravest of stands against her big Austrian antagonist. Serbia, however, is getting exhausted, and wants help. Bulgaria, which certainly has nothing to gain by an Austro-German occupation of Serbia, is willing to help on terms—that she has a piece of Macedonia which Serbia now holds. Serbia is likely to yield. Rumania is also willing to join the Allies if she is paid. Anyway, she will not let war material from Germany pass through her land for Turkey; and the Germans threaten to treat Rumania as they did Belgium.

I think that all the Balkan States will range themselves alongside the Allies. But, oh dear, what trouble there will be later on in dividing the property! In the case of the Balkans it would be advisable not only to reckon the chickens but to allocate them before they are hatched.

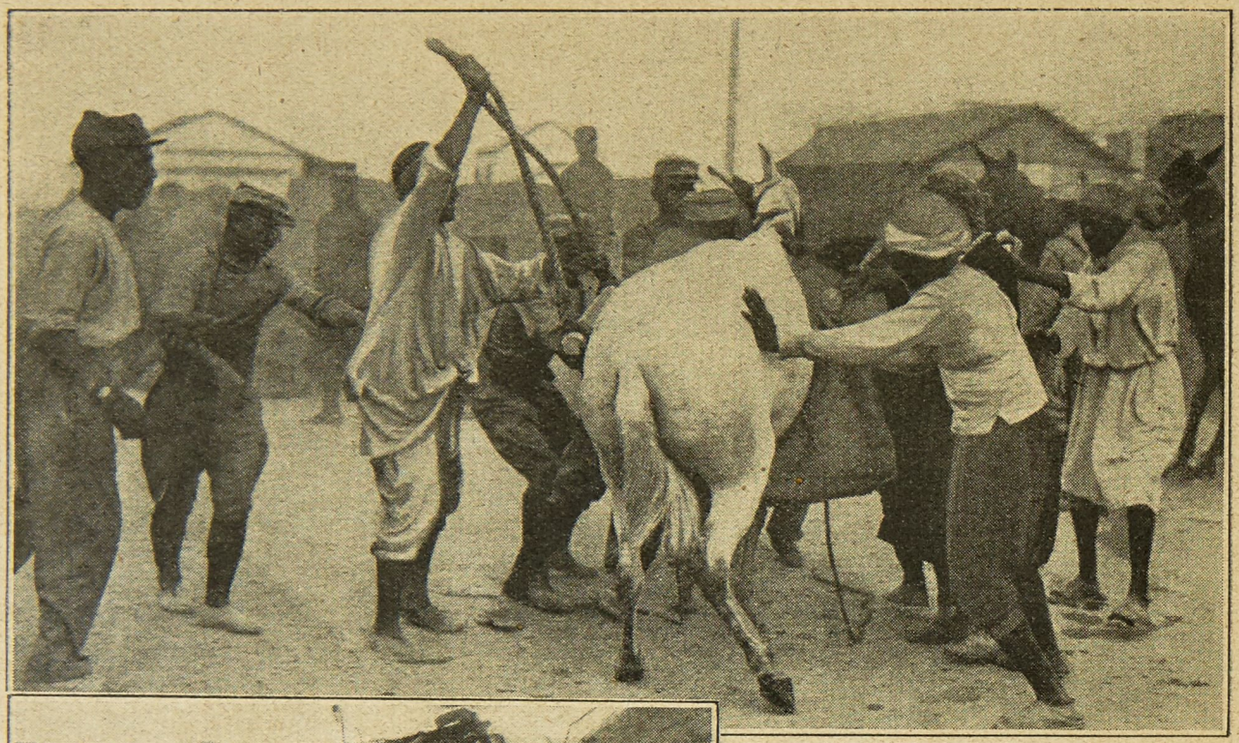
John Foster Fraser.

"ANOTHER GREAT GERMAN VICTORY."—Carrying two little girls who were wounded, with other innocents, during a bombardment of a French town. Even after a year of indulgence to blood lust, the appetite of the "blonde beast" is not sated.

Italy's Gigantic War Work on the Roof of Europe

The feats of Hannibal and Napoleon in scaling the Alps have been extolled by historians as supreme examples of physical endurance, but when one remembers that heavy weapons in the former's army were a negligible quantity, and that Napoleon's guns did not approach the size of modern ordnance, one can realise that Italy's Alpine campaign against strong enemy mountain forts is veritably a herculean task. This photograph shows a large Italian gun being dragged up the mountain side.

With the Tricolour from Tunis to Seddul Bahr

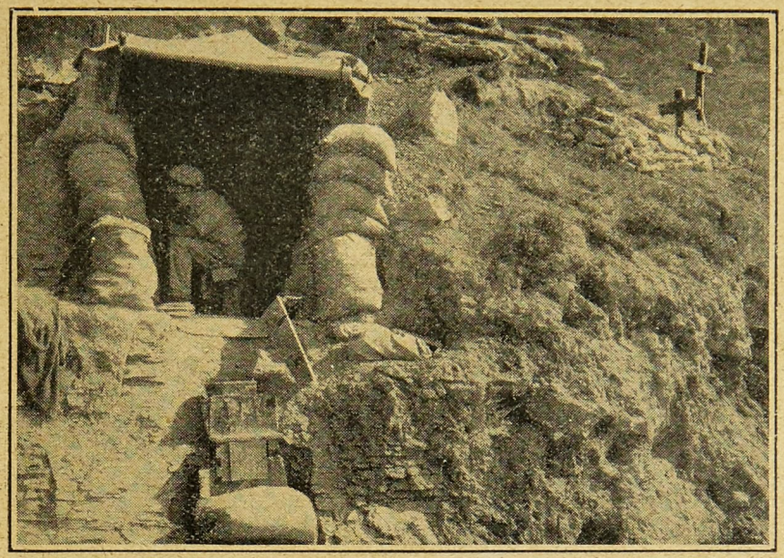


French soldiers, aided by Arabs, put a hawser round a mule in order to hoist it aboard a transport.

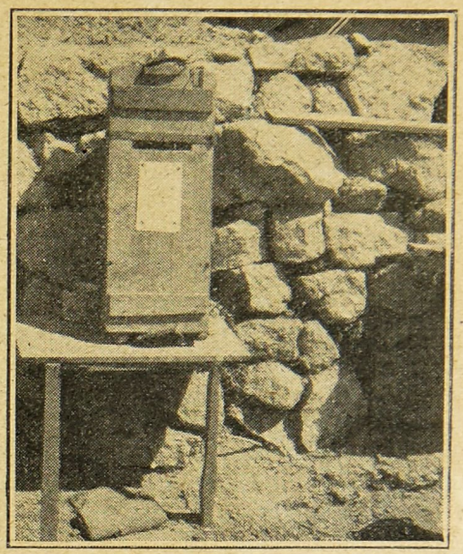
THOUGH our French friends have borne, and are still bearing, the brunt of the war on the western front, they are taking a share in the allied enterprise at the Dardanelles. The gallant Tricolour is therefore hoisted along the Mediterranean, from Bizerta to Seddul Bahr. A certain number of troops, munitions, camels, and horses, are ever trekking by transport to this Mecca of the pilgrims of liberty. The scepticism one time current in France as to the necessity of sacrificing men to win a way through to Constantinople has apparently been dispelled.

French naval funeral at Mudros, where some of our allies have been in training for their part in the struggle on Gallipoli. Inset: A mass of 75 mm. shell cases collected after the discharge of projectiles, each one representing so much worth of valuable metal, the dominating factor in this war of machines and men.

Where Every Furlong counts a British Victory



A letter home to gladden some anxious heart. British soldier writes a hasty line in a dug-out in the side of the cliff. In the top right-hand corner the modest crosses mark the burial-place of two more who have died that Britain may live.



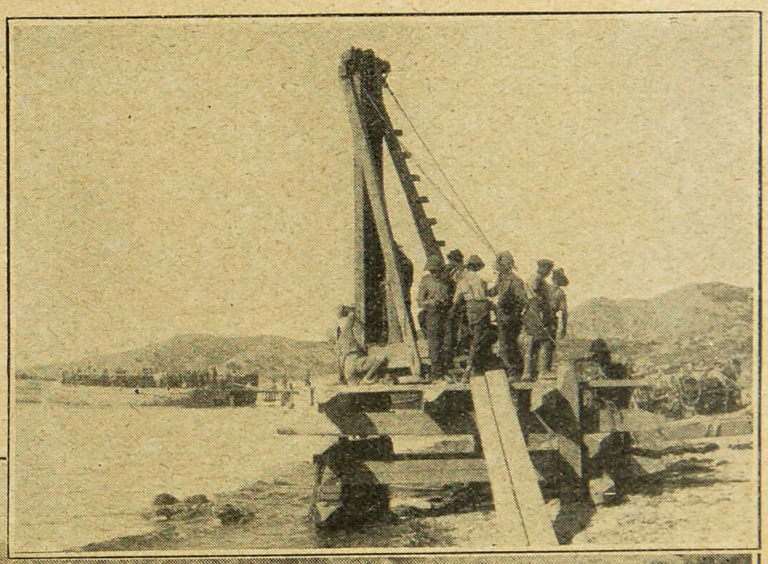
Unique post-box made out of an ammunition box, and fixed in an improvised table outside a Gallipoli camp.

SOME idea of the magnitude of Britain's task in the Levant may be gathered from the fact that during the six short months since the memorable landing-battles in Gallipoli a considerably larger number of casualties have occurred than during the whole of the Boer War.

What has been accomplished already in this fateful Oriental field has, in view of the difficulties, proved little short of marvellous.

The heroism of the Anzac supermen is the lodestone of eventual victory. Such determined and courageous strife as that waged for the possession of Achi Baba, which shines through Sir Ian Hamilton's inspiring despatch, is unsurpassed in the history of patriotic devotion.

While the immensity of the campaign at the Dardanelles cannot be overestimated, the fact that the Turks are calling to Berlin for relief, and that a strong feeling against the Hun exists in Constantinople may bring the Allies' triumph nearer to realisation.

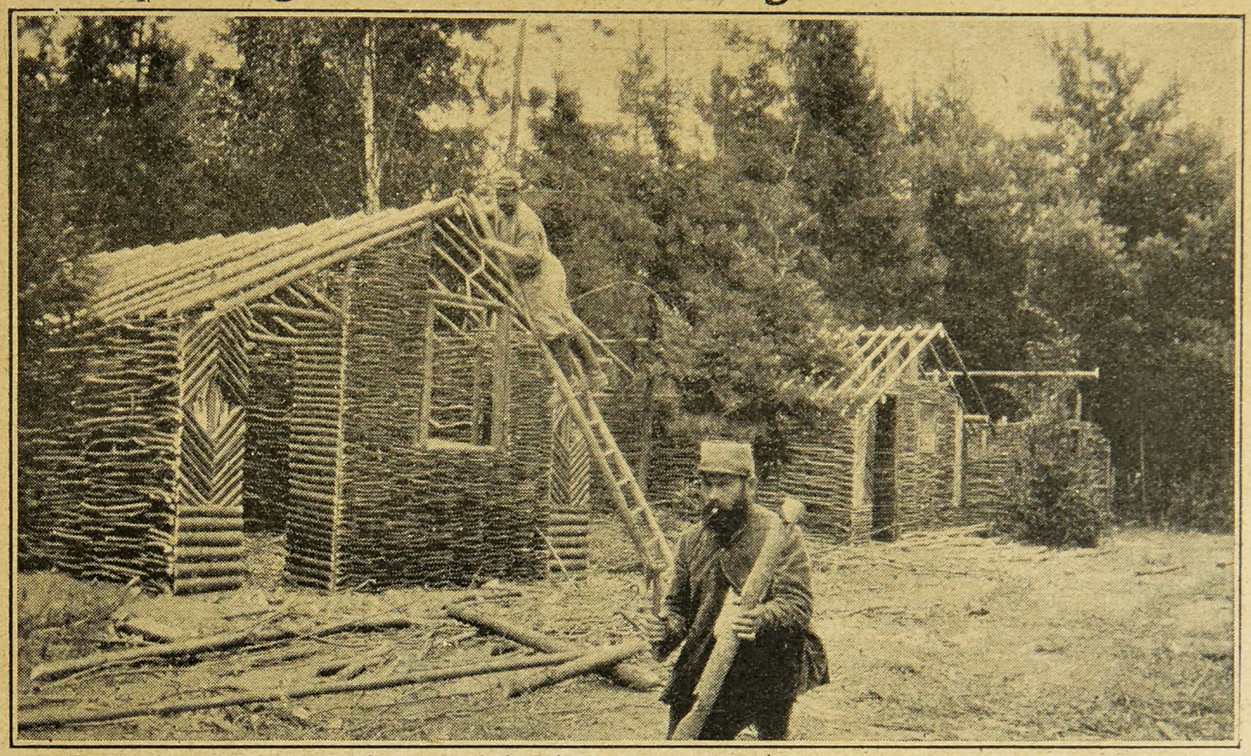


Australian troops practise bomb-throwing in a gorge on the Gallipoli Peninsula. This is the most hazardous of all infantry work, and requires considerable skill. Inset: Constructing a pier to facilitate landing operations. Soldiers pile-driving on the beach.

Some of General Botha's bodyguard trekking along the acrid waste of sand-dunes, typical of the fringe and interior of Namaqualand, now British South-West Africa.

"IN AFRIC'S SUNNY CLIME."—There are no limits to the scenes of war against Wilhelm's military despotism. While strife proceeds along the Alpine way, already pregnant with winter, on Gallipoli, where late summer heat is almost intolerable, in the marshland of Russia, the cornfields of Western Europe, war goes on simultaneously over the sandy plains of Africa. The Cameroon and East Africa are at grips with the Huns. These photographs were taken during the struggle for South-West Africa.

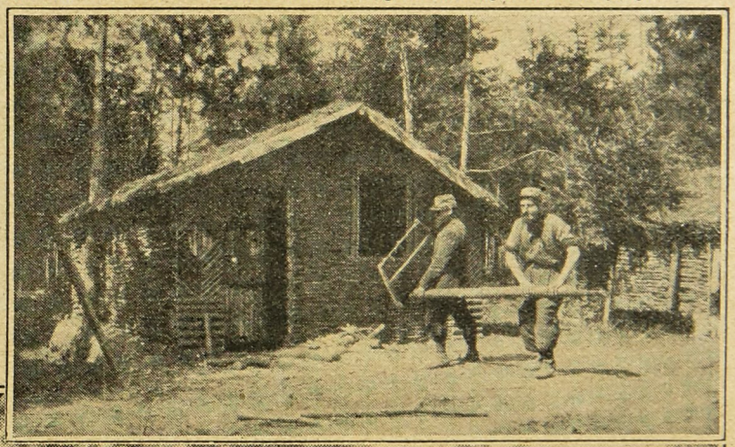
Preparing to Meet the Rigours of Winter

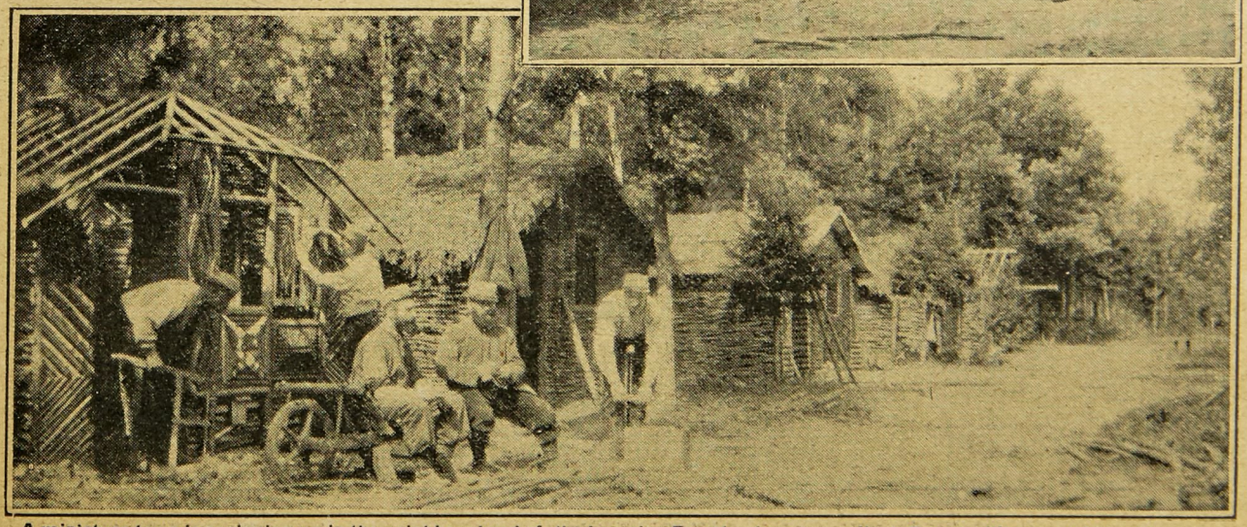


French soldiers erecting houses of wattles in the Lorraine Forest for the use of officers during the coming winter campaign.

IF there was any doubt early in the spring as to the inevitability of Europe spending the winter of 1915 in the trenches, such a contingency is now an accepted fact, the only essential decision of the war being still far away in the future. All belligerents are therefore preparing to endure this ordeal, and in view of the lull in the western front full time has been available to erect convenient constructions for winter quarters and to invest trenches with some degree of comfort for the bad season when it comes.

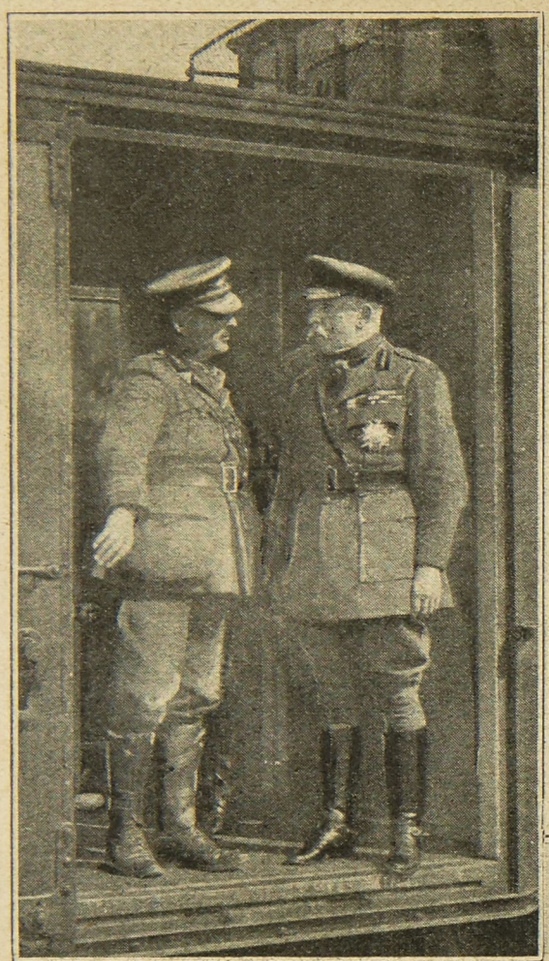
The exclusive photographs on this page illustrate the length to which our Allies are going in the Lorraine Forest. A veritable town of first-line tenements for the use of officers and men alike is springing up, and the completeness as well as the artistry of these buildings is remarkable.

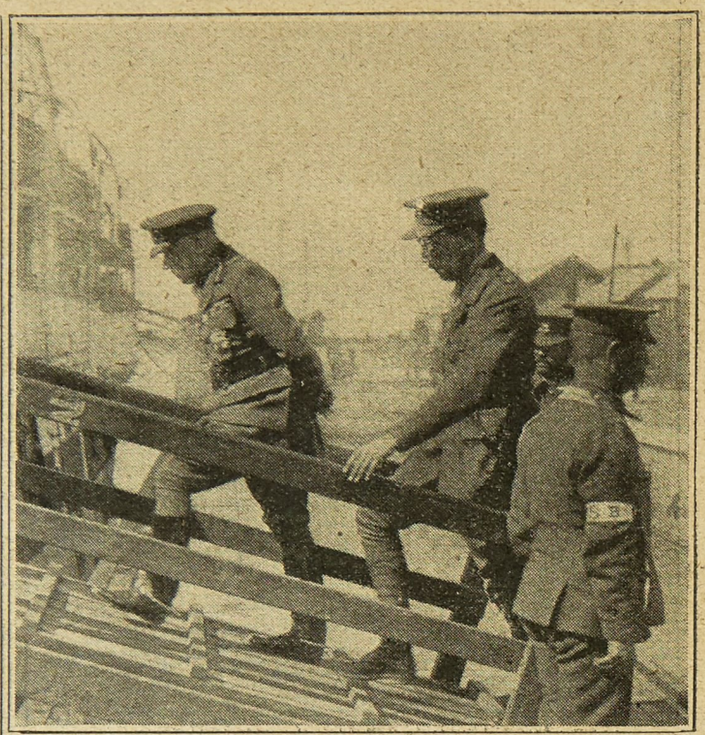




A miniature town is springing up in the neighbourhood of the Lorraine Forest, where our gallant French allies are taking advantage of the temporary lull to prepare for the inevitable winter campaign. These buildings will be principally used by officers.

General French pays a Visit to British Wounded

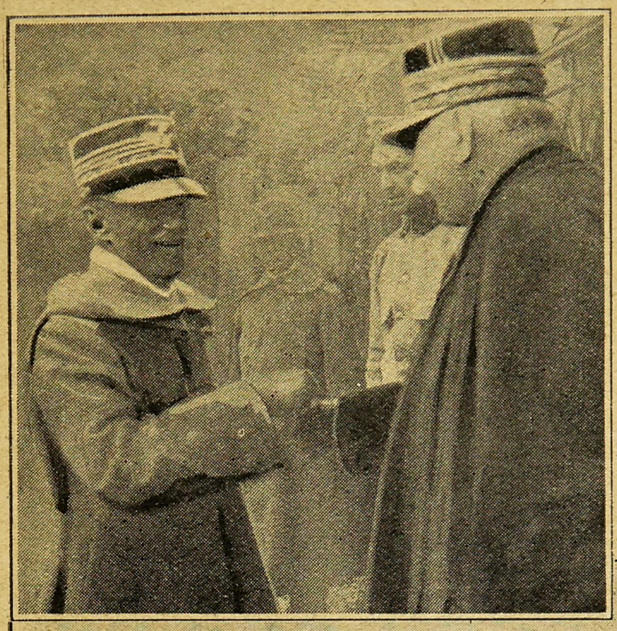




General Sir John French walking the gangway on to a British hospital ship to inspect the wounded. Inset: The Commander-in-Chief, who, in spite of his arduous work and responsibility finds time to take a personal interest in the wounded, is seen on board a hospital train.

The incongruity of this photograph will strike the most casual observer. Here amid the main arteries of war, in the centre of an Occicental rail junction, Oriental patriots are holding an early morning prayer. Blankets have been spread on the ground, and it will be seen that each Indian has removed his boots, in accordance with a rite of his religion.

Leaders of Great Sister Nations meet in the Alps



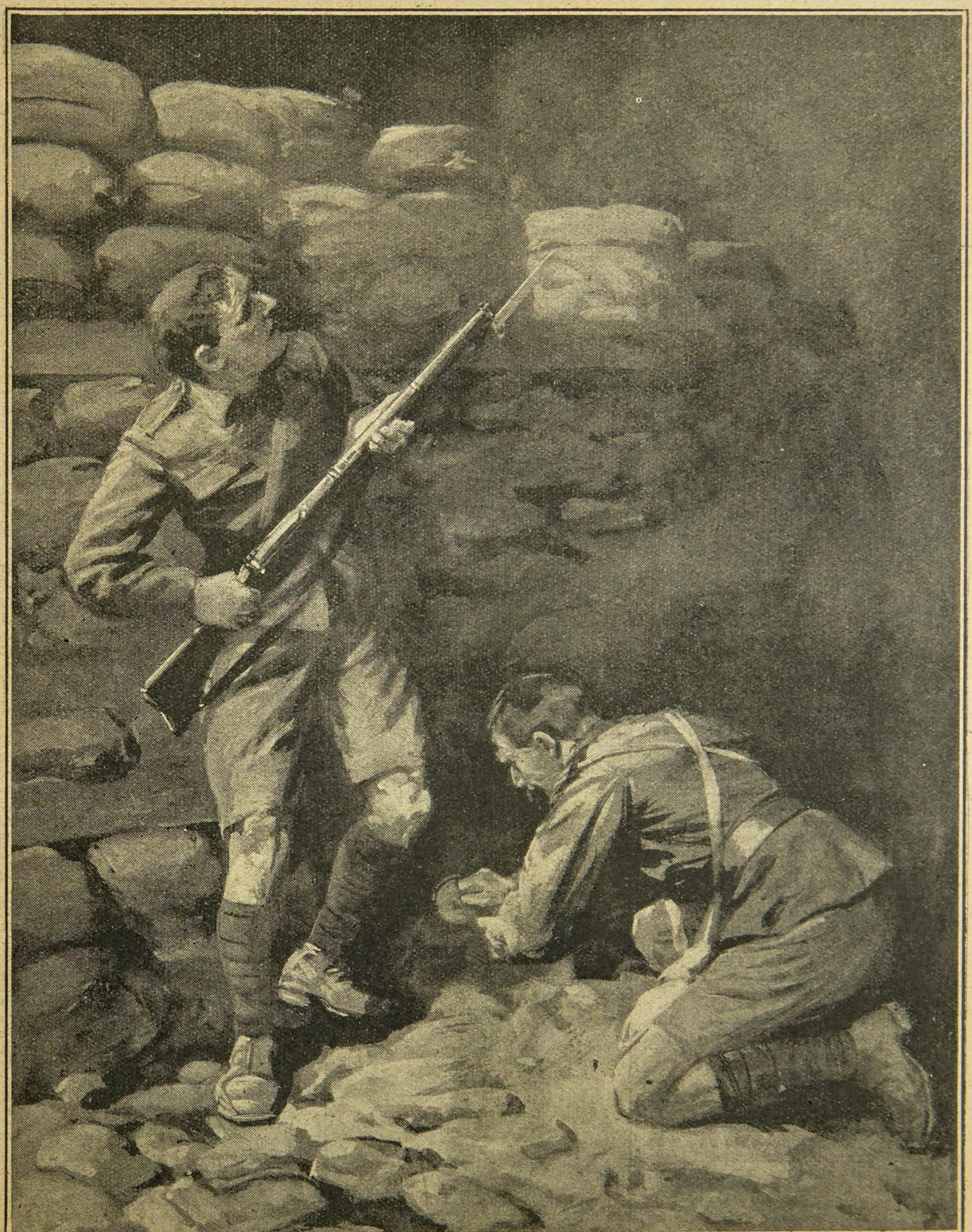
General Cadorna roughly indicating to General Joffre the Italian plan of campaign. On his left are Colonel Gomelin and General Porro, two prominent Italian leaders. Inset: The meeting of the French Generalissimo and King Victor Emmanuel.

The French Commander-in-Chief, with Generals Cadorna and Porro in the background. In response to an invitation, General Joffre recently spent two days at the Alpine front, visiting important points of the line, and exchanging plans and views with the Italian Staff. He was decorated by King Victor with the Grand Cross of the Military Order of Savoy. (Photographs by S. D'Arcy.)

West Kents score Great Success on the Euphrates

The West Kents scored a brilliant victory over the Turks in the Persian Gulf, capturing Nasiriyeh on July 24th. After a heavy bombardment a detachment made an irresistible charge and put the enemy to flight. Incidentally an officer and twelve men were detailed off to clear out some trenches and take two towers, whence a heavy fire proceeded. The trenches had been covered with layers of chetai, (or sun matting), which the attacking force were compelled to root up to reach the enemy with their bayonets. After a sanguinary encounter, the position including the two towers fell into British hands.

Otagos Obliterate Strong Turkish Position



One of the most daring exploits recorded in Sir Ian Hamilton's inspiring despatch was the demolition of a sandbag bomb-proof structure by two sappers of the New Zealand Engineers. After dusk had fallen on the terrible Peninsula, these courageous Otagos crawled out of their trenches over the intervening space of "no man's land" and laid a charge of gun-cotton against the building. Retiring to a place of safety, the charge was fired, and the position, which by reason of its invulnerability against our artillery and bombs had constituted a check to the British plans, was completely obliterated by the force of the explosion.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

I.—The Coldstream Guards

THE Coldstream Guards is the regiment which was raised by George Monk, and which fought under Cromwell at Dunbar. In December, 1659, it was camped, during three weeks of piercing cold, in the village of Coldstream, on the Tweed, and on New Year's Day it set out for London, where it had some share in restoring Charles II. to his throne. In 1661 that king took the regiment into his service, and since it has been known as the Second or Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards. In its two hundred and sixty years of life it has won glory in nearly all parts of the world. The Coldstreams fought at Mons in 1678, and under Dutch William at Namur. At Malplaquet and again at Fontenoy the regiment was nearly destroyed, and, having crossed over to America, it suffered heavily at Guildford in 1781. It was with Wellington in the Peninsula, where the corpses of the Coldstreams littered the fields of Talavera and Barrosa; at the crisis of the Battle of Waterloo they held the farm of Hougomont; and they endured to the end through the fog of Inkerman. In our own time they fought in South Africa under Pole-Carew, advancing at Belmont and forcing their way across the Modder.

"Though ranking second on the list of our infantry, this is the senior regiment of the British Army. Other corps may boast of earlier traditions, but this is the oldest national regiment and the sole survivor of the famous New Model. Well may it claim, in its proud Latin motto, that it is second to none."

—FORTESCUE'S "History of the British Army."

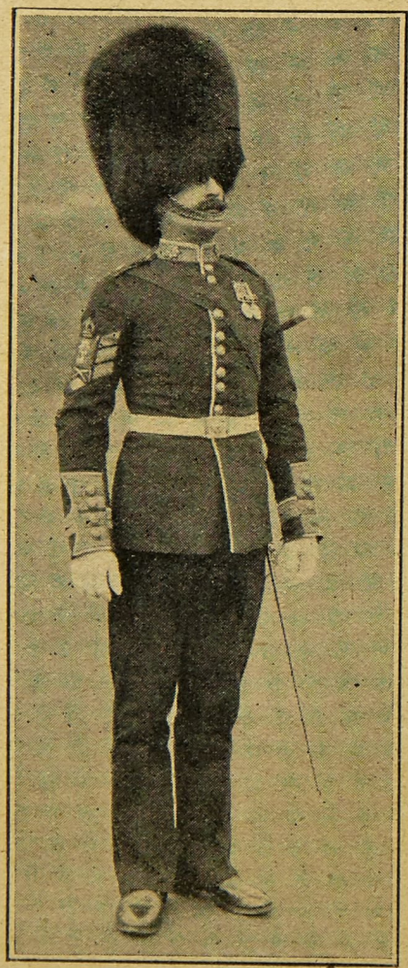
At Mons Again After 236 Years

The men who landed in France in August, 1914, were soon to show themselves worthy successors of the heroes who fought and fell upon these bloody fields. The 1st Battalion was in the 1st Brigade and the 1st Division, and the 2nd and 3rd Battalions were in the 4th Brigade and the 2nd Division, this being also called the Guards Brigade because it consisted wholly of Guardsmen. All three battalions were in the First Army Corps, commanded by Sir Douglas Haig.

We cannot in an article, hardly in a volume, give anything like a full account of the work done by these three battalions during the first year of the Great War; it was too great and too glorious. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to four actions in which the Coldstreams specially distinguished themselves—their stand at Mons, their fight at Landrecies, their deeds at the first Battle of Ypres, and their struggle in the brickfields at Cuinchy.

After a few days spent near Boulogne the Coldstreams, like the other battalions, were sent forward to the front, and on Sunday morning, August 23rd, they were shown their position, and at once put to work to dig trenches in the fields in which they were. The 1st Battalion was near Binche, where the French and British lines met, and the 2nd and 3rd were about midway between that place and Mons. Each battalion held about half a mile of the line, certain companies being in front and others in reserve.

Late in the afternoon the German guns opened fire, and soon our officers, by means of their glasses, could see their infantry pressing forward. When they came within range the Coldstreams, almost all of them skilled marksmen, fired steadily and at the word into the advancing masses, remaining undisturbed in spite of the heavy artillery fire, which was directed by aeroplanes, and of the fresh forces which were continually hurled against them. They were neither beaten nor broken, but alas! the French had gone from the British right, and Germans were working round it, so to save his corps Sir Douglas Haig ordered the men to draw slowly back towards Bray. This was the beginning of the Great Retreat which was undertaken in earnest as soon as the darkness fell. On that Sunday, Lord Plymouth's son, the Hon. Archer Windsor-Clive, was killed, the first name on a long list soon to be added to the Coldstream's roll of honour.



A Coldstream Guard in parade uniform.

During the retreat Sir Douglas Haig entrusted to the Brigade of Guards the hazardous, if honourable, duty of protecting the rear of his corps, and in this brigade, as we have seen, were the 2nd and 3rd Coldstreams. As an officer wrote: "Our job was to take up successive positions and hold on to them till ordered to vacate them." On one of these occasions the 2nd Coldstreams were told to hold a position for four hours to enable the remainder of the brigade to get safely away. The men entrenched themselves, and prepared to obey the order, but at once the German guns, having in some way or another discovered the spot, began to pepper them. Quickly Lieut.-Col. G. P. T. Feilding, D.S.O., their commanding officer, moved them back about two hundred yards into some fields of clover and roots, and there they remained until the four critical hours had passed.

Immortal Landrecies

This rearguard duty was responsible for the Battle of Landrecies. On the night of Monday, the 24th, the tired battalion of Guards slept where they could in fields and barns until 3.30 in the morning, when they were ordered to move. Wearily they tramped along mile after mile, and in the afternoon they reached the little town of Landrecies, and hoped for a good night's rest. But this was not to be. At four o'clock, just after their arrival, there was a false alarm; but as the Germans were known to be advancing, at seven o'clock a company of the 3rd Coldstreams was sent out to barricade and stretch wire across the streets. This was done, and soon the sound of marching was heard. At first it was thought the marchers might be French soldiers, but they were not. They were Germans, and they opened fire upon the Coldstreams. This was returned, and the Battle of Landrecies began.

The battle was fought at night, and in the streets, which were a scene of carnage and confusion. As soon as ever the alarm was given our men rushed for their arms, and the remainder of the 3rd Coldstreams was sent out to meet the foe, while the other battalions prepared defences in the town. Well and truly did the Coldstreams play their allotted part through that terrible night. Some lay across the streets, others worked machine-guns in sheltered positions, while others rushed forward and drove their bayonets into the enemy, all being under a steady fire from the guns brought up by the Germans in the dark. At one point a detachment of sixty men lined a street about seventy-five yards behind some wire on which they had hung a tin can. It was too dark to see the Germans, but the Coldstreams knew where they were when the can rattled against the wires,

[*Continued on page* 159.

Coldstream Guards' Immortal Action at Landrecies

This glorious action, which took place on August 24th, 1914, immediately after Mons, was one of the most important fights during the early days of the famous retreat on Paris. The battle was waged in the dark, a hand-to-hand struggle in the streets of the town which, for ferocity, carnage, and individual courage, has not been surpassed in the course of the war.

and then they let them have it. The enemy, however, got round to the rear of our men, who retired a few yards, and into the town by other ways. Much of the fighting was hand-to-hand and with bayonets, but the wild scene baffles description. Just before daylight the Coldstreams, who had lost five officers and about a hundred and fifty men, were relieved by the Irish Guards, but their stubborn valour had saved the corps. Leaving many dead behind them, the Germans retired before the morning.

Heroism at Ypres

Before the great Battle of Ypres, which began on October 19th, the three battalions had lost many officers and men, mostly in the fighting on the Marne and the Aisne, and although drafts had arrived to fill the gaps, they were not at full strength. Viscount Hawarden, a lieutenant, and Captains Banbury and Fuller-Maitland were dead, and so were two gallant subalterns, bearers of historic names—Percy Wyndham and Geoffrey Lambton. Two or three had been taken prisoners and several, including Captains the Hon. C. H. S. Monk, a kinsman of the founder, and F. Hardy, wounded. We must not forget to say that on September 28th Lance-Corporal F. W. Dobson, of the 2nd Battalion, had won the first Victoria Cross gained by the Guards during the war, and that Second-Lieutenant Beckwith Smith, of the 1st Battalion, had earned the D.S.O. On October 4th, near Vendresse, he led fifty men in an attack on some German trenches, which were taken.

When the Battle of Ypres opened, the three battalions of Coldstreams were all with the rest of the First Corps in front of Ypres, actually on the road leading from Bixschoote to Zonnebeke, and from there they advanced, on the 21st, a little way towards Bruges. But this was all the progress that was made, for the Germans, as at Mons, were coming on in overwhelming strength, and our men had their work cut out to hold them back. On the 22nd they broke through the line where the 1st Coldstreams were, but the Guards stood firm, and on the 24th they were relieved by some French Territorials.

During the second stage of this long battle, the Coldstreams were all between Zonnebeke and Gheluvelt, the most important part of our line, and there on the 29th the 1st Battalion was in the thick of the fight. The men were driven from their trenches, and four companies were surrounded; but many of them refused to surrender and died fighting. One of these was the Hon. V. D. Boscawen, a son of Lord Falmouth. The remaining companies met a still fiercer attack two days later, being again driven from the trenches; and by the time the day was done, the 1st Battalion had ceased to exist as a fighting unit.

Prussian Guards Outmatched

On the same day, one of the two critical days of this battle, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions had a terrible ordeal. They had been moved to protect a most important position at Klein Zillebeke, which Sir Douglas Haig said must be held at all costs—and at all costs they did hold it. The stubborn attack delivered on October 31st was repeated, with less vigour on the following day, and again on November 5th; but the Germans did not prevent the Guards from advancing and capturing some machine-guns on the 7th, or from being ready for the Prussian Guard on the 11th. This assault, as all the world knows, failed, and the Coldstreams—or what was left of them—were still in front of Ypres when the battle died away.

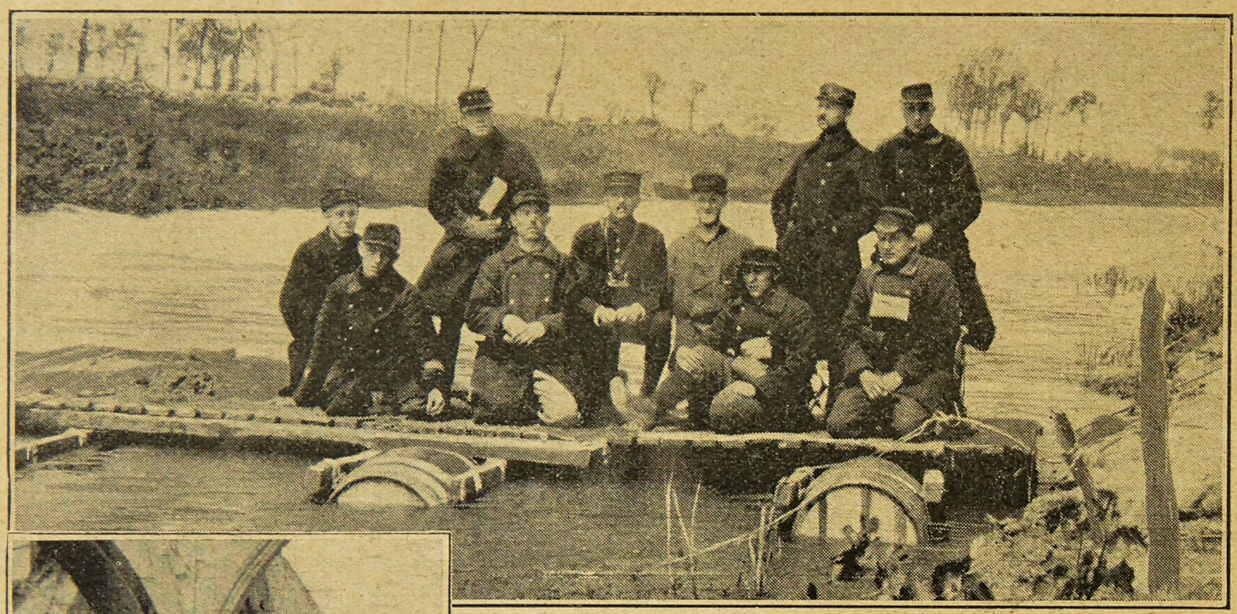
But a terrible price had been paid for this success. The three battalions cannot have lost much less than 1,500 men, and among the officers killed were Majors the Hon. L. d' H. Hamilton, of the 1st Battalion, and R. A. Markham, of the 2nd, Captain Monk, the Hon. Nigel Legge-Bourke, the Hon. C. Douglas-Pennant, and many more. Four captains were among the missing, and one or two of these were certainly dead.

Michael O'Leary's Part

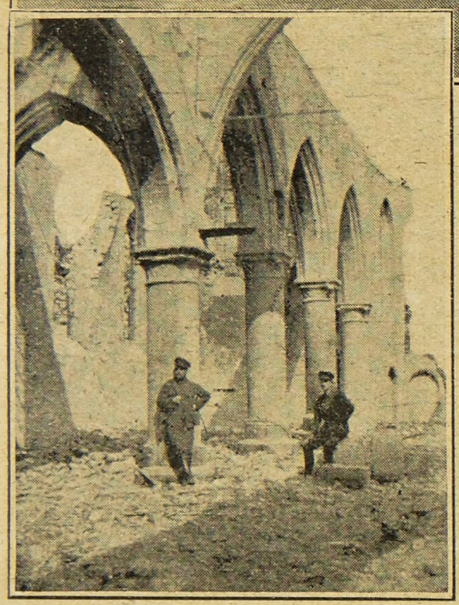
Small wonder that after this trial by fire the Guards were given a rest; but they were again ready for the foe in January. At that time the 1st Battalion of the Coldstreams was entrenched in a brickfield near Cuinchy, and on January 25th these were attacked and blown in. A counter-attack was organised, but the Germans could not be wholly driven out, and for the next ten days the fight for the brickfield continued.

To help in this struggle, the 4th Brigade, in which were the 2nd and 3rd Coldstreams, was brought up to Cuinchy; but they had only just got there when, on February 1st, the 2nd Battalion was driven from its trenches, which a determined counter-attack failed to recover. But now a second-lieutenant, Arthur Leigh-Bennett, came to the rescue, and so did that fine Irishman, Michael O'Leary. Under Leigh-Bennett, fifty men of the Coldstreams and thirty of the Irish Guards recovered all the lost ground and took some machine-guns. Finally, the 3rd Coldstreams on February 6th drove the Germans from another section of the brickfield. In the fighting at Cuinchy, Viscount Northland and several sub-alterns were killed. A. W. Holland.

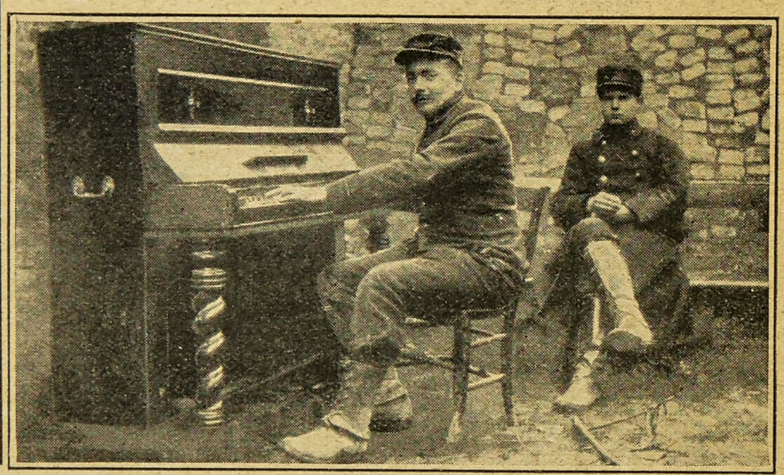
Belgian Novelties from the Yser and District



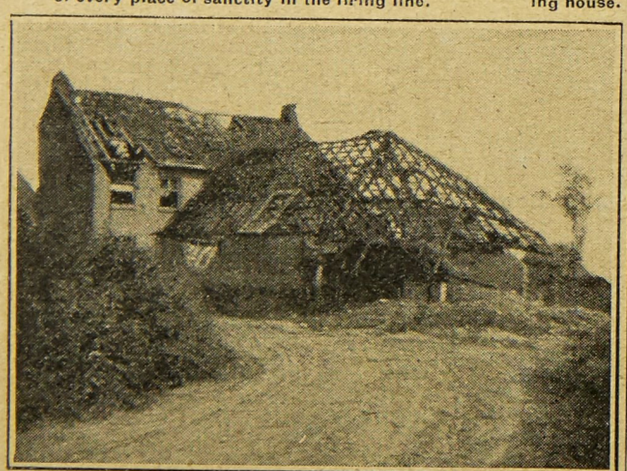
War-worn Belgian soldiers, fatigued by long vigil in the trenches, are crossing a waterway in Flanders in order to reach their billets.



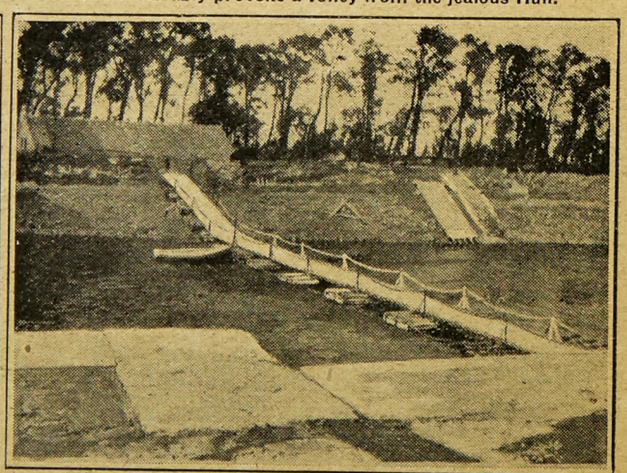
The church at Lampernesse has suffered the fate of every place of sanctity in the firing line.



"Some" luxury in the trenches. Belgian playing a piano taken from a neighbouring house. Its strains invariably provoke a volley from the jealous Hun.

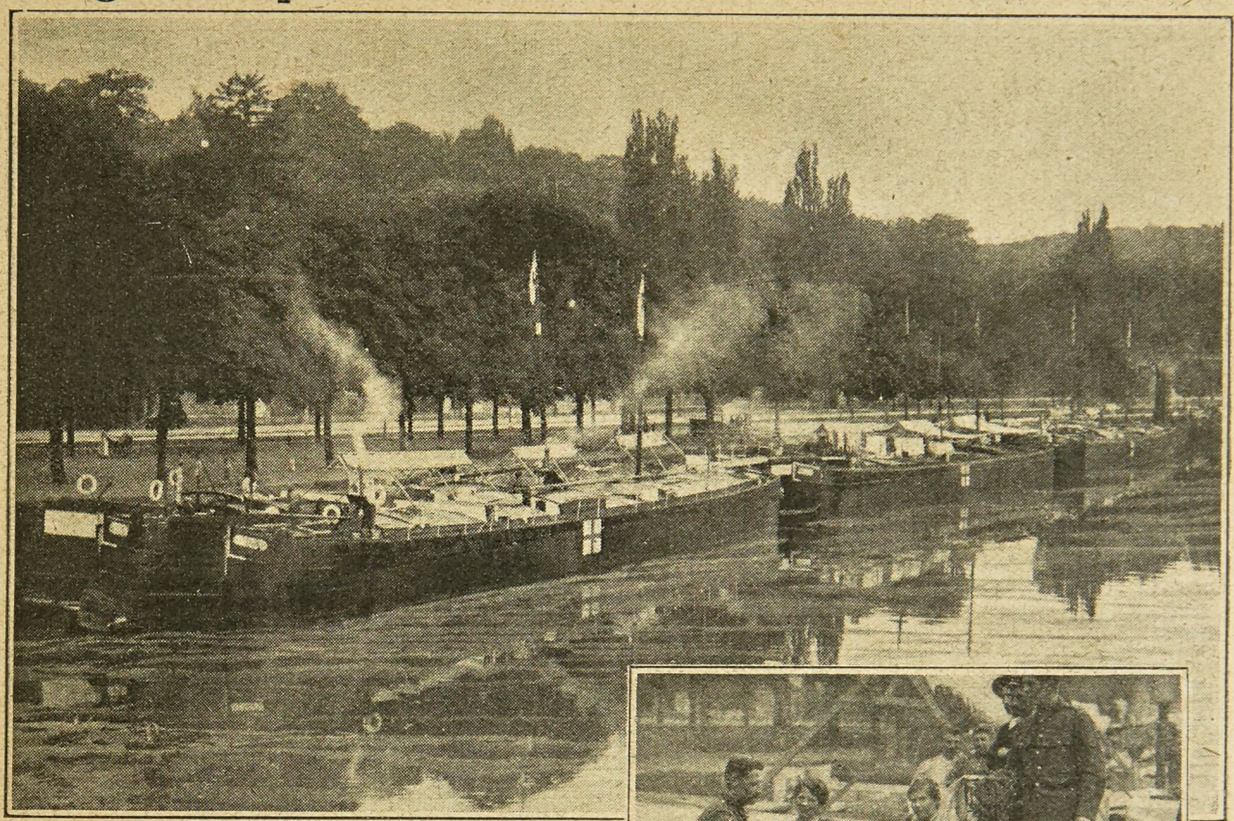


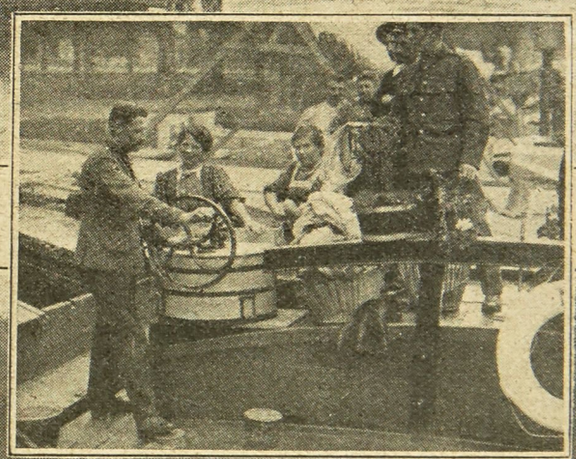
Curious effect of shell fire on houses at Oestkerke. All tiles have been shaken off, while the roof supports remain intact.



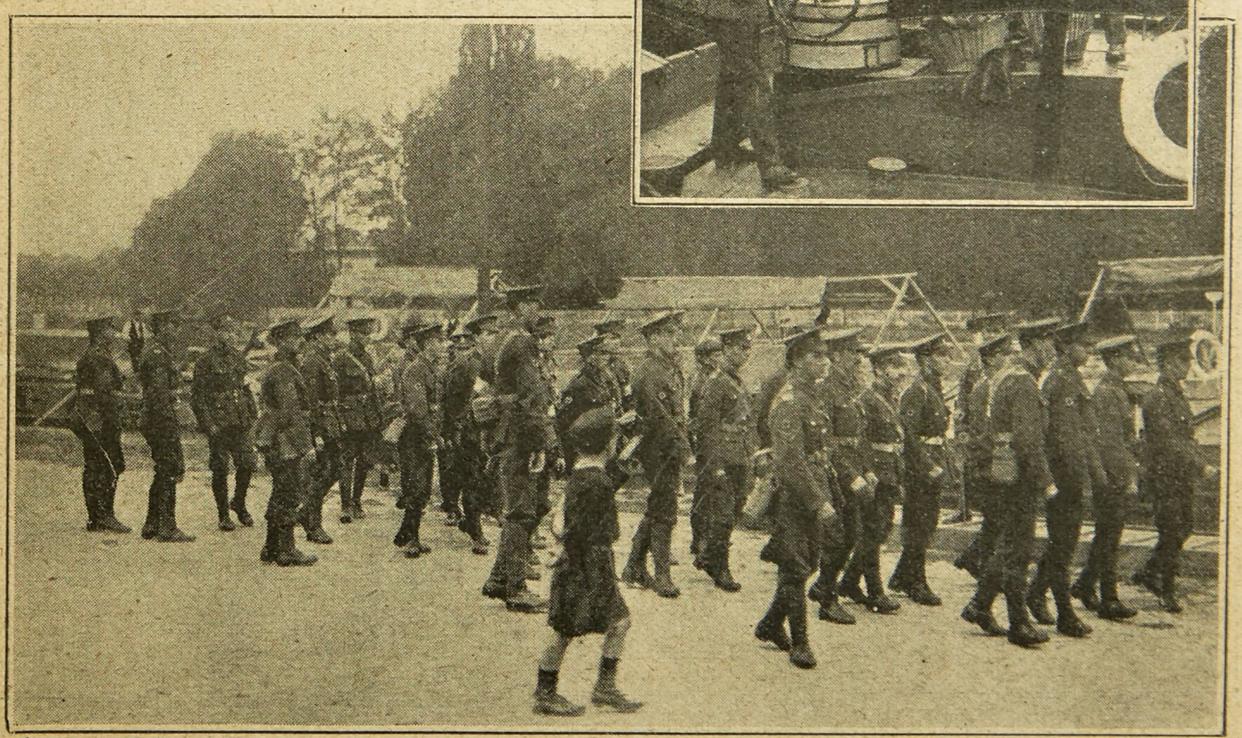
"London Bridge." Pontoon constructed by British and Belgians across the Yser, and known by name of Thames' most famous span.

Barge-Hospital Service between Rouen and Paris



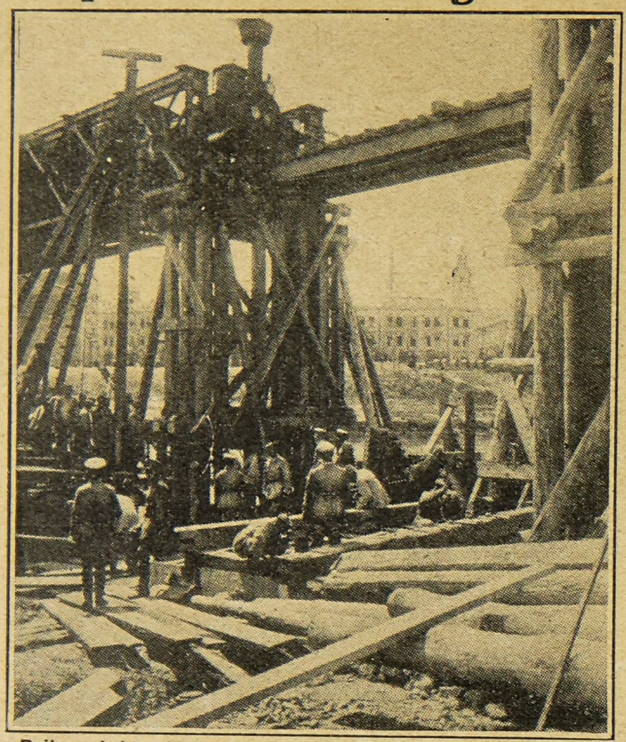


A familiar war-time sight along the swift-flowing Seine. Flotilla of barge hospitals which ply between Rouen and Paris with a complement of wounded. This means of transport has proved more comfortable and safer in some cases than the Red Cross car or train.

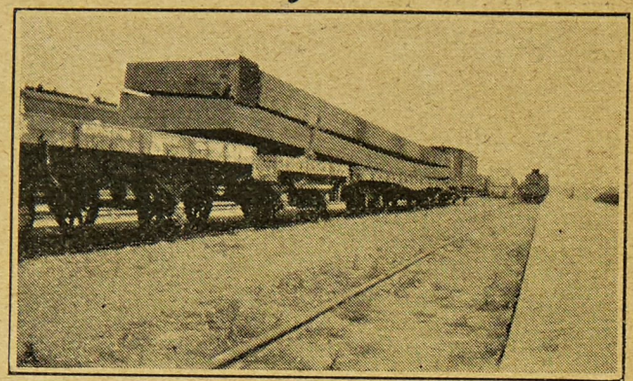


British R.A.M.C. line up on the quayside to assist in the removal of the injured from the barge hospitals, thence to convey them to shore infirmaries. Inset: The handy medico takes a turn at the mangle on one of these floating refuges for stricken warriors.

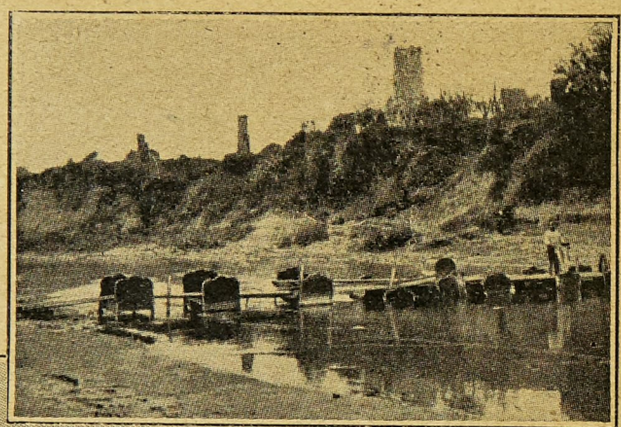
Improvised Bridges fulfil Military Necessities

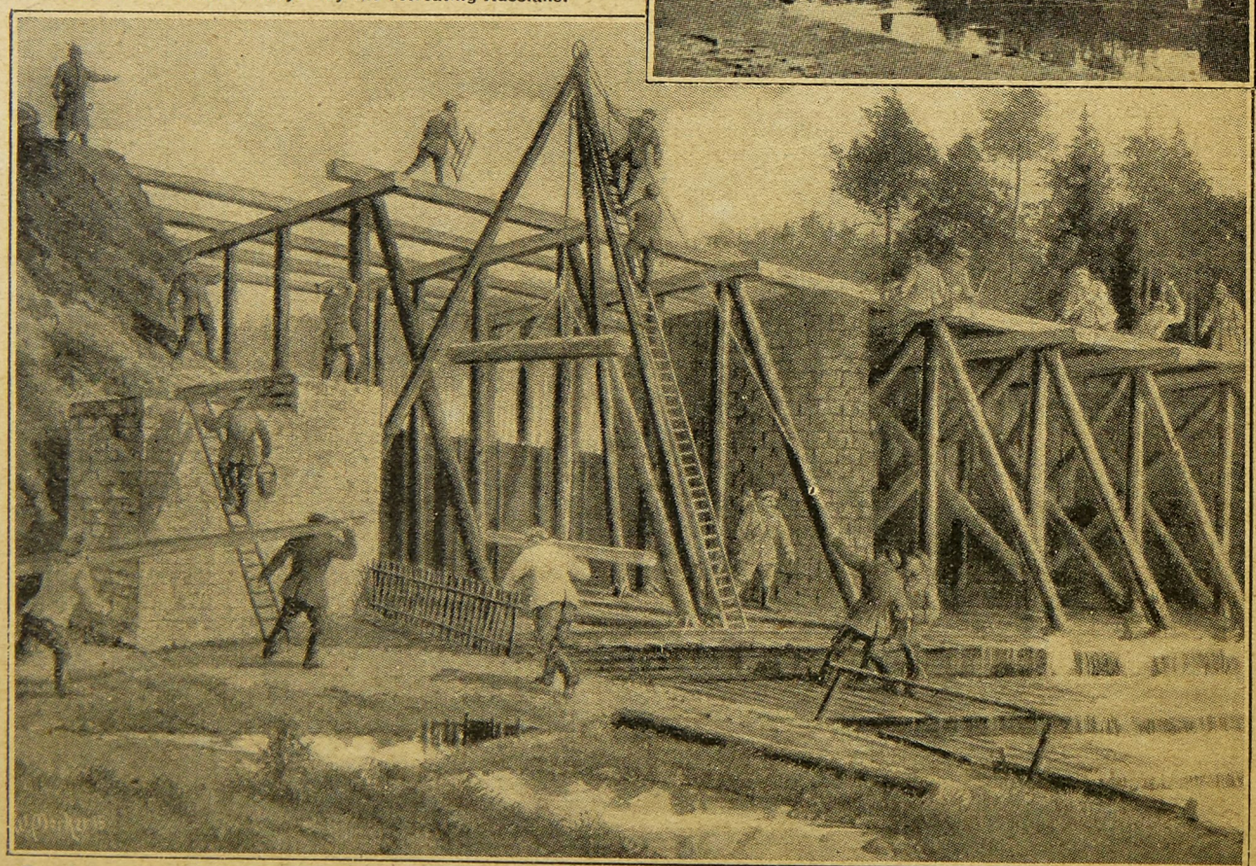


Railway bridge built by the Germans in record time to replace original structure destroyed by the retreating Russians.



Bridges to the front by rail. Large pontoons on their way to the Belgian lines for use in bridging the Yser.





Drawing, reproduced from a German paper, showing enemy pioneers constructing a fairly solid communication over a river on the eastern front. A destroyed bridge, though it occasions some delay to an advancing army, is not nowadays of vital consequence. Inset: Unique bridge over the Bug, consisting of bedsteads on which planks have been laid, erected by Austrian troops.

German Battery in an Inferno of 'No Man's Land'

With a loud clatter of hoofs on the ancient cobble-stones, the crack of whips, and hoarse exhortations of men, a battery of German artillery dashes through an inferno on the western front. This spirited yet detailed drawing by an enemy artist purports to represent an incident which took place in the village of Passchendaele. Burning, tottering buildings all around them, the martial cortege gallops through the main street of the village to take up a position facing the British lines in the neighbourhood of Ypres.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

"THE Germans appear almost to have shot their bolt." This striking phrase from Lord Kitchener's recent review of the fighting situation has naturally attracted widespread attention. It sums up his view, and, therefore, the view of his Majesty's Government, on the progress of the war. It means that in the opinion of the responsible authorities Germany is becoming exhausted in men, in munitions, and in money. This view of coming German exhaustion is also largely held in Russia. On what grounds is it based?

On the surface there is little to confirm Lord Kitchener's declaration. Germany has for months held the western front successfully against all attacks, save for a few local but comparatively unimportant successes by the Allies. We have closed the door to Calais and to Paris to her, but her entrenchments have so far proved an impassable barrier to us. In the east her vast armies are still, as I write, advancing to the north and fighting in the south, and the highest Russian hopes for the present lie in checking them. In the Dardanelles the magnitude of our problem becomes more evident each week.

Germany and Exhaustion

Is Germany becoming exhausted in men? One of the most capable American observers, Senator Beveridge, estimated that Germany has five million men under arms, and that she can keep that number in the field despite losses for at least six years. Mr. Beveridge wrote this in Germany from the German point of view, and he wrote it before the gigantic German losses during the Russian campaign. The facts as known to the general public to-day justify us in believing that Germany has reached her maximum in numbers, and that her total of fighting men is less than three months ago. But we also know that the German system of defensive war is enabling her to hold long lines with comparatively small numbers of men. There is nothing in the decreasing numbers of troops which justifies a hope of early peace.

Is there a shortage in foodstuffs? Nine months ago Germany painted to the world a moving but wholly false picture of her people threatened with starvation by the blockade policy of the Allies. This was done to create sympathy among neutral nations. At that time Germany had plenty. To-day Germany says little about food shortage, but it becomes more and more evident that the shortage is now genuine. Wheat is particularly scarce. I saw a few days ago a slice of German bread made from rye, birchwood, sawdust, and potatoes. But, frankly, I cannot contemplate the likelihood of Germany being starved into submission, and those who count on it are, I am convinced, under a great delusion.

There is a greater possibility of the exhaustion of military supplies. Our blockade becomes daily more effective. The enormous importations through neutral countires that were a feature of the early months of the war are being more and more cut off. The German armies showed over large sections of the field during this dull summer season considerable economy in the use of heavy-gun munitions. But it is only reasonable to suppose that their chemists are evolving fresh methods of manufacture, and are concentrating on the utilisation of waste. In finance, we are in a dominatingly superior position to the enemy, and we can do much more than even the new Budget demands of us if necessary.

Britain's Reserve Strength

The strength of Britain to-day lies in her command of the sea, and in her unused resources. The question for the nation is how we can utilise these resources in the quickest and best way to end the war.

Much from the military point of view will depend upon the results of the long anticipated forward movement in the west. The moment when we will strike and the place where we will strike are known only to the General Staff. The attempt to pierce the western lines of German entrenchments must be very costly. If it succeeds it will be well worth the cost. There is a general belief among soldiers that the German front is hollow inside. In other words, she has concentrated all her strength on her outer lines and once these are forced our mobile troops, like our cavalry brigades, will be able to operate over large sections of country.

The most successful campaign in the west this autumn can scarcely do more than restore Lille to France, and throw the Germans in the north back on to the Antwerp-Brussels-Namur front. That, however, would be an invaluable gain. It would restore the prestige of our arms among neutral nations; it would restore the initiative to us, and it would strike a tremendous blow at German national confidence. We can only wait for the results of our advance.

Are we prepared to follow up the results of victory if it comes? We will need more men? Are they coming in? Frankly, they are not. The recruiting figures given by Mr. Asquith recently are disappointing. Not far short of three million men "first and last have offered themselves to the country," including the men in the Army, the Navy, and the Reserve when the war broke out. From the form in which this statement was made we must presume that it includes the volunteers who were rejected. It does not, however, include troops from the Dominions or our Indian forces. Lord Kitchener tells us that there has been a shrinkage in the flow of enlistments, and that the problem of keeping up the strength of the armies in 1916 has caused the authorities anxious thought.

Can We Follow Up Victory?

Were I merely anxious to please my readers, I should write at length about the magnificent national spirit which has led over two million young men to volunteer for the war. Such talk is foolish and futile nonsense. All glory to the young men who have joined the ranks! But we must have larger numbers of recruits if we hope to win. The issue here is so serious that I would beg my readers to use their influence to induce all people they can reach to face this problem as it really is. This is no time to argue about the merits or demerits of conscription. We must have the men. How can we get them in the quickest way and with the least friction?

The out-and-out advocates of voluntaryism are attempting to fight this matter out on personalities. They devote themselves, many of them, to bitter personal attacks on the advocates of national service. No slander is too low, no imputation of motives too vile for them to adopt. Time after time during the past month I have been made sick and sorry to read the unceasing streams of venom poured upon men whose one crime is that they are advocating at great personal cost what they believe to be the necessary measures Britain must take if she is to win this war.

Why Not Drop Personalities?

Abuse rarely hurts those against whom it is directed. But for the voluntaryists to fight out the recruiting question as they are doing can create harm of quite another kind. We have a section of our countrymen restive under any attempt to drive them into taking their necessary part in the war, and unwilling to submit to discipline. We have a small body of slackers anxious to find excuses to keep out. The ultra-voluntaryists are forging weapons to place in the hands of these folk. Few thinking men can fail to be aware that in some form or another compulsion will eventually be necessary. The attempt to enforce compulsion in workshops and for military recruiting may be a difficult matter in a few districts. Why then seek to make it more difficult by a campaign of slander, spite, and malignity? I cannot believe that even the bitterest partisans really believe in their hearts, as they say, that Mr. Lloyd George is the tool of designing militaryists, that Lord Curzon is actuated by the desire to become Premier, and so on. Such talk is false, unpatriotic, and harmful. Let us drop it.

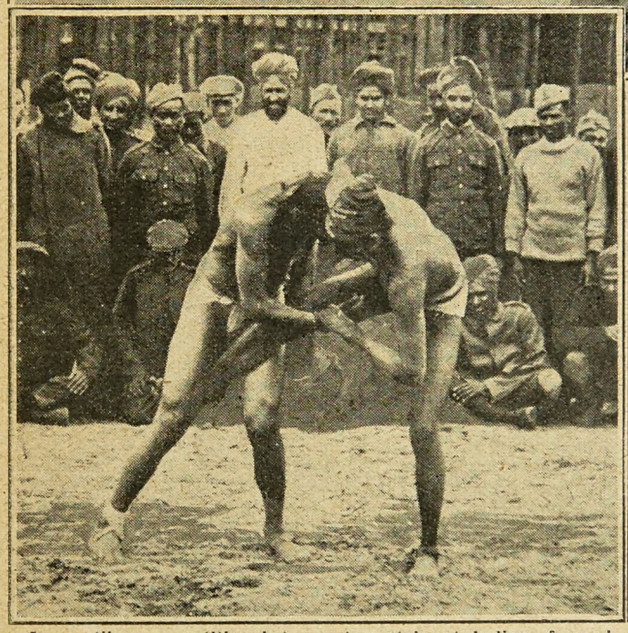
The Turk as Soldier

I hear from Gallipoli much appreciation of our enemy the Turk as a soldier. At the beginning of the war, in the fighting around the Suez Canal, the Turkish troops were guilty of some terrible atrocities. These troops were largely the outer tribes. During the first three days of the fighting on the Peninsula it seemed as though the regular Turks were going to adopt the same policy. Dreadful stories have been told of the fate of some of our men who fell into their hands. Then everything was changed, and from all I can hear the Turks are fighting with humanity and decency.

The reason for this change is easily found. Before our troops began their attack on the Dardanelles the German officers had filled their men up with wicked stories of our methods. They told them that we gouged out the eyes of the wounded, that we tortured and neglected and killed all who fell into our hands. The Turkish infantry believed it, and thought that if we did this they might as well do the same. Then they found that our men did nothing of the kind. "If they treat us kindly, we will do the same to them," they said, and they did. These statements apply only to the regular Turkish Army. The irregulars, the predatory tribes, and the outlying fighters, still retain many barbarous ways.

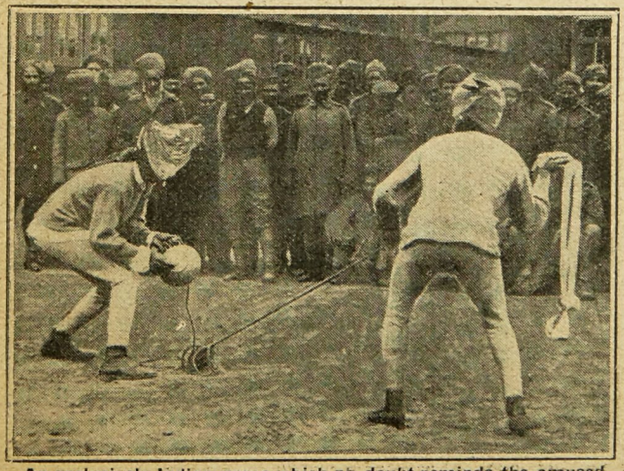
Oriental Captives make Merry in Prussian Prison

Final match for the Indian Football Cup, which took place in the grounds of a British prisoners' camp in Germany, on the occasion of a sports meeting.

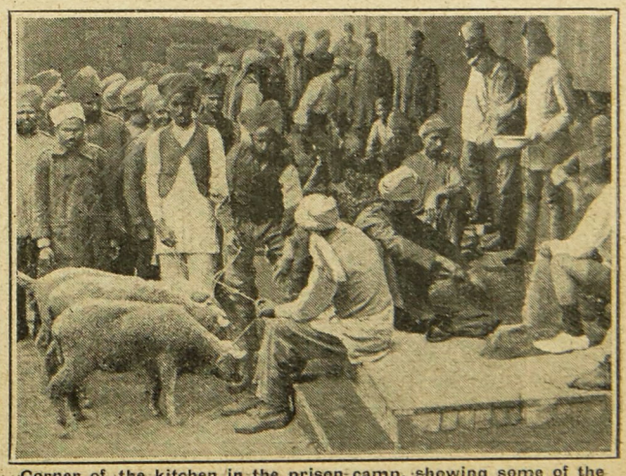


A wrestling competition between two stalwart Indians formed an interesting item of the programme.

German guards, of proverbial size, are engrossed in the Oriental style of wrestling.



An exclusively Indian game which no doubt reminds the amused audience of their native bazaars.



Corner of the kitchen in the prison-camp, showing some of the Indians preparing food after the day's sports.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

MR. DILLON may not be aware of it, but he was certainly attempting to deprive the nation of one of its greatest safeguards when he questioned the right of M.P.'s on active service to take part in matters of acute political controversy. The fact that in peace time an M.P. accepting active service, since about 1860, has been forced to vacate his seat, has resulted in throwing Parliament entirely into the hands of lawyers and journalists.

Soldier M.P.'s Right of Seech

With all due respect, the change has not been for the better. The circumstances of this war have enabled a number of M.P's to acquire a fair amount of first-hand military knowledge, which can only be rendered of service to their country through their position as M.P.'s. Their position in communicating this knowledge to their countrymen is unassailable, for it rests on the custom of centuries, which is stronger than law. It is probably because most of these soldier M.P.'s are now in favour of compulsory service, which is opposed by Mr. Dillon and his friends, that this attempt has been made to interfere with a liberty of action which existed long before the days of democracy. The question of compulsory service—on which I express no opinion here—does not directly affect the Navy except that it is likely to increase the numbers volunteering for the Navy, but the Army is protecting the future of our Navy in preventing the extension of German sway along the seaboard of Europe. It is, therefore, a matter of vital concern to the Navy that the Army should be adequately supported.

Lesson of the Zeppelin Raid

Some very severe remarks by Mr. Edward Wright appeared in the last number of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED about the Royal Naval Anti-Aircraft Corps. Personally, I thought its title was enough to damn it, for it is the sound instinct of Englishmen to distrust "anti's" even more than "isms." The objections, however, went much deeper. The Navy was furious that an amateur force, likely to fail from the ignorant way in which it was organised, should be associated with a Navy which prides itself on seldom failing, and which has deeply learned the lesson of its own partial gunnery failure in the American War of 1812.

It was also monstrous that work, which could be performed by trained men of over forty, should be recruited by the Admiralty entering into active competition with the War Office for young recruits who ought to go to the front. If the task had been under the War Office, men could have been taken from above forty years of age, and from those who are only partially disabled by war who were trained gunners.

In such a case one trained man is worth twenty partially trained. Any disgrace of failure reacts on the Navy which, as I have pointed out, deeply learned its lesson in the past. James's "Naval History" mentions, for instance, the action between the President and Little Belt in 1811; the former lost one boy, and not a shot struck her hull, while the latter was heavily damaged and lost eleven men killed and twenty-one wounded. As a nation we do not unfortunately learn through our imaginations, but through hard facts, so the Zeppelin attack must be judged a fortunate event, and our only grievance is that it did not come to teach us, say, nine months ago.

Recent U Boat Losses

This week's news includes the distruction of a German submarine in the Black Sea, and a circumstantial account from Danish sources of the torpedoing of a German submarine by another German submarine. The latter is the second account in the war afloat of friend firing at friend, the previous one being when quite a number of German torpedo craft were fired at and seriously damaged or sunk by the German Baltic Fleet.

Such incidents have probably been more frequent, but the strict censorship of all countries prevents their coming to light.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

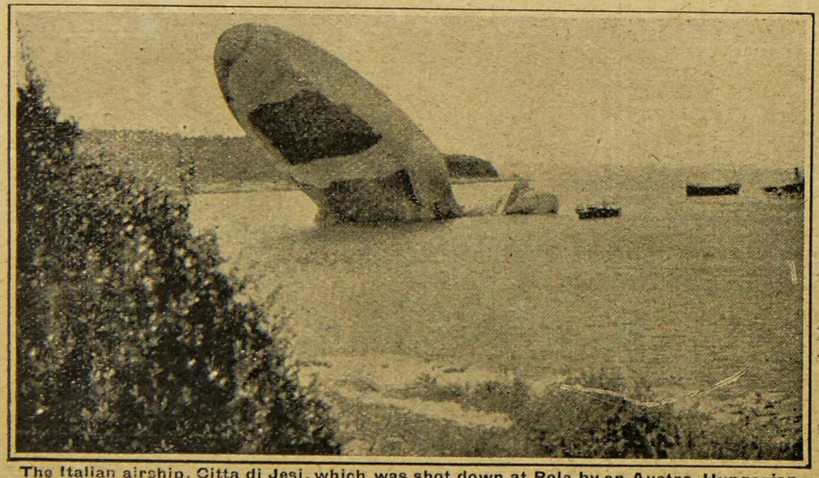
SIR PERCY SCOTT'S appointment is particularly welcome to those of us who are closely in touch with the Flying Services, for we know what the French found out months ago that the only real protection against raids by aircraft at night are anti-aircraft guns and searchlights.

It is of course possible to fly at night in an aeroplane, and it is possible to land at night provided there is a properly lit ground on which to come down, but when one is in the air it is practically impossible to see anything else in the air.

One can see some things on the ground, even on the most pitch-dark night, when there are no lights below, and if one is over a town there are always some lights to show the town is there, but it is impossible to see other aeroplanes or airships unless quite close to them, except, of course, in bright moonlight, and enemy airships do not come over on moonlight nights. Therefore it is quite useless to send aeroplanes up in the dark.

How Paris Defies Zeppelins

The French know this, and protect Paris by a double ring of searchlights and guns. Night aeroplanes, carrying headlights, occasionally fly round Paris, probably to give the populace confidence, and possibly to give the crews of the searchlights and guns practice in focusing and ranging, but for actual defence purposes they could not not be of any use, because aeroplanes illuminated in this way would merely indicate to enemy airships the precise positions of the patrolling machines, and would show where to dodge them.



The Italian airship, Citta di Jesi, which was shot down at Pola by an Austro-Hungarian battery on August 6th. The crew of three officers and three men were taken prisoners.

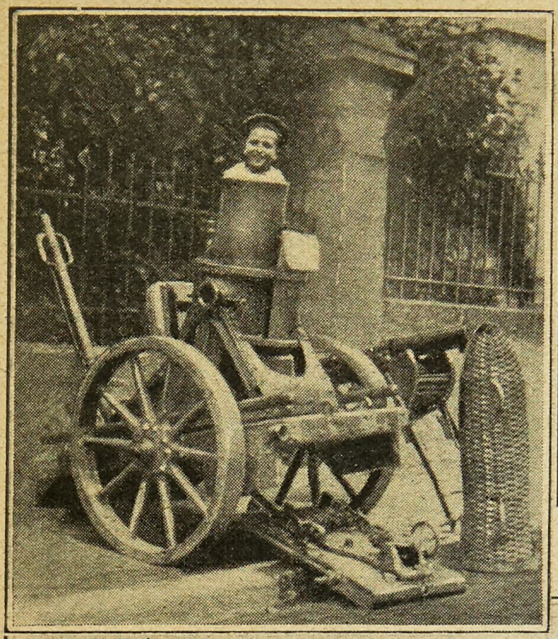
It is a truism that one gun on the ground is worth a dozen bombs in an airship; for, given a gun of modern type and a well-trained gunner, the gun can be used with absolute accurary up to a height of two or three miles, whereas bombs cannot be nearly as accurate at a distance of over a mile. The reason is that a bomb starts from rest, and so is easily deflected from its course by air currents for the first few hundred feet of its fall; whereas a shell from a gun has such speed at the start that it is hardly liable to be deflected by anything short of a howling gale such as no aircraft dare face.

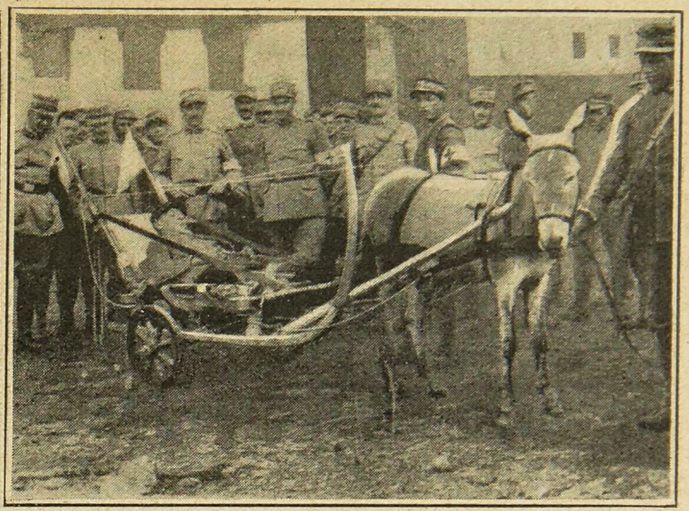
Guns the only Defence

All navies recognise that ships cannot stand up to shore guns of equal power. How much less then can airships stand up to shore guns of superior power? Add to this that a Zeppelin or Schütte-Lanz is nearly twice as long as a Dreadnought and nearly as broad, and that naval gunners begin hitting enemy ships at a distance of over fifteen miles, and one sees what an easy mark an airship is at less than two miles. Also one sees how wasteful it is to send up aeroplanes in the dark to hunt airships which the pilots cannot see, when guns are far more effective.

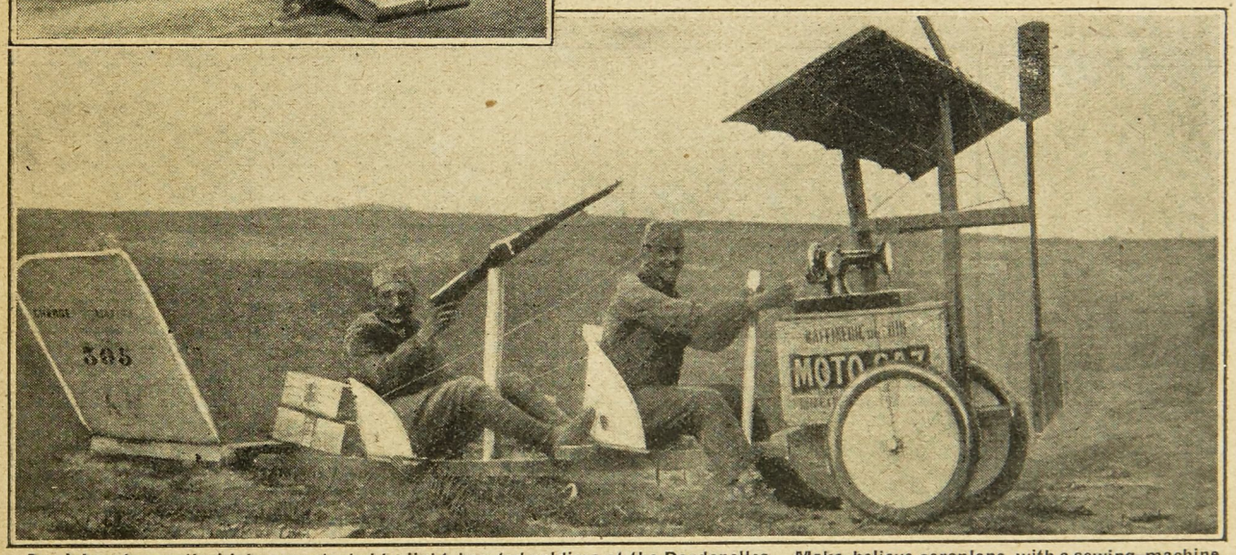
In this connection it is worth while to note that a searchlight of modern type can reach an airship at any height to which an airship can climb. The gunner on the ground behind the searchlight is like the man on the motor-car behind his head-lights. The crew of the airship are like the people on the road in front of the head-light, and are absolutely blinded. Thus the searchlight not only shows the gunner his target, but prevents the people in the airship from seeing what they are aiming at.

War-time Odds and Ends from the Battle-front

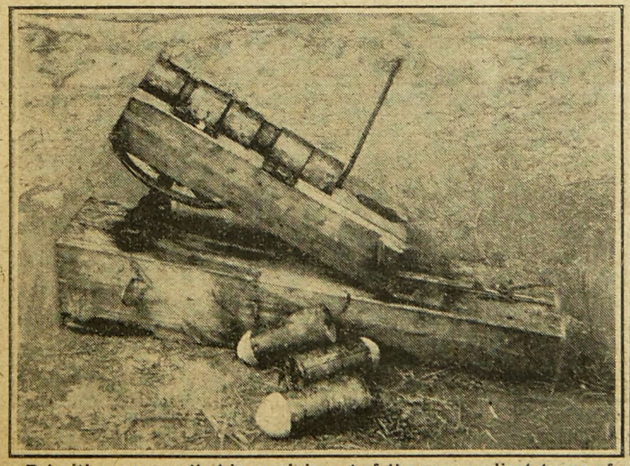




Left: Captured German trench-mortar loaded with harmless mischief—merry French boy who has clambered into the barrel of the "Minen-werfer." Above: Remarkable conveyance used by the Italian Army to carry wounded over mountainous ground with the minimum of jolting.

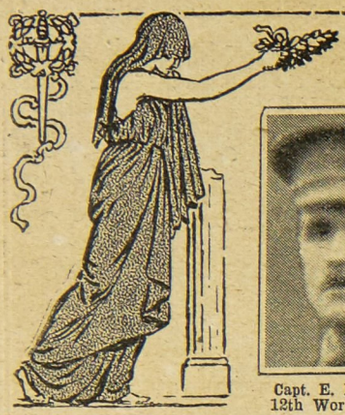


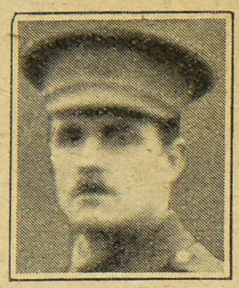
An elaborate practical joke perpetrated by light-hearted soldiers at the Dardanelles. Make-believe aeroplane, with a sewing-machine "engine." This dummy might well deceive a hostile airman flying above it and draw the enemy's fire to no purpose.



Primitive weapon that is reminiscent of the very earliest types of cannon. This curious mortar is used for hurling bombs which receive their impetus from a spring after the fuses have been ignited. On the right: Dog-drawn stretcher-carts. These light conveyances are now being used by the French for carrying the wounded.

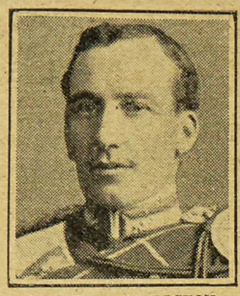
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead





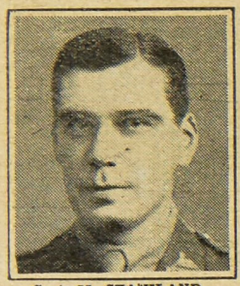
Capt. E. B. AMPHLETT, 12th Worcestershire Regt.

Capt. H. R. CLAYTON, 1st Lancashire Fusiliers.

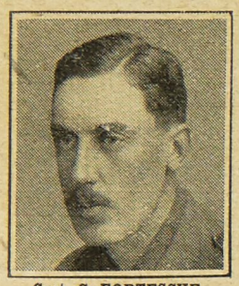


Capt. R. C. W. ALSTON, 1st Highland Light Infantry.

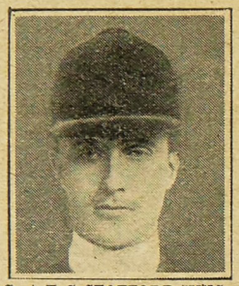
Capt. C. F. FITZROY CAMPBELL, 1st Scots Guards.



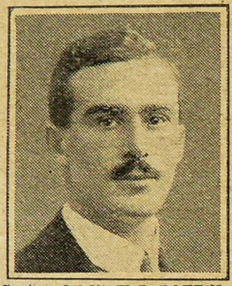
Capt. M. STANILAND, 4th Lincolnshire Regt.



Capt. G. FORTESCUE, 11th Rifle Brigade.



Capt. E. C. STAFFORD-KING-HARMAN, Irish Guards.



Capt. and Adjt. H. L. PATTINSON, 9th Royal Fusiliers.

Capt. J. C. MORGAN, 6th Yorkshire Regt.

Capt. G. PIGE-LASCHALLAS, 7th Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Capt. H. R. Clayton, 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, saw service with his regiment in the South African War. Capt. Clayton was the second son of the late Colonel A. G. Clayton, R.E. Capt. C. F. Fitzroy Campbell, 1st Scots Guards, was the only son of Major-General F. Lorn Campbell, late of the Scots Guards. Capt. Campbell joined the Cameron Highlanders in 1901, and was transferred to the Scots Guards in 1905. He was adjutant of the Guards Depot at Caterham from 1911 to 1913. In June, 1914, Capt. Campbell married Helen Margaret, the eldest daughter of Mr. C. J. Stewart (the Public Trustee) and Lady Mary Stewart. Capt. E. C. Stafford-King-Harman, Irish Guards, was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Stafford and Lady Stafford. Captain Stafford-King-Harman was gazetted second-lieutenant in 1911.

Capt. J. C. Morgan, 6th Yorkshire Regiment, entered the Army in 1899, and took part in the South African War. He obtained his captaincy in 1906, resigned six years ago, but joined the 6th Yorkshire Regiment in October, 1914. Sec.-Lieut. Robin Hook, 9th Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers, was the second son of Mr. Allan James Hook, of Madronas, Vancouver, and a grandson of the late Mr. James Clark Hook, R.A. Leaving Canada on the outbreak of war, he entered the Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps, and soon obtained his commission.

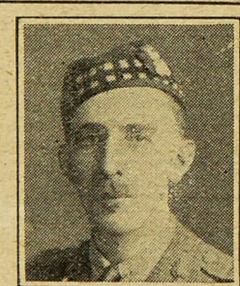
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *invites relatives of officers killed in action or dead from wounds to lend photographs, with brief biographical notes of these heroes, for inclusion in "Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead." Address:* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *Fleetway House, London, E.C.*

Capt. M. P. ANDREWS, Duke of Wellington's Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. J. MACNAB, 8th Northumberland Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. R. F. TAYLOR, York and Lanc. Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. JAMES JOYCE, 9th Lancashire Fusiliers.



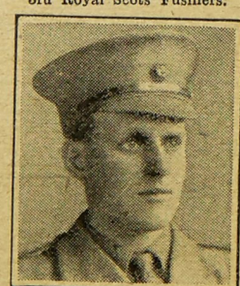
Sec.-Lt. G. S. R. J. BROWN, 3rd Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. F. MARSHAM-TOWNSEND, 2nd Scots Gds.

Sec.-Lieut. H. G. HAWKINS, 11th Middlesex Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. ROBIN HOOK, 9th Lancashire Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lt. J. M. WHITWORTH, 9th Somerset Light Infantry.

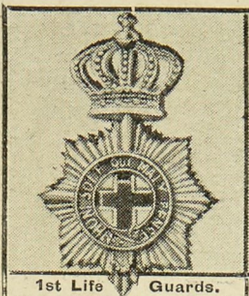


Sec.-Lt. A. J. HAVILAND ROE, 7th King's Royal Rifle Corps.

Sec.-Lieut. J. BIRCH, 13th Worcestershire Regt.

(Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Russell & Sons.)

How to Tell Cavalry Regiments of the British Army



1st Life Guards.
Star of the Order of the Garter with crown above. Raised in 1660.

2nd Life Guards.
In embroidery the Royal crest; letters L G below, reversed and interwined.

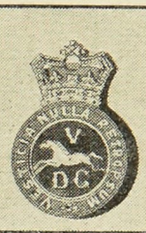
Royal Horse Guards.
The Star of the Order of the Garter. Raised by the Commonwealth.

1st (King's) Dragoon Guards.
Up to the outbreak of war the Austrian Emperor was colonel-in-chief.

2nd Dragoon Guards.
Queen's Bays. The regiment has been nicknamed "The Rusty Buckles."

3rd Dragoon Guards.
Prince of Wales's plume; scroll below inscribed, "3rd Dragoon Guards." Blenheim among other Battle honours.

4th Dragoon Guards.
Star of the Order of St. Patrick. Served at Sevastopol and in Egypt, 1882. Known as "The Blue Horse."

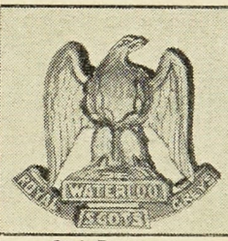


5th Dragoon Guards.
Circle and motto with crown; white horse in silver. Motto: "Vestigia nulla retrorsum" (There is no going back).

6th Dragoon Guards.
Garter on crossed carbines with motto and crown. Within garter VI and D G; below garter inscribed scroll.

7th Dragoon Guards.
Earl of Ligonier's crest. Regiment received its present title in 1788. Nicknamed "The Straw Boots."

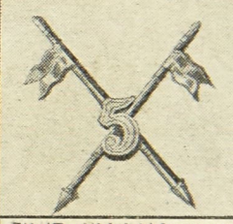
1st Royal Dragoons.
Royal crest. First raised in 1661 to garrison Tangier, formerly a British possession. Known as "The Bird Catchers."



2nd Dragoons.
Eagle above "Waterloo." Only cavalry regiment which wears the grenadier bearskin. Scroll below inscribed Royal Scots Greys.

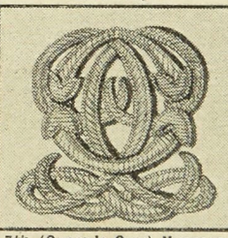
3rd (King's Own) Hussars.
White horse in silver. One of the oldest hussar regiments in the army; formed in 1685, after Monmouth's Rebellion.

4th (Queen's Own) Hussars.
Inscribed circle with two sprays of laurel; crown above; in circle ornamented "IV." The regiment was at Dettingen.



5th (Royal Irish) Lancers.
Crossed lances and figure 5. Known as "The Red Breasts." Raised in 1689, disbanded in 1799, and re-embodied in 1858.

6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons
Castle of Inniskilling. Nicknamed "The Skillingers." With Royals and Scots Greys formed Union Brigade at Waterloo.



7th (Queen's Own) Hussars.
The letters Q O in gold embroidery reversed and intertwined. "The Old Saucy Seventh," "The Young Eyes." Raised in Scotland in 1689.

8th (Royal Irish) Hussars.
Harp and crown with inscribed scroll below. Raised among the Irish Protestants in 1693 and given its title in 1822.

9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers.
Figure 9 on crossed lances with crown. "The Delhi Spearmen." In the thick of the fighting throughout the war.

10th Hussars.
Prince of Wales's plume. Inscribed scroll below "The Chainy Tenth" or "The Don't Dance Tenth." Re-embodied in 1715.

11th Hussars.
Crest and motto of the late Prince Consort, "Treu und Fest" (True and Strong.) Known as "The Cherry-pickers."

12th Lancers.
Prince of Wales's plume. Saw service in the Peninsula, at Waterloo, Sevastopol, and in South Africa. Regiment raised in 1697.

13th Hussars.
Scroll inscribed "Hussars" over the number "13." The 13th and 20th Hussars only two cavalry regiments with no supplementary titles.

14th (King's) Hussars.
The eagle in gold embroidery. This regiment has the greatest number of battle honours of any hussar regiment.

15th (King's) Hussars.
Letters "XV" and "KH" below garter and motto; below letters "Merebimur" (We will deserve) on scroll.

On this page will be found the badges of twenty-five cavalry regiments. The cavalry forces of the British Army consist of thirty-one regiments, three of Household Cavalry, and twenty-eight of the line. Seven of the latter are Dragoon Guards, three of Dragoons, six of Lancers, and twelve of Hussars. Series of these badges will be given in the "War Illustrated" each week.

When Our Heroic Days are Memories!

By the Editor

I HAVE so frequently advised my readers to take steps to convert their copies of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED into volume form that there was a danger of wearying them by this constant repetition.

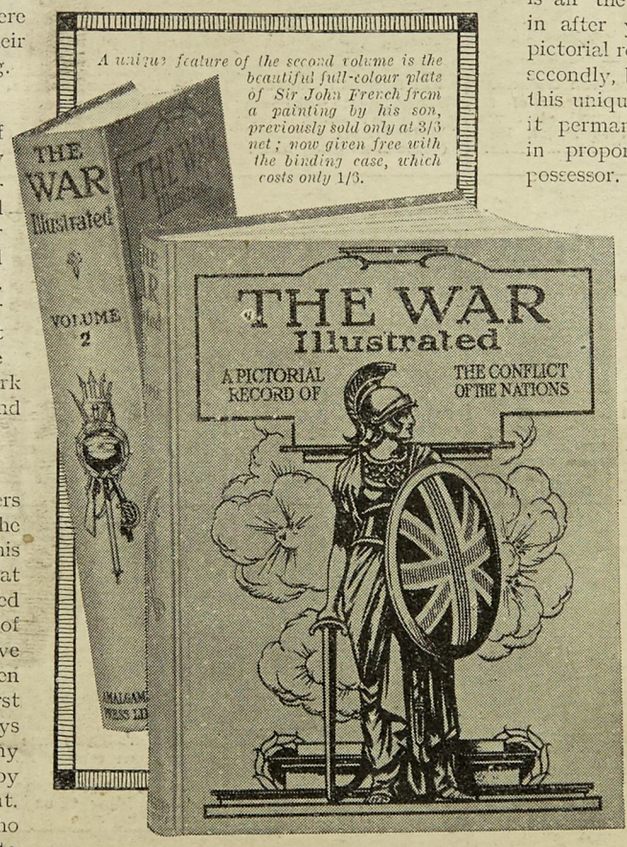
BUT, so far from my readers resenting my oft-expressed advice, I have received quite a large number of letters in which the writers stated that they would be only too pleased to do as I suggested, were it not that many of their earlier parts were missing.

IN the first months of the publication they had not realised its permanent value, and had not been at any particular pains to preserve it, and though they had Nos. 26 to 52 complete, for Volume 2, they did not think it worth while starting to bind a work which began at the second volume.

AS very many readers are probably in the same position, I take this opportunity of stating that no one need be prevented from binding by reason of missing parts, for extensive reprints have again been made right from the first number, and it is always possible to obtain any missing back numbers by applying to a newsagent. Everyone, therefore, who has a reasonably complete set from No. 1 to No. 52, can still make the set absolutely complete, and by securing the publishers' registered binding cases, convert these copies into a pair of handsome volumes.

THE publishers' cases can be obtained from any newsagent, price 1s. 6d. each, and for an equally small sum the same newsagent can usually arrange for the trimming and binding of the parts. At a very small expenditure, therefore, of money and trouble it is open to everyone to convert into handsome volumes of enduring value what might otherwise be lost or destroyed.

I HAVE urged this course on my readers again and again, in the first place because I believe that in the weekly numbers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED there is all the material for a work which in after years will be unique as a pictorial record of this "war of wars"; secondly, because the cost of acquiring this unique pictorial record and giving it permanent form is extremely small in proportion to its value to the possessor.



A unique feature of the second volume is the beautiful full-colour plate of Sir John French from a painting by his son, previously sold only at 3/3 net; now given free with the binding case, which costs only 1/3.

IN the days when we shall turn our swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning hooks, every home will desire to have some sort of history of this earth-shaking conflict, and I venture in all modesty to claim that in those days no history will be more appreciated than that which THE WAR ILLUSTRATED gives in pictures from week to week. Its photographs and drawings, representing every phase of the struggle, give it a realism which mere letterpress can never attain, and those who con the pages of its volumes will find them a never-ending source of inspiring memories of these heroic days.

THE fortunate possessors of the volumes will then be able to congratulate themselves on their foresight, in the knowledge that the work which they value and appreciate so deeply cost but a mere trifle to acquire. I make no apology, therefore, for again urging my readers to secure the publishers' binding cases, and, in the event of any of the parts being missing, to obtain through a newsagent the necessary back numbers.

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"The Great Push" in Picture and Story

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3 Forward! Leaders of the Western Allies decide that the hour has struck for 'The Great Push' **No. 60**

OUR OBSERVATION POINT

The Things That Do *Not* Matter

FOR more than a year there has been a rumour in this country that a sort of a war was going on, but apparently no whisper of the affair has reached the august ears of the councillors who have the spending of the money of the ratepayers of London. In the capital city of the Empire there are amazing sights for wounded Canadian and Australian soldiers. Even the British fighting man from Flanders and the Dardanelles has been surprised by the scenes in many of the streets of London.

HIGHGATE Archway, as I saw it this morning, is a thing to stagger the mind of a mere civilian. For the local authorities of the historic and picturesque suburb do not know that the greatest, most terrible, and most costly of all wars is being waged. They do not know that the British Empire needs every man and every shilling to save democratic civilisation from destruction. The authorities of Highgate, by reason of the taxes they have levied, have large funds in hand.

So, as the funds must be spent in order to justify further rates, and as their workmen must be employed in order to spend the money, they have resolved to help Sir John French and Sir Ian Hamilton to win victories by covering Highgate Archway with cradles, from which a number of able-bodied men are busily working at regilding the arch!

ALL over London the same kind of criminally thoughtless waste of money and men can be seen. In Holborn gangs of sturdy road builders are engaged in maintaining the high level of the local rates by tearing up the road and reconstructing it, in spite of the fact that the old road could, in the present critical circumstances, well have lasted till next year. I have observed the same thing going on recently in the West End of London, and men from provincial cities inform me that their local authorities display the same passion for keeping good, skilful men at unnecessary work in order to get rid of the ratepayers' money in the routine way.

I REMEMBER reading in the "Figaro" of Paris, about two months ago, a letter from a professor of Berlin to a German officer fighting round Souchez. "If the English had any sense of national organisation," said the professor, "we should quickly be beaten. I tremble to think what England could do if she only knew how to do it. But she doesn't, happily. At the very worst, we shall win a white peace, and get fifteen or twenty years to prepare for the struggle with England alone."

While our national Parliament is appealing to the United States for the loan of a hundred million or more pounds, and increasing the burden of taxation in an enormous way in order to get the money to carry on the war, the free and independent local authorities do all they possibly can to help the enemy.

THEY waste the rates on things that do not matter. They retain, for unnecessary work, thousands of skilled, ingenious men who might be employed in munition factories, or in working immediately behind our fighting-lines, to speed the supply of shells, cartridges, and provisions for the troops. Instead of being as economical as possible in the expenditure of public funds and public service, they do all they can to keep the rates high, at a time when the cost of living is becoming terrible to the very poor, and when ordinary industrial production, on which our financial power rests, is crippled by military service, high taxes, and higher wages.

The Final Triumph of the Townsmen

CUTTING across the conflict of races and nations is the perennial struggle between the townsman and the peasant. In various ways this struggle has lasted from the dawn of civilisation. With one exception only the countryman has in all places and at all times triumphed at last over the townsman. Rome is the only exception. For the rest, no "mean little street-bred people" were able to stand out permanently against men of a more robust way of life. Always the cattle-breeders of the plains, the horsemen of the steppes, and at last even the farm serfs and yeoman husbandmen were able to conquer the peoples cooped up in cities.

This is the final lesson of Babylon, Nineveh, Memphis, Athens, and Tyre. Sooner or later the shopkeepers, artisans, and manufacturers of the great towns became the prey of the less intelligent but more able-bodied cattle-breeders and farmers. Even Rome at last fell in a general attack made by the yeomen of Northern Europe.

IN vain did the people of the cities use their greater powers of invention to warlike purposes. They began by developing new formations and new methods of attack. Themistocles enabled the Greek cities to hold out against superior forces by means of a new system of ordering his troops and launching them to the attack. The Roman legion, with its laborious methods of entrenchment and its magnificent discipline, was a supreme application of the fine intellect of urban civilisation to the problems of war. But the barbaric peasants and herdsmen learned the new devices of the people of the city, and by adopting them enabled their superior physical powers once more to tell.

WITH the spread of the knowledge of gunpowder weapons, the urban population throughout the world seemed to have lost for ever the position they had won by their superior inventiveness. With the development of modern artillery the free cities of Europe disappeared. Napoleon overturned Venice; Bismarck practically annexed Hamburg. In the latter part of the nineteenth century the military authorities of every country, except Great Britain, despised and neglected the people of the cities and cherished and favoured the hardy peasants of the countryside. In Europe, especially, the national tariff systems were so arranged as to starve the cities of food, while increasing the prosperity and numbers of the peasantry.

This was done in a frank and open manner in Germany. The French Government followed the same course, and by hindering the free import of food endeavoured to keep the larger part of the French population engaged in healthy outdoor life on the land.

THE German Government went so far as to employ foreign labour in the principal German coalmines, with a view to saving the physique of the German people. The French Government encouraged its manufacturers and mineowners to employ Flemish and Italian labour in order to keep the vigorous, small-holding French farmer and his family engaged on vineyard work, market-gardening, and general agriculture.

BUT in the ordeal of war this ancient point of view has been completely overthrown. The factory hands of the despised and neglected cities are the masters of the world. By reason of the extraordinary developments of modern industrial science the townsman can make engines capable of destroying ten to twenty thousand peasants in a quarter of an hour. Without the help of the city people the European peasant is in no better position than a spear-armed Zulu warrior. He will not recover a warlike independence until the development of the new system of village industries transforms the countryside.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 60. Vol. 3.
9th October, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

"THE GREAT PUSHER."—It is not to be wondered at that the Germans were demoralised and willingly surrendered during the great Champagne battle, when one contemplates the nightmare of seventy consecutive hours' shelling by such a formidable weapon as that seen in this exclusive photograph. This French gun is of 220 mm. (or about 9 in.) calibre, and actually took part in the record bombardment. Nothing could survive such a hurricane of death as that afforded by a battery of these weapons. Wire, steel, concrete fortifications, and sandbag parapets were reduced to a shapeless mass; which once more emphasises the great lesson of the war that victory is synonymous with an unlimited supply of big guns and munitions.

"The Great Push"—and After

By our own War Correspondent
F. A. McKENZIE

A FORTNIGHT ago I stood at a point on the British front in Flanders where I was able to inspect a long stretch of the German lines. They ran back in irregular three-fold formation, each section connected with the other by numerous shelter trenches and communicating trenches. Behind them were the hidden guns, spitting out their afternoon "hate" at us. The lines were formidable. To a layman they might have seemed impregnable.

I knew something of the defences fronting us, the deep trenches, the stores of bombs, the mortars, the mines, and the poison gas. The mazes of tangled barbed-wire ahead, the thin grey parapets of the trenches themselves, appeared to convey a message of permanence, of serene defiance. "Come and touch us if you dare," was their challenge written all over them.

Spirit and Efficiency

By my side stood a British officer. He pointed to the heart of the German position. "In three weeks we'll be there," he said quietly, unboastingly, as though telling of a picnic that had been arranged ahead.

He was wrong. Our men were there in less than a fortnight.

The "Great Push" has come at last. For weeks we have waited for it. It was worth waiting for. It is our first great triumph since the Marne. If it is carried to the point we hope, it will surpass even the Marne in importance. The Battle of the Marne saved Paris and saved the coast. Our big advance is ending the stalemate and giving us the key to the heart of the German position in France and in Western Flanders.

I am writing this on the morning of September 29th. Much will happen before these words can be published. The victory is not yet completed. We have not yet reached the point where we can say that there has been a final decision in our favour. But we have proved our power to break through exceedingly strong German defences. We have captured thousands of prisoners and many guns. We have proved our own artillery. There was no need to prove the spirit of our men.

A Belated Triumph

While we have not yet reached a decision, we have reached the point where the odds are in our favour. We have good cause for hope, for confidence, and for rejoicing.

Let us examine what has happened. A year ago the lines of the allied armies were drawn along very much the same position as we held up to a week ago. We planned a great advance, which should drive the Germans out of France and Belgium, to begin in May. The Germans struck at us a fortnight before our schedule time. They were overwhelmingly strong in artillery, strong in numbers, and equipped with a new weapon—asphyxiating gas. A three weeks' battle followed. The British had sixty thousand casualties and the Germans three times as many. They succeeded in driving us back a short way at one part, and their artillery destroyed Ypres. But they did not break through our lines.

Let us admit frankly that the thing was a horrible disappointment to us, even though the Germans did not get through. When it became known that the main cause of our loss was the lack of high-explosive shells, there was a bitter outcry. We started to remedy our mistake. For months we have been engaged in a triple work—strengthening our own defences, adding to our forces, and increasing our stocks of shells and machine-guns.

By the end of August things were almost ready for a new attempt. Our position was better than ever, because it was now possible to employ a powerful weapon, impossible to use in April—the Navy. We had now mastered the German submarine menace. The allied fleet could attack the German positions on the Belgian coast, and they did so. As I write this little is known of the result of this attack, but much is hoped, and developments of a surprising and important kind may be announced almost immediately.

On land, immense numbers of guns had been accumulated, from mighty weapons that equalled in effectiveness the German 17 in. to little trench mortars—guns of every sort and size. Our air fleet had been greatly strengthened, and our newest high horse-power biplanes were equal to anything the Germans could show.

Jealously Guarded Secrets

Our campaign opened at the beginning of September, with the bombardment of the coast from the sea, heavy artillery duels at numerous points along the land front, and almost unceasing air battles. Simultaneously the French showed activity all along their lines. In the Artois and in Champagne, and in a hundred other centres, they bared their teeth. Towards the middle of the third week in September our artillery fire became overwhelming.

The Germans found themselves for once in the dark about what was going to happen. Where were we concentrating? Where would we strike? Time after time their aircraft strove to get over our lines to discover our new dispositions. Every Taube that attempted to pass over our troops was met by a withering fire from our anti-aircraft guns, or was met, fought, and driven back or brought to the ground by our own airmen.

There is good reason to believe that the Germans have no longer the same resources of men on the western front that they once had. The Russian campaign has taxed them severely, and many of their troops are still caught up in the marshes back of Brest Litovsk. Too much stress must not be laid on the fact that the front German lines in Flanders were held by Landwehr and Landsturm, elderly men. It is a well-known principle of the German Army to use elder men for the wearying routine of the trenches, and to hold the better troops behind in reserve.

The German General Staff relied on the mechanical perfection of its weapons to keep us back. Its soldiers hid themselves in their dug-outs during our artillery bombardment. Once our men started to move out they would pour such a stream of fire on us that our lines would be annihilated.

For over a fortnight we maintained our heavy artillery bombardment. We had more guns, better guns, and more munitions. Then came our great blow, made simultaneously on many points, along large stretches of front, and, shepherded by aircraft, which pounded the German rear lines.

The Enemy Outwitted

Things did not work out as the Germans expected. We tunnelled under their trenches and blew them up with mines. The explosions were the signal for the advance of our infantry, and our men were in the front line of the enemy's trenches before they realised they had started. As our advance line jumped in with bomb and bayonet, armies of other troops worked steadily behind, digging shelter trenches and communicating trenches, right up to the bayonets of the foe. Many a great tale will be told of the heroism of the great rush.

The main British attack was concentrated upon the little town of Loos, close to Lens, the important centre of the mining industry in the Pas de Calais. As I write fighting is developing to the north of Loos. The tale of our prisoners and our capture of guns has been told already many a time.

While the British force thus struck hard and true, the French made their simultaneous advance on even a bigger scale. They made another great endeavour against the tremendous German position from Souchez to the Artois, where they are engaged in a fierce struggle. They struck in Champagne, making a big advance there.

The Germans have now brought up their supports. They are fighting with the utmost desperation. We must be prepared for a long, bitter, hard battle and for heavy losses. These things are inevitable. But we start the fight with an enormous initial triumph.

Only the Beginning

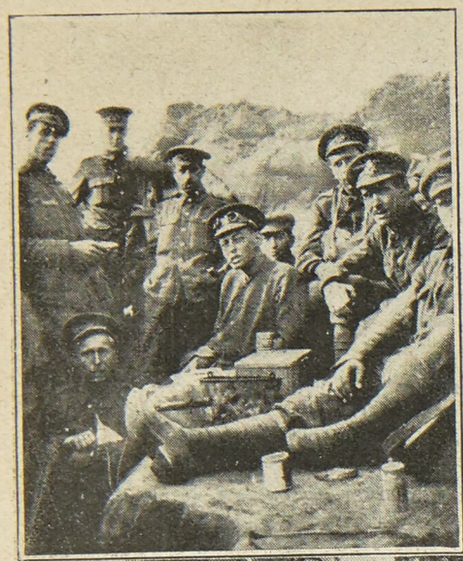
What is the immediate aim of the Allies? France wants to recover her own country, to drive the Germans out of Lille and back from Champagne. We want to clear the Belgian coast before the winter. Many soldiers hope for great things once our cavalry get behind the German lines. If we force the Germans back to the Brussels-Antwerp position, and if France recovers Lille, the summer will have been well spent.

Let us have no foolish optimism over the ultimate effects of the present advance. If it is carried through, as we hope, it will be a most magnificent victory. But it will not end the war. It will only be the prelude to a fierce, long winter campaign. If we win, we are going to want men, and more men, more than ever. If—as is always possible in war—our progress is stopped before it reaches its final triumph, we will sit down and prepare again, for another blow on a yet greater scale.

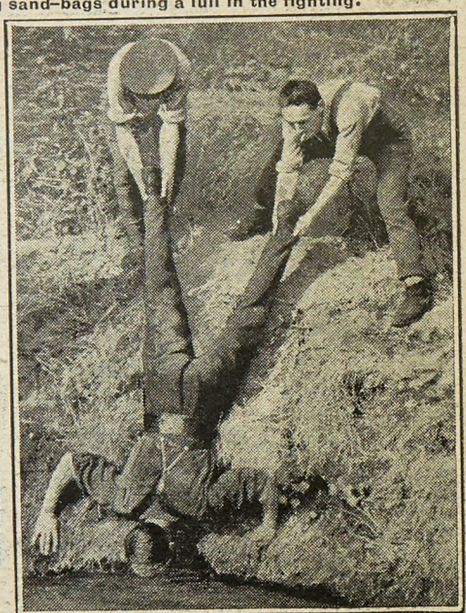
Demented German Gunners beg for Mercy

One of the most dramatic incidents in the great allied attack on the western front was the peculiar circumstance of the surrender of several German gunners. An officer, among the first to storm the enemy's artillery position, relates that so demoralised were the German gunners by the Allies' hurricane of fire that they were found huddled together in abject fear round their silenced weapons. Like so many demented children, they begged for mercy from their infuriated attackers.

Sister Services Work Hand-in-Hand in France



Londoners and Canadians on the Empire's work at the front. Left: Soldiers of the Queen's Westminsters enjoying an after-dinner rest in their trench. Above: Canadians filling sand-bags during a lull in the fighting.



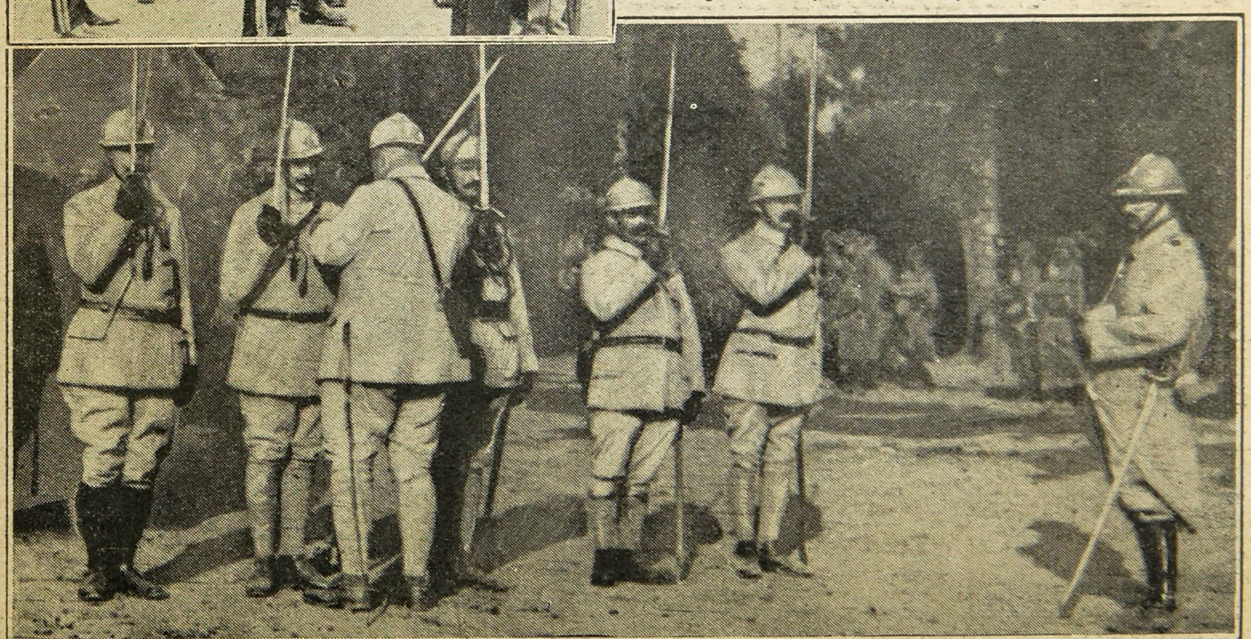
Handymen of the Royal Naval Air Service building a bridge in France. Right: Not affected by the "no treating" law. Tommies' novel way of standing a drink.

The Royal Naval Air Service in the firing-line. Members of this new branch of the British forces resting in a dug-out in France. Right: R.N.A.S. men at the festive board—a camp meal behind the lines in France. In addition to its activities in aerial and armoured-car fighting, the R.N.A.S. undertakes numerous engineering and transport duties at the front.

Proud Participants in the Glory that is France

An inspiring ceremony on a French battlefield where a number of stalwart cuirassiers, always imposing in their classic helmets, are being decorated for bravery in action.

French officer decorating four heroes in the trenches for capturing a German position, fifteen prisoners, and two Maxims.



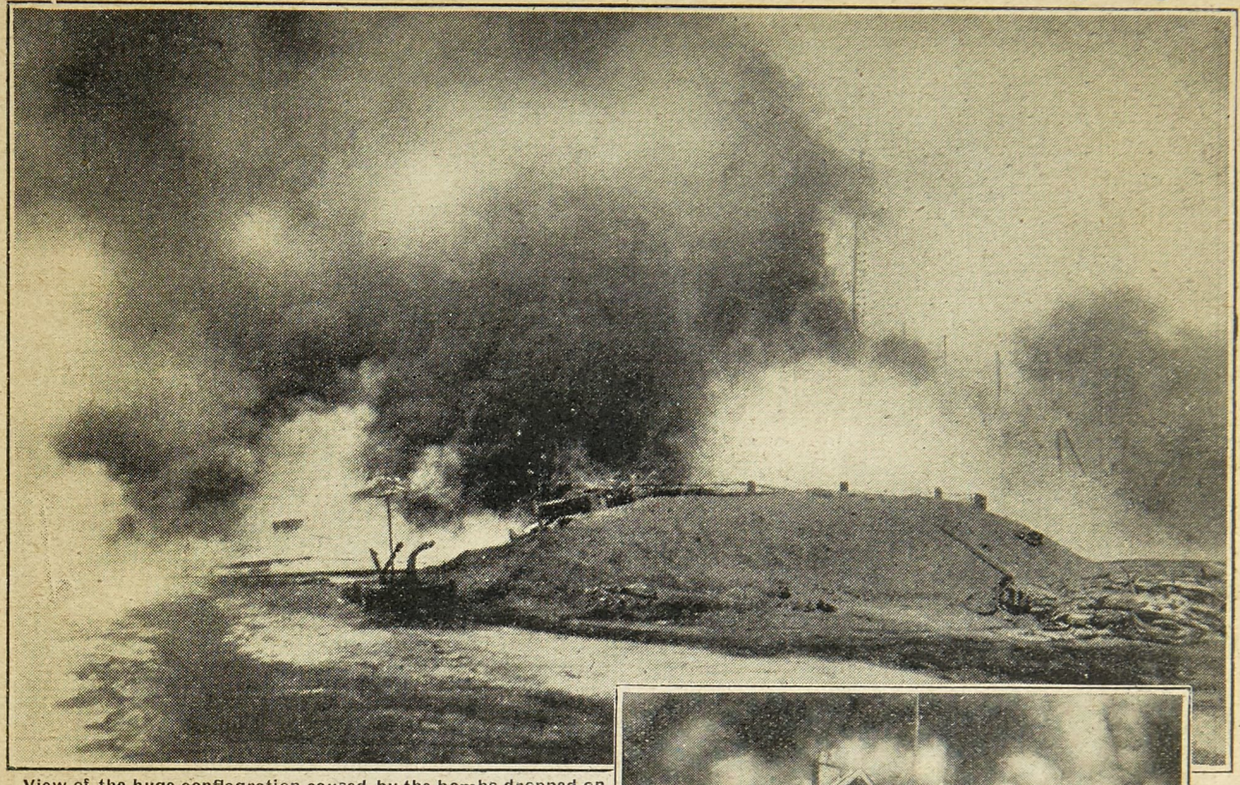
Unique scene on the occasion of the inspection and decoration of heroes of a French regiment, wearing the now generally used trench helmets. The colonel is in the act of pinning a medal on one of his officers, and the whole atmosphere of the photograph is reminiscent of old prints of the time of the Commonwealth. Inset: President Poincare conferring medals on wounded heroes.

War-worn Horses "On Furlough" in France

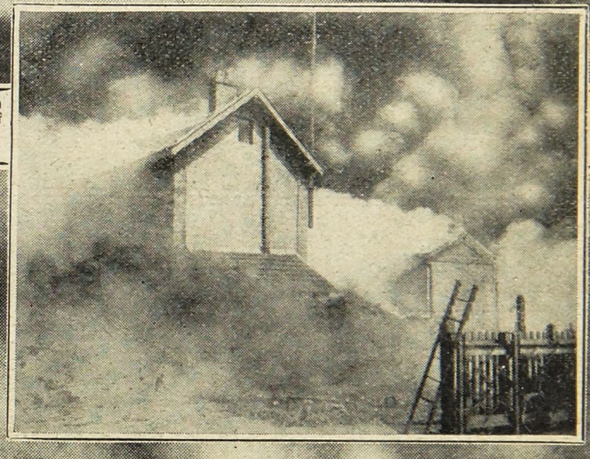
German artillery horses resting in the Woevre–Ebene Forest. This beautiful study, taken in one of the most appealing departments of France, conveys little of war to the eye. Yet these handsome creatures are daily engaged in keeping the German machine working.

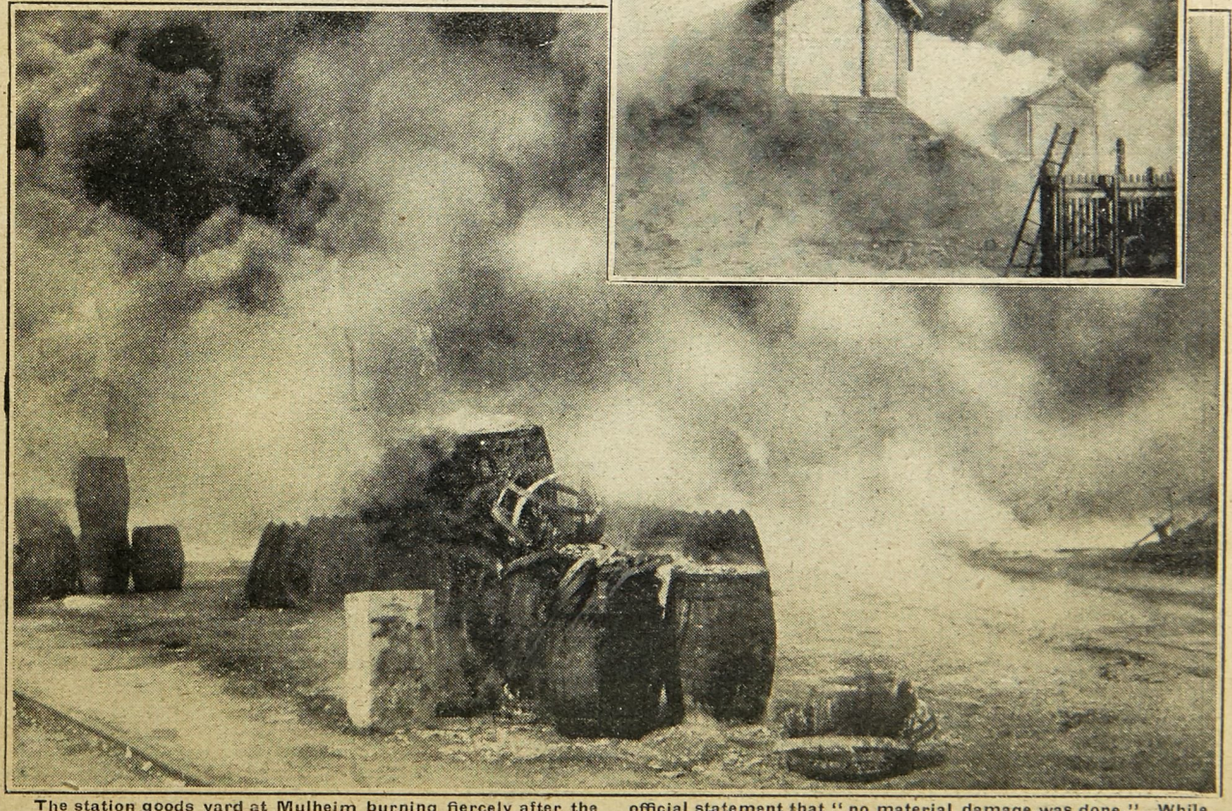
Among all the tragic spectacles arising out of the drama of war, occasional pictures, as those seen on this page, tend to relieve the mind-tension by reason of their natural charm and seeming remoteness from the eternal ordeal of men and machines. Here are a group of Goumiers, French African cavaliers, watering their horses at a sweet running stream.

'No Material Damage!' The Truth in Photographs



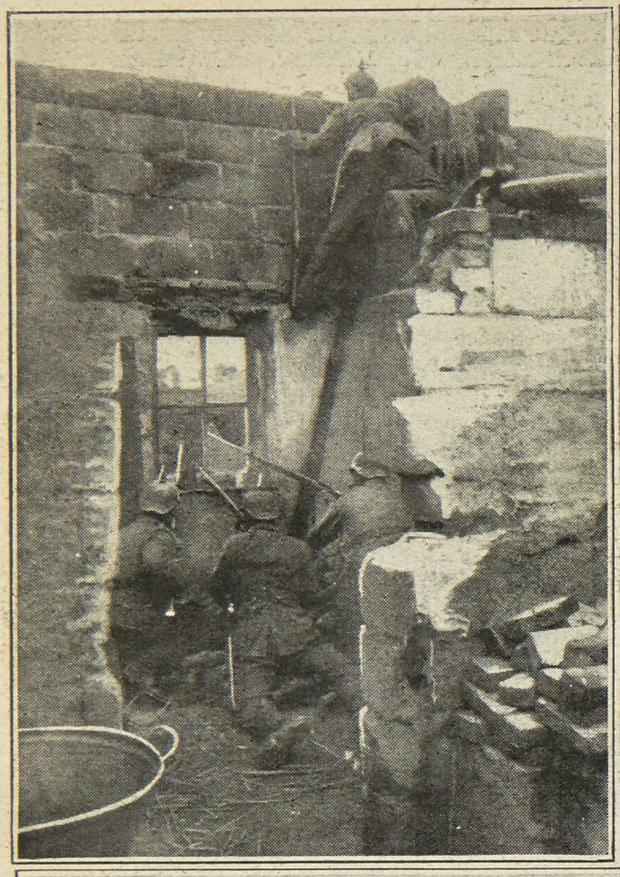
View of the huge conflagration caused by the bombs dropped on the important railway junction at Mulheim, in the Duchy of Baden, during the great raid by French airmen.

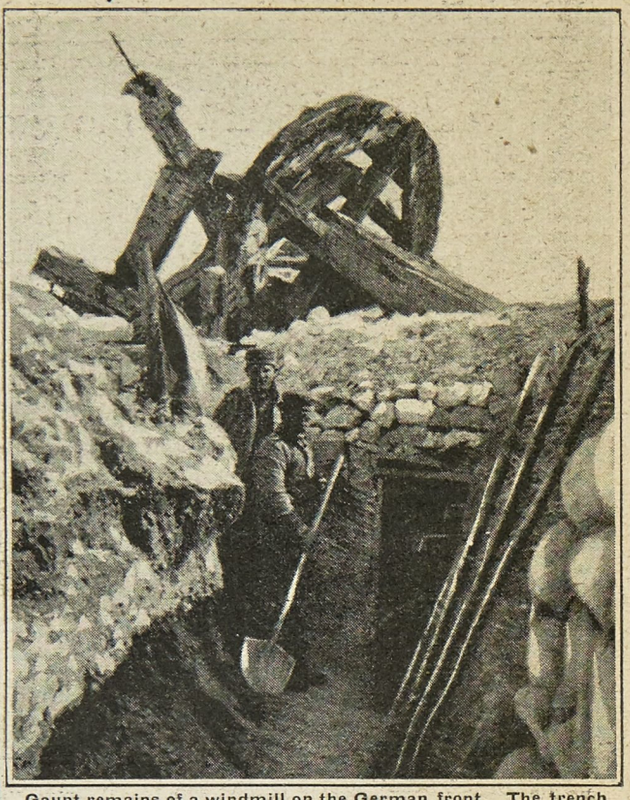




The station goods yard at Mulheim burning fiercely after the bombardment. Inset: The railway station on fire. It was completely destroyed by the fires caused by the bombs. These photographs, taken by a neutral, give the lie to the German official statement that "no material damage was done." While the daring airmen were dropping their bombs on the junction, the town of Mulheim was in a panic. This raid caused the uneasiness in Germany where fear of air reprisals is prevalent.

With the Huns in Fortress, Field and Trench

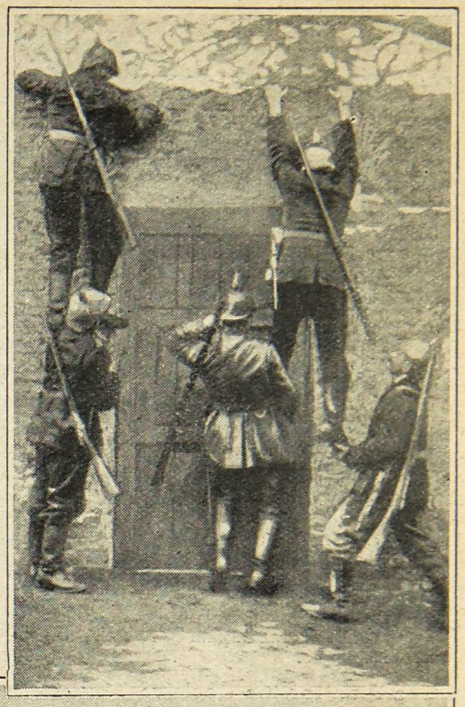




Gaunt remains of a windmill on the German front. The trench burrows under the foundations of this shattered edifice. Left: Spirited photograph of a German outpost attacking from the cover of a ruined house near Ypres.

German soldiers keeping guard over a battlefield in Lorraine. As far as eye can see there is a waste of ruin, and only the re-erected maze of barbed-wire gives any indication of living endeavour. Lorraine peasants, whose households are so fatally situated in the midst of the terror, have come out to contemplate the havoc of war.

In France behind the Enemy's Hard-Pushed Lines



Before the battle. German reserve troops resting in the market-place of a French town prior to marching to the trenches. Right: Enemy patrol scaling a wall in France to scout the ground behind it.

Only after a second glance at this picturesque landscape does one detect the element of war. Hidden in a pigeon-house in these romantic surroundings are two German scouts, searching for signs of the Allies' troops. By the edge of the peaceful, shaded waters of the lake another is calmly fishing. It is unlikely that he will catch anything before he is involved in the "great push."

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXVII.—The Gloom and Glory of the Sari Bair Battles

AT the beginning of August, 1915, Enver Bey began to tire of the slow, scientific warfare being waged by the German commander on the Gallipoli Peninsula. Liman von Sanders wanted to hold on patiently in his vast system of defences until the south-west autumnal gales made it very difficult, if not impossible, for any ships to revictual the attacking armies clinging to the coast around Krithia and "Anzac" Cove. But the impetuous Young Turk, who had made himself master of the Ottoman Empire, desired to drive the British and French troops into the sea by an immediate, overwhelming attack. There was some sound ground of policy in the vehement method of Enver. He was much afraid that another powerful army would soon join in the Dardanelles operations, and it was his design to deliver at once so decisive a blow against the British, Australian, Indian, and French forces that the Italian plan of co-operation would collapse.

The Plan for the Decisive Thrust

With this design a fresh army was marched through the Bulair lines towards the end of the first week of August. But as the troops were swinging down towards Achi Baba and Sari Bair an unexpected event occurred. A British battle squadron appeared off the neck of land at Bulair with a large number of troopships. The British naval guns opened a furious bombardment, and a small covering British force landed on the shore to clear the place of embarkation for the new attacking army. Enver Bey quickly massed his fresh troops around the cliffs for a great battle which never occurred.

It was only a feint, carried out by an Empire with such vast naval resources that it could spare a fleet simply to distract the enemy. The great new British landing was made far to the south at Suvla Bay, where a plain extends beyond a salt lake to the ridge of heights commanding the Narrows. Only a small Turkish post of some fifty men was guarding the shore, and under the fire of our naval guns a footing was won with comparative ease, and the new army disembarked. It was commanded by a brilliant general, famous for his Staff work, and chosen, it is said, by Sir Ian Hamilton to make the decisive thrust across the Gallipoli Peninsula which was designed to overthrow the Ottoman power. According to the plan of attack, admirably arranged by the Scottish Commander-in-Chief, the new army was to swing across Anafarta plain, with Burnt Hill on its left, Anafarta ridge in front of it, and Chunuk Bair, a shoulder of the commanding peak of Sari Bair on its right. The army was to hold out on its left, and rush with its main force up the central ridge and the slopes of Chunuk Bair, where the crowning battle for the Dardanelles was to take place.

For while the new army was attacking from the north, the wild, half-naked, sun-baked sons of the Southern Cross—the Australian, New Zealand, and Maori troops, now known as the "Anzacs"—were ordered to assail Chunuk Bair from the south, with the help of the Indian troops. Then, in order to keep the enemy so fully employed on all fronts that he would be unable to concentrate against the main surprise attack, the British and French troops lined out across the tip of the peninsula near the village of Krithia were commanded to deliver an assault against the southernmost Turkish fortress height of Achi Baba, or Tree Hill.

Heroic Achievements of the Anzacs

All the veteran forces of the Dardanelles gave battle on August 6th, and carried out their part of the general plan with clockwork precision and tremendous drive. They were heartened by the knowledge that at last the grand movement was launched which would, it was hoped, release them at last from the flies, thirst, burning heat, and other discomforts of the Dardanelles campaign.

In the southern zone, where Enver Bey tried to carry out his original sweeping movement, not only were all the Turkish attacks shattered, but our men advanced two hundred yards down the Krithia road, and greatly strengthened their difficult position. But the heroes of the general operations were the Anzacs. In this, their second great charge, they achieved the apparently impossible, by eclipsing the first great drive they had made towards Maidos during their early landing battles. At ten o'clock on Friday night, August 6th, one Anzac brigade leapt from its trenches, took the first Turkish trench with the bayonet in a few minutes, and then worked up the slopes of Sari Bair in the darkness, the men guiding themselves by the stars, and stabbing their way through the ravines and the sniper-sheltering scrub. The violent hand-to-hand struggle went on all through Saturday, August 7th, when the New Zealanders especially gained a good deal of ground. Then on the left of the New Zealand advance the Australians and Indians worked forward and won Lonesome Pine Plateau. Here their first line was shattered by the enemy's shrapnel fire, but the second and third lines drove on with frenzied courage, and in one stabbing, screaming, raging charge captured four lines of Turkish trenches.

Crests Won by Bayonet Battles

Meanwhile, another Australian brigade, with an Anzac and Indian reserve, marched out in the darkness northward towards Suvla Bay to capture Chunuk Bair and connect the Anzac position with that of the new army. The men went forward with unloaded rifles to unknown and unexplored territory, over broken ridges covered with thorn-bush. Each ridge was held by the Turks, and the fighting had to be done with the bayonet alone so as not to draw the fire of the enemy's guns by rifle-flashes. Ridge after ridge was rushed with the steel, and when dawn came the Australians had thrust themselves for more than two miles across the lower slopes of Sari Bair.

By fighting of a kind so desperate as to be almost superhuman, the Anzac forces at last won to the crests of both Chunuk Bair and the dark towering Sari Bair. It needed only a comparatively light thrust from the north, by the new army, to topple over the last line of Turks and win a decisive victory. The opening of the Dardanelles and the fall of the Ottoman Empire were events that seemed suddenly about to be realised, through the heroism of men belonging to nations which did not exist when the Turk first entered Europe. Unhappily, all did not go smoothly with the new army that had been landed in Suvla Bay. How exactly the denouement occurred we shall not know until Sir Ian Hamilton's third despatch is published. But it is known that the enemy was able to bring up large fresh forces, while our troops were still lying at a disadvantage on the lowland by the sea.

Defeat of the Surprise Attack

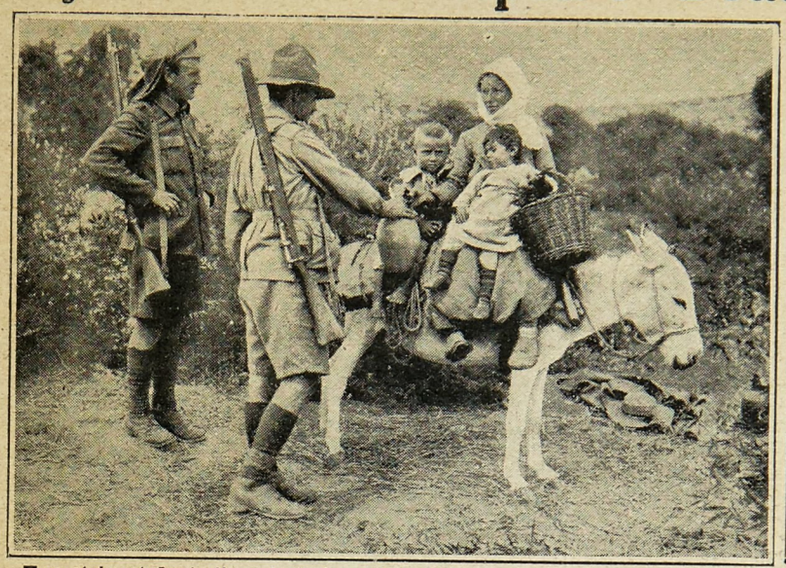
Then when the new army tried to advance on Anafarta ridge, on August 9th, the Turks set fire to the shrub on the height known as Burnt Hill, and the flames were carried by a strong north wind across our front, compelling our infantry to abandon their advanced position. The fires continued the following day, and by this time Enver Bey was able in turn to march his new forces around Sari Bair, and check the masterly surprise attack which Sir Ian Hamilton had planned.

The heroic Anzac army, which had fought to the utmost limit of its powers, was slowly pushed back towards its former position, and though it was able to maintain along the coast connection with the Suvla Bay army, the general result of its long-sustained and incomparable exertions was indecisive.

On August 21st another heroic assault against Burnt Hill was delivered by the Yeomanry Division of the new army. The dismounted cavalrymen charged across a valley and stormed the Turkish trenches in a magnificent way, but on reaching the crest of the hill they were raked by a cross-fire of enemy guns and machine-guns, and with the hostile forces surrounding them from higher ground on three sides, they had to abandon the position at night. Another attack, however, on August 27th and 28th, was more fortunate, and at last the ridge was won from which the Anafarta valley could be commanded by our artillery. This final advance enabled us to consolidate our lines from Suvla Bay to Gaba Tepe and to drive a wedge some three miles long through the critical point in the Turkish system of defences.

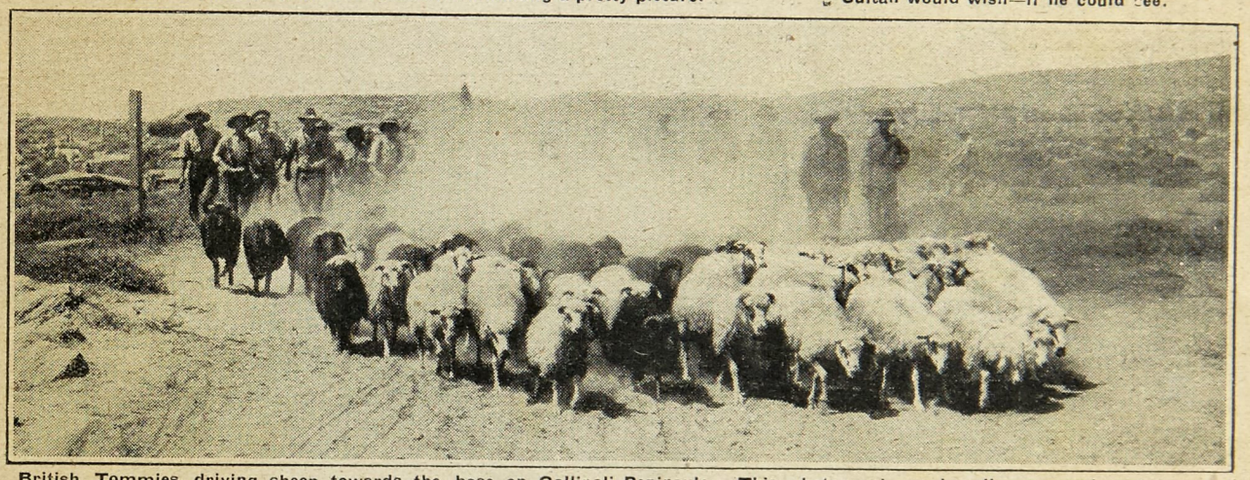
Captain Persius, the German naval expert, was strangely moved to acclaim our new landing at Suvla Bay as a "surprising success," and in many ways it was, though it failed to bring about "the Great Thing." Let us hope the splendid heroism it evoked was not in vain.

Idylls from Gallipoli's Death-Strewn Strand

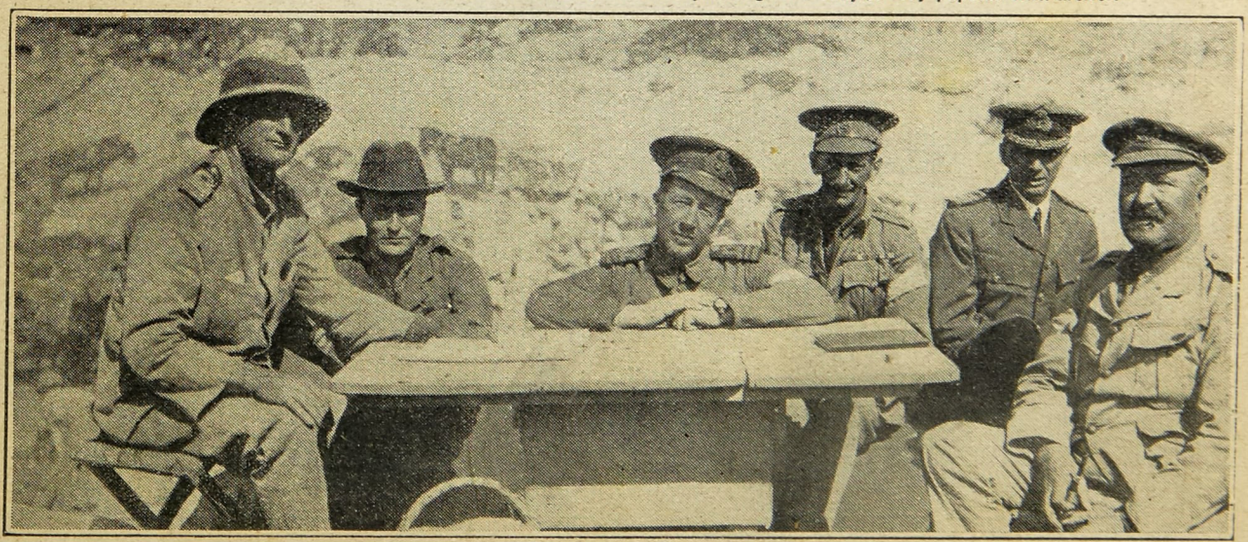


Two stalwart Australians in "shorts" handing a pitcher of water to a native family on the donkey. None looks particularly enthused over the gift, but, at any rate, the photographer has succeeded in making a pretty picture.

A fatherly Anzac with two Turkish children who have taken more kindly to him than the "terrible" Sultan would wish—if he could see.



British Tommies driving sheep towards the base on Gallipoli Peninsula. This photograph, so happily arranged as to composition, light, and shadow, is reminiscent of many beautiful paintings of a subject very popular with artists.



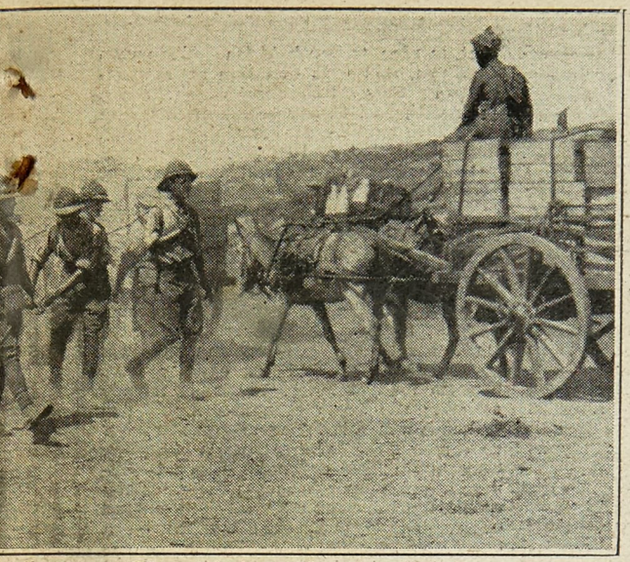
Group of officers at the Dardanelles, among whom (on the extreme left) is Captain Unwin, who recently gained the V.C. These officers took the opportunity of a lull in the operations to hold an impromptu ceremony of hearty congratulation to Captain Unwin.

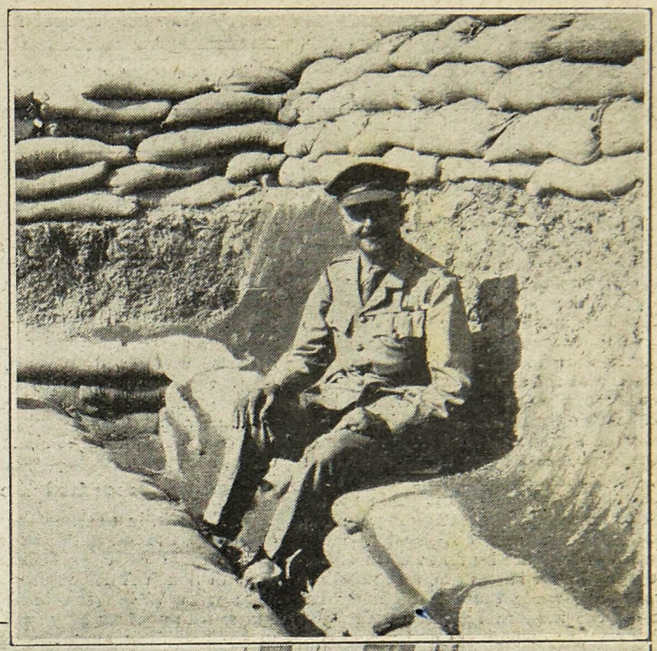
After the Landing at Suvla Bay: Empire

Scene of animation after the great disembarkation. British troops h
Inset: On left and right respectively—Two peers who are fighting on
Earl of Granard in

Stripped to the waist, yet bathed in perspiration, the crew of a cleverly-concealed gun are "doing their bit" and more for the Empire amid the forbidding rocks of Gallipoli. This striking war picture was secured only at considerable risk to the photographer.

Troops Consolidating the New Position





hauling up a filter and stores of ammunition from the shore. Gallipoli for their realm—The Marquis of Tullibardine and the the trenches.

Commandant's advanced base office at the new landing-place. British officers are seen resting under an awning of earth sacks with which this "department" has been erected, while in the background some soldiers are passing on to duty over an improvised bridge.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

II.—The 9th Lancers

A WAR in which trenches and dug-outs, howitzers, shrapnel, and grenades, to say nothing of explosive bombs and poisonous gases, play a prominent part, does not give the cavalryman very much chance, and he probably thinks that the battles of the past were far superior to the battles of the present. No doubt he is right. It is more exhilarating, more like the real thing, to ride gaily towards your enemy on a fine horse than to look at him through a periscope and then to blow him into small pieces by exploding a mine at dead of night. Even that dashing and charming horseman, Etienne Gerard, about whom Conan Doyle has told so many delightful tales, would have had a very poor time if he had been fighting for France in 1915.

But in spite of the great change in the nature of war, our cavalrymen have proved that they are by no means useless. Their plumes and lances are, and possibly their swords, while there is certainly no room on the modern battlefield for that "rich armoury of banners and pennons" which, so Froissart tells us, the French Army carried at Poitiers; but nevertheless the men and the horses can do as good and useful work as they ever did.

"Our cavalry acted with great vigour, especially General De Lisle's Brigade, with the 9th Lancers and the 18th Hussars."
—SIR JOHN FRENCH.

This fact has been proved by all our cavalry regiments during the Great War, but by none more clearly than by the famous 9th Lancers. The story of this regiment goes back to 1715, just two hundred years ago, when the Jacobites were stirring up trouble in Scotland. To provide against this danger several new regiments of cavalry were raised, and one of these was called Wyme's, for in those days regiments were frequently called by the name of their colonel. Later it was known as the 9th Dragoons, then as the 9th Light Dragoons, and finally as the 9th Lancers.

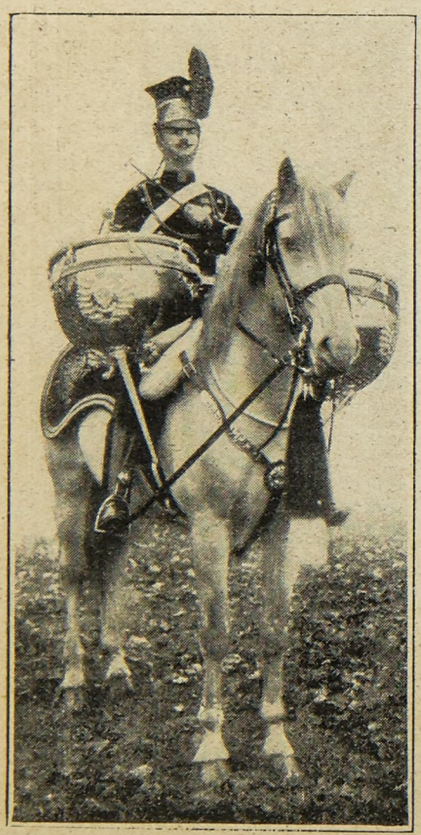
The Record of the 9th

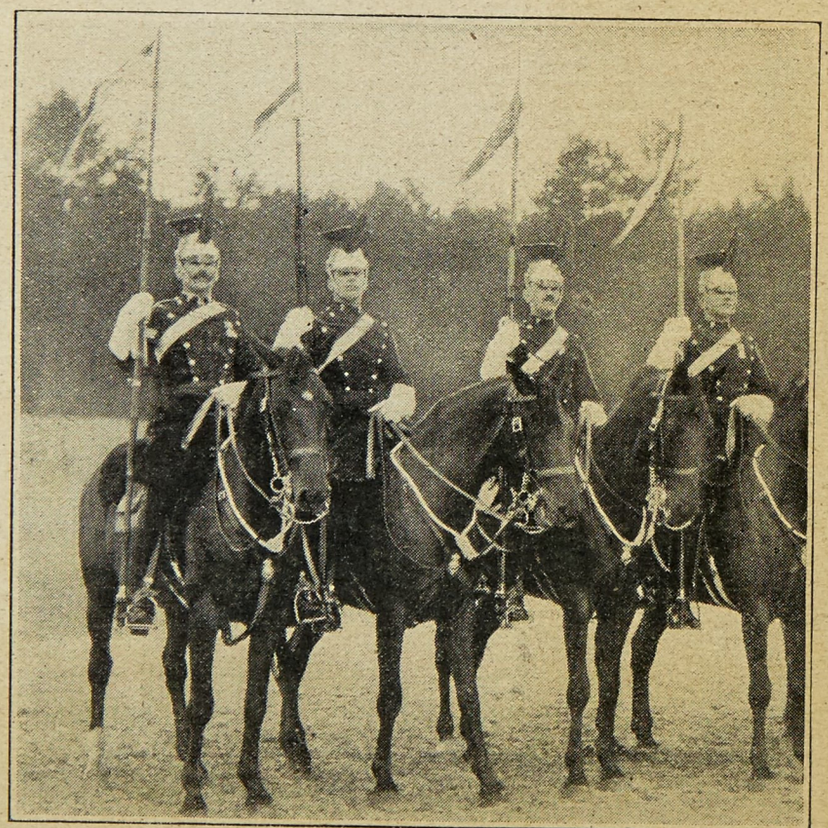
At Falkirk, in 1746, unlike some of their comrades, the 9th did not flinch before the wild charge of the Highlanders; they were in South America in 1807, and later were with Wellington in the Peninsula. In the 19th century they spent many years in India. They fought against the Sikhs and in the Mutiny; more than once against the Afghans, and one of their great exploits was the saving of the guns at Maiwand. From India they were sent, in 1899, to South Africa. They were in Natal, and with Methuen at Magersfontein; they led the force which French took with him to relieve Kimberley, and they were present at Paardeberg. With such a record behind them, it was certain that the 9th Lancers would leave their mark on the Great War.

When the war broke out the 9th Lancers left Tidworth for the front, as one of the three regiments in the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, the one under General De Lisle. During the fighting around Mons on Sunday, August 23rd, they were in reserve, but not for long did they remain there. On the 24th our 5th Division was in a very tight place, and the cavalry were sent to its assistance, the 2nd Brigade reaching the scene of action first. The Germans were advancing in great masses, so, near the village of Audregnies, General De Lisle ordered his men to dismount and to open fire upon them. They did so, but the enemy still came on in good order. The general then decided on a charge, and for this chose the 9th Lancers who, at the word of command, mounted their horses and rode steadily at the enemy.

It was Balaclava over again. The squadrons rode to death, and the colonel, so we were told, said that he never expected a single Lancer to return. In face of a torrent of shot and shell from guns and

[*Continued on page* 183





[*Gale & Polden*

Drummer and troopers of the 9th Lancers in parade dress. The charge of the 9th Lancers at Audregnies on August 24, 1915, against a solid mass of German infantry, has been described as Balaclava over again.

The 9th Lancers Saving the Guns near Doubon

The second charge of the 9th Lancers on August 24th, 1914. After their magnificent charge at Audregnies, Captain F. O. Grenfell, though wounded, led his Lancers to the rescue of some guns of the 119th Battery, Royal Field Artillery. For his heroism on that memorable day Captain Grenfell received the Victoria Cross.

rifles, they dashed on until they found themselves against two lines of barbed-wire, where men and horses fell over in all directions. This ended the charge. The survivors were ordered to retire into shelter, and out of more than four hundred who had ridden out, only seventy-two at first answered to their names. Later some two hundred others turned up, but the regiment had lost heavily. Major V. R. Brooke, D.S.O., was among the killed. However, the charge was not altogether fruitless. The Lancers had drawn the enemy's fire, and so had done something to help the harassed 5th Division. One trooper described the charge as "magnificent but horrible," while a Frenchman who rode with them wrote: "My God! How they fell."

Charges at the Marne

But the Lancers had not yet finished their day's work. When the survivors arrived at a railway embankment near Doubon, they found themselves in the company of some gunners, who had been driven from their guns with heavy loss. Captain F. O. Grenfell, now the senior officer of the Lancers, who had been wounded in the charge, but had managed to keep his squadron together, went out into the open, and at the peril of his life found a way of saving the guns. On his return he asked the men to follow him. Leaving their horses, they rushed out, reached the abandoned guns, and trundled them into safety. For this heroic deed Captain Grenfell received the Victoria Cross.

By September 6th, when the decisive Battle of the Marne began, the 9th Lancers had been rested and reinforced, and were ready to take their part in driving back the enemy. On the 7th the Germans were in full retreat, and this retreat was covered by their cavalry. Whenever they got a chance our regiments charged the enemy, and although they were fewer in numbers they had much the better of this cavalry battle. They caught the Germans in a clear space between some woodlands, and riding at them with yells of triumph they cut down hundreds with their swords. On the next day the cavalry forced a passage across the Petit Morin, and made their way towards the Aisne, where the real trench warfare began. In the September fighting the 9th Lancers lost two very competent company officers—Captain D. L. K. Lucas-Tooth, who had won the Distinguished Service Order for gallantry at Audregnies, and Captain R. N. Grenfell, the bearer of a great and martial name. In addition their colonel, Lieut.-Col. D. G. M. Campbell, had been wounded.

Like Othello, the cavalry now found that their occupation was gone, or nearly so. During October they made fruitless attempts to get across the Lys, but in general they were employed just like the infantry to man the trenches. During the first Battle of Ypres the 9th Lancers, with several other regiments, were stationed near Messines, where they repulsed several attacks during the earlier days of the battle. On October 31st, however, the Germans made a most violent assault. The 9th Lancers were driven from their trenches, and on that day and the next they fought desperately as foot soldiers at the most critical part of the British line. There, on the first of those two days, one of the regiment's lance-corporals, A. C. Seton, earned the Distinguished Conduct Medal for working his machine-gun after his squadron had fallen back, and so making it possible for them to recapture their lost trench.

August 24th, 1914, was, as we have already seen, one of the great days in the history of the 9th Lancers, and May 24th, 1915, exactly nine months later, was another. After a period of rest the 1st Cavalry Division, to which the Lancers belonged, returned to the trenches on May 12th, just after the Germans had begun to use poison gas, and were placed in front of Ypres. On the following day they were bombarded and suffered some loss, but their real trial came on the 24th. The cloud of poisonous gas was blown down upon the dismounted Lancers, but they knew how to use their respirators and were able to stick to their trenches through it all. In one place, however, the Germans did manage to break through, but under Captain Grenfell the left section of the line held firm, and saved the day. It was on this occasion that Grenfell, the hero of August 24th, was killed by a shell, and with him fell Captain W. H. R. Court. The regiment also lost Captain Noel Edwards, like Grenfell, a famous polo player, who was murdered by poison gas.

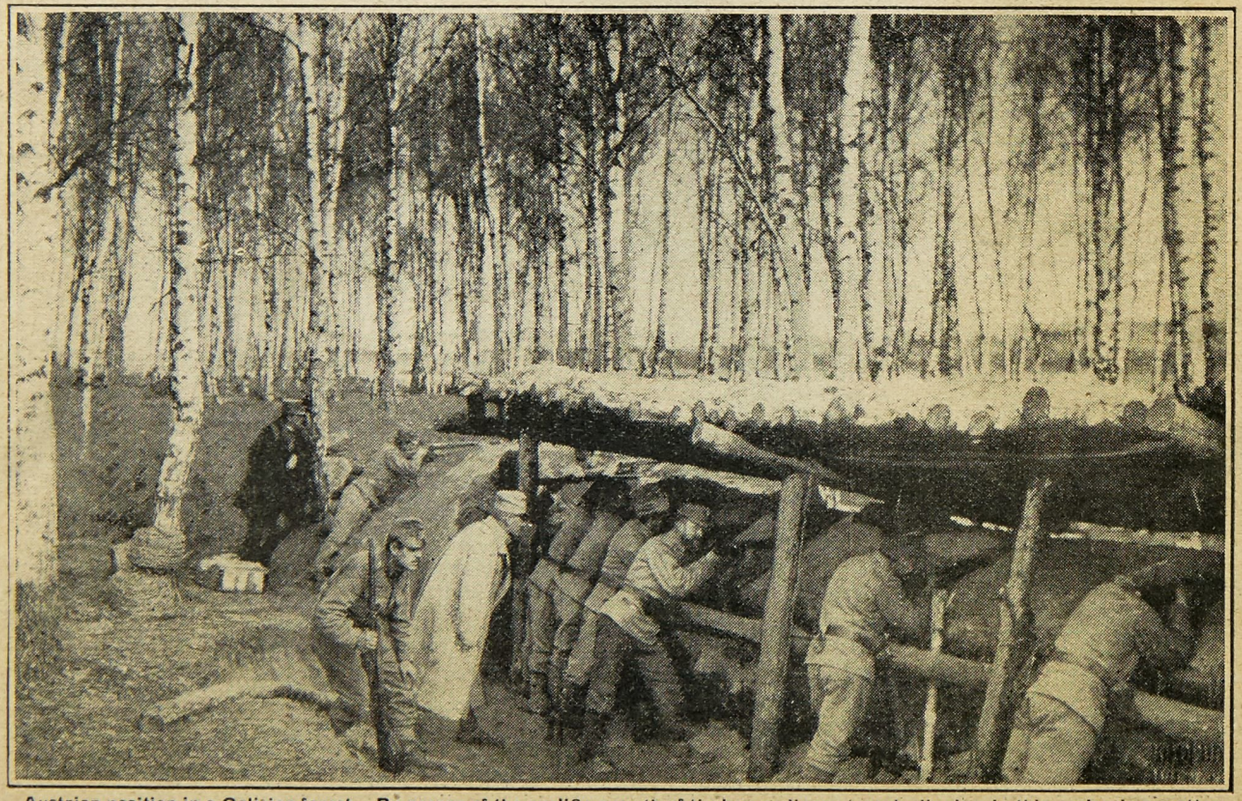
Heroes of the Lancers

On that May day all the 9th Lancers were heroes, but two perhaps may be singled out as having specially distinguished themselves. One of these was Captain G. F. Reynolds who helped Captain Grenfell to organise the defence of the left section of the line, and under heavy fire passed frequently from the trenches to the headquarters and back again with messages. He could not escape from the poison, but in spite of this "he set the finest example possible of calmness, coolness, and courage." The words are those of the "London Gazette." The other Lancer was Sergeant J. W. Chitty. He showed great gallantry in laying and repairing telephone wires under heavy fire, and, in spite of the poisonous fumes which had invaded the dug-out where the telephone was, he kept up communication with the front.

A. W. Holland.

Austrians on the Border-line of Warring Empires

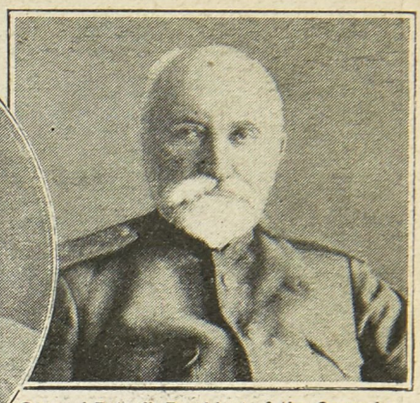
"Counting their chickens——." The Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand and some of his Staff celebrate the temporary triumph of passing over into Russian territory. They are here seen cheering on the frontier-line between the two great empires.



Austrian position in a Galician forest. By reason of the prolific growth of timber, ordinary trench-digging in this region is a matter of some difficulty. Therefore substitute defences have been thrown up which consist of a barricade of sandbags covered with trees taken from the forest. Coils of barbed-wire are seen to the left awaiting to be placed in position.

Leading Figures in Russia's Glorious Rally

Emperor as private. The Great White Tsar as he appears in the uniform of a humble subject.



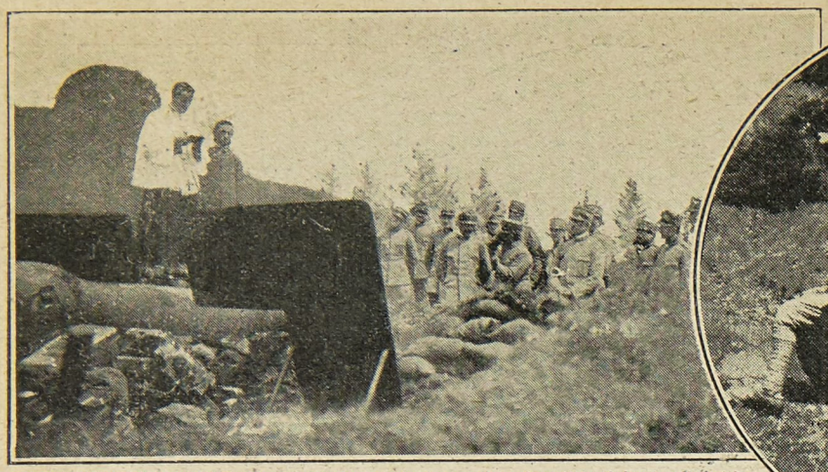
General Petroff, President of the Commission of Inquiry into the shortage of Russian munitions. Left: General Ivanoff, whose army has captured 70,000 prisoners.

The riderless steed. Horse found wandering over the battlefield after an engagement, and taken "prisoner" by the Russians. Its rider had been killed in the fray.

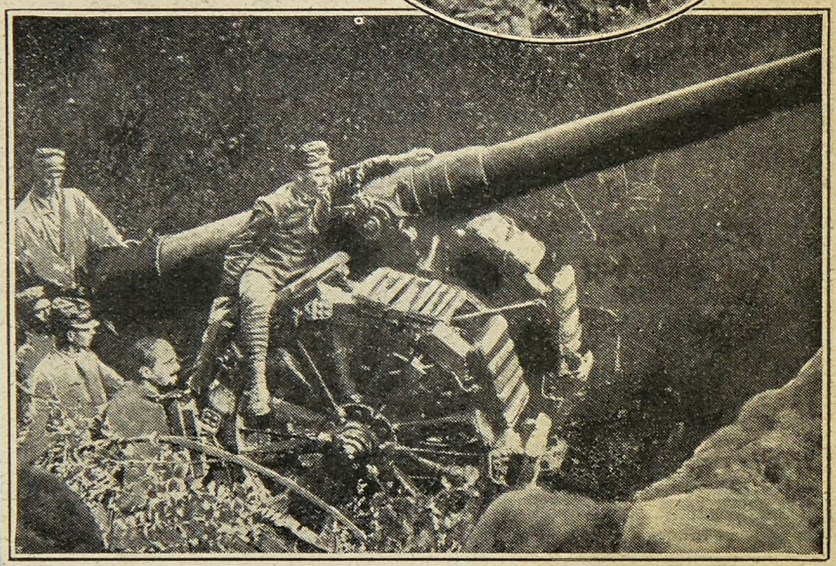
Prominent Russian officers making observations from within a strongly timbered trench.

Working out the position of the advancing Germans. More Russians officers engaged in the art of strategy.

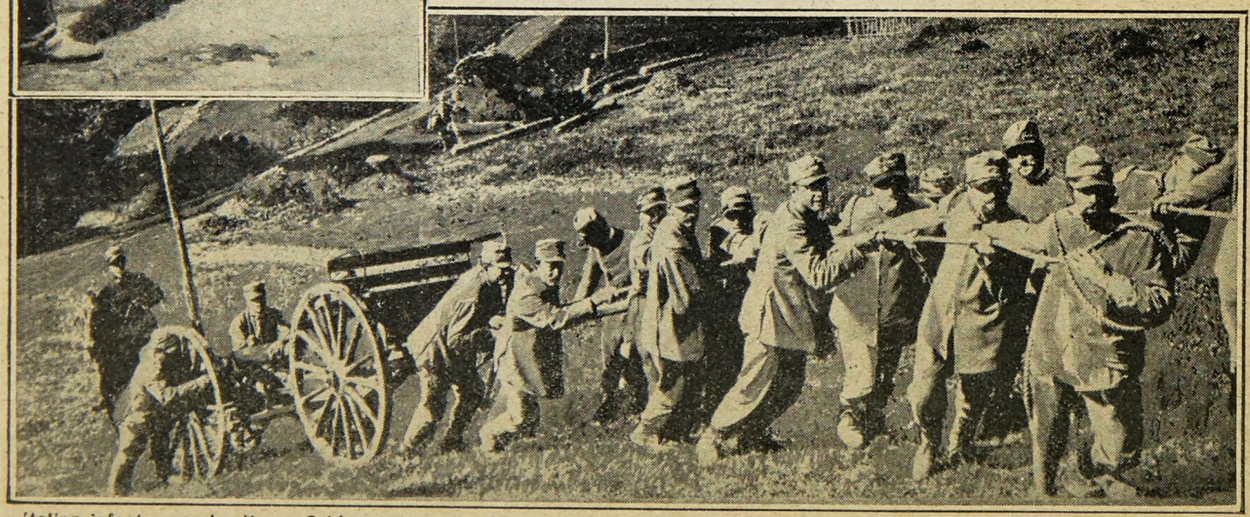
Fresh Scenes of War from the Alpine Field



Priest of the Church of Rome blessing an Italian gun after it had been placed in position for action. Right: Italian advance guard reconnoitring in the Alps.

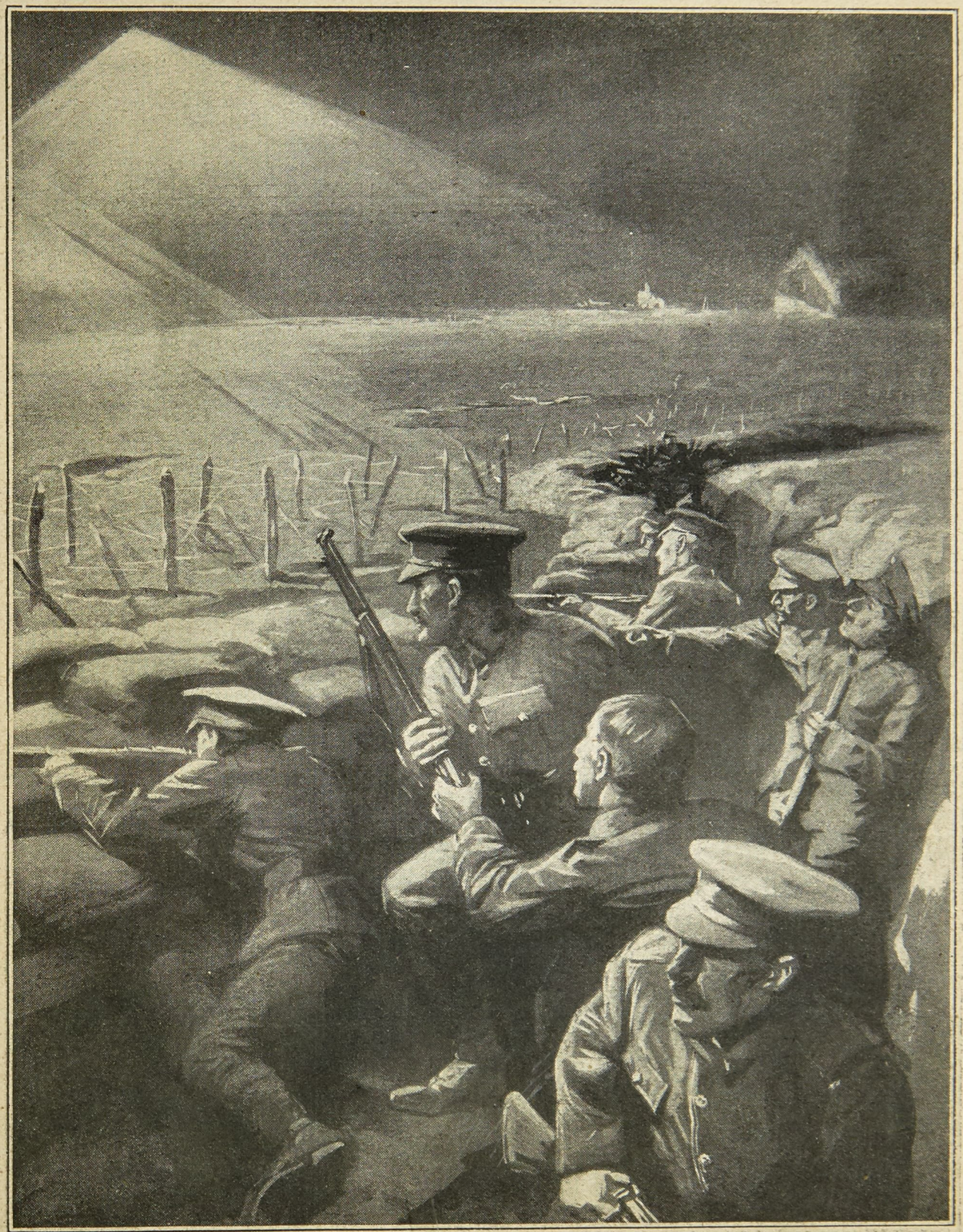


Left: King Victor Emmanuel talking with members of his Staff on the Italian front. His Majesty is an enthusiastic photographer, and invariably carries his camera with him to the firing-lines. Above: Italian heavy guns sheltered from Austrian aircraft.



Italian infantrymen hauling a field-gun over rough ground. Lord Kitchener said, in a recent speech: "The achievements of the Italian artillery have been truly remarkable, and the manner in which heavy pieces have been hauled into almost inaccessible positions, in spite of great difficulties, evokes universal admiration."

Snipers' Nocturnal Work by Star-Shell Light



A night-time scene in the British firing-line, three or four hundred yards from the German trenches. Sentries are keenly on the alert, though they can only see a few yards before them in the inky darkness. Then there is a sudden whir, and a brilliant light shines eerily over the scene, for a few seconds illuminating the trenches, and the "No Man's Land" between. In the space of those few seconds, however, snipers on both sides mark their men, and directly the star-shell goes out, bullets whistle from the trenches. Every few moments this is repeated, with alternate light and darkness as the star-shells burst and go out.

Greece Follows Bulgaria in Mobilising

Group of the famous Guards Regiment of the Greek Army. Inset: On right, type of Greek infantry which has been modelled and trained on the French plan.

Recent photograph of Greek infantry on the march. On the left, the King of Greece is seen conversing optimistically over the situation with M. Venezelos, the great Greek patriot, who is in favour of intervention with the Allies.

Greek artillerymen engaged in hauling a big gun up a hillside. The Greek Army, which has been greatly improved since the last Balkan conflagration, has a peace footing of 100,000 men, which in war-time can be augmented to 400,000.

Film Fragments of War-time Interest

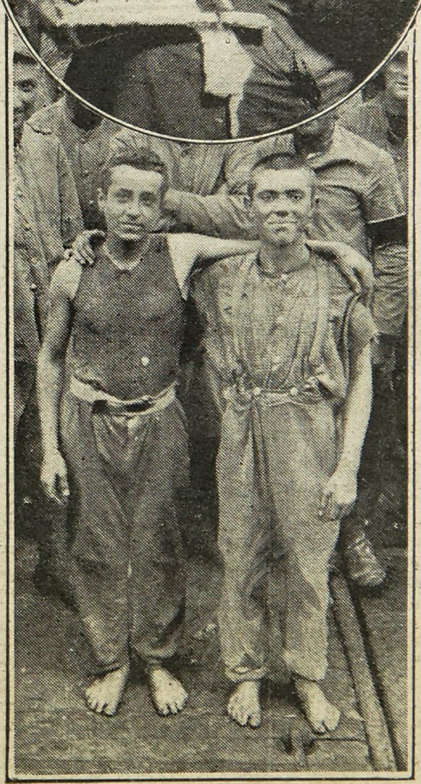
Adaptable Hun prisoner in England who plays "Tipperary" on a mouth-organ to his comrades on their marches in Dorset.

"So Wee Wee," the smallest Pekingese dog, which is able to stand comfortably in the hat of a member of the Sussex Yeomanry.

Beneath: Old lace-maker refugee from "No Man's Land" of Flanders who carries on her work still within sound of the guns.

When "Tommy" comes home he can soon adapt himself to domestic work, even to acting as a nursemaid.

A Spartan cure for shrapnel injuries. Wounded New Zealander playing tennis in a hospital ground.



Two young French stowaways on a transport going to the Dardanelles. When found they asked permission to go to the front.

"Billy," mascot of the South African heavy artillery, objects to headgear off parade, and removes caps with gusto.

"Frightfulness" and British Naval Efficiency

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE more one studies this war, the more clearly one sees what Chatham saw when he brought order out of chaos by his single-minded directive power. Concentrate! Concentrate! Concentrate! on the vital issues. This, of course, a Cabinet of twenty-two—pulled this way and that by Heaven knows how many dwellers in grooves or departmental officials trained to many years of peaceful routine—could never do. Therefore the twenty-two Cabinet must give up its directive power to a smaller body. I venture to say that in such a war military considerations are paramount, and all others simply mean diversion of effort, waste, and loss. Happily, on the sea the Germans have been even greater sinners against the military consideration of concentrating on vital issues than ourselves, and we have reaped the benefit.

The German Failure

The proof that Mr. Balfour was right when he said that Germany would abandon her submarine campaign on its "blockade" lines, not because of diplomacy, but because of its failure, is now proved by the downfall of Von Tirpitz and his Chief of the Staff, Behncke. They are respectively succeeded by Von Hoetzendorff, and it is rumoured by Von Koch. The first named has far more sea experience than Von Tirpitz. Curiously enough Von Tirpitz first got the ear of the Emperor by urging the Kiao Chau adventure of "the mailed fist," and he was brought home to carry it out. It has been earthquake and eclipse with everything he set out to do during his long tenure in charge of the German Navy.

The Kaiser could hardly fail to be struck by the contrast between the military achievements of the British submarine captains, such as those of that fine Kentish sailor, Commander Lawrence, and the piratical failure of the German submarines. What missed opportunities, and all because piratical adventure was preferred to military advantage! Just think what might not have been accomplished in the Dardanelles while submarines were suicidally immolating themselves on hooks baited with British commerce.

When our army went to Gallipoli, Sir Ian Hamilton told us in his despatch of August 26th, most of the water and all supplies had to come by sea on to beaches which were "small, cramped breaks in impracticable lines of cliffs," where the wind often stopped all landing, and such as it was took place under the Turkish fire. Not till May 22nd did some German submarines appear, and then, says the general, "every danger and every difficulty was doubled." The transports fled to Mudros, forty miles away, and everything was carried from thence in shallow craft.

As I have pointed out, we had not nearly enough fast armed craft to hunt the submarines. Happily they were few, because those that might have been sent had perished in the attack on British commerce, and if more could have been obtained, there were not sufficient trained crews to spare for the distant expedition.

This principle of concentration applies to expenditure as well. With an expenditure creeping up to over £5,000,000 a day, we must question what is not vital, for it is really a leakage from what is vital. The Prime Minister has indicated a reduction of naval expenditure, and as long as we are given the Navy to do our work, I do not quarrel. There is, however, the drain of gold and effort to sedentary defence which absorbs men, munitions, and guns in waiting for the enemy along the coast or around London. This criticism, of course, does not apply to keeping several hundred thousand men ready at an instant's notice to embark for a secret destination. This is pure blue water doctrine, and it will do no harm to state it once again.

The Invasion Fallacy

Three of our great assets are that we are an island with a splendid strategical position, and we possess a remarkable port accommodation, and a mercantile marine in consequence. The enemy knows this, and his General Staff knows that it may any day be threatened by the irruption of half a million men in one or several quarters. Landed in France, those troops appear against prepared lines, and are committed to a definite course of action which can be provided for on existing lines of communication. Kept ready for the decisive moment, when they will be moved with the relatively swift celerity of sea transport, they threaten some eight or nine points where preparations meaning diversion of men, munitions, and rolling-stock as far apart as the Belgian coast and the shores of the Mediterranean or the Ægean Sea, must be made, which seriously reduce the strength of the forces *actually fighting*.

So far as this influence on the war is concerned, the Zeppelins and the threat of invasion are merely scarecrows, unless we allow the old women of both sexes to make them successes by disproportionate sedentary defences. Our mobile Army, ready to embark secretly, is a real threat of dire proportions, and the enemy must cling to the coast in force in spite of the hammering he is getting from warships, because he never knows if from behind the warships will not come the troops. If it were not for the troops ready in England, the enemy would have nothing but artillery on the coast.

Recent Triumphs of the Royal Flying Corps

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

RECENT information from France shows that the Royal Flying Corps is again asserting that "marked personal ascendancy" over the German aeroplane pilots to which Sir John French referred in the first of his memorable despatches. It is stated on the authority of the Flying Corps' own records that between September 1st and September 18th, inclusive, forty separate duels were fought in the air between British and German aeroplanes. In four of these actions a German aeroplane was shot down, and in all the rest the Germans were chased back to their own territory.

Busy Days for the R.F.C.

It is, in fact, hardly fair to call them duels, because in many cases a British aeroplane has taken on three or four Germans at a time, or in rapid succession, and in at least one of these instances the single British machine has shot down one German and has chased the others off.

The precise sequence of these small battles is as follows: September 1st—Two fights. September 4th — One fight. September 5th—Nine fights (quite a busy day). September 6th—Two fights. September 7th—Five fights. September 8th—Two fights. September 9th—One fight. September 10th—Five fights. September 11th—One fight. September 12th—Five fights. September 13th—Four fights. September 14th—One fight. September 18th—Two fights.

It is quite extraordinary that despite the much-talked-of "double-engined" German biplane, and the almost equally well-known "Fritz," with its one big engine and two machine-guns, and sundry other German "battle aeroplanes," which the German communiqués mention with apparent pride, none of the British aeroplanes have been brought down by German fliers. In almost every case the German machines have been more powerfully engined and more heavily armed, and yet they have failed in the rôle of destroyers.

In several cases big German machines, carrying a machine-gunner as well as a pilot armed with a rifle, have been defeated by a small single-seater "scout," in which the pilot has to do his own shooting. One British pilot has, in fact, brought down six German aeroplanes himself since he went out on active service.

Such casualties in the R.F.C. as have appeared during the past month or two have all occurred through machines being hit by fire from anti-aircraft guns on the ground. In two cases these guns have scored a direct hit, which have simply smashed the aeroplanes to pieces in the air, and these are about the only cases of direct hits on record.

Several British machines have been brought down far behind the German lines, with engines or tanks hit by bullets or splinters from German shells, and the crews have been taken prisoners.

Further Successes

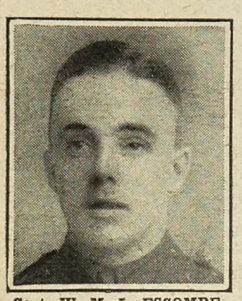
Between September 18th and September 25th it is reported that there were twenty-seven further combats in the air. At least one German aeroplane was brought down, and in only one case was a British aeroplane defeated and forced to descend. In that case—apparently on September 21st or 22nd, judging by the German communiqué and the British casualty list—the pilot was killed and the observer was taken prisoner.

It was by this series of fights that German air scouts were prevented from gathering information about the movements of British troops preparatory to the great attacks on September 25th, 26th, and 27th.

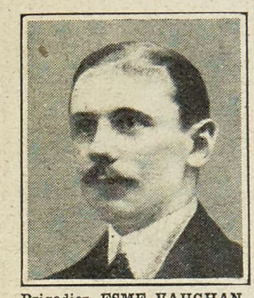
OUR DIARY OF THE WAR.—The complete and revised chronology of events for the month of September will be given in the next number of "The War Illustrated."

More Men who have won Heroic Fame

CAPTAIN WILLIAM MALCOLM LINGARD ESCOMBE, 20th London Regiment, won the D.S.O. for conspicuous gallantry at Givenchy. Brigadier Esmé Vaughan, grandson of the 5th Earl of Lisburne, was awarded the Médaille Militaire and the War Cross of the 1st Class while serving with a famous French cavalry regiment in Lorraine, where he was seriously wounded. Second-Lieut. Herbert James, 4th Worcesters, won the V.C. for conspicuous gallantry in Gallipoli. Major Fabian Arthur Goulstone Ware, of the British Red Cross Society, was awarded the Cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. The Distinguished Conduct Medal has been awarded to: Sergt. C. Utting, Royal Engineers; Sergt. H. R. Robertson, 5th Liverpool Territorials; Sergt. R. V. Todd, 1/5th London Regt.; Sergt. J. Coombe, Durham Light Infantry; Coy. Sergt.-Major H. W. Norris, 24th County of London Regt.; Sergt. W. Rouse, Royal Engineers; Sergt. W. Albone, 2nd Grenadier Guards; Bombardier J. G. E. P. Whiting, Royal Field Artillery; Lce.-Corpl. W. Morrissey, Border Regt.; Acting Lce.-Corpl. J. S. Brewster, 3rd London Regt.; Lce.-Corpl. J. Coleman, Border Regt.; Pte. R. Dickson, Royal Scots; Pte. A. E. Day, 7th London Regt.; Pte. W. Manford, South Staffs Regt.; Pte. R. A. F. Carey, 20th London Regt. Sergt. F. Eccles, 2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers, in addition to the D.C.M., has had the 4th Class of the Cross of St. George conferred upon him by the Tsar.

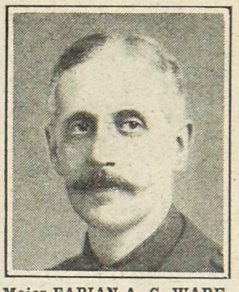


Capt. W. M. L. ESCOMBE, 20th Battalion London Regt.

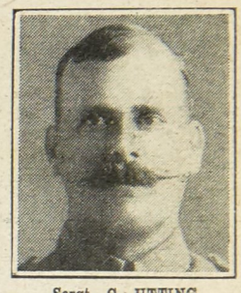


Brigadier ESME VAUGHAN. Grandson of 5th Earl of Lisburne.

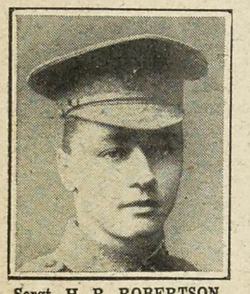
Sec.-Lieut. H. JAMES, V.C., 4th Worcester Regt.



Major FABIAN A. G. WARE, British Red Cross Society.



Sergt. C. UTTING, 2nd Field Co., Royal Engineers



Sergt. H. R. ROBERTSON, 1/5th Liverpool Territorials.

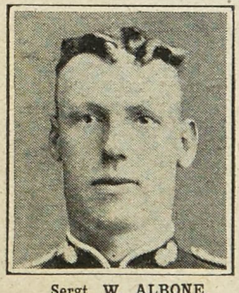
Sergt. R. V. TODD, 1/5th London Rifle Brigade.

Sergt. J. COOMBE, 5th Durham Light Infantry.

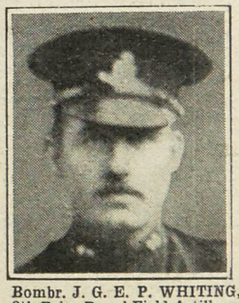
Coy. Sergt.-Maj. H. W. NORRIS, 24th London Regt.

Sergt. F. ECCLES, 2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers.

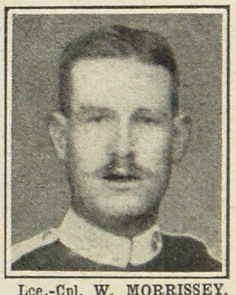
Cpl. (Act.-Sergt.) W. J. ROUSE, 12th Field Co., Royal Engineers.



Sergt. W. ALBONE, 2nd Grenadier Guards.



Bombr. J. G. E. P. WHITING, 8th Brig., Royal Field Artillery.



Lce.-Cpl. W. MORRISSEY, Border Regt.

Act. Lce.-Cpl. J. S. BREWSTER, 3rd London Regt.

Lce.-Cpl. J. COLEMAN, 2nd Border Regt.

Pte. R. DICKSON, 1/8th Royal Scots.

Pte. A. E. DAY, 7th London Regt.

Pte. W. MANFORD, South Staffs Regt.

Pte. R. A. F. CAREY, 20th London Regt.

Balkan Kingdoms on the Edge of the Maelstrom

RUSSIA
AUSTRIA HUNGARY
RUMANIA
SERBIA
BULGARIA
MONTENEGRO
ALBANIA
GREECE
TURKEY
ITALY
BUDAPEST
Debreczen
Grosswardein
Klausenburg
Hermanstadt
Kronstadt
Temesvar
Szegedin
Csaba
Arad
Neusatz
Esseg
Agram
Fiume
Trieste
Laibach
Steinamanger
Nagy Kanisa
Mo Theresiopel
Zombor
Lugos
Karlsburg
Neumarkt
Bistritz
Jassy
Kishenev
Tiraspol
Odessa
Berlad
Galatz
Braila
Ployesti
Bukharest
Pitesti
Craiova
Turnu Severinu
Orsova
Belgrade
Semendria
Pancsova
Versecz
Nagy Becskerek
Petroseny
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Focsani
Rimnik Sarat
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Kalafat
Widin
Negotin
Kragujevatz
Uzitsha
Cacak
Visegrad
Sarajevo
Mostar
Plevlie
Sienitza
Novi Bazar
Nish
Pirot
Vranja
Leskovatz
Zaribrod
Kustendil
Sofia
Philippopolis
Tatar Pazarjik
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Batak
Dedeagach
Karachali
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Thasos
Gallipoli
Samothrace
Imbros
Lemnos
Mt Athos
Salonica
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Prilep
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Xanthi
Gumuljina
Constantinople
Scutari
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Gemlik
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Aivali
Mitylene
Skyros
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Khios
Smyrna
Aidin
Samos
Nikaria
Tinos
Andros
Syros
Naxos
Amorgos
Milos
Thera
Astropalia
Rhodes
Karpathos
Crete
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C. Sidero
C. Lithinos
Sphakia
Cerigo
Neapolis
Cape Matapan
Zante
Cephalonia
Patras
Corinth
Argos
Pyrgos
Tripolitza
Arkadia
Leonidion
Kalamata
Methoni
Sta Maura
Corfu
Valona
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Scutari
Cettinje
Ragusa
Bari
Brindisi
Taranto
Lecce
Otranto
Gulf of Taranto
C.S. Maria di Leuca
Cariati
Cotrone
C. Rizzuto
Gulf of Gallipoli
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Ionian Sea
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Sea of Marmara
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Mostar
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Bielopolje
Bilek
Trebinje
Niksic
Grahova
Montenegro
Ragusa
Bocche di Cattaro
Cettinje
Cattaro
Budua
Antivari
Lake Scutari
Scutari
Prisrend
Ipek
Pristina
Vranja
Leskovatz
Zaribrod
Kustendil
Samakov
Tatar Pazarjik
Chirpan
Philippopolis
Batak
Egri Palanka
Uskub
Dibra
Alessio
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Drin B.
Adriatic Sea
Koprili
Istib
Strumnitza
Melnik
Perim Dagh
Struma R.
Vardar R.
Dorlan
Ochrida
Krusnevo
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Gulf of Saros
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Chanak
Lemnos
Gulf of Monte Santo
Gulf of Salonica
Gulf of Cassandra
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Rodosto
Eregli
Ismid
Bosphorus
Kara Burun
Karaburun
Midia
Kirk Kilissa
Adrianople
Chiflar Kushlar
Demotika
Kirjali
Chaskoi
Batak
Philippopolis
Tatar Pazarjik
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Maritza R.
Tundja R.
Tirnovo
Aya Stefano
Kiupriya
Burghas
Aidos
Slivno
Kesanlik
Troyan
Balkan Mts
Sofia
Klisura
Samakov
Kostendil

More Badges of Our Cavalry and Infantry Regiments

16th (Queen's) Lancers.
Figures "16," and inscribed scroll below on a pair of crossed lances. Between the pennons a crown. Known as "The Scarlet Lancers."

17th Lancers.
In silver, Death's Head and scroll inscribed "Or Glory." "The Death or Glory Boys" Regiment shared in Light Brigade charge at Balaclava.

18th Hussars.
Inscribed circle within laurel wreath, surmounted by crown. "Peninsula" and "Waterloo" on scrolls each side. In the circle "18" with an "H."

19th Hussars.
Elephant with inscribed scroll below. Regiment raised in 1759, and was at one time commanded by Sir John French. Nicknamed "The Dumpies."

20th Hussars.
Letters "XHX," and crown. Regiment disbanded with certain Light Dragoon regiments, after Waterloo, but was re-embodied in 1860.

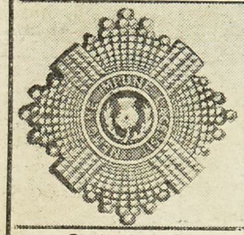
21st Lancers.
Imperial cypher and crown. Upon the staves "XXI." This regiment was disbanded and re-embodied three times.

Royal Horse Artillery.
Also Field and Garrison Artillery. Grenade in gold embroidery; scroll below inscribed "Ubique" on scarlet ground.

Royal Engineers.
Grenade in gold embroidery; scroll below with "Ubique" on light blue ground. Neither the Engineers nor Artillery carry colours. "The Mudlarks."

Grenadier Guards.
Grenade in gold embroidery. No. 1 company consists of the tallest men in the infantry. Nicknamed "The Coalheavers."

Coldstream Guards.
The Star of the Order of the Garter in silver. Formed by Oliver Cromwell in 1650. The regiment's motto is "Nulli Secundus."



Scots Guards.
Star of the Order of the Thistle with motto on circle. Formerly the 3rd Foot Guards, it received its present title in 1877.

Irish Guards.
The Star of the Order of St. Patrick. Regiment raised in 1901 in recognition of the valour of Irish in the South African War.

Welsh Guards.
Wear the badge of a leek. The most recent of all Guard regiments, being formed only a few months ago, during the progress of the present war.

Royal Scots (Lothian Regt.).
Star of the Order of the Thistle. On the star St. Andrew and cross. Below, "The Royal Scots." Nicknamed "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard."

The Queen's.
Royal West Surrey Regiment. The Paschal Lamb, with inscribed scroll below. Originally the 2nd Regiment of Foot. "The Mutton Lancers."

The Buffs (East Kent) Regt.
The dragon in silver, with inscribed scroll beneath. Called "The Resurrectionists" from the way the regiment recovered during the Peninsular War.

The King's Own.
Royal Lancashire Regiment. The lion. Below the lion, "The King's Own." The regiment was raised in 1860 as the 2nd Tangier Regiment.

Northumberland Fusiliers.
On the grenade St. George and the Dragon, within an inscribed circle. "The Shiners," from smart appearance in Seven Years' War.

Royal Warwickshire Regt.
The antelope, with collar and chain. Raised in 1674 for service in Holland. From 1832-81 known as the 6th Regiment of Foot.

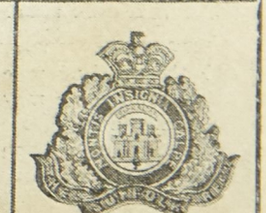
Royal Fusiliers.
City of London Regiment. A grenade in embroidery, with the white rose in silver. "The Elegant Extracts." Earned five V.C.'s in the Crimea.

The King's (Liverpool) Regt.
The white horse. The regiment has been in Flanders before—with Marlborough. One of the three "civic" regiments. "The Leather Hats."

The Norfolk Regt.
Figure of Britannia, with inscribed tablet below. At Almanza the regiment lost 324 out of 470 in covering the British retreat.

The Lincolnshire Regt.
The Sphinx over "Egypt." The first regiment to enter the Boer States in South Africa and the first to capture German guns in present war.

The Devonshire Regt.
Eight-pointed star with crown. The Castle of Exeter. Known as "The Bloody Eleventh" from their gallant fight at Salamanca.



The Suffolk Regt.
Within inscribed circle, the castle and key surmounted by a crown. "The Old Dozen." The motto is "Montis Insignia Calpe."

Next in importance to British Cavalry are the Artillery, Engineers, Guards, and Line regiments. On this page will be found a further series of twenty-five regimental badges. Those of the infantry, which represents nine-tenths of the British Army in the field, begin in the second row.

A New Phase of the War

By the Editor

IT is interesting to recall that in the last number but one I compared the then position of apparent stalemate on the western front to the similar condition which prevailed when North and South faced each other in the trenches at Richmond during the American Civil War, and many thought that the Confederate lines would never be broken.

I POINTED out that the superior resources of the North ultimately enabled the Federals to break the line which had opposed them so long, and demonstrated the supposed stalemate to be a delusion. I ventured also to express the hope that history would repeat itself on the western front and that the breakage of the line which the Allies would effect would prove to be the beginning of the end for the Germans, just as the breakage at Richmond proved to be the beginning of the end for the cause of the South.

RECENT events have so far justified what I said. We have at the time of writing pierced the German lines at least to such an extent that no one can any longer apply the term stalemate to the situation. It remains to be seen whether the beginning of the end has begun. If so, we are about to pass to a most interesting stage of the Great War.

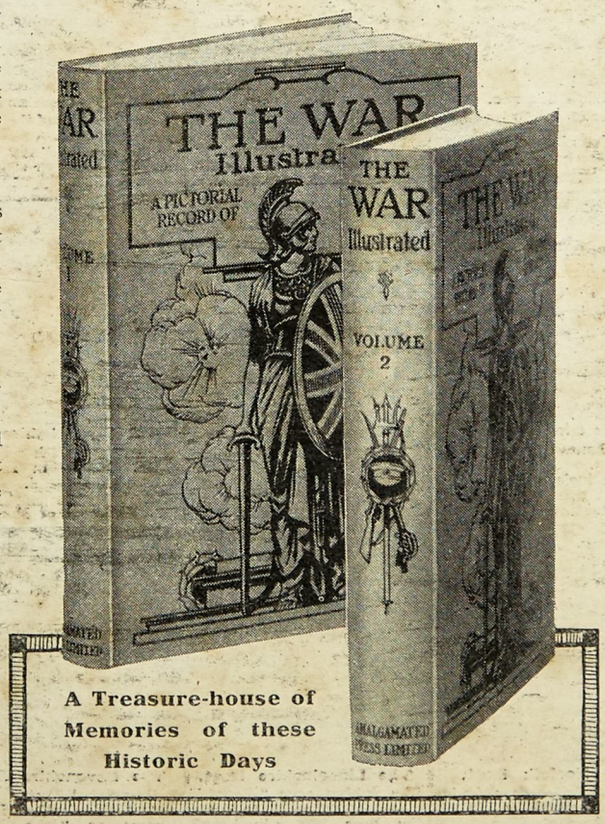
NEEDLESS to say, this new stage, if it materialises, will be reflected in the journal which I have the privilege of putting before you every week. We have, I may modestly claim, reached a pretty high standard in the past. This high standard we will certainly maintain, if not improve, for we shall have an abundance of new material to draw upon.

IF the allied advance continues we may have the inexpressible satisfaction of putting before our readers photographs of the Belgians welcoming their deliverers from the iron heel of the brutal Teuton which has crushed them for so many weary months. And who knows but that we may before very long be able to print photographs of our brave soldiers treading the "sacred soil" of Germany.

IT would be a joy, indeed, to see Master Thomas Atkins in a "strasse" of Düsseldorf or Cologne, where we know full well he will comport himself far differently from the manner in which his bestial foes behaved in France and Belgium towards the conquered population. Lord Roberts said that the British soldier was a hero in battle and a gentleman always.

SUCH is a brief glimpse of the vista of possibilities which a new phase of the war may open up, and our readers can rest assured that THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will show the same enterprise it has always shown in making itself the best picture-record of the progress of operations.

BOTH my staff and myself always bear in mind that we are engaged in a production which is not only for the present, but also for the future. THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is destined to have a second life in volume form as a permanent pictorial epitome of these historic days.



A Treasure-house of Memories of these Historic Days

THAT is why I so constantly urge my readers to have their copies bound up in the publishers' registered cases. At the modest cost of 1s. 6d. a volume and a similarly small sum for binding (which can be arranged by any newsagent), one can convert our periodical into a series of handsome volumes whose value will in the future be something far more than the trifling amount they have cost to acquire.

THERE are now enough numbers to make two volumes — twenty-six go to a volume; and back numbers can always be obtained through a newsagent by those who find that any of the parts have been destroyed or mislaid.

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Best Photo-Pictures & Stories of the Advance

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3

"The Smile of Victory": After the Great Work round Loos and Hulluch

No. 61

Old "Scraps of Paper" for New!

ONE of the most remarkable things about the first phase of the allied advance in Champagne and Artois was the extreme reticence of the German Staff. They would not admit to their people that some twenty-five thousand unwounded German troops had been captured, together with more than seven score German guns. This struck me as a very comforting feature of the Franco-British success. For if the German public could not be trusted by their military authorities to stand the truth about a single indecisive set-back, it seemed to me that the general German power of moral resistance must be very small.

OF course, most military men are curiously economical in imparting news of any disaster to the civilian population. Their chief design in the art of the communiqué is to sustain the national feeling of confidence. Do you remember how our loss of the famous mound near Ypres—Hill 60—was passed over in the published official reports? For about a month we thought that the height was still in our possession, when, as a matter of fact, the enemy had recovered it by a poison-gas attack. Our War Office, however, merely defeats itself in its own main object by its antiquated reserve in regard to bad news. As a nation, we need to be shocked out of the feeling of security, engendered by our insular position and the strength of our sea power, if ever we are to throw our entire available resources into the decisive battlefields of the Continent.

IT was mainly the retreat from Mons that brought forth two million volunteers for the new armies, and I feel sure that, in spite of the War Office and the censorship, if we were to suffer any further severe check it would, when known, lead to ultimate victory by its reflex effect upon the extraordinary and quite peculiar British mind. It is our immense Imperial resources which make us so carelessly confident that at present we will not set strenuously to work to put them fully into the field of war. With Germany it is different. The modern German is the greatest of all experts in the art of window-dressing. As a nation we keep most of our goods in the warehouse, and trade on our reputation; but the German, in both peace and war, makes the most glittering show he can and tries to swell his credit by the show he makes. It is from the alert, enterprising German Jews, who so largely control his industries and commerce, that the modern Teuton has derived his most striking characteristics. A hundred years ago, the dour, hard-bitten Prussian of the old school would have extracted from a temporary defeat as resolute a determination for eventual victory as that at which any Briton could arrive.

NOWADAYS, even the Prussian is changed. He is afraid of the large German populace, which has submitted to his leadership, and especially he is afraid of the foundation of paper on which the Empire of the Hohenzollern has, in its year of mortal ordeal, been based. Jewish finance has done much for modern Germany. The majority of the organisers of the German banking and industrial trusts systems are men of Jewish stock. It is largely owing to the bonds between the German-Jewish and the German-American Jewish houses, that the people of the United States have been induced to submit, with little more than a diplomatic protest, to the Lusitania and Arabic outrages. But on the other hand, the German banker, who has been entrusted with the organisation of the empire's financial resources, has overdone the modern art of window-dressing. With wildly excessive financial ingenuity, he has turned too many things into something resembling money.

AS a neutral observer explained the matter to me, the raising of the last great German loan was an amazing sleight-of-hand trick. It enabled every patriot to gamble his shirt away on the chance of victory. No good German with limited means now owns the mattress on which he sleeps. It has been converted, together with his bed and other furniture, into powder and shot. The thing is done by means of a kind of bill of sale transaction, carried out at a national war loan office. If the loyal German has no money to lend the State, he pawns his household goods. Therefor, he gets a certain kind of paper money which can only be used for subscribing to the war loan. When the patriot possesses only the stock certificate and his pledged furniture, his capacity for lending is not exhausted. He can still mortgage his stock certificate, and so raise more paper money with which to acquire a little more war stock.

APPARENTLY there is no end to the process. For the certificate for the new stock can be mortgaged for more paper money to make another subscription. No gold passes from hand to hand. Merely old scraps of paper are exchanged for new scraps of paper. It is a fantastic situation. Millions of men have nominally parted with their household effects, but the State could not possibly realise any funds of international value on the domestic goods. Meanwhile, everybody who is engaged in German war industries is being paid in paper money expended in this manner. If a sudden, unexpected defeat, of even a temporary character, made the German people anxious about the redemption of the scraps of papers, the new national fabric of war finance might be burnt up in a flaming panic. That is why, it seems to me, the German Staff have to be very precise at times in arriving in their communiqués so as to arrive at a creditable mean between fiction and truth.

AT present, so far as I can see, the German State and the German people are in the position of the Scilly Islanders, in the legendary days, when these were reduced to earning their living by taking in one another's washing. The Government lends to the populace, on securities which cannot be realised, but saves itself by giving paper money, which is also inconvertible into cash. With the scraps of paper thus manufactured, the great armament firms and the army providers are paid. They in turn pay their workmen and other creditors with part of the paper, which afterwards circulates through shops and stores with which the workmen deal.

IN theory, land, houses, factories, plant, beds, and kitchen pots and pans form the security for all the circulating paper; but in practice, Bertha Krupp sells a gun for some bills of sale on her workmen's unsaleable second-hand bedsteads, and pays them for their week's labour by part of a mortgage on her almost as unsaleable hydraulic presses or shipbuilding gantries. For there is no money in Germany to buy anything that comes into the market. Only if Germany gets France, Britain, Russia and Italy at her mercy, and extracts an indemnity of thousands of millions of pounds from them, can the extraordinary system of paper money-lending be transformed slowly into an affair of sound values. Meanwhile, if anything causes German merchants to think about getting real money for the goods they sell, something indescribable will take place. It will not be national bankruptcy, but national chaos.

EDWARD WRIGHT

THE WAR Illustrated

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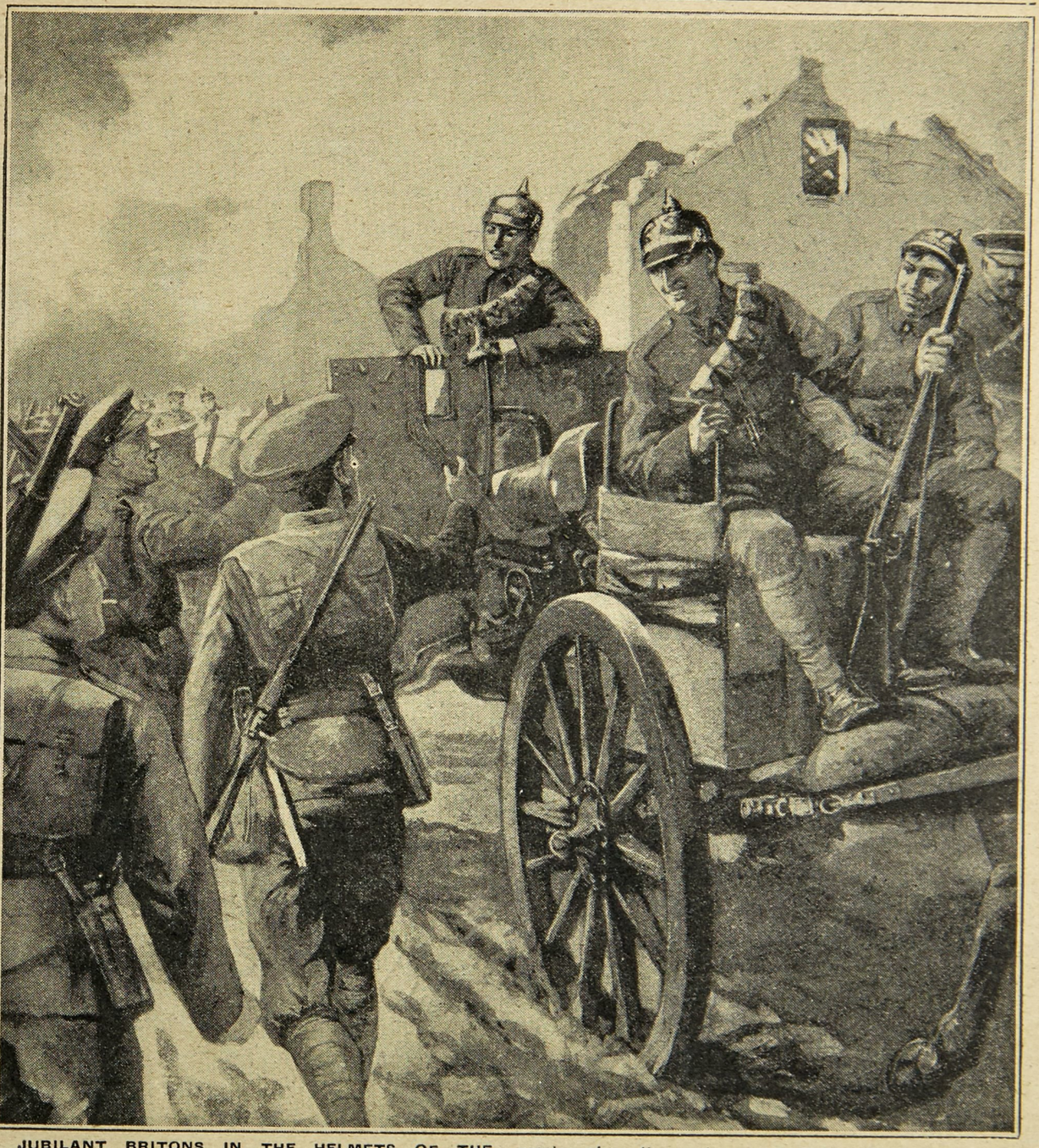
16th October, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton



JUBILANT BRITONS IN THE HELMETS OF THE BROKEN FOE.—In a vivid letter from the front a British officer describes an amusing incident which took place after the recent advance. In the wake of a band of disconsolate German prisoners rattled a battery of enemy guns. British soldiers passing along the road were startled to see them still in charge of men wearing "pickelhauben." A closer examination revealed the jubilant, though none the less incongruous, faces of the "Khaki boys," framed in the Huns' peculiar headgear. They had captured these trophies on the field of victory.

Cheering Changes in the Western Battle Front

The solid black line on the above map indicates a section of the long battle-front in the west till the moment of the allied advance, while the black-and-white line shows the known limits of this forward movement. The British division of attack was confined roughly between the La Bassee Canal and Souchez, where it was continued by the French armies in Champagne.

Our Offensive and the Foretaste of Victory

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

IS it worth while? This question is already being asked in some quarters, asked with bated breath, half secretly, half ashamedly, but asked all the same. The great advance has taken place. We have paid a heavy price. The casualty lists have not, as I write, yet been published, but they are certain to be tremendous. Has the effort been worth making? Have we received value for the price we have paid?

Yes! Splendidly worth while! We have struck a blow at German confidence. We have proved that the most formidable obstacles military science knows can be taken by a resolute army. We have demonstrated the splendid quality of our new artillery. We have sent a new spirit through our Army. The new soldiers, fresh come to the front from the camps of Kitchener's Army in England or from recruiting centres beyond the sea, had at first the confidence of faith. They believed blindly that they could win. To-day they have the confidence of accomplished deeds. Victory—and we have had initial victory—is meat and drink to the fighting man.

Triumph Over Great Obstacles

We have not, at the first blow, accomplished all we hoped. Admitted! Our advance immediately around the La Bassée Canal did not have the success that accompanied our advance farther south. We can admit that also. But let us glance at the obstacles we have overcome.

The German position facing our troops in Flanders is as strong as any long line of defence ever known in the history of war. It consists of a series of irregular groups of lines, four in all. There comes first the front line of defence, with its great redoubts and its carefully planned earthworks. The Germans firmly believed that these would never be taken. One reads with amazement of the elaborate luxury of these defences, their comfortable furniture, their electric lights, the tablecloths, the mirrors, and even the companionship of the gentler sex. I contrast these with the British trenches as I know them, severely simple, hard, stern, the places where strong men live.

The German brigadiers, I am told, seldom go to the front trenches. The British brigadier is the most familiar figure in his own trenches, going himself daily to every part. Another contrast in our favour.

Behind the first line comes a stretch of country, about six or seven miles deep. In this stretch every natural obstacle is used for defence. There are machine-guns in houses. Villages are built up, by the use of armour plate, into minor fortresses. There are traps at every point. Each pit mouth is a centre of defence. Each battered and broken town is full of hidden death. Some roads are mined. The artillery to the rear knows exactly the range of every front trench, so that it can pour fire into it once we capture it.

Thoroughness and German Bluff

Then comes another line of trenches, then an interval of country somewhat less elaborately prepared, then another set of trenches, and farther back a fourth line.

In short, so far as our information goes, the Germans have a stretch of country about twenty-five miles deep, carefully prepared against us. This is the line of steel and fire about which they so frequently boast.

Personally, I doubt if the careful defences go back so far as this information states. My own experience of German plans goes to prove that while up to a certain point they show the most meticulous care, beyond that, they are apt to trust to bluff. But even allowing for such bluff, their lines are the most tremendous obstacle a modern army has ever had to overcome.

We with our first movement, have broken well into a large part of it. France, with her wider movements, has broken through much more. We have relieved, automatically, the great pressure on Russia. We have shown how, by repeating our recent tactics, we can force our way through. Let us do this at one broad point, and the whole front German line is broken. The Germans will then have the choice between remaining and being surrounded and destroyed, or of retiring on their Antwerp-Namur lines.

The advance has cost us dearly, and will cost us dearer still. Now we come to the one important question for Britain. Are we prepared to pay the price?

What is the price?

Men! Men! Men!

We are going to want bigger armies, stronger reinforcements, and more recruits. Our voluntary system has given us over two million men, who have offered their services since the war broke out. The number is splendid, greater than was ever thought possible in the old days. But it is not enough.

Our Needs and Enormous Resources

The requirements in Flanders, great as they are, are only one part of our need. The coming campaign in the Balkans demands an army in itself. The Dardanelles, like a fabled monster of antiquity, has drunk in the blood of scores of thousands of our youth, and may require many more yet. Men! Men! Men!

We must have men! If voluntaryism can raise them, so much the better. If the new labour campaign can bring hundreds of thousands to the colours, none will rejoice more heartily than the writer. I wish I could think that it will.

A great London newspaper, which has ably and sincerely advocated the cause of voluntary service against conscription, estimates that there are four million "unstarred" men of military age in the United Kingdom, that is four million men between nineteen and forty-five who are not in the Army and not engaged in the production of articles essential for the war. Our Dominions between them could supply us with over one million more. Allowing a million off for the physically unfit at home, this gives us a reserve of four million men, or nearly twice as many as all who have volunteered since war broke out. With reserves such as these, we should be able to strike the final blow in such strength as to make our ultimate victory decisive and enduring.

The Spirit of German Patriotism

I was talking a few hours ago with an Englishman returned from captivity in Westphalia. He told me how Germany, hard pressed in that quarter, is dragging men of all kinds into military service, the maimed, the half-invalid, and the like. He told me of shops with scarce anything in them to sell, of businesses ruined, of a nation bending under a crushing burden. Germany, despite her heavy load within, is showing an inflexible exterior to her foes. It is impossible to deny that in self-sacrifice, in enthusiasm, and in resolute determination, the German people are showing us an example.

Germany rests on an assurance of victory. Let this assurance be broken down, as our advance will undoubtedly break it down, and we shall see the great German bluff broken. Let us push on now, let us pour our armies in, stronger and stronger, during the coming months, and the end may come sooner than I for one have dared to hope.

For this we must have more men.

When I face the facts as I see them, when I realise afresh what this thing means, I am ashamed that party preferences, personalities, narrow likes or dislikes, should have any part in my life or in my decision. The shibboleths of yesterday, the party cries of past generations have vanished. It for us to face our need. It is for us to back up Sir John French and his brave armies in the field, Lord Kitchener and the Government at home, with the national offer of national service.

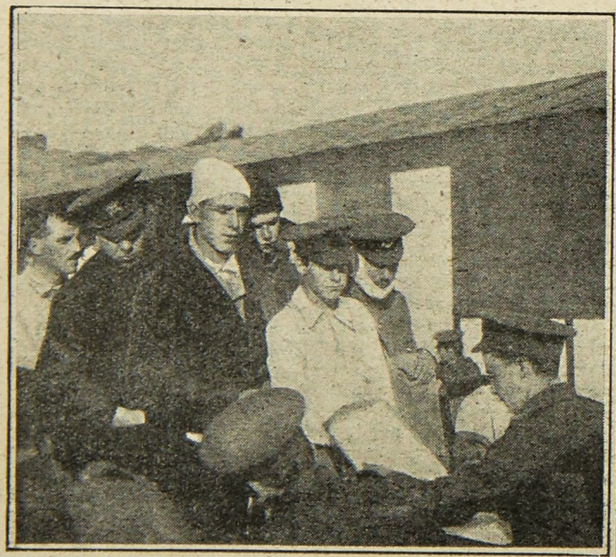
Our new offensive has brought the touch of victory. It is for us as a nation to say if the foretaste of triumph shall be followed by a full realisation of our aim.

Heroes of Hulluch return with Laurels and Scars

Some of the men who defeated the Huns. Right : A friendly lift from a member of the R.A.M.C. Wounded hero who was in the thick of it.

Already convalescent. Not seriously wounded men who took part in the advance amuse themselves with a gramophone.

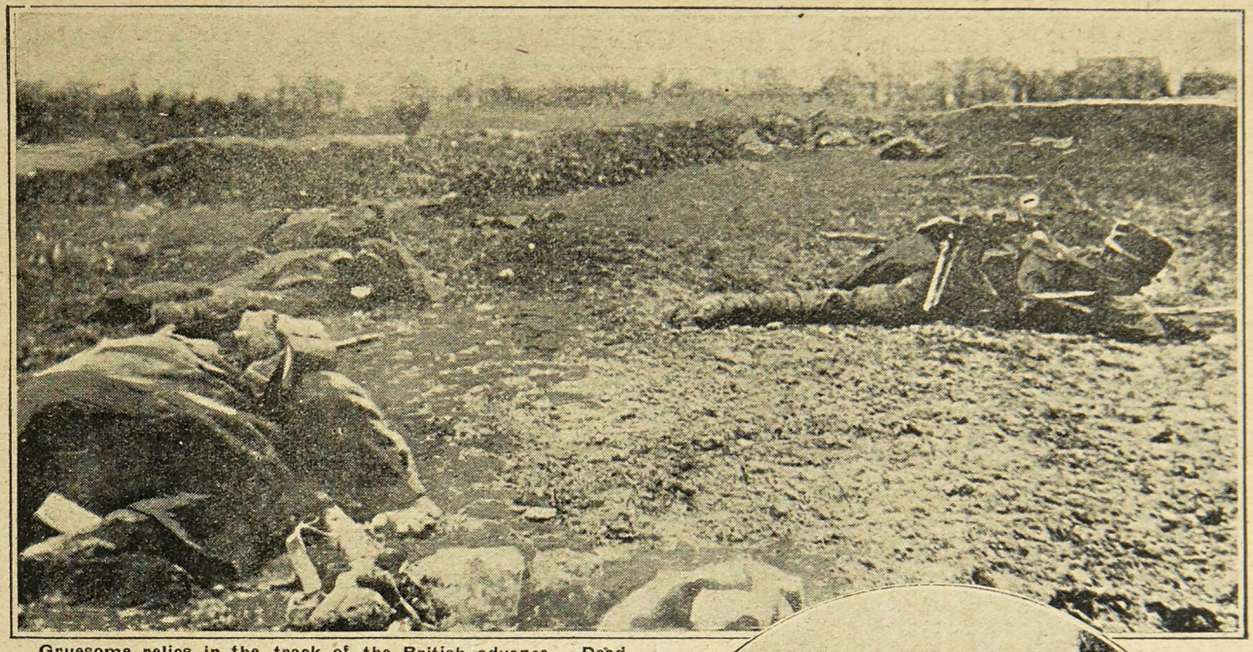
The junction for anguish. At a station near the firing-line, whence the mud and blood-stained heroes are being sent to the hospital.



Some of the youthful warriors who acquitted themselves like veterans in the great advance.

Mud-stained Jocks and Tommies regaling themselves with hot coffee preparatory to their journey to the infirmary.

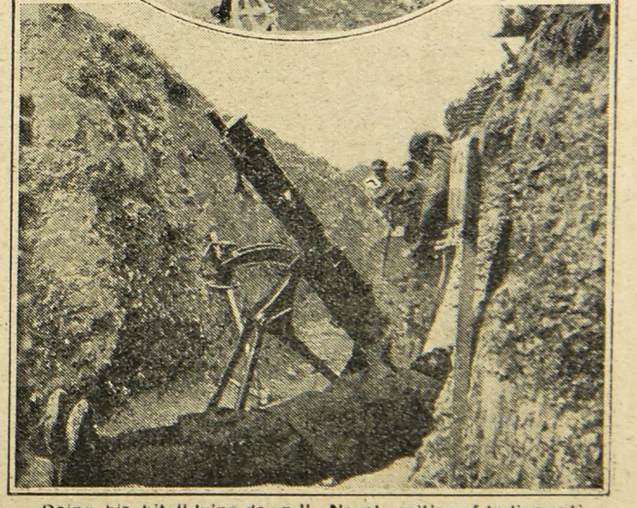
Scenes in the Track of the British Advance



Gruesome relics in the track of the British advance. Dead German soldiers so smothered in mud that that they are now scarcely distinguishable from the grey of the battlefield.

Indians who took part in the great push smoking the hookah of peace before taking up the kukri again. Inset: Indian observer keeps his eye on the German position.

Consolidating the gained ground. British soldiers erecting barbed-wire entanglements.



Doing his bit "lying down." Novel position of Indian anti-aircraft gunner in the trenches.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXVIII.—The Memorable Capture of Loos

THE Battle of Loos marks a definite stage in the progress of the Great War. For months the German Great General Staff built their plan of campaign on the supposition that it would be impossible for the Allies to break through the line of steel and fire they had built in the west. They believed we would beat our heads against it in vain.

At first the German claim seemed right. Both sides held what were practically the same positions in Flanders and in Northern France for nearly a year. Trenches took the appearance of permanent fortifications. Men talked of stalemate. It seemed as though we were held up. The advance on Loos and the French advance in Champagne prove that it is possible, at a cost, to penetrate almost any position, however armed and defended.

The plan of campaign of the Allies was simple. Large numbers of heavy guns—from "Granny," the monster pet of the British Army, downwards—were accumulated along our front. Numbers of new British troops arrived, until our army in Flanders was estimated to be a million strong. The French brought up their reserves. Tremendous stocks of shells were accumulated. Towards the end of the fourth week in September our artillery fire became overwhelming. Our guns poured a hurricane of high-explosive shells on the German front, breaking up the elaborate lines of wire entanglements and overwhelming the men. The enemy's guns were smashed or buried in the earth. Minenwerfers, the famous German trench mortars, were knocked out of action. The hail of fire on the front lines reached such an intensity that German soldiers crept in dug-outs and in cellars to escape it. Simultaneously a strong force of aeroplanes sailed over the rear of the German lines, and by concentrating their fire upon railways and vital roads, prevented the enemy from bringing up reinforcements.

The Germans knew that a great advance was impending. They anticipated that it would come along the Belgian coast, and for at least a fortnight before our advance they had hurried large numbers of troops into Northern Belgium. A garrison of 80,000 men was placed in Antwerp alone. Fortifications were strengthened, more big guns were placed on the coast, and everything was made ready to resist a British movement from the sea. The heavy bombardment at a hundred points along the great line of the Allies, from the coast to Switzerland, made it difficult to forecast where our land blow would be struck.

The British Army was well aware in a general way that something big was in the air. The hospitals in the front lines were being cleared, and every possible man sent down to the base, a sure sign that a great offensive was anticipated. Every road was full of marching troops. Kitchener's Army had come. No one, however, beyond a very small circle—the inner group of the General Staff—knew our plans until Friday, September 24th. Then word was given out to the divisional commanders and to the brigadiers, and the electric whisper passed along our lines that the hour had struck.

The French and the Belgians were attacking simultaneously with ourselves. General Joffre issued an Order of the Day to his men, worthy of Napoleon in its brevity and force.

"The offensive will be carried on without truce and without respite. Remember the Marne. Victory or death."

Our own Generals told their men straightly and simply that the big moment had come, and that the future of the war and the future of our race would largely depend on what they then did. One Order of the Day, issued by Lord Cavan to the British Guards Division, may be taken as typical:

Division Command of the Guards Division.

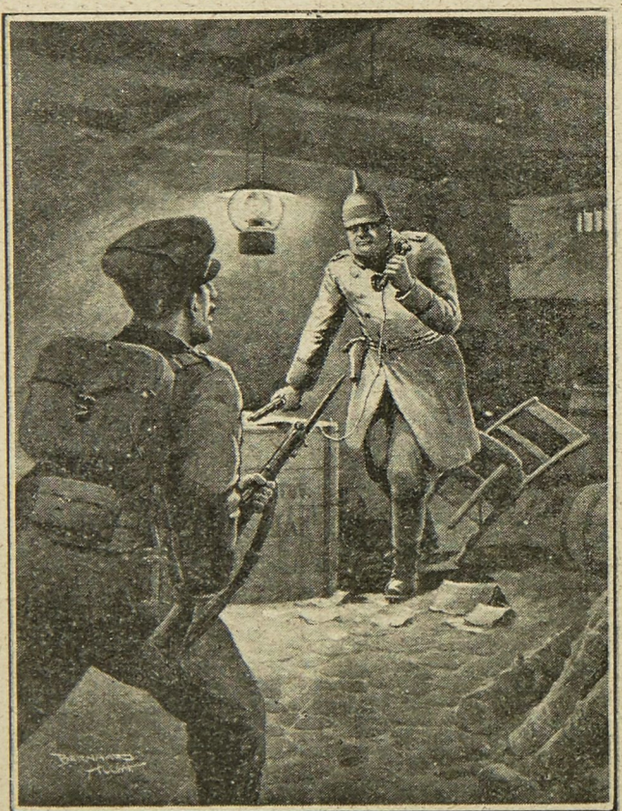
On the eve of the greatest battle of all time the Commander of the Guards Division wishes his troops much luck. He has nothing to add to the animating words of the Commanding General as given out this morning, but wishes his men to keep two things well before their mind—first, that upon the result of this battle the fate of the coming generation of Britons depends; second, that the greatest things are expected of the Guards Division. From his thirty years' acquaintance of the Guards he knows that he need say no more.

(Signed) CAVAN.

The German Commanders, on their side, sensing what was coming, issued orders to their troops urging them to stand fast. "Comrades," wrote General von Fleck to his men in Champagne, "let us swear in this solemn hour that each one of us, no matter where he may be, whether in the trenches, in the batteries, or in positions of command, will do his duty there right to the bitter end. Wherever the enemy may hurl himself to assault, we will receive him with a well-directed fire, and if he reaches our positions, we will throw him back on the point of the bayonet, and pelt him with hand-grenades." The General went on to express his confidence that the German "wall of steel" would break every enemy attack.

Leaving out of the present review the splendid French advances in Champagne and in the Artois, and the Belgian activity to the north, let us follow the British troops. Our main attack was made, not in the north, as the Germans

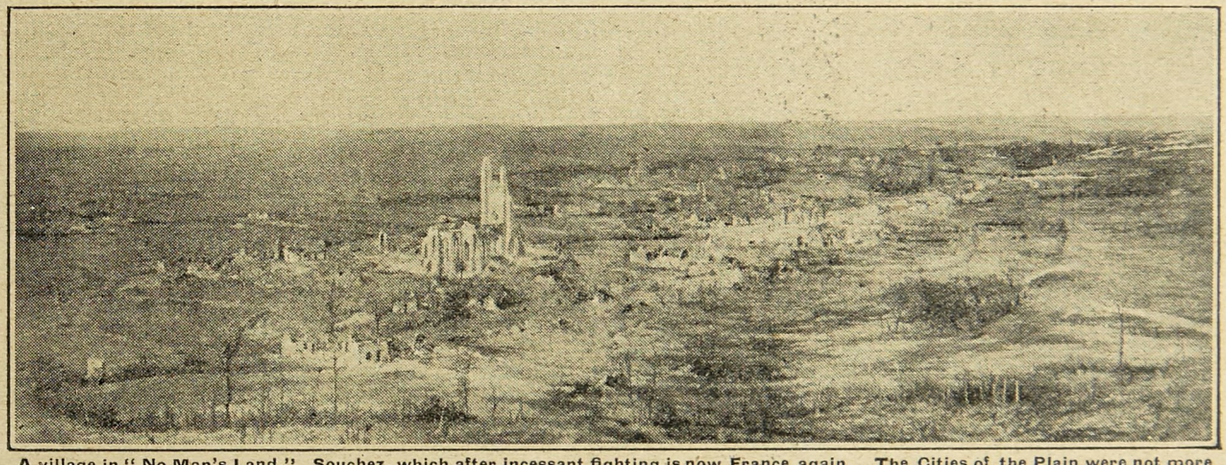
(*Continued on page* 200.



A dramatic incident at Loos. Soon after a British colonel had decided on a certain house as his headquarters, enemy shells began falling thickly round it. A soldier discovered a German officer in the cellar speaking into a field telephone. Although knowing that it would probably mean his own death, he had instructed the German artillery to concentrate their fire on the house.

Broken German Defences • Milestones of Success

The invariable scenes which confronted the first Britons to storm the German positions in the great advance. So thoroughly did the artillery do their work that in some cases it was only necessary for the infantry to step into the breach and take the dazed enemy prisoners.



A village in "No Man's Land." Souchez, which after incessant fighting is now France again. The Cities of the Plain were not more completely effaced than this once thriving French village. Not a house is intact. Every tree and shrub in the vicinity is withered.

To the left of this photograph is a shell crater large enough to drown a horse. In the centre a great tree has been neatly sectioned by a projectile. On the right is seen a heap of earth-sack defences, which have been tossed about like so many shuttlecocks. The place is wrapped in sepulchral silence, and might have been the scene of a seismic disturbance.

THE GREAT EPISODE

(Continued from page 198.)

anticipated, but in part of the new line recently taken over by us, south of the La Bassée Canal. Advances were attempted farther north, some of which were in the nature of feints, to divert the enemy's forces. Others kept the main body of the Germans occupied, while our real blow was delivered elsewhere.

Picture the scene in the lines of trenches, from Givenchy to Grenay, on that fateful Saturday morning. Large numbers of troops had come up during the night, and were packed in the narrow trenches waiting for the dawn. Our artillery was thundering overhead, with ear-splitting din. In our front lines, like eagles ready to strike their prey, were the bomb-throwers, decked around with their strange uniform of death. Every man felt, as he stood with nerves taut, that now was the moment when he must show his best. He was being asked to do what theorists had declared could not be done. He, veteran of the old Regular Army, Territorial, or Kitchener's man, was going to do the seemingly impossible.

The Force of the Initial Dash

The German guns were busy. Now the enemy employed their reserve weapon—poison gas. At the first sign of the deadly cloud every man in our ranks pulled his poison helmet over his head, hastily dashing the anti-gas solution on the front of the breathing-pipe, which he placed in his mouth. Thus our soldiers stood with hooded heads, bombs in hand.

There came one tremendous explosion, drowning even the thunder of the guns. At point after point our engineers had undermined the German front, and had blown up the trenches. Then came sharp silence. Our guns ceased. Our lads were up, over the parapets right out for the No Man's Land, the five or ten score yards of disputed land between the lines. They tore the gas helmets off their faces and yelled as they jumped forward. The Germans tried to use their machine-guns. We were on them, with cold steel. The first line of the trenches was won.

There were points, of course, where this did not happen. At some places the poison gas got home with deadly effect. At others, even our artillery fire had failed to destroy German resistance. The dream of the French General that the artillery should so finish the work that the soldiers could march into the opposite trenches with rifles over their shoulders has not yet been realised.

Some Germans surrendered out of hand. Others were so stupefied by our artillery that they proved an easy capture. Still others fought to the last man, hurling grenades, firing, defending themselves by every means. Now came a time when every yard had to be fought for. From the first trench we advanced at once to the second line. These were a much more formidable task. From them we attempted to reach to the third, but the force of our attack had spent itself. The Germans by now were pouring up reinforcements. Fighting was going along at innumerable points, around every house in the village of Loos, which we had entered, and around pit-heads.

At the end of the day it was possible to sum up our gains. North of the La Bassée Canal the main work of our troops had been to draw towards them strong reserves of the enemy. There had been very heavy fighting, but without any marked gains to us. Immediately to the south of the canal there had been very severe fighting, with varying results. We captured the village of Hulluch, but it was recovered later by the Germans. Our main success was south. There we took five miles of the enemy's trenches, penetrating the German lines in some places as far as 5,000 yards. The village of Loos, the mining works near by, and an elevated position, Hill 70, of great importance because of its command of the flat country around, had all passed into our hands. Many of the enemy's positions that were captured were exceedingly strong. We had taken 2,500 prisoners, eight guns, and many machine-guns.

The Ordeal of Holding Fast

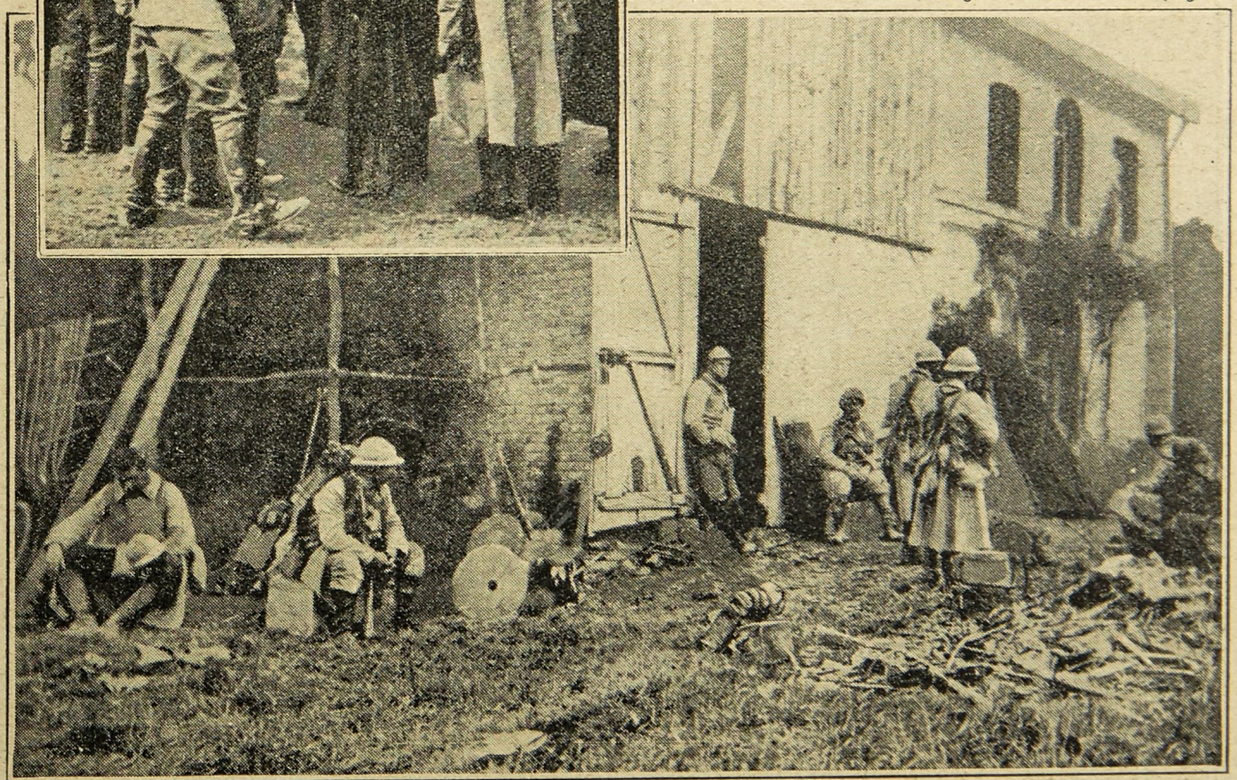
The problem of holding enemy trenches in an advance such as this is greater than the work of capturing them. This was what our men found. The Germans at once concentrated their artillery fire on our new salient. The heavy German forces that had opposed our men north of the canal swept south-eastwards, and the next few days saw almost incessant fighting. The Germans made repeated attacks, losing large numbers of men. We again attacked Hulluch, and recaptured part of it. At point after point victory leaned now to this side, now to that.

As I write, the fighting continues. The Germans by pushing up enormous bodies of reserve troops and by the reckless expenditure of men have succeeded in getting back a small part of their position. But our gains still remain considerable. We have proved our ability to advance. The break in the German front was, in the words of our King, "but the prelude to greater deeds and further victories." It may be that while the Germans are throwing their massed armies on our new lines to the south of the canal other blows, struck elsewhere, are bringing a yet more rapid decision.

French cavalry leads the way for infantry in an advance on the enemy's position. Now that the Allies are forcing through the German line, cavalry will have an opportunity to play its part in the war, of which it has been deprived during the trench siege.

Warriors who have drunk "the Wine of Victory"

Heroes who fell in the hour of the victory which they helped to win. Wounded French soldiers who had been carried from the battle-lines to a farmstead in the rear during the advance in Champagne.

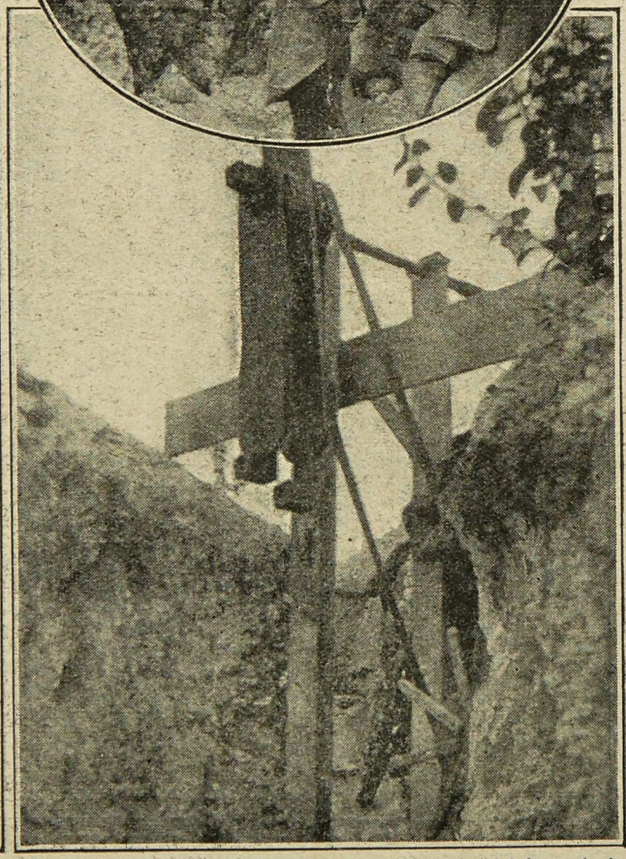


French soldiers, wearing steel helmets, enjoying a brief rest after a fierce encounter with the retreating Germans in Champagne. Inset: General Villaret congratulating his Chasseurs on their thrilling cavalry charge during the great advance into the Germans' second line.

Eyeing the Restive Boches along the Marne

Portion of a strong French defence work hastily thrown up in the Sabot Wood, Marne. The earth-sacks bristle with wire and wooden traps. A French soldier is watching the enemy through a periscope. Inset : French sentries keep guard in a first-line trench.

Moroccan sentinel watching the Boche position through a loop-hole in the trench parapet.



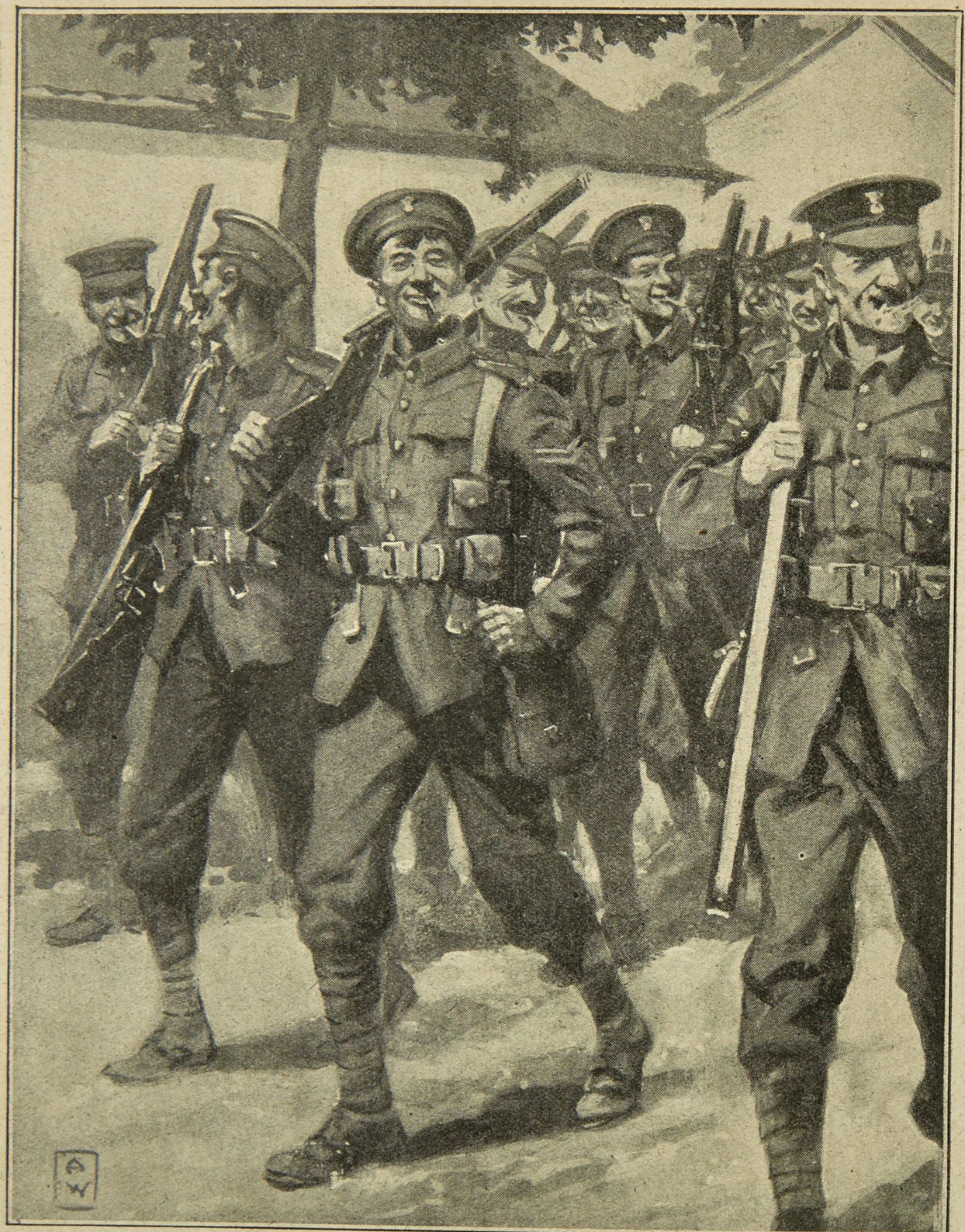
Artillery signalling post in the Souain district, which is worked on the same principle as a railway signal.

After the Advance: Blond Beasts in Bondage

Wounded German prisoners captured by the French near Souain, where the great advance began. Inset: Troop of Huns marching into captivity. The little French boy contemplates them with mingled pity and contempt.

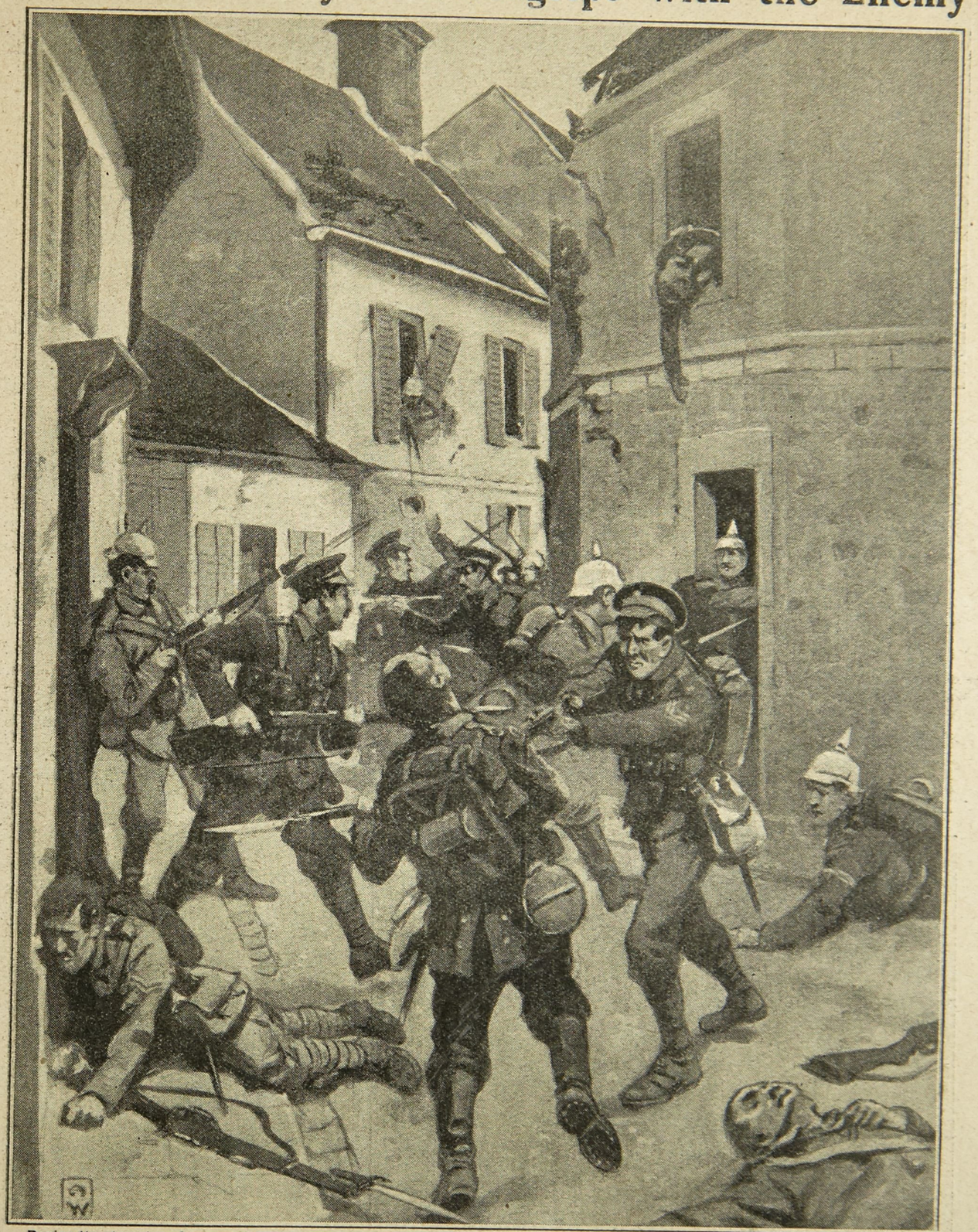
Russia has now well over a million German prisoners; France and Britain have together many hundreds of thousands. Every thousand Germans who surrender without a struggle represent a great victory at a small cost. The above photograph shows eleven hundred Huns, captured in the allied advance, marching through Southampton, having finally "shot their bolt."

Britons Confident of Victory March to Battle



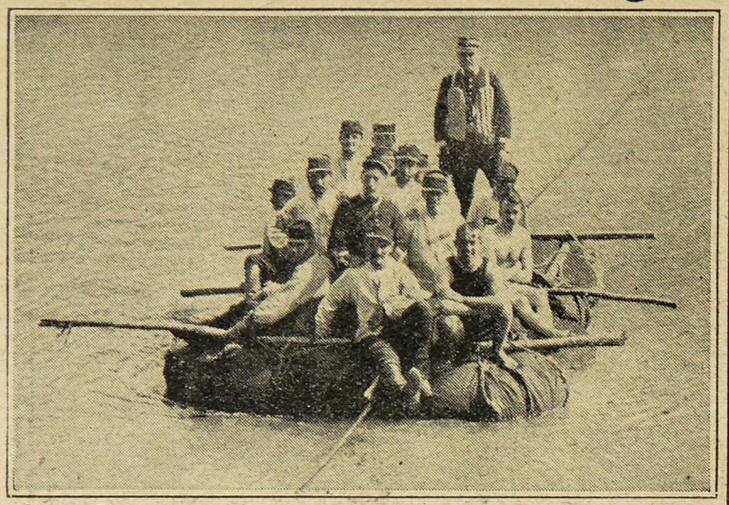
The splendid, confident spirit with which the British soldier goes into battle is illustrated in a recent letter from an English officer. He describes "a never-ending stream of men, laughing and joking, all smoking the eternal woodbine." They were on their way to the trenches, soon to play their heroic part in the great Franco-British advance. "They were about," wrote the officer, "to reap the harvest of shells we have sown in the German lines." They were shortly going to use cold steel on the Germans who had been opposite them in the trenches for months. And every man of them was happy. Many of them were of "Kitchener's Army," and the story of now heroically they acquitted themselves, these newly-drilled townsmen has already been told.

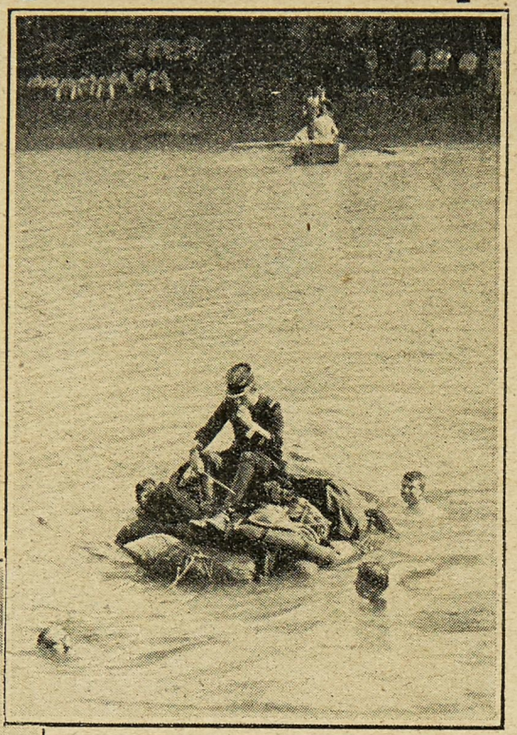
Our New Army at Handgrips with the Enemy



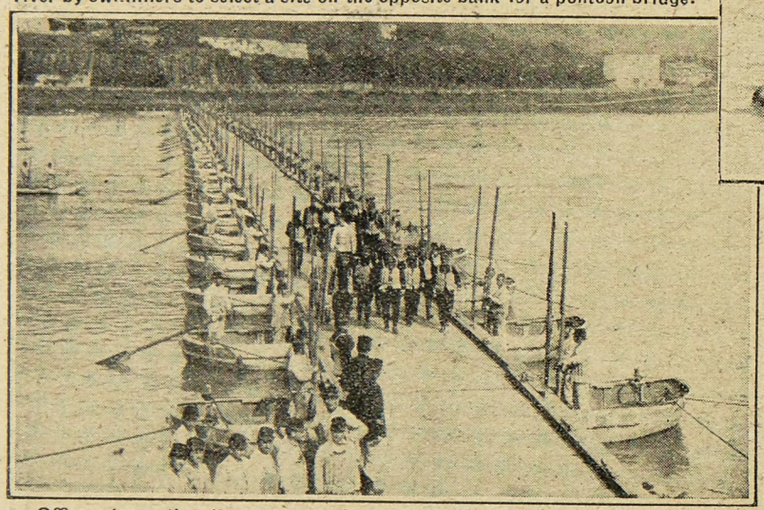
During the storming of Loos on September 25th, while the men of our New Army were forcing an entry into the village, fighting with the steadiness of veterans, the street battles were of a terrible character, being made up of small, grimly struggling groups, or of fierce individual combats between maddened men with bayonets dripping red. They fought their way from house to house, from room to room, and cellar to cellar in the narrow streets and alleys. The cellars were crammed with cowering Germans; some sniped from upper windows and roofs; others, pretending to surrender, treacherously fired on the men who would have spared their lives. So, through Loos to the crest of the slope called Hill 70 beyond, the British soldiers pressed, every man of them a hero.

Pioneers who are Paving Highways to Triumph



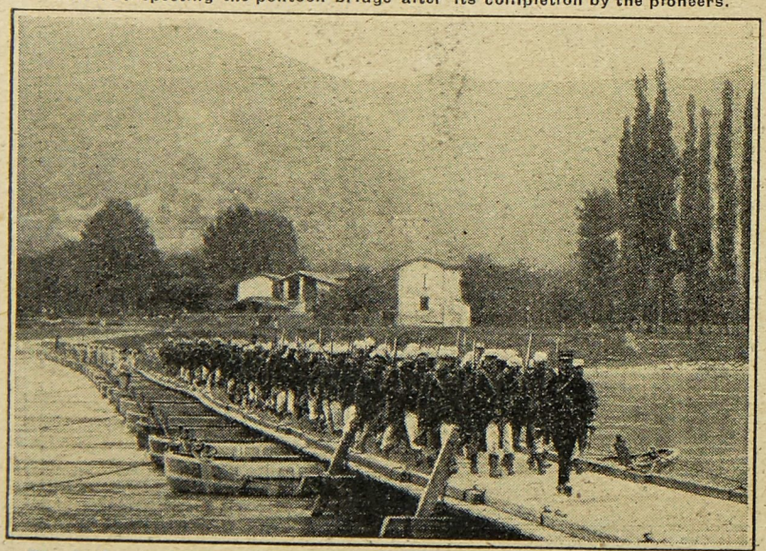


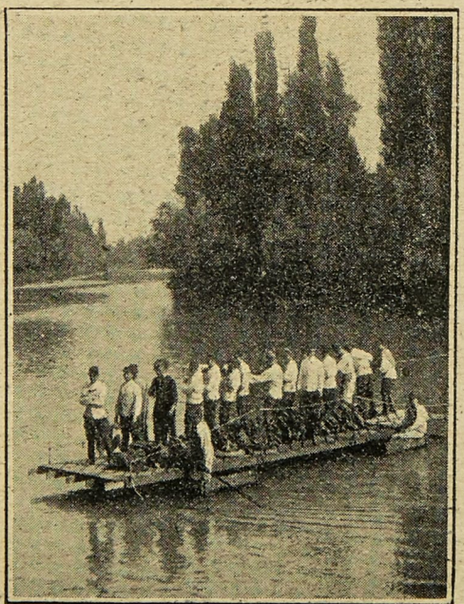
Above: The first party of French pioneers crossing the river on a roughly-made raft to begin operations. Right: French officer being towed across a river by swimmers to select a site on the opposite bank for a pontoon bridge.



Officers inspecting the pontoon bridge after its completion by the pioneers.

FRENCH pioneers working for the "great push." This series of photographs illustrates part of the splendid work of this branch of the French Army. It will be remembered how the pioneers performed prodigies of valour on the Marne and the Meuse, building their pontoon bridges with amazing speed and under heavy fire while the Germans were being driven back from Paris. Again and again these bridges were shot away, only to be rebuilt with redoubled vigour. The pioneers have been of inestimable value.





The final test of the bridge. A company of infantrymen marching over it to test its stability. Above: Section of pioneers pulling themselves across the river on a raft, by means of a rope, before starting to build the bridge.

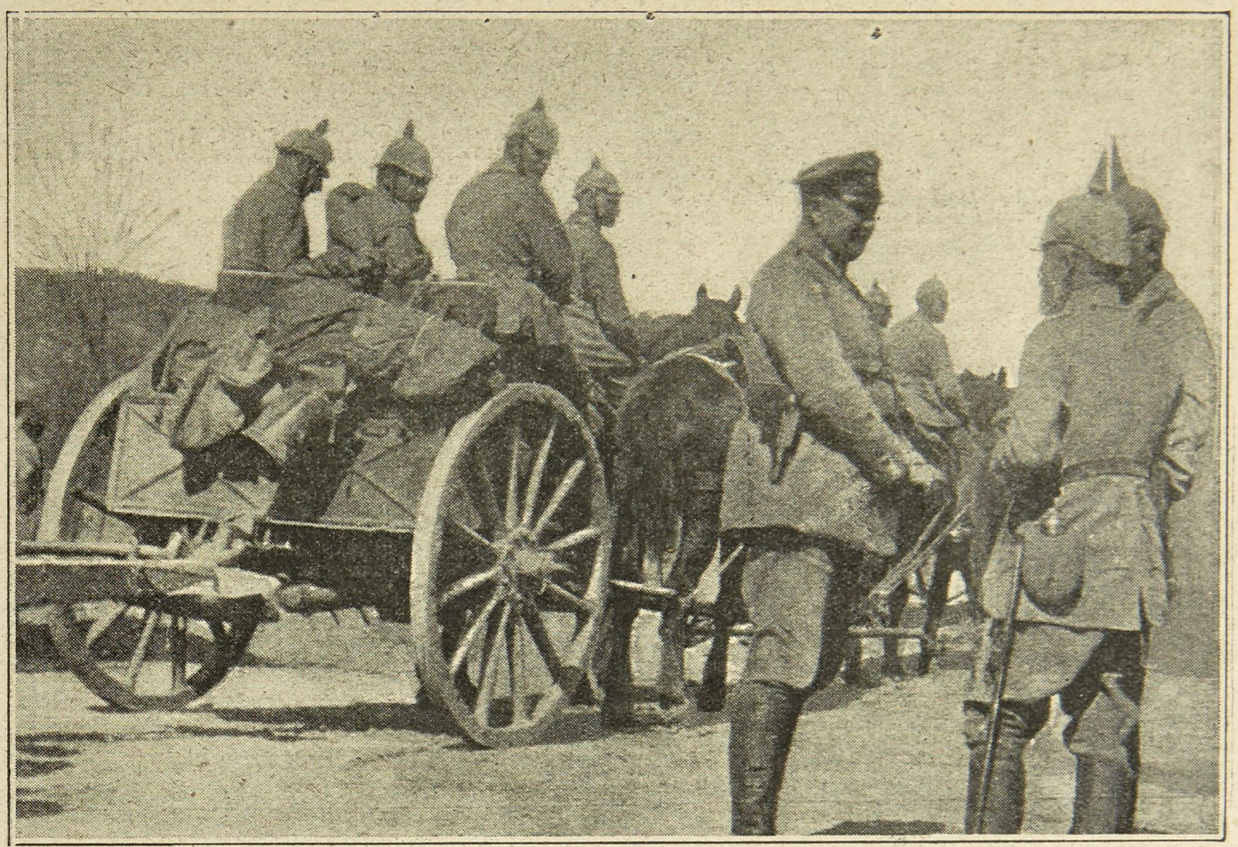
France smiles towards Frowning Gallipoli

France is still sparing men from the western field to take part in the eastern struggle. This photograph demonstrates the enthusiasm of French troops as the transport puts off for the Dardanelles.

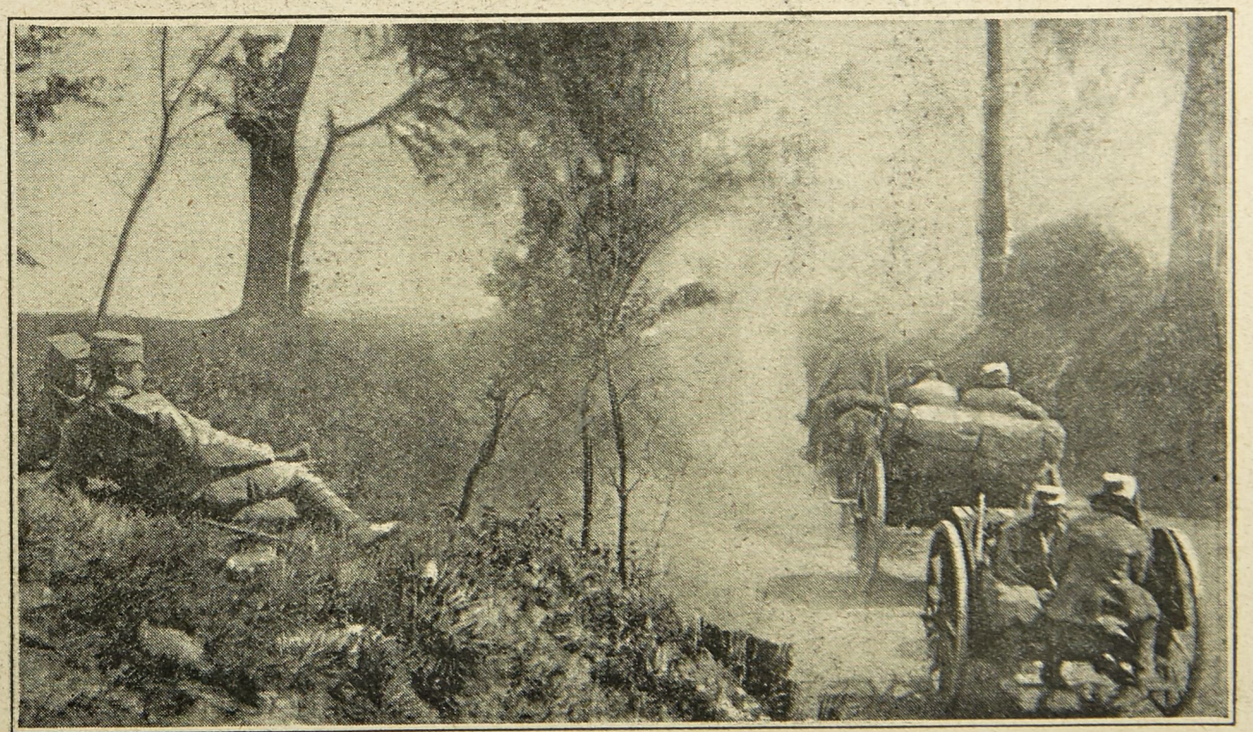
A striking impression of L Beach, Gallipoli, where the 2nd Royal Fusiliers landed. This photograph gives some idea of the difficulties of keeping Sir Ian Hamilton's army supplied with food and munitions. Imagine the hazards of unloading lighters, even in a moderately rough sea. On the horizon is the allied fleet. Inset: How Lieut.-General Birdwood keeps cool for his arduous work. "The Soul of Anzac," as he has been described by Sir Ian Hamilton, swimming off Gallipoli.

"WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU, ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND?"—How spontaneously these beautiful words of Henley come to us after contemplating this photograph, infused with the glory of patriotism. How nobly can these wounded heroes answer the poet's song. Lying prostrate on shallow craft, rocked gently in the Ægean Sea, they await to be lifted aboard a hospital ship which is bound for Egypt or the Mother Country, far away from the forbidding Peninsula where they have suffered that their kith and kin might go unhurt.

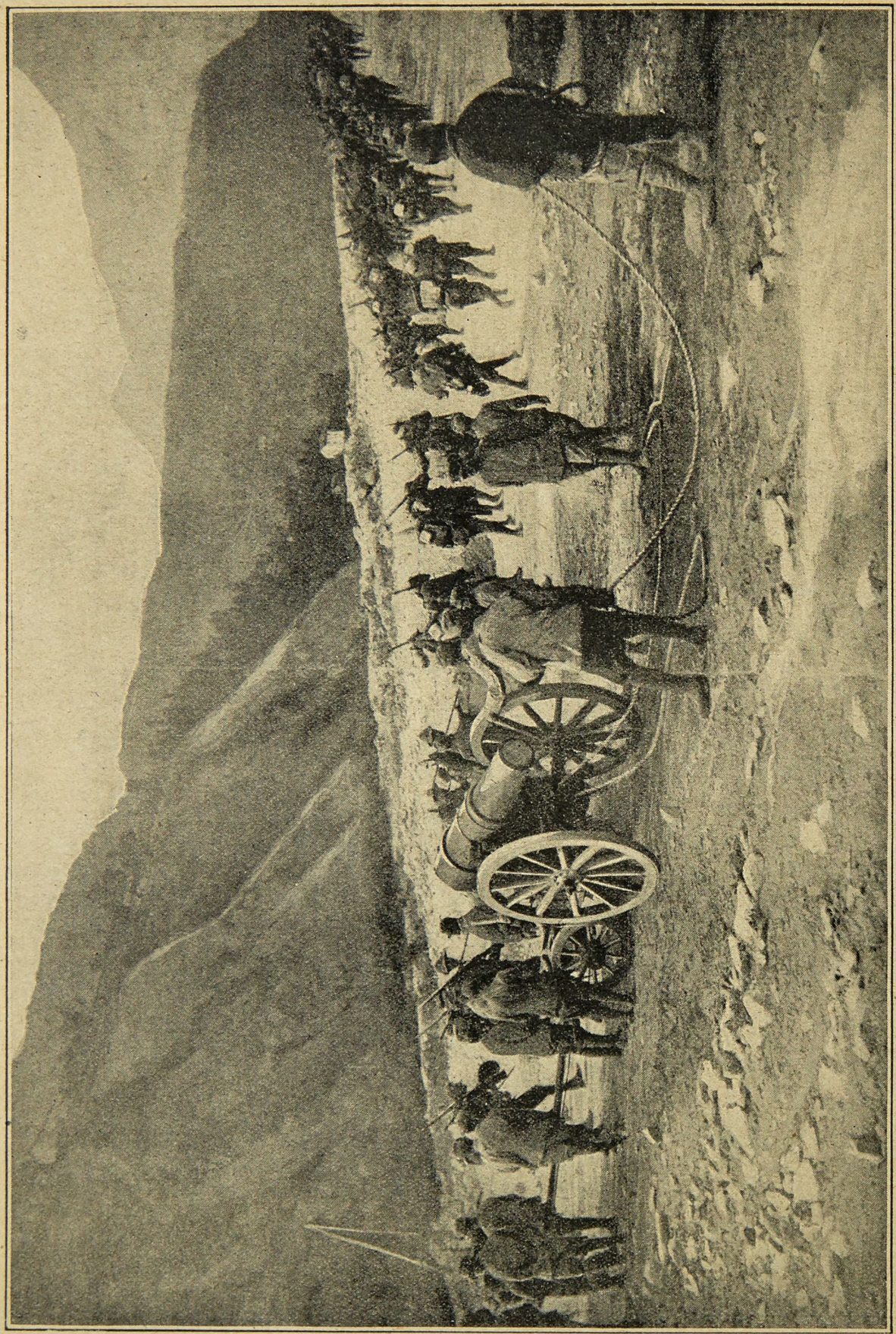
With a Son of the Kaiser on the Eastern Front



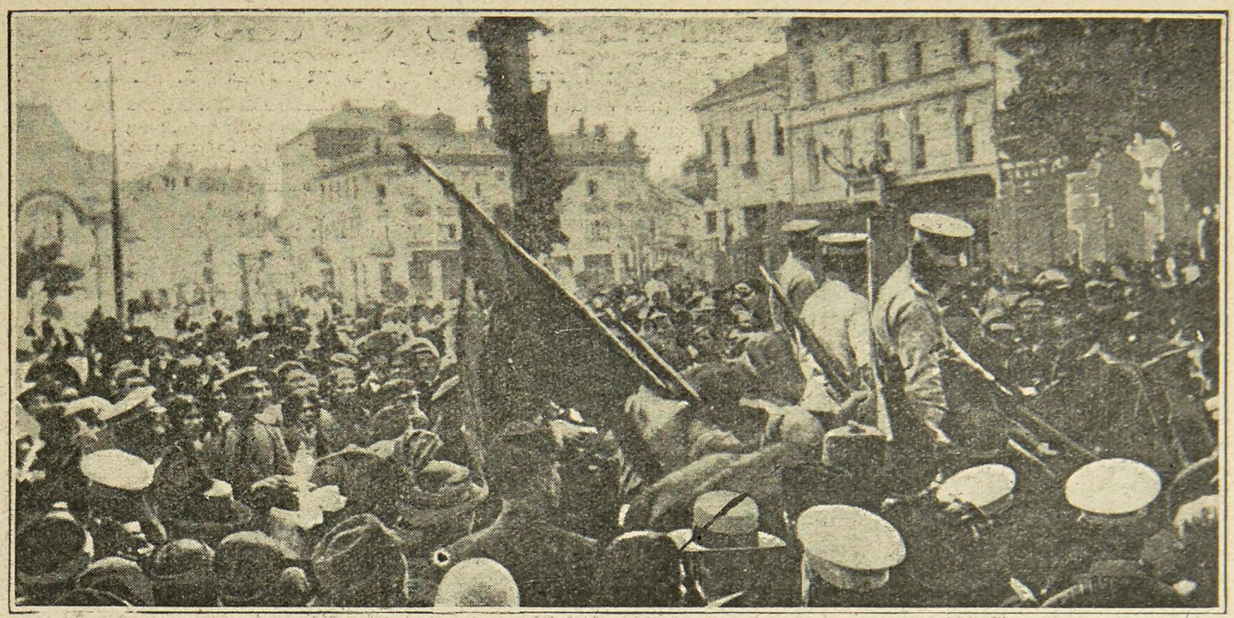
Prince Eitel Fritz, the Kaiser's second son, chatting with two members of his Staff in a Polish village. It is an interesting fact that, in spite of direct descent from Frederick the Great, whose military genius is incontestable, not one of the six sons of Wilhelm the Second has shown any marked strategic ability, and the Crown Prince, once the idol of the Junkers, has proved himself an abject failure.



A battery of Austrian artillery crossing the borderland of two great empires. It is about to take up a position on Russian territory. The Austrians, however, in spite of the Russian shortage of munitions, have not yet achieved any signal success.



FIGHTING IN THE ALPS.—With the advent of winter in the Alpine theatre, it is inevitable that events will move at a snail's pace. It is also possible that our Mediterranean allies may be disposed to realise indirectly their national aspirations by seeking other fields shoulder to shoulder with friendly Powers. However, until autumn is passed and climatic conditions are too severe, Italy will continue to wage her mountain warfare against the Austrians. This beautiful photograph shows a scene in the Carnic Alps. A heavy gun has been dragged to a high altitude purely by manual labour. The crew are about to place it in position, while a troop of Alpini, armed with entrenching tools, press forward to dig themselves in, facing the foe.



BULGARIA MOBILISES AGAINST HER FORMER FRIENDS.—The duplicity of the Bulgarian powers only shows how completely are they under the influence of the infamous Huns. The report that three thousand German officers are in the Bulgarian Army, whereas the presence of one only was disclosed, is a disquieting revelation. Through the intrigue of a parvenu monarch, this nation is being dragged unwillingly into an unnatural war against her liberators, the Russians. King Ferdinand has espoused the German cause because he believes that it will win. This photograph shows a mobilisation scene in Sofia.

The Fighting Forces of the Balkans

New Armies that may be Launched into Armageddon

OMITTING Turkey, Albania (the ancient Illyria), and Bosnia and Herzegovina (formally annexed by Austria in 1908), the Balkan Peninsula is occupied by five States: Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro, Rumania, and Greece. The armed forces which these little kingdoms could launch into Armageddon are estimated to aggregate a million and a quarter men.

The Peninsular Naval Strength

On paper these forces, if we reckon Serbia and Montenegro as one, are about equally divided between the several States. In addition has to be included the naval strength of the various kingdoms. Bulgaria possesses six torpedo-boats, a torpedo gunboat, and other vessels of which some are on the Danube and some in the Black Sea, the total complement being 900 men and 100 officers. Rumania has four river and coast-service monitors, five old cruisers, and three torpedo-boats. Four destroyers were building in Italy at the beginning of the war. This "fleet" is distributed between the Danube and the Black Sea. Greece, which has made many sacrifices to preserve a tradition going back to the days of Salamis (480 B.C.), in addition to the two battleships purchased from the United States in 1914, possesses three old battleships, one armoured cruiser, one small cruiser, fourteen modern destroyers, six modern and seven old torpedo-boats, two submarines, and a number of gunboats and mine-layers. The personnel of the Greek Navy is given as 8,000 officers and men.

Bulgaria's Striking Power

Before 1885, the year of King Milan's ultimatum and the union with Eastern Roumelia, the Army of Bulgaria, the youngest of the independent Balkan States except Albania, numbered about 50,000 men. When the old National Militia of Eastern Roumelia was incorporated the number was doubled, and the defeat at Slivnitza of 28,000 Serbians by the 15,000 Bulgarians under Prince Alexander gave to the world an object-lesson in the fighting capacity of the Bulgars. Eighteen years later the whole Bulgarian military system was thoroughly overhauled, and when in 1912 the long-expected Balkan War broke out the Bulgarians were able to put some 400,000 men in the field. The infantry is armed with the Mannlicher magazine rifle (calibre ·315), the cavalry with the Mannlicher carbine, and the artillery with the Schneider quick-firer (calibre 7·5 cm.) and the light Krupp quick-firer (7·5 cm.). The Bulgarian Navy, which is practically controlled by the War Office, has its naval school, mining depot, and arsenal at Varna, and its Danubian headquarters at Rustchuk.

The Armies of Serbia and Montenegro

The Army of Serbia dates from 1830. It is based, like that of Bulgaria, on a compulsory system, and, like that of Bulgaria again, is particularly strong in artillery. The infantry is armed with the Mauser rifle (calibre 7 mm.), and the artillery (recently strengthened from France and Britain) with quick-firers of the Schneider-Canet type. Serbia's military strength is not at present exactly definable, but the force which has held and contained the powerful and well-equipped armies sent against it by Austria is estimated at 300,000. As to the gallant little Army under King Nicholas of Montenegro, this includes about 30,000 men, who have been armed very largely by Russia and Italy. The Montenegrin Army is organised on a militia basis. The cavalry arm is non-existent.

Rumania's War Strength

As in the case of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, Rumania is a composite Power, having been formed by the union of Wallachia and Moldavia. Her Army, which remained practically intact through the two Balkan Wars, has for some time been undergoing reorganisation. The field strength is put at 300,000 men, the infantry being armed with the Mannlicher magazine rifle (calibre ·256), the cavalry with the Mannlicher carbine; the horse and field batteries with the 75 mm. Krupp quick-firer. Bucharest, the capital, is girdled with forts built to resist high explosives, and other towns are also strongly fortified.

It is commonly reported that while Rumania is well supplied with guns, her ammunition supply is small, owing to causes for which Germany is responsible.

The Rumanian Navy includes a protected cruiser, seven gunboats, six coast-guard vessels, six first-class and two second class torpedo-boats, and four monitors. The headquarters are at Galatz on the Danube and at Constanza on the Black Sea.

The Army and Navy of Greece

Universal service has ruled in Greece since 1867, and within recent years both Army and Navy have been remodelled under the impetus lent by the Great Military League. The Army is said to be able to enter the field 400,000 strong.

The Navy, reorganised in 1911 under the supervision of British naval officers, was handled with great skill during the war with Turkey. The dockyards and slips at the Piræus, Salamis, and on the coast of Syra are efficiently equipped.

When the present war broke out, Greece had a battle-cruiser, George I., (ex Salamis) building in German waters, a Dreadnought on order in France, and a small cruiser and four destroyers on hand in British shipbuilding yards.

Political-Strategical Aspects of the War

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

IF we assume that neither diplomacy nor bribery, nor even the unhappy blunder of our naval authorities in permitting the Goeben and Breslau to escape up the Dardanelles, could have limited the number of our enemies, we may safely say that our greatest remaining misfortune are the neutralities of Denmark and Holland, for they limit the exercise of our sea power. In saying this I mean the full use of the term, so as to extend to the use of the Scheldt and the Sound for all naval purposes whatsoever. Both these neutralities are old battle-grounds, but both in the Crimean War of 1854 and the Franco-German war of 1870 there was no limitation of neutrality on the movement of warships.

Value of the Iron Way

It is as much our habit to think in terms of ships as it is the German to think in terms of railways, and though the Germanic nations are besieged from almost every direction, they still rest great faith in occupying the central position with complete intercommunication by railways. This, however, induces them to complain of the neutrality of Rumania as an obstacle to the replenishment by railway of the depleted Turkish arsenals.

Germany has added to the advantages thus obtained a defended area behind Heligoland, through the preparations she has made on that island, on Borkum, and other places along her coast from the Ems to the Elbe. This defends her fleet on the exact lines laid down by Lord Palmerston so wrongly for England, when he said that the whole history of fortifications shows that they enable a weaker fleet to hold out against a stronger, and they have denied all naval access to this triangle of waters, except for a brief period in the early part of the war.

While then we are excluded from this corner and from the Baltic, except for a few submarines, there remain only for the exercise of naval pressure—including that form of naval pressure the projection of a military force into a new sphere of operations—the coast of Schleswig, Flanders, and the whole vulnerable Turkish coast-line. Of friendly territory where we may land, and which must therefore be taken into German calculations if we have to spare military force, there is France, Serbia, and the Adriatic. Now, concerning Bulgaria, it may be said that so long as military force is met by adequate military force, the extension of the war can only add to the drain on Germany and to the pressure on her military forces and economic resources. Thus the advent of Greece on our side and Bulgaria to the Germanic empire, adds the whole Grecian and Bulgarian coast-line as possible ground for the sudden irruption of a large new army protected by the British Navy, or in the Black Sea by the Russian Navy. There is no reverse side to the picture in favour of Germany from the naval point of view, but on the military side there is always a possible junction through Serbia of German and Bulgarian forces and railways.

A Strong Advantage

This advantage only passes from us when all our troops are so committed by the drain of war that there is no free force of several army corps which can be thrown across the seas on to one of the numerous coasts I have mentioned. It also passes from us if the apparently free force in this island is required to keep up drafts for the offensive in France and Gallipoli. The moment that happens, the strain on the German General Staff is immensely relieved, for not only are they free from the nightmare of unexpected reinforcements appearing against them, but they no longer have to make a great diversion of troops to protect coasts against a landing.

It is thus evident that the key of the position in this war is held by the British Empire, by the British use of Russia, or by the British use of Japan.

The alternatives may thus be stated:

1. To adopt compulsory service with the view to the use of this advantage next June.

2. To bring the necessary men from Russia and train and arm them ready to embark in this country. (This may be dismissed because of the near approach of the winter ice, the limited accommodation of Archangel, and the single-line railway serving it.)

3. The quickest and best method might be to secure the co-operation of our Eastern allies, the Japanese, whose well-trained, war-bitten Army could supply a strong force for use in Western France, and thus relieve a portion of our troops for service as an amphibious force based on England.

The Quicker Alternative

To those who point out that we can fight Germany with men, money, munitions and a Navy, and that the last-named lays the whole world under contribution for money and munitions, but that we cannot have the maximum of all four, there is but one answer. As they are determined to win the war they must logically adopt one of these policies, based on sound political and strategical doctrine. The extra men will not be in the best position for the great stroke unless they are in this country. We may pay Japan to send her Army, and that is a better—though not a nobler—alternative to compulsory service. There is no financial gain in avoiding the burden, for the war will soon be costing over £5,000,000 a day. The use of the Japanese Army, if it could be obtained, would avoid a delay of over six months under compulsory service.

The Strong Man of Britain's Air Service

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

THE importance of the Royal Flying Corps in the scheme of military affairs is shown by the fact that whenever Field-Marshal Sir John French issues an important despatch concerning the doings of the Expeditionary Force he never fails to mention the work of the corps. Under date October 4th, he issued a special Order of the Day expressing his appreciation of the valuable work done by all ranks of the R.F.C. in the battle which commenced on September 25th, and was apparently still being fought.

Well-Merited Praise

The Field-Marshal expressly thanked Brigadier-General H. M. Trenchard, C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C., who has been the general officer commanding the R.F.C. since Major-General Sir David Henderson, K.C.B., D.S.O., who originally commanded the corps came home to look after the administrative work connected with the enormous growth of the R.F.C. during the past few months.

The success of the R.F.C. on active service has been very largely due to General Trenchard, though he did not himself go to France till many months after the war began, and there is no officer whom the great majority of the officers and men of the corps would rather see thus publicly thanked. In the early days of the R.F.C., when the Central Flying School was formed as a joint concern for Navy and Army fliers, Captain Godfrey Paine, R.N., was put in command, and Major Trenchard, of the Royal Scots, who had already won his D.S.O. for brilliant work in one of our little wars in Northern Nigeria, was made assistant commandant. He proved to be a regular martinet where discipline was concerned.

Stern discipline was exactly what was wanted to knock a sense of law and order into the curious mixture of sailors, soldiers, and newly engaged civilians who formed the personnel of the corps in those days.

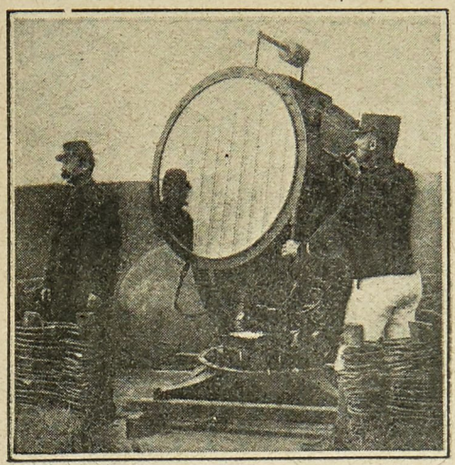
At first everybody was mortally afraid of Major Trenchard, but they soon found that his severe demeanour covered a singularly kind heart, and a strict sense of justice, so that before long many of the men who feared him most, and who had suffered worst from his insistence on all rules and orders being obeyed literally, became his most sincere admirers, and now they are all ready to follow him anywhere, or to go whenever he orders, for they have come to realise that everything he has done has been for the good of the corps, and not for himself or his personal friends. It is therefore the more satisfactory to see him receiving rewards which are only his due for the work he has done.

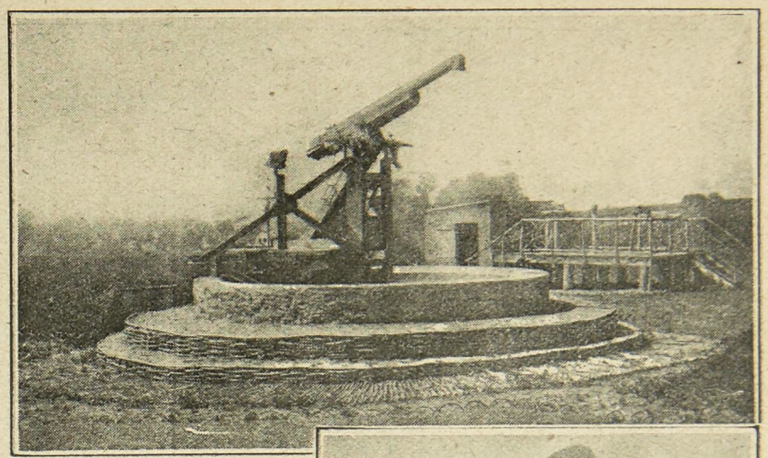
Strong and Sympathetic

He received his C.B. for his excellent work at the Central Flying School, and he was appointed an extra aide-de-camp to the King some months after the outbreak of war for his work, first of all as commandant at the R.F.C. headquarters at Farnborough, and then when commanding a "wing" of the corps on active service.

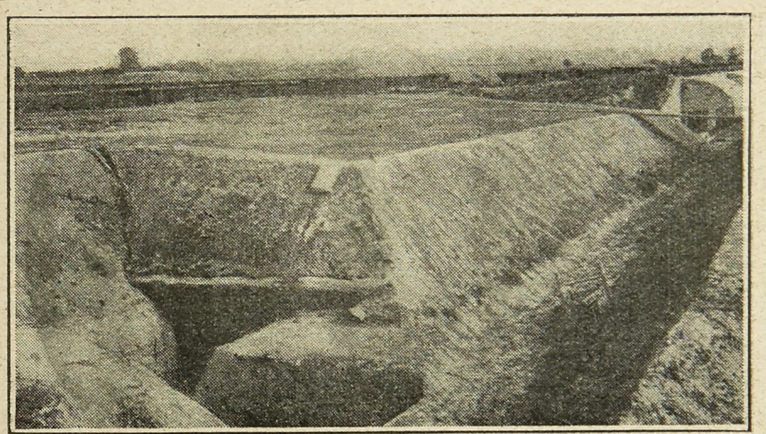
The flying man is naturally of an adventurous and turbulent temperament, and it takes a very strong and yet sympathetic person to keep him under control. General Trenchard has proved to be just the man for the job.

Why the Corsairs of the Clouds do not visit Paris

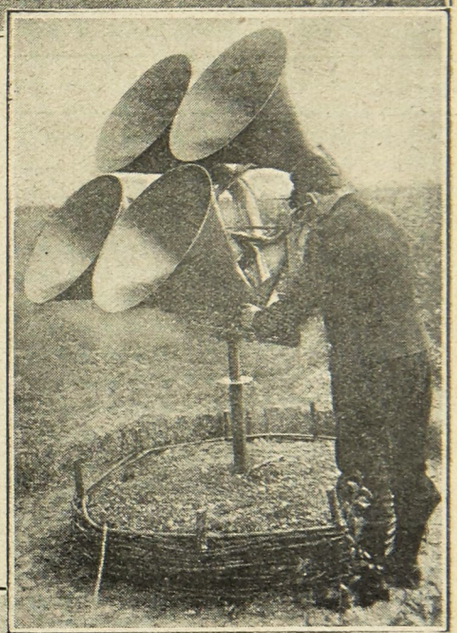


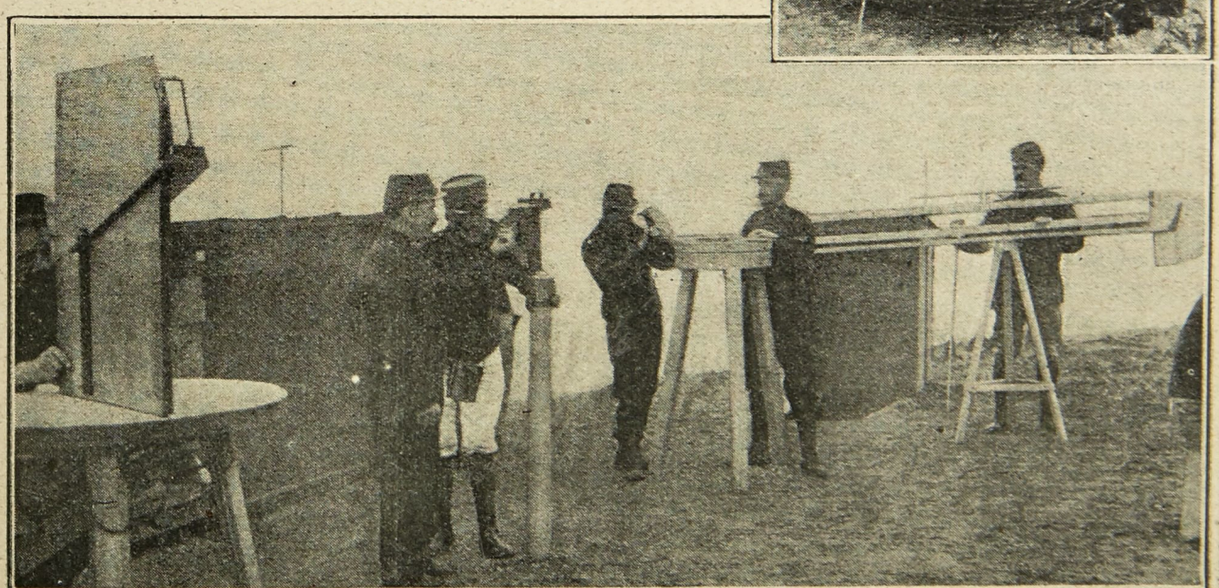


One of the giant searchlights on the outskirts of Paris which transform the gloom of night into day. On the right: A 75 mm. gun fitted on to a revolving platform in readiness for Zeppelin attacks.



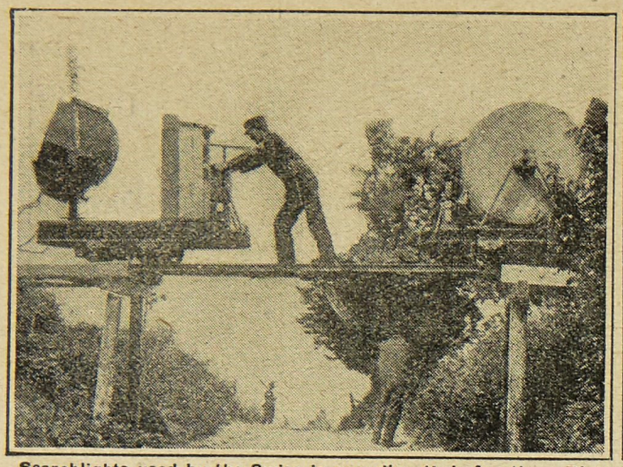
Portion of one of the large forts which have been erected since the war to defend Paris should the invader break through the allied lines.

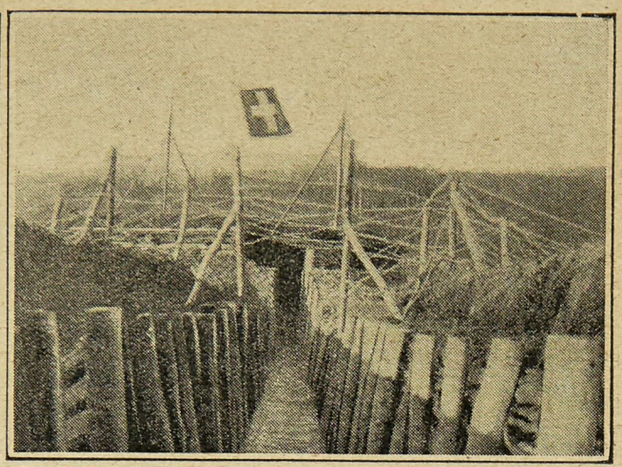




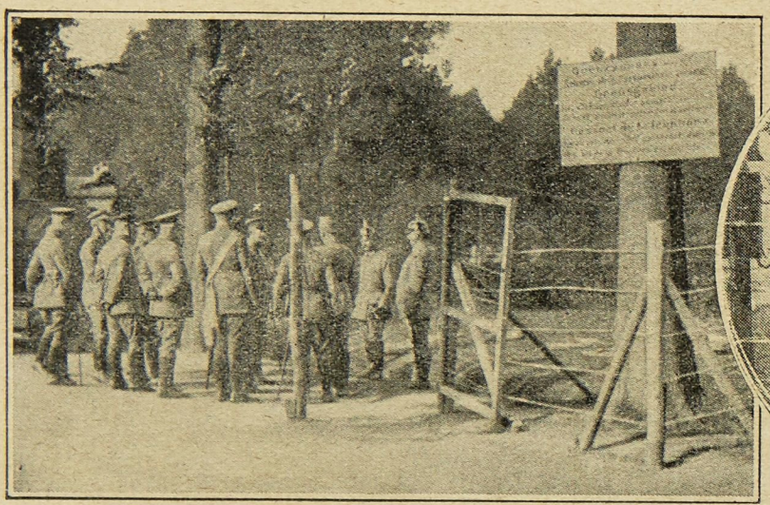
Many inventions of use in connection with foiling hostile aircraft are doing service in and around the city of Paris. This photograph shows one of the anti-aeroplane observation posts, fitted with instruments for gauging the height, distance, and speed of approaching enemy aeroplanes. Inset: Listening for "Aviatiks." These four horns gather up the slightest sound from the skies, and magnifies it by means of a microphone, thereby making it impossible for an aviator to approach unheard.

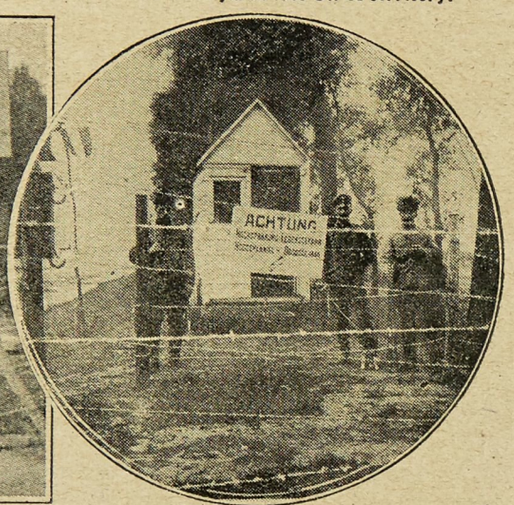
Electrified Fences Mark Boundaries of War



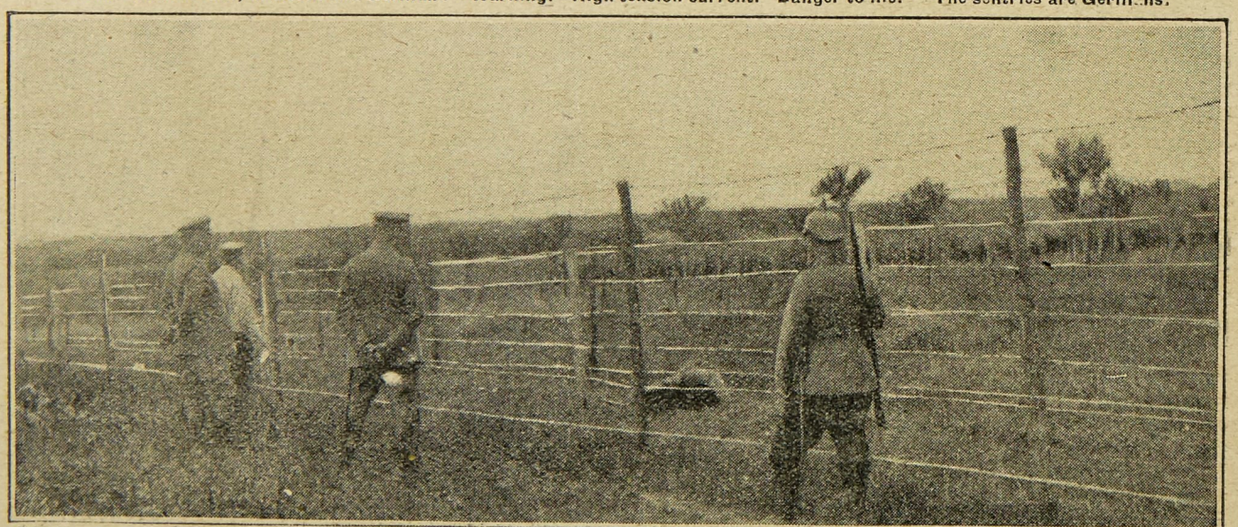


Searchlights used by the Swiss in guarding their frontier. Right: The flag and barbed-wire entanglements mark the boundary between Switzerland and France. A German trench terminates in a dug-out burrowed a hundred yards into Swiss territory.



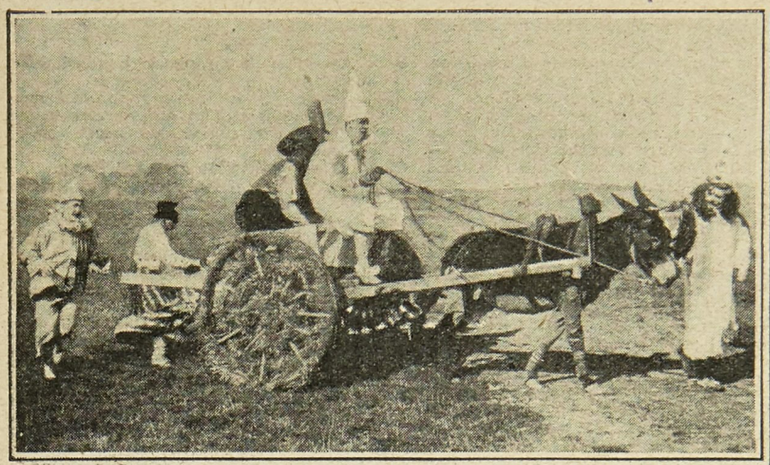


Cavalry-General Baron von Bissing (x), Governor-General of Belgium, on a visit to the barbed-wire fences dividing Belgian and Dutch territory. Right: One of the barbed-wire fences between Holland and Belgium, carrying a powerful electric current. The notice-board reads, in Dutch and German: "Warning.—High tension current. Danger to life." The sentries are Germans.

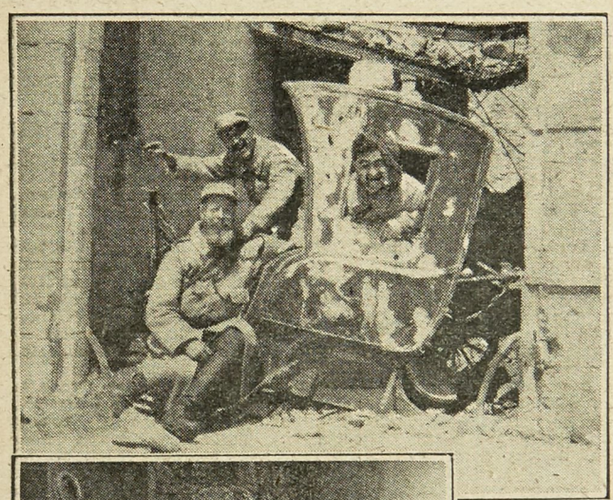


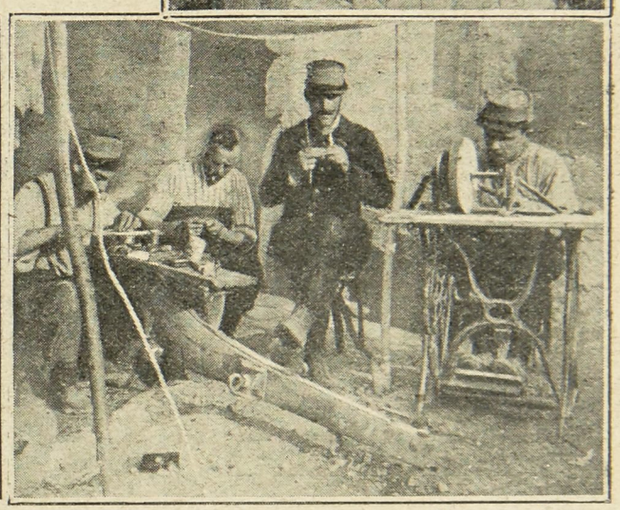
Victim of the boundary of death that divides combatant from neutral. The body of a man who was electrocuted in attempting to pass through the highly electrified barbed-wire closing the Belgo-Dutch frontier. These death-dealing fences have been erected by the Germans to close the frontier, and are guarded day and night by sentinels.

Bright Entr'actes in War's Sombre Carnival

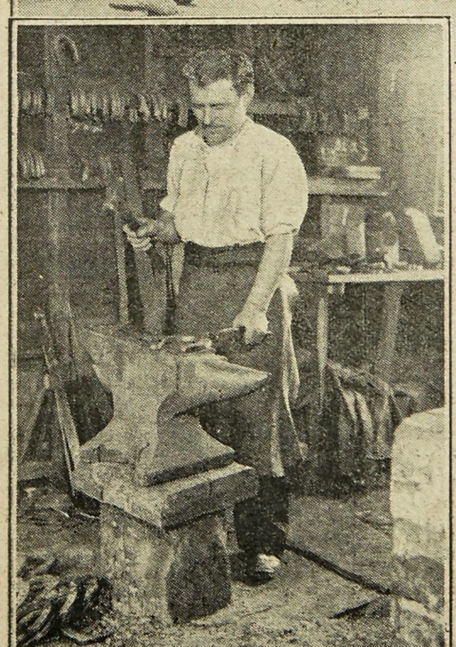


Off to a carnival fete held at one of the Canadians' camps in France. The resigned-looking donkey wears a pair of khaki trousers. Right: Clown at the London Irish Rifles military sports held recently.





Merry French soldiers seated in a shell-smashed motor-cab at Soissons. Above: French soldiers making rings from aluminium taken from shells. Pieces of glass from a ruined church are set in the rings.



Samuel Beal, the village blacksmith of Egham, who, single-handed, has made 4,000 shoes for Army horses in "overtime" hours. His valuable war work has been acknowledged by the authorities. Right: Men "doing their bit" at home, whose work compels them to wear respirators. They are filling tins with chloride of lime to be despatched to the front.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, September 1st to 30th, 1915.

SEPT. 1.—Germany announces to United States that her submarine campaign is to be modified.

Russians holding enemy in the Luck region and in Galicia. Total number of captures of Austro-Germans exceeds 100 officers and 7,000 men.

SEPT. 2.—**Gallipoli Gains.** Sir Ian Hamilton reports that fighting on Aug. 27 and 28 resulted in the capture of an important tactical feature commanding the Biyuk Anafarta Valley to the east and north.

Prolonged bombardment in the West. The French artillery attack on German positions in progress for over a week continued.

Announced from Paris that four Turkish transports sunk by British submarines in Dardanelles.

Russian retreat at Grodno.

SEPT. 3.—Germans driven back in battle of River Dvina.

Russians enter Grodno, capturing 8 machine-guns and 150 prisoners, and by this success permitted safe retirement of neighbouring troops.

SEPT. 4.—Continued allied bombardment in the West.

Allan liner Hesperian torpedoed without warning off coast of Ireland, 26 persons missing.

SEPT. 5.—Fight for Riga. Russians admit enemy crossed the Dvina at Friedrichstadt, and menace Riga.

In Gallipoli engagements of a lively character enabled the British troops to make progress.

SEPT. 6.—Air raid on Saarbrücken by 40 French aeroplanes. The station, factories, and military establishments successfully bombarded.

Two Russian destroyers announced to have routed a Turkish squadron, headed by the Hamidieh in Black Sea.

SEPT. 7.—**Belgian coast bombarded.** French artillery in the region of Nieuport co-operated in bombardment of the German coast batteries at Westende by the British Fleet.

Zeppelin raid on Eastern Counties, 56 casualties.

Russian victory near Tarnopol, 8,000 men and 30 guns captured.

SEPT. 8.—**Zeppelin raid on London,** 106 casualties.

Tsar takes supreme command of the Russian forces on the eastern frontiers, the Grand Duke Nicholas having been transferred to command the Caucasus.

Heavy German attack in the Argonne, prepared by a bombardment with asphyxiating shells, at first successful, but repulsed by violent counter-attack.

SEPT. 9.—**Russian triumph in Galicia.** Officially reported that in fighting in Galicia between Sept. 3 and 9, over 17,000 prisoners taken, and nearly 100 guns.

Violent fighting in Argonne. German attack repulsed everywhere except in portion of a trench near Binarville.

SEPT. 10.—**Russian victory near Trembowla,** in Galicia, 7,000 prisoners and 36 guns captured.

United States Government demands recall of Dr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Washington.

SEPT. 11.—**Zeppelin raid on East Coast,** bombs dropped but no casualties and no damage.

SEPT. 12.—Continued Russian success in Galicia. North of Tarnopol, 91 officers and 4,200 rank and file of enemy captured.

Zeppelin raid on East Coast. No casualties or damage.

SEPT. 13.—**French air raids on Germany.** Squadron of 19 aeroplanes flew to Treves, and dropped 100 bombs. Later, same squadron made a raid on station of Dommary-Baroncourt.

German aeroplane dropped bombs on Kentish coast, 7 persons injured. Chased off by two naval aeroplanes.

Another Zeppelin raid on East Coast.

SEPT. 14.—Announced Admiral Sir Percy Scott appointed to take charge of the gunnery defences of London against attack by enemy aircraft.

German advance in the north, Dvinsk-Vilna railway cut.

More Russian successes in Galicia, at Dzwiniacz, near Wysznewec, thousands of prisoners and guns captured. Officially reported from Petrograd that during period Aug. 20 to Sept. 12, number of Austrian and German prisoners taken exceeds 40,000.

Parliament reassembled.

SEPT. 15.—**Lord Kitchener in Parliament reviewed situation.** Announced that Sir John French had received 11 divisions of reinforcements and had taken over from the French about 17 miles of additional front. The provision of men to keep up the strength in 1916 "has caused us anxious thought. We shall require large additions."

Mr. Asquith in House of Commons said the enlistments in both Services were not far short of 3,000,000; the daily war bill should not now exceed £5,000,000.

Sir John French reports that during past week there has been 21 air fights over the German lines and in 11 cases the hostile aeroplane driven to ground.

Battle for Dvinsk and Vilna continued, the Russians counter-attacking vigorously. In Galicia desperate battle raged on the Strypa, west of Thombovla (south of Tarnopol). Russians dislodged enemy, crossed to other bank of the Strypa and took over 1,500 prisoners.

SEPT. 16.—Considerable German progress on the road to Dvinsk revealed in a despatch from Petrograd.

Admiralty announced that British submarine E7 lost in Dardanelles.

Announced that casualties in Dardanelles up to Aug. 21 amount to 87,630, of these 17,608 killed.

SEPT. 17.—Mining warfare reported from Dardanelles. Allies destroy enemy's mine gallery.

SEPT. 18.—Continued cannonade in the West.

German attacks on Vilna developing from three directions.

SEPT. 19.—**Russians evacuate Vilna.**

Belgian coast battle. British Fleet bombarded the German defences on the Belgian coast, the French heavy artillery in the Nieuport district co-operating.

Germans shell Serbian town eight miles south of the Danube.

SEPT. 20.—French long-range artillery bombarded railways, works, and moving troops at various points along the line.

Forest of Houthulst fired by British guns.

SEPT. 21.—**Despatch from Sir Ian Hamilton** published, dealing with operations during May and June.

Retreat of Russian Army from Vilna reported successfully carried out.

French advance. On the Aisne-Marne Canal our ally gained a footing on the right bank in places.

Great War Budget introduced in House of Commons by Mr. McKenna. New taxes estimated to bring in additional revenue of more than £100,000,000 in a full financial year.

SEPT. 22.—**Mobilisation of Bulgarian Army.**

Air attack on Stuttgart by French aviators.

Russians make vigorous attack between Friedrichstadt and Riga, recapturing a bridge-head on the Dvina at Lennevaden.

SEPT. 23.—French aeroplanes bombed railway line from Verdun to Metz.

Fierce artillery duel in region of Arras.

Successful raid by British airmen on German communications near Valenciennes.

SEPT. 24.—**Mobilisation of Greek Army.**

Splendid Russian successes reported. Vileika (east of Vilna) recaptured, Logischin (north-west of Pinsk) reoccupied and Luck recaptured. Several villages seized, together with 5,000 prisoners.

SEPT. 25.—French aeroplanes threw 40 bombs on Metz.

Belgian coast bombarded. French batteries co-operate with British Fleet in bombarding German positions of Westende and Middelkerke.

Great British Advance. South of La Bassée Canal our troops captured German trenches on a front of over five miles. We captured the western outskirts of Hulluch, the village of Loos, and the mining works around it, and Hill 70. We also made an attack near Hooge, on either side of the Menin road. North we occupied the Belewaarde Farm and Ridge, but these retaken by enemy. The attack in the south gained 500 yards of enemy's trenches, 1,700 prisoners and 8 guns, besides machine-guns captured.

Great French Victory. In Champagne our ally penetrated the German lines on a front of six miles and for a depth varying from one to three miles, 12,000 prisoners taken. In Artois cemetery, at Souchez and last trenches of enemy east of "The Labyrinth" taken.

SEPT. 26.—Fierce German counter-attack on ground won by British, with result that we held all ground gained including whole of Loos, except some ground just north. Quarries north-west of Hulluch won and lost; on the previous day retaken. Number of prisoners collected totals 2,600, and 9 guns.

More French Gains. The attack to north of Arras resulted in fresh progress. Whole of village of Souchez occupied. Farther south La Folie reached. 1,000 prisoners taken in this fighting. In Champagne more ground gained. Number of prisoners to date exceeds 16,000 unwounded men.

SEPT. 27.—North-west of Hulluch British repulse counter-attacks. East of Loos our offensive progressed. Captures to date amount to 53 officers, 2,800 men, 18 guns.

SEPT. 28.—Reported Austrian retreat from Brody, 50 miles north-east of Lemberg. Russians reoccupy Kovel.

Severe fighting round Loos, where progress made to the south.

French take 900 more prisoners in Champagne and threaten the Crown Prince's supply-line in the Argonne.

SEPT. 29.—**French progress** east of Souchez continued, and crests of Vimy commanding Lens reached after obstinate fighting.

Announced that British force in Mesopotamia captured Turkish positions on the Tigris, in front of Kut-el-Amara. Enemy in full flight towards Bagdad.

SEPT. 30.—More Champagne gains. French at several points captured second line of German defences.

In Belgium French heavy artillery supported the action of British Fleet against German coast batteries.

Details of British victory on the Tigris show that we captured 1,650 prisoners and 4 guns, and that the pursuit to Bagdad is in full swing.

Petrograd reports Russians abandoned Luck, the Volhynia fortress. East of this place stubborn fighting occurred, and our ally obliged to retire in some sectors.

How to Tell Infantry Regiments of the British Army

Prince Albert's
Somerset Light Infantry; 13th Foot. Silver bugle with cypher of late Prince Consort. Called "The Jellalabad Heroes."

The Prince of Wales's Own
West Yorkshire Regt.; 14th Foot. White horse in silver over metal inscribed scroll. "The Old and Bold." Regiment raised in 1685.

The East Yorkshire Regt.
15th Foot. Laurel wreath, eight-pointed star. White rose in silver within wreath. Nicknamed "The Snappers." With Wolfe at Quebec.

The Bedfordshire Regt.
16th Foot. Maltese Cross on eight-pointed star; garter and motto; the hart. Known as "The Peacemakers."

The Leicestershire Regt.
17th Foot. The Tiger in gilt metal with inscribed scrolls above and below. This regiment was formed in 1688.

The Royal Irish Regt.
18th Foot. Harp and crown. The present campaign is the sixth the regiment has fought in since the Crimea. Sir John French is colonel-in-chief.

Alexandra of Wales's Own
Yorkshire Regt.; 19th Foot. Silver rose-leaf wreath; coronet and cypher with cross. Nicknamed "The Green Howards."

The Lancashire Fusiliers.
20th Foot. Grenade; on ball the Sphinx over Egypt within a laurel wreath. The regiment carried Napoleon's body to the grave.

The Royal Scots Fusiliers.
21st Foot. Grenade in gilt metal; on ball the Royal Arms.. Raised by the Earl of Mar in 1678, and originally armed with the fusil.

The Cheshire Regt.
22nd Foot. Eight-pointed star with acorn. In 1899 several men were struck by lightning; thus named, "The Lightning Conductors."

The Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
23rd Foot. Grenade in gilt metal; Prince of Wales's plume within inscribed circle. Took part in all battles in American War of Independence.

The South Wales' Borderers.
24th Foot. In silver, within a wreath of laurel and immortelles, the Sphinx over Egypt. Nicknamed "The Tigers."

K.O. Scottish Borderers.
25th Foot. Inscribed circle surmounted by crown; St. Andrew's Cross; with the Castle of Edinburgh. "The Kokky-Olly Birds."

The Cameronians.
Scottish Rifles; 26th Foot. In silver, a mullet within a thistle wreath; a bugle and strings. "The Perthshire Grey Breeks."

Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.
27th and 108th Foot. Grenade in gilt metal; the castle, in silver, on the ball. "The Lumps." Fought at Waterloo.

The Gloucestershire Regt.
28th and 61st Foot. In silver, within two twigs of laurel, the Sphinx over Egypt. "The Old Braggs." Thirty-four battle honours.

The Worcestershire Regt.
29th and 36th Foot. The garter and motto on a silver star. "The Ever-sworded 29th." Specially mentioned by Sir John French.

The East Lancashire Regt.
30th and 59th Foot. Silver laurel wreath surmounted by crown with Sphinx over Egypt within; and rose with inscribed scroll.

The East Surrey Regt.
31st Foot. Guildford arms in silver on gilt shield surmounted by metal crown. Nicknamed "The Young Buffs."

Duke of Cornwall's L.I.
32nd and 46th Foot. Silver bugle with strings surmounted by the coronet. The 1st Battalion was raised in 1702 as Marines.

The Duke of Wellington's.
West Riding Regt. 33rd and 76th Foot. Duke of Wellington's crest. Only regiment with name of a subject of the King embodied in the title.

The Border Regt.
34th and 55th Foot. Star; crown; Maltese Cross; battle on cross the name and date of victory at Arroyo dos Molinos.

The Royal Sussex Regt.
35th and 107th Foot. Garter and motto on star; Cross of St. George. One of few British regiments that have fought in Italy—at Maida.

The Hampshire Regt.
37th and 67th Foot. In silver, the tiger within a laurel wreath; rose in gilt metal below. Known as "The Tigers."

South Staffordshire Regt.
38th and 80th Foot. In silver, the Staffordshire knot surmounted by a crown. "The Pump and Tortoise" and "The Staffordshire Knots."

Above is given another series of Badges of Infantry Regiments. Sometimes the regimental numbers are not consecutive, or two numbers are shown under one badge. This signifies that in the reorganisation of the army many of the former regiments disappeared, being in some cases "linked up" with others. In these cases of "linked battalions," one is generally at home, the other abroad.

A Sumptuous Record of the War

"THE WAR ILLUSTRATED ALBUM-DE-LUXE"

THE weekly numbers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED provide the English-speaking public with a periodical that constitutes a weekly mirror of the Great War. Very many thousands of its readers have arranged to bind these weekly numbers so that they may have, in years to come, a permanent memorial of the stirring months through which we are now passing. At the same time, there has been expressed a desire by many subscribers that they might have the volumes printed on expensive, superior art paper and bound in the very best cloth and leather, which is impracticable with the ordinary weekly issues.

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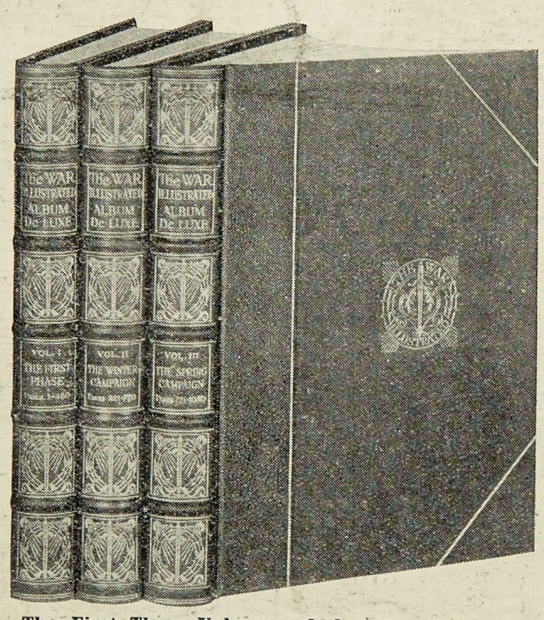

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IN the volumes of "The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe" the various articles and pages have been carefully revised in the light of the later information available after their weekly publication. Each volume deals with a period of three to four months, and each starts off with a history of the time with which it is concerned; so that the volumes will constitute an illuminating and brilliantly narrated complete history of the conflict.

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VOLUME II. describes the stern winter campaign, when, to the harassments by the enemy were added the rigours of cold and frost in the comfortless trench life. It describes the war among the snows of Galicia; it tells of the feats of the French Alpine troops, on their snow-shoes, who became the "blue terrors" of the Germans in Alsace-Lorraine. It narrates in glowing sentences the story of the great quadruple battle off the Belgian coast when the British Fleet bombarded the German emplacements, when the under-water boats tried to impede the activities of the British Fleet, when the land guns hurled death across the water-logged fields of Flanders, and when the war in the air had reached a pitch of efficiency that had been lacking during the opening months.

THEN Volume III. carries the grand story from the opening of the so-called submarine blockade of Britain by Germany to the time when Italy threw in her lot with the Franco-British Allies and bared her right arm in the cause of national freedom. It describes the second Battle of Ypres, where the "contemptible army" withstood the fiercest shock of the Prussian Guard, and hurled back the Kaiser's picked soldiers upon their reserves. It describes the great and dastardly gas-attack by the Germans, and it tells of the heroism of the Canadians who saved the situation when the poison vapour broke the French line. It shows the splendid part played by the Overseas Dominions in their rally to the Flag and the sacrifices they made for the common cause. And the subsequent volumes will carry the story onwards until the dawn of peace shall enable us to write the word "Finis" at the end of the last page of what will be the greatest panoramic record of the Great War.

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What Will Happen to Serbia? By F. A. McKenzie

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3 France and Britain hasten to the Succour of Hard-pressed Serbia **No. 62**

The Gambler's Last Throw

ULYSSES GRANT used to tell a tale about himself from which at times I derive much comfort. In the first period of the American Civil War, Grant was in command of a small body of men opposing a small Confederate force under a man named Harris. Grant was timidly manœuvring only for safety, but suddenly it struck him that Harris was also troubled in the same way. The future leader of the Northern armies won his first success through thinking of the other man's troubles, throwing his own cares aside, and striking out for a decision in a resolute manner.

AT the present time the British people have a pack of troubles. Some it would be cowardice to seek to lighten by soothing words. There are urgent calls to action, such as the call to maintain the full strength of our armies, which no soporifics can still. But if we are to preserve a steady grasp on the elements of our own vital problems, it would, I think, be well to refrain from vague, general feelings of gloom, and endeavour, like Grant, to find inspiration to vigorous combativeness in thinking at times of our enemy's troubles.

FOR instance, Lord Fisher and the men he trained for the struggle against the German Navy have been more successful on sea than Moltke the Second, Falkenhayn, Hindenburg, and Mackensen have been on land. Without a fleet action, Sir John Jellicoe has won for the Allies a larger control of the seas than Nelson did by a critical victory. Our submarines are now interrupting the naval, military, and commercial operations of the enemy in the practically inland waters of the Baltic, while the menace of German underwater craft to our shipping is being reduced to a less danger than was hostile privateering in the long interval between Trafalgar and Waterloo.

IF you need a charm to soothe your Dardanelles and Balkan fears, I can recommend the magic formula: Ingenohl—Pohl—Hoetzendorf. They are all commanders of the German High Sea Fleet, having succeeded each other in the last six months as possible rivals to Sir John Jellicoe. And Grand Admiral Tirpitz, who undertook to outbuild and outgun Lord Fisher, is engaged in a violent personal quarrel with Bethmann-Hollweg, in which the Kaiser is siding with the Chancellor. Our little political differences are of small importance compared with this. Then in the German Army there is a profound antagonism between Hindenburg, backed by the German people, and Falkenhayn, backed by the German Emperor. The Emperor is trying to diminish Hindenburg's popularity by giving Mackensen all the important work to do; but though the German public likes Mackensen, it insists on regarding Hindenburg, the waster of men, as the supreme hero of the war.

HINDENBURG is a very narrow specialist, who has never succeeded outside the Masurian Lakes region, which is his speciality. He was dismissed last February for his repeated failures in Poland, and for his lack of knowledge of the right place at which to strike, which, as Falkenhayn showed, was the Dunajec line. But when the German troops have not Hindenburg to misdirect them, they feel no confidence in themselves. Hindenburg had even to be brought to Ypres, during the first gas attack last April, in order to inspire the Würtemberg army. He is a deep source of trouble to the German Staff. They don't want him, and they can't do without him. He and Tirpitz are the Old Men of the Sea, with a strangle-hold round the necks of the German military and naval Staffs.

THEN there is the Kaiser. He is just clever enough to be very troublesome. Possessing no constructive ability, he has the power of borrowing ideas and employing them to criticise his officers. His greatest stroke was his admirable recognition of the practical genius of the Jewish magnates, such as Ballin and Rathenau, to whom, against all the prejudice of the Prussian nobility, he entrusted the work of organising the national resources. But to the Kaiser's lack of an original standpoint all the strange and violent fluctuations of German effort are due.

THE man has no persistency of aim. He takes up scheme after scheme, and wastes troops by the million in one direction; then at the first sign of failure he tries to cover up his check by launching out on some new grandiose project. "If the fool would only persist in his folly," said William Blake, "he would become wise." The Kaiser cannot persist. He lost nearly all his first-line troops in trying to reach Paris and Calais. Even then, he might still have held the Russians in the Carpathians, and smashed through to the French coast with Mackensen's Grand Phalanx; for there can be little doubt that the Franco-British front would have given way last April against such a massed force as Mackensen's 2,000 heavy howitzers. But Falkenhayn and Count Tisza pointed out that Warsaw could be won with little effort, and Hindenburg, improving on the plan, suggested that Russia could be completely broken and forced to ally with Germany and Austria to put down the democratic movement in Western Europe. So, veering round, the Kaiser swung his main forces against Russia. But though he won Warsaw and Brest Litovsk, and dealt terrible blows in the eastern field of war, he, too, lost men by the million, without destroying the power of Russia. He failed against Russia as he had failed against France, and his chief hammering force, the Grand Phalanx under Mackensen, got stuck at last in the immense Pripet Marshes.

OWING to the autumnal rains, Mackensen's thousands of heavy guns and howitzers could not be moved quickly enough through the soaking marshlands to bring about a decisive result. East and west there was failure to break the enemy, and meanwhile the human resources of the Teutonic Empires were approaching a critical stage. According to the calculations of the French Staff, it was clear that in the spring of 1916 the German and Austro-Hungarian reserves would be exhausted.

SO, like a gambler making his last throw, the Kaiser sent Mackensen southward against Serbia, with the design to break through to Constantinople, and draw on the reserve of cannon fodder in the Ottoman Empire. The treachery of Ferdinand of Bulgaria has certainly complicated the problem of the Balkans, but I cannot regard the new German move as more than an attempt to cover up the German lack of definite success in both France and Russia. It may prolong the war. But if Germany can arm every Turk, cannot we and the French draw further on the fine fighting races of our African and Asiatic Empires? And then there are the Japanese. If the Germans should seriously menace Asia, Japan will be vitally concerned in the matter. So far as I can see, it is the troubles of Germany that mainly influence each new improvisation in her general strategy. Breaking her line on the western front would still be the best counter-move against her.

EDWARD WRIGHT

THE WAR Illustrated

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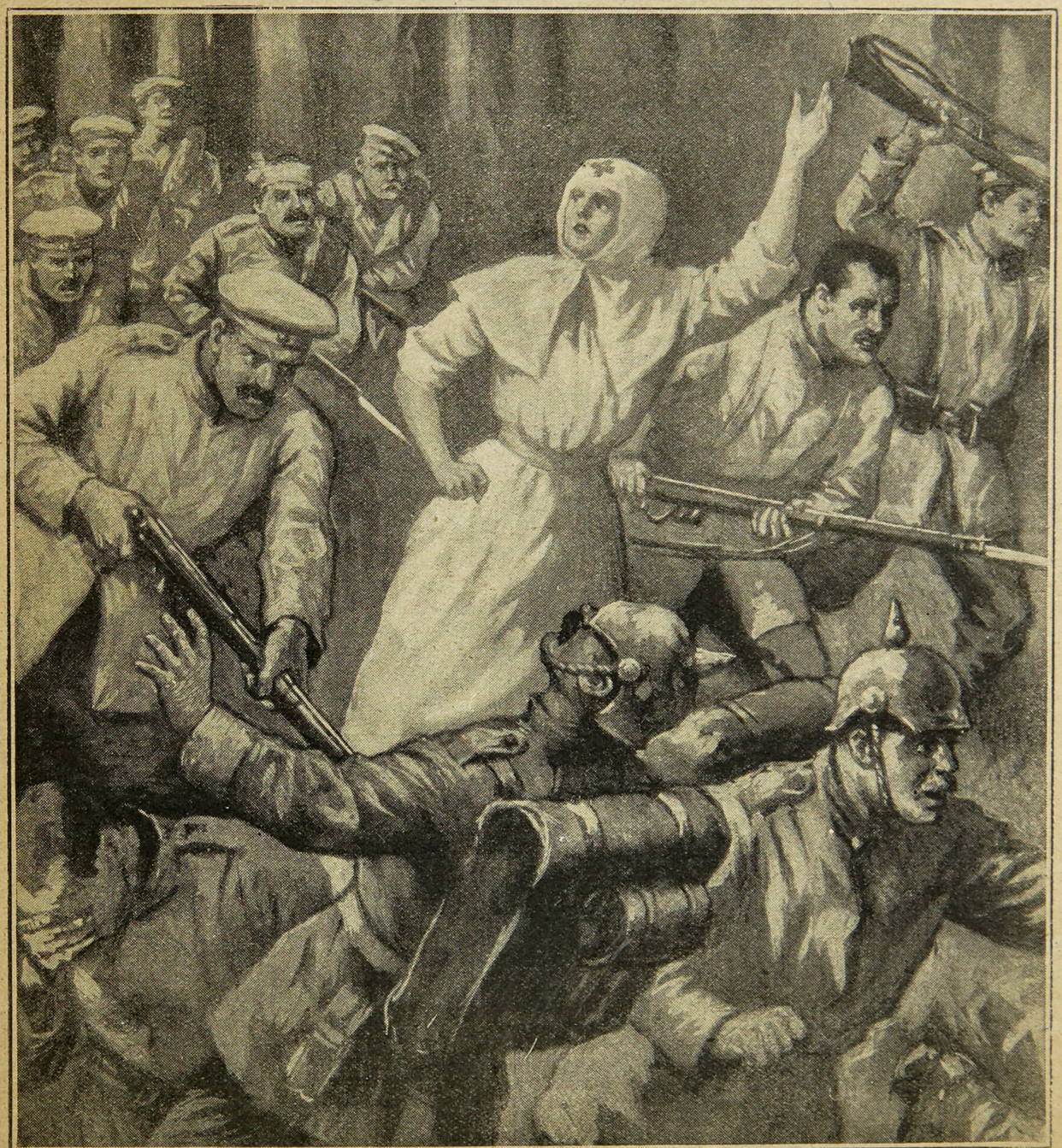
A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton



A MODERN JOAN OF ARC.—There are on record many cases of women who, inspired with an irresistible patriotism, have donned soldiers' uniforms and taken a fighting part in the war, but none is more authentic or more beautifully in the spirit of the Maid of Orleans than the subject of this drawing. A Russian nurse, Mira Miksailovitch Ivanoff, was tending the wounded in the first line. The company to which she was attached was very hard pressed by the Germans, and she was urged to retire. At that moment the last officer and sergeants were incapacitated. Instead of considering her personal safety, she took the lead, and rallied the courage of her men to beat the Germans off. Mira Ivanoff was killed on the field, one of the few combatant-heroines of the war.

How we are Paying for the War

THE ROUGH JUSTICE OF THE NEW BUDGET IN PRACTICE

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money, M.P.

BECAUSE in peace we neglected to adjust our taxation fairly, in war we have to frame Budgets which at the best do very rough justice as between the various orders of taxpayers. Every praise is due to Mr. McKenna for the courage with which he faced his great task, and he has attempted to fit the burden to every back. He had, however, necessarily to work by amending the rates of a very imperfect system of taxation, for you cannot turn a fiscal system inside out in the middle of a big war, and the result is that the Budget, when examined in detail, bristles with anomalies which are the same kind of anomalies which existed in peace, but rendered conspicuous by heavy rates of taxation.

The application of a direct tax like the Income Tax ought to be easy enough to understand, but so complicated has our Income Tax become by constant amendment of an originally clumsy system that, even if well-informed, one has to think very carefully before answering any question on the subject.

The Rebate on Children

Mr. McKenna's latest amendment has raised the rates of tax by forty per cent. (following upon Mr. Lloyd George, who had already doubled them), while lowering the exemption limit to £130. This, however, does not mean that the majority of those earning £130 to £160 a year will pay Income Tax, for the allowance for children system, introduced by Mr. Lloyd George, cancels Income Tax for most persons of small incomes who have young children.

Indeed, so far does exemption go, that it is true to say that up to about £180 a year the Income Tax has little application save to bachelors and the childless. Here is how the thing works out:

INCOME TAX AND THE FAMILY MAN—1

No. of Children under 16 years.	On £131	On £140	On £150	On £160	On £180
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
0	1 3 0	2 2 0	3 3 0	4 4 0	6 6 0
1	—	—	1 1 0	2 2 0	4 4 0
2	—	—	—	—	2 2 0
3	—	—	—	—	—

It will be seen that if a man has £180 a year, and three children under sixteen years of age, he has no Income Tax to pay.

I do not think that anybody will consider the bachelor too heavily taxed by the figures in the top line of the table.

Now let us see how the Income Tax works up to £500 a year. Here is another statement giving the facts of the case for £200 to £500:

INCOME TAX AND THE FAMILY MAN—2

No. of Children under 16 years.	On £200	On £250	On £300	On £400	On £500
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
0	8 8 0	13 13 0	18 18 0	29 8 0	42 0 0
1	6 6 0	11 11 0	16 16 0	27 6 0	39 18 0
2	4 4 0	9 9 0	14 14 0	25 4 0	37 16 0
3	2 2 0	7 7 0	12 12 0	23 2 0	35 14 0

A glance at this table will reveal a grave fault. It will be seen that the allowance for children, which made so much difference upon very small incomes, makes very little difference for moderate incomes. At £200 a year, three children reduce Income Tax from £8 8s. to only £2 2s. At £500 a year, the reduction is from £42 to £35 14s., being actually the same, and therefore proportionately less.

The reader cannot fail to be struck, too, with the extraordinary jumps of the scale. It is absurd to call it a graduated Income Tax, for graduation implies a gradual rise. To take the case of a man with two children, at £150 a year he pays nothing, at £180 a year he pays £2 2s., at £200 a year, £4 4s.; at £300 a year, £14 14s.; at £400 a year, £25 4s.; and at £500 a year, £37 16s.

Of course, if a statesman were arranging a graduated Income Tax he would never enact this sort of thing. Its obvious unfairness is the result of enacting a flat rate of tax, which is chipped at by various abatements and allowances in order to produce a number of rough steps. For ten years I have been protesting in Parliament against the method, and now in war its faults are accentuated in the manner I have had, unfortunately, to illustrate.

At £500 a year, the children's allowance stops, and, without going into the rates of Income Tax and Super Tax, here are the amounts which have to be paid on various large and small incomes, the taxpayer assumed to have three young children:

INCOME TAX NEXT YEAR (SMALLER INCOMES EARNED)

Income.	Amount of Tax.	Income.	Amount of Tax.
£	£ s. d.	£	£ s. d.
130	—	1,000	105 0 0
150	—	5,000	1,029 3 4
250	7 7 0	50,000	16,529 3 4
500	35 14 0	100,000	34,029 3 4

Right through these Income Tax figures, I have taken, for the sake of simplicity, the full tax as it will have to be paid in the next financial year (April 1st, 1916, to March 31st, 1917).

THE OTHER INCOME TAXES

If the anomalies of our direct taxation are bad, those of our indirect taxes are worse.

I deal first with the indirect taxes on sugar, tea, tobacco, etc. Mr. McKenna has increased the sugar tax in a manner I will presently explain, and the other duties by fifty per cent., which means something less than fifty per cent. increase in their yield, and something more than fifty per cent. increase in their casual injustices.

What do we mean when we talk of *taxing tea?* As a matter of fact, you cannot tax tea or any other commodity. What you really do is to tax the income of the person who buys tea, because he buys tea. All these taxes are really Income Taxes, and very unfair ones, because they hit the poor more than the rich, and because, also, people use the taxed articles unequally. A poor man with a large family pays a heavy Income Tax through sugar, and another one through tea. If, also, he is a smoker and drinker, his income is heavily taxed twice more; but that is his own fault. To the rich these taxes mean nothing, for even a heavy duty on the tea, coffee, sugar, etc., consumed in a rich household amounts to a negligible addition to the rich man's Income Tax.

Impositions of Traders

As far as sugar is concerned, the public has done very well, in spite of the increase in duty, because our sugar has been bought for us by the Government Sugar Commission, and that body, by judicious dealing, has been able to lower the price of the sugar it sells, thus discounting part of the extra tax. While raising the sugar duty from 1s. 10d. to 9s. 4d. per cwt., the Government is reducing the price of sugar by from 2s. 6d. to 3s. per cwt. This means, in practice, only about one halfpenny tax on each pound weight of sugar.

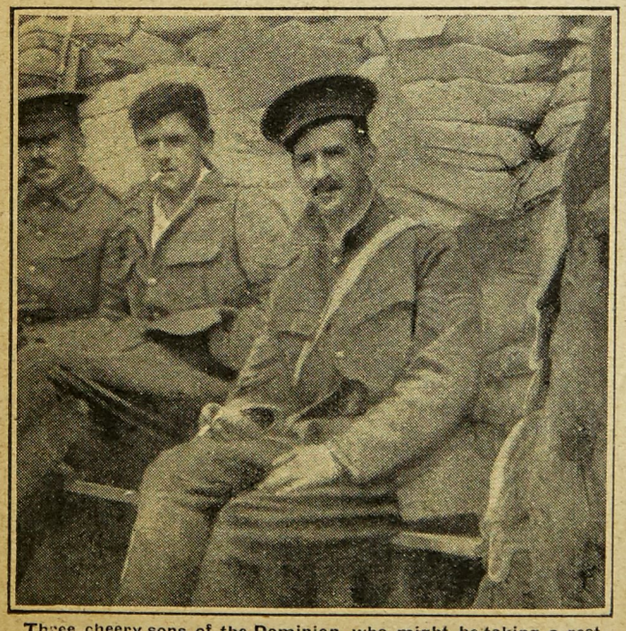
With regard to tea, coffee, and tobacco, the public are not so fortunate. These things are not monopolised by the Government, and the private dealer is therefore free to pass on the duty to the consumer, with such additions as he can contrive.

[*Continued on page* 220

With the Canadians in the First-Line Trenches

The man who has the order of the bath. Canadian, laden with a supply of clean towels, about to distribute them to his comrades.

An unrecorded casualty. It is no uncommon occurrence for men in the first line to snipe a hare, or other game, thereby adding a pleasant variant to official rations.



Three cheery sons of the Dominion, who might be taking a rest outside their ranch in the West, so unconcerned are they as to the Boches "over the way."

Canadian soldier, in anticipation of a poison-gas attack and possible charge, has donned his respirator and fixed his bayonet. (Exclusive photographs.)

PAYING FOR THE WAR

(Continued from page 218.)

Let us take two illustrations.

The first relates to tea. The London teashop proprietors have put their heads together, and now charge the public one halfpenny per cup extra for tea. This is really too bad. If the reader cares to experiment, he will find that in a pound of tea there are about one hundred and sixty teaspoonfuls, or fully one hundred and twenty heaped teaspoonfuls. Thus a pound of tea yields at least one hundred cups of tea. One hundred halfpennies amount to 4s. 2d., so that the teashop proprietors are turning Mr. McKenna's extra duty of fourpence a pound into nearly four shillings a pound. (This takes no account of the increase in sugar, but that of course is almost negligible in respect of one hundred cups of tea.)

The Tobacconists' Own Levy!

Let us take another case, that of tobacco.

Mr. McKenna has raised the duty on tobacco by fifty per cent., from 3s. 8d. per pound to 5s. 6d. per pound. I have just seen a tobacco advertisement in which it is announced that tobaccos formerly sold at 4½d. per ounce, or less, will be increased in price by three-halfpence per ounce, and that tobaccos previously sold at 5d. per ounce, or more, will be increased in price by twopence per ounce.

Let us see what this means. Three-halfpence per ounce is two shillings per pound; twopence per ounce is two shillings and eightpence per pound. So that on the better tobaccos the Government increase of one shilling and tenpence per pound is to be passed on as two shillings and eightpence!

£1,000,000 Private Profit!

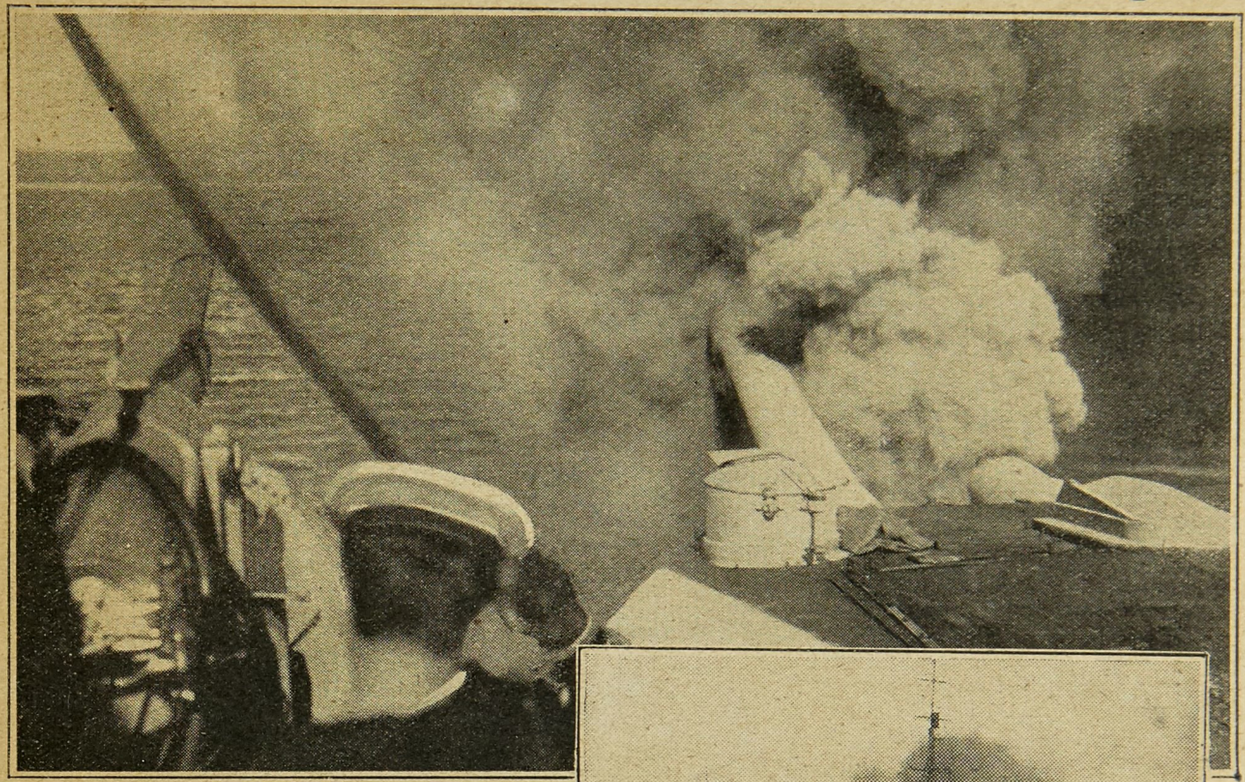
If this system of private profit on public taxes is successful, the public will have to pay something like £1,000,000 over and above the Government duty—i.e., as war profit to the tobacco people. It is a great pity that a collective strike of smokers cannot be brought about to bring such impositions to an end. Apart from the inherent fault of inequality of incidence as between rich and poor, it is a vice of indirect taxation that it lends itself to these deplorable manipulations.

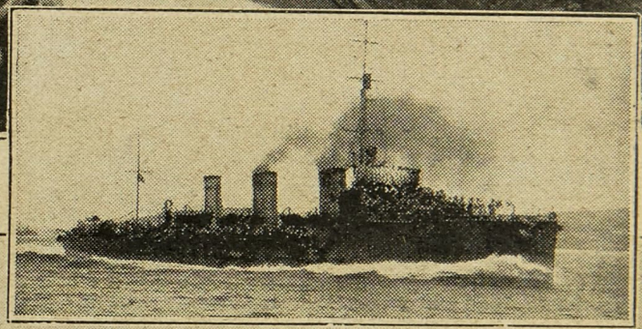
Generally, while the Income Tax (together with the Death Duties, which I have not space to treat here, and which are not raised by Mr. McKenna's Budget), is heavily graduated against the rich, the indirect taxes are graduated against the poor. The well-to-do pay the bulk of the direct taxes; the poor and those of small means pay the bulk of the indirect taxes. The general conception, which is to levy something upon all classes, is thus achieved, but in a rough-and-ready way. Some day, when peace comes again, we may hope to find a Chancellor of the Exchequer who will thoroughly revise our taxing methods and give us a greater degree of justice than now obtains.

Parliament could not do better than devote the main part of the energies of one session to the task.

Meal-time outside "ready-made" billets just behind the firing-lines. Splendid types of Canada's gallant fighting men sampling the bully beef. Inset: Afternoon rest behind a sandbag barricade during a slack time in a first-line trench.

A Stumbling-Block to Germany in the Ægean

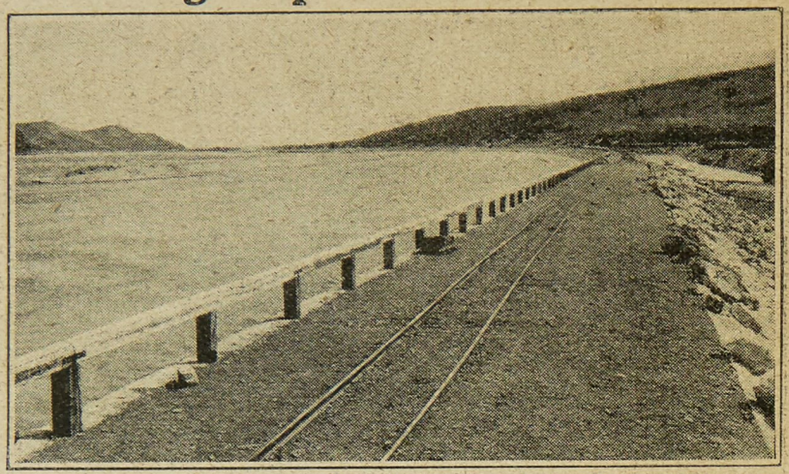




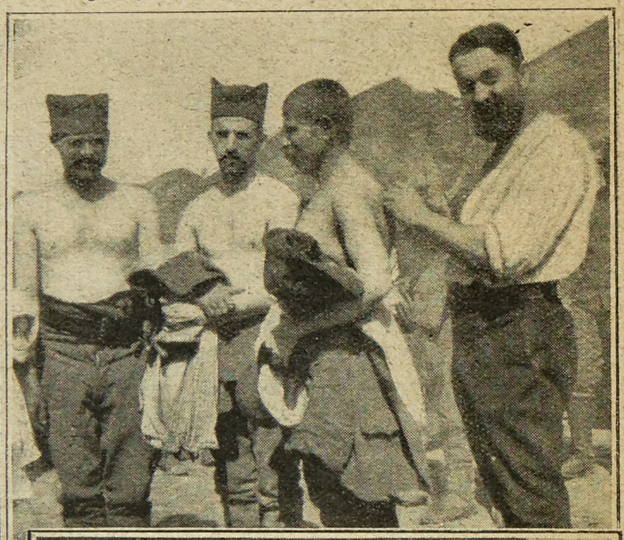
Replying to the fire of a Turkish shore battery. The Canopus argues it out with a 12 in. gun. Inset: Destroyer acts as transport, and, laden heavily with troops, makes full speed ahead for the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Awaiting the picket-boat. Men of H.M.S Lord Nelson about to return to their ship after a short leave at Mudros, Lemnos. Even should the Germans succeed in reaching the Ægean Sea, they have still to contend with the ubiquitous and all-powerful British Fleet.

Serbia defies Wilhelm to grasp the Golden Horn

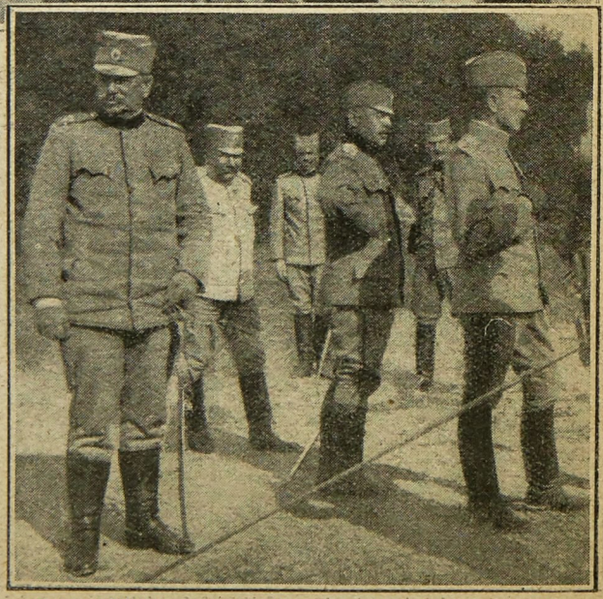


Scene of the new German invasion of Serbia, known as the Iron Gate of the Danube. On the left is Major Djoukitch, an intrepid Slav soldier, popularly known as the hero of Belgrade, watching a battle on Mount Kaomi.



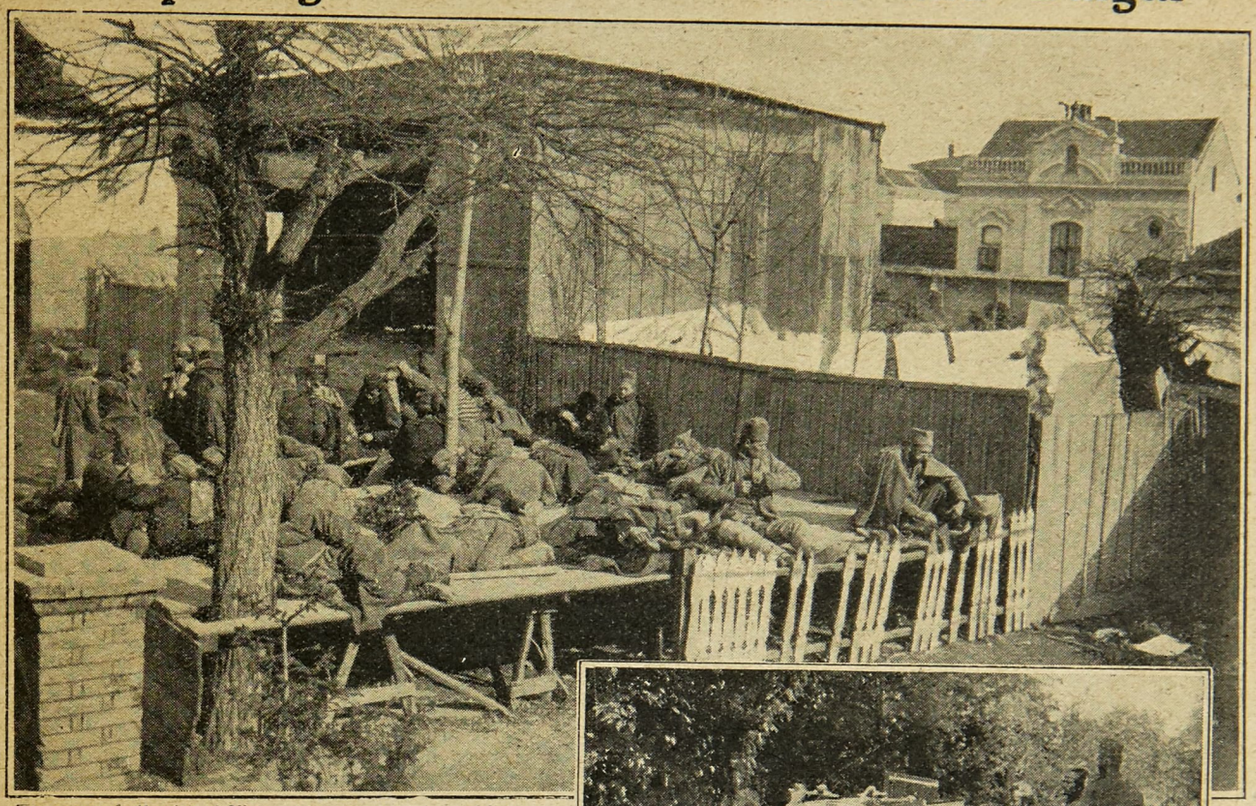
Miss Sandes, one of the British nurses, talking to the Serbian Director of the Fourth Reserve Hospital at Valjevo. On the right: French military doctor inoculating Serbian soldiers against typhoid.

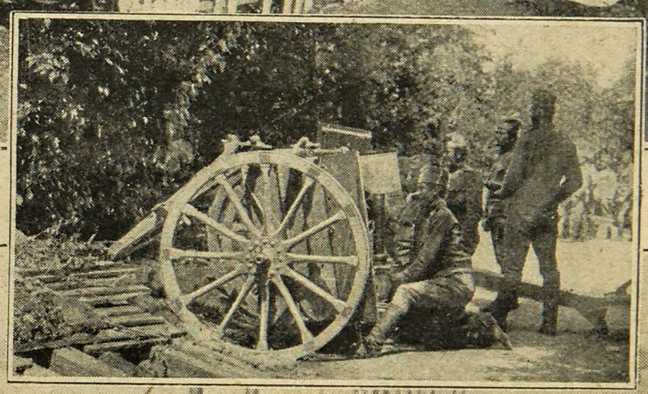
Ready for anything. Types of the most warlike race in Europe. Serbian infantry on the march.



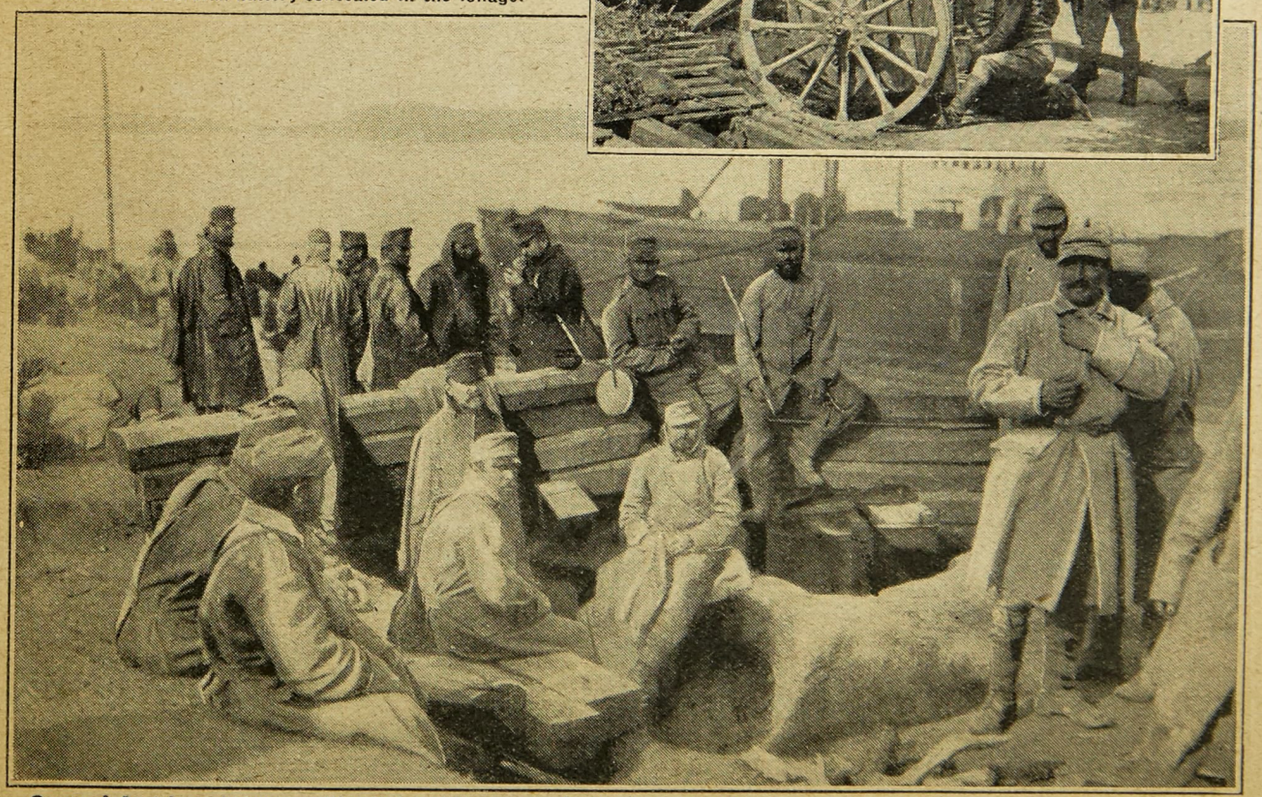
General Nisitch, on the right, and some of his staff, including Colonel Vositch, in the foreground.

Preparing to Face both Hun and Bulgar



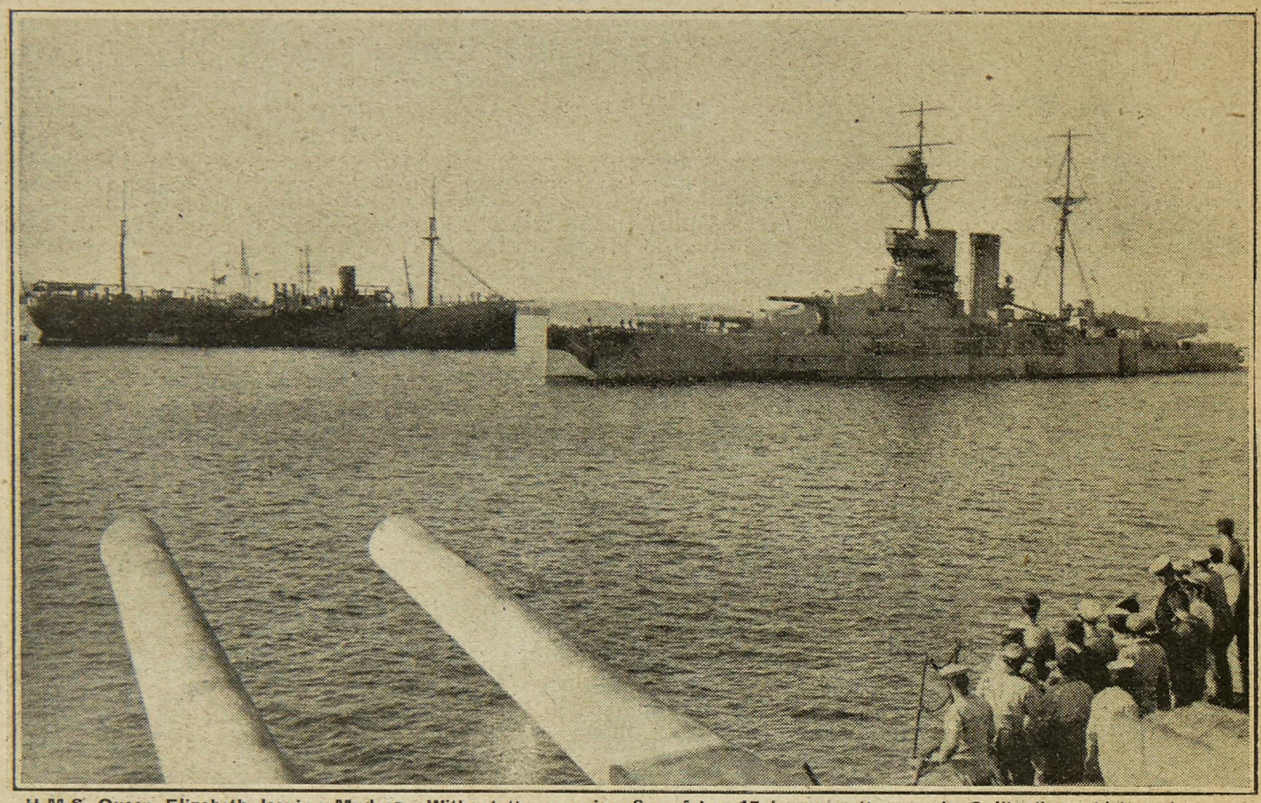


The open-air theatre at Nish, which has been turned into a barracks by Serbian soldiers, some of whom are seen availing themselves of a much needed rest. Inset: A stumbling-block in the Kaiser's road to Constantinople. Formidable Serbian battery concealed in the foliage.

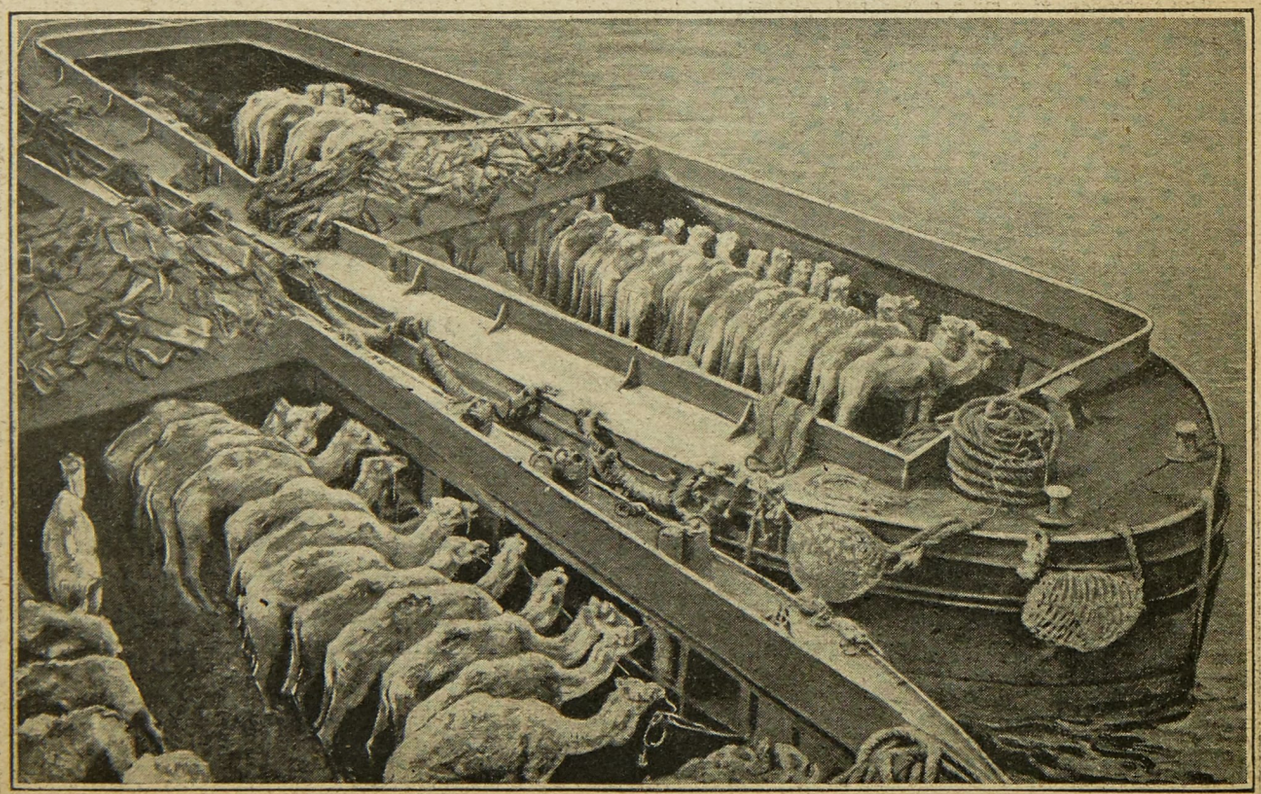


Group of Austrian prisoners awaiting their midday meal. In the background is the Danube, which, since the new German attack on Serbia under Field-Marshal von Mackensen, promises to play an even greater part in Armageddon than the tragic Vistula.

Leviathan of the Deep and Ships of the Desert

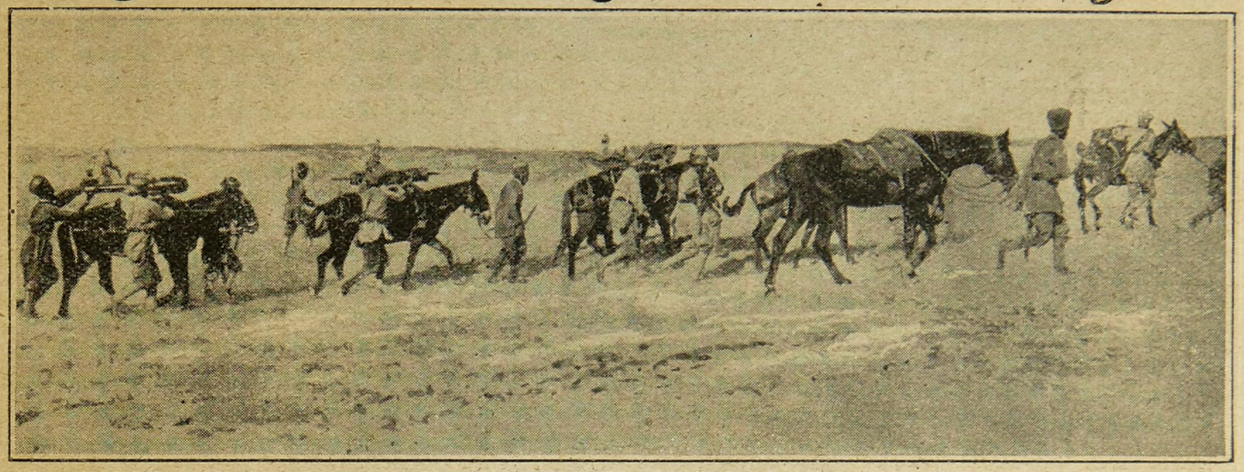


H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth leaving Mudros. Without the covering fire of her 15 in. guns, the war in Gallipoli would have been an impossibility, and no doubt she and other craft will be an effective check to German designs in the Ægean and Mediterranean.

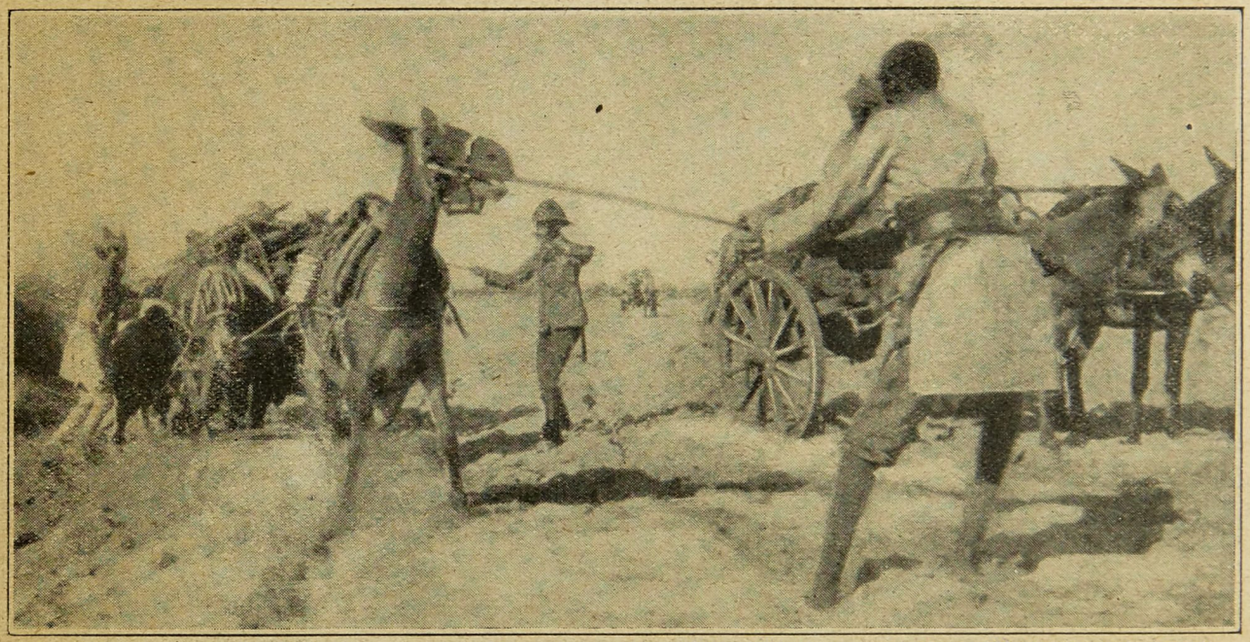


In spite of every conceivable kind of machine enlisted to expedite the progress of war, there are remote aspects of Armageddon which are reminiscent of biblical strife, of far-off struggles in Babylon, and time-forgotten wars in Egypt. This photograph, showing a freight of archaic denizens of the desert leaving a Mediterranean port in shallow barges for Gallipoli, illustrates an incident which might apply as well to the twentieth century B.C. as to the twentieth A.D.

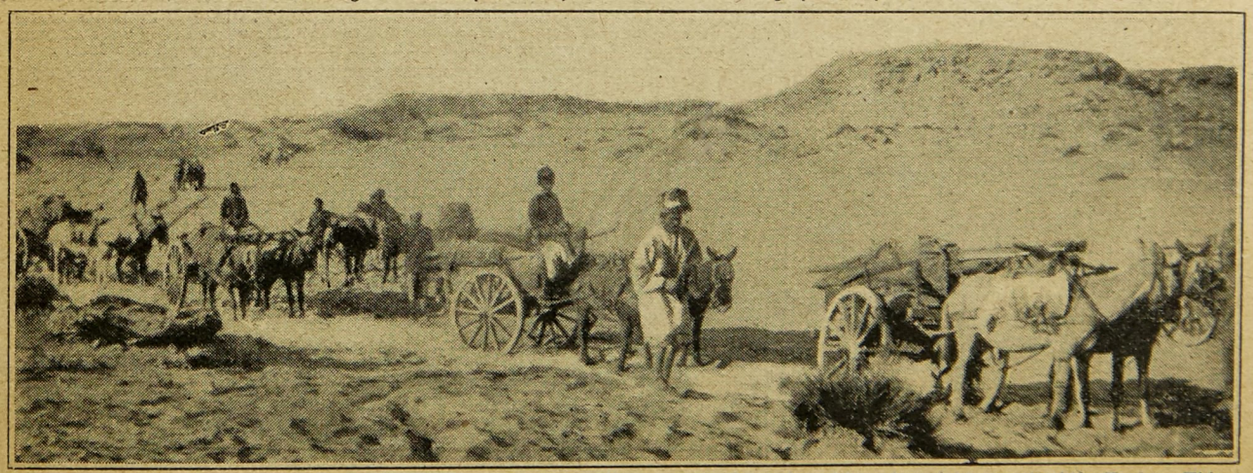
Anglo-Indians Forcing the March to Bagdad



Indian battery advancing towards Bagdad. One of the dreams of the Kaiser is that his influence should extend from Berlin to this historic city. Hence the intrigues with Turkey in connection with the famous Bagdad Railway, which is practically a German enterprise.

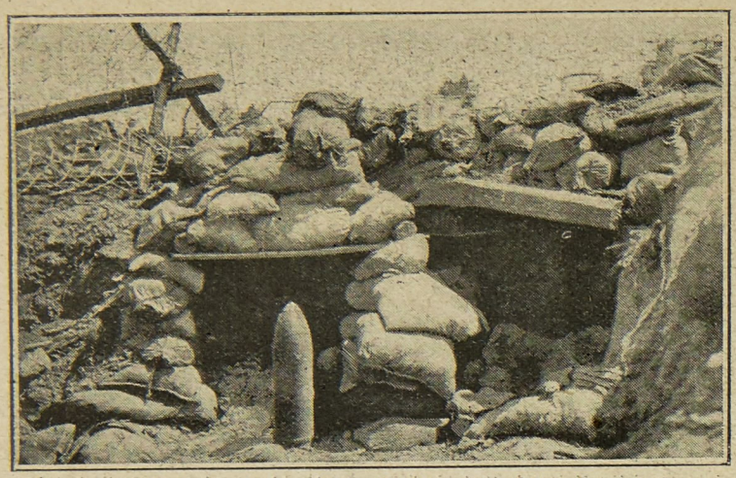


The difficulties involved in Britain's campaign in Mesopotamia are manifold. With the thermometer at 120 degrees, and a scarcity of water, General Sir John Eccles Nixon, K.C.B., who is in charge of the operations, is considerably handicapped. This photograph shows an Indian soldier wrestling with a transport mule, which is intent on living up to the proverbial obstinacy of its species.

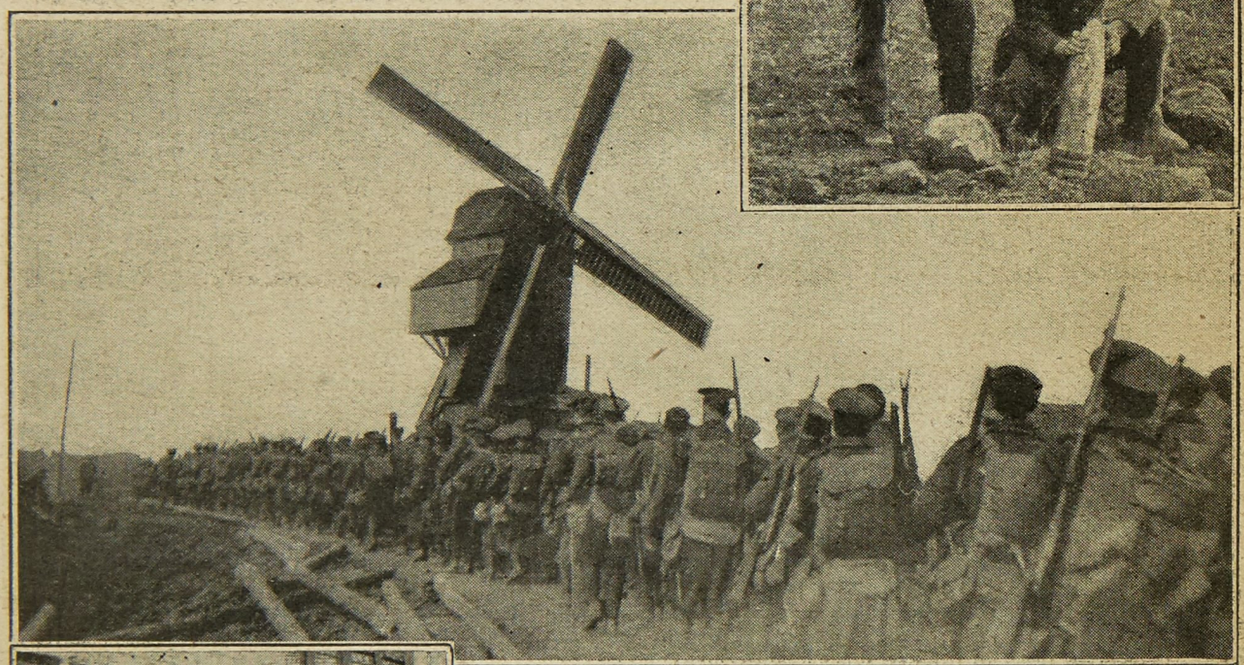


The Anglo-Indian forces have marched nearly three hundred miles towards Bagdad, and have invariably repulsed the Turks. This photograph gives an admirable idea of the nature of the Persian Gulf country.

Scenes in the Wake of the Conquerors of Loos



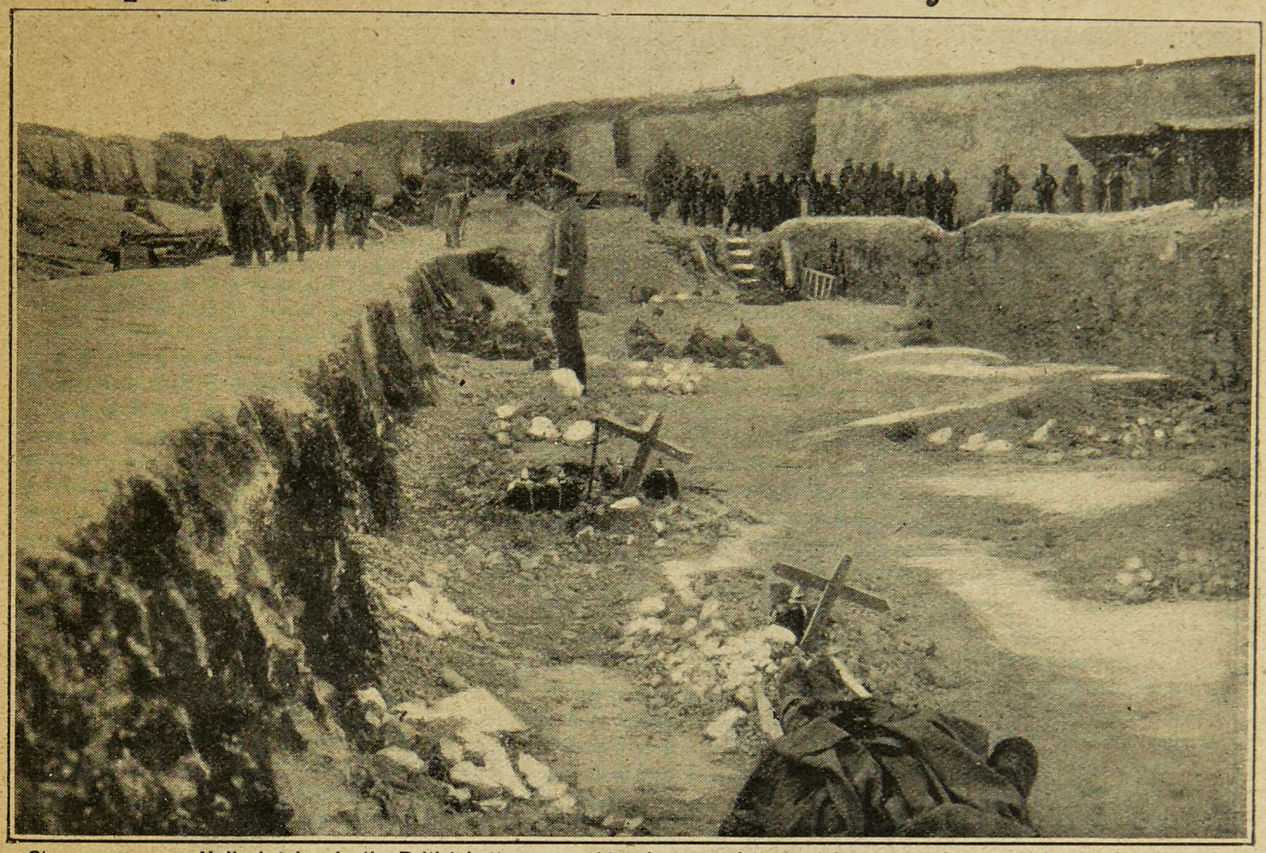
German shell that refused to explode. Striking view of two dug-outs in one of the sandbag "towns" along the Allies' long line of western front. Inset: Another unexploded German shell, aimed at the ruined church.



The march to the trenches, there to meet glory or death. Men of Britain's khaki lines tramping past a windmill on their way to the battle-zone. They were singing the chorus of a popular sentimental ballad when the photograph was taken.

British soldiers examining some beautiful carvings, torn and battered by shell fire. Right: British transport waggons driving through one of the villages wrecked by fierce artillery fire.

"Impregnable" Position Carried by the British



Stone quarry near Hulluch taken by the British in the memorable advance and then retaken by the Germans. So convinced was the enemy that this position was impregnable, that the British success staggered him. For many months this natural position has been further strengthened by every kind of defence.

Another view of the position near Hulluch, a rock in the German line which fell before our wave of steel. These quarries are lined with machine-guns. A bombardment with big guns is not always effective, the only key to such a stronghold being the bayonet.

Germany's Legions Melt under British Fire

One of the many fierce, yet fruitless attacks made on the Hohenzollern Redoubt by the enemy, after which he left nearly 8,000 dead lying in front of our lines. What Sir John French has vividly described as "successive waves of infantry" have persistently attacked the whole front, only to break and melt away under our withering fire like waves broken on a beach. It is seldom that an enemy bayonet has reached within striking distance of our new positions. In fact, Britain's khaki lines have been pushed steadily forward at several points, having gained ground varying from five hundred to one thousand yards in depth.

Treacherous German Officer Begs for His Life

Describing his part in one of the splendid charges during the terrible fighting before the Champagne victory, a wounded French soldier told how the survivors of a strong German force threw down their arms and shouted "Kamerades! Pas Kapout!" Yet, although their surrender was accepted, some of them treacherously continued firing, and an artillery captain shot the Frenchman through the hand. "I knocked him down and he begged for mercy, saying he had a wife and children. I am a family man myself, so I had pity on him. He picked himself up and thanked me profusely, and offered me money, which made me laugh."

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

III.—The King's Own Scottish Borderers

IN romantic interest no part of our land is superior to the Borders, the district once a "debatable land" between England and Scotland. It is a land of castles, ruined and restored, such as Alnwick, Ford, Chillingham, and Naworth; of abbeys such as Melrose, Hexham, Jedburgh, and Kelso, while its peel towers are full of "tumultuous and crying memories" of a fierce and lawless past. Battlefields—Flodden, Otterburn, Ancrum Moor, and Solway Moss—are everywhere, and the district has been immortalised in the poetry of Sir Walter Scott.

The history of this land has left a mark upon the people who dwell there. They inherit the blood of generations of wild fighting men, of men who lived in the saddle, and whose only trade was war. For them there were no long years of enervating peace. They were always looking for the beacon fire of danger, and listening for the call to arms. They were the warriors of whom Scott wrote in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel":

"They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred."

The descendants of these men must be soldiers. They simply cannot help it. It is the call of the blood. So we are not surprised to find, high on the roll of British regiments, the name of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the 25th of the Line.

800 Recruits in Two Hours

Recently, we have heard of one or two records in the way of quick recruiting, but what would our recruiting-sergeants think of raising a regiment of 800 men in two hours? In 1689 the regiment now known as the King's Own Scottish Borderers was raised in Edinburgh by Lord Leven in that time, and to commemorate this it bears on its colours the figure of Edinburgh Castle. "The work of these two hours," says Mr. Fortescue, "has lasted for two centuries, for the regiment then hastily enlisted is still alive as the 25th of the Line."

At this time "bloody Claverhouse" had just roused the Highlanders to fight against William III., and to crush this insurrection Mackay marched north with the Borderers and some other regiments. Highlander and Lowlander met in the Pass of Killicrankie, where the wild Highland rush swept the Lowlanders away. Lord Leven kept together a few of his Borderers, but the day was lost.

In this way the Borderers received their baptism of fire and entered upon their career. Under William of Orange they fought at Landen and elsewhere in the Low Countries; they were at Fontenoy, and were among the men who fought at Minden. In the nineteenth century their services were not called upon very often,

Not so the Borderer: born to war,
He knew the battle's scent afar,
And joyed to hear it swell.
—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

but they took part in the Tirah and Chitral campaigns, and they were in South Africa, Paardeberg being their great day there.

When the Great War broke out, the 1st Battalion of this regiment was at Lucknow, and the 2nd at Dublin, and the latter was one of the first to arrive at the seat of war. It went out as part of the 5th Division, being one of the four battalions in the 13th Brigade, and at the Battle of Mons it lay along the Condé Canal. It was there when the army got the order to retreat, and with the other regiments of the division the Borderers fell back some five miles on the morning of Monday, August 24th.

The Borderers at Mons

The battalion was in excellent spirits, and had only lost a few men, but in the retreat it had a terrible time. Of the six brigades in Smith-Dorrien's corps the 13th was in the rear, and consequently it felt the full force of the German attack. At Fromeries on the Monday, and again at Le Cateau on the Wednesday, it was in the thick of some desperate fighting, and on those days the battalion was nearly destroyed. Altogether the Borderers lost fifteen officers—or just about half their total—during the first days of the retreat. Their colonel, Lieut.-Col. C. M. Stephenson, Major A. E. Haig, and several more were

Corporal of the King's Own Scottish Borderers in parade uniform.

wounded, while a number of others were reported as missing. At least one of these, Major Chandos Leigh, D.S.O., was dead, although this was not known until some months later. The casualties included four captains—Spencer, Macdonald, Kennedy, and Cobden.

The Borderers soon recovered from this gruelling, and when Sir John French ordered his army to "make good the Aisne," they were again put in a position of danger. They were ordered to cross the river opposite Missy, and all through Sunday, September 13th, they struggled on, but the ground over which they had to move was quite open, and when night came they were still on the wrong side of the Aisne. Their efforts, however, had assisted the other brigades of the 5th Division to cross, and these in their turn held out a helping hand to the Borderers and their comrades of the 13th, who crossed on September 14th. On that day Private G. Turner, of the Borderers, won the Distinguished Conduct Medal for carrying ammunition to the firing-line under heavy fire.

The Borderers are next met with at Cuinchy, where the Second Corps, under General Smith-Dorrien, was fighting hard to drive the Germans from Lille. On October 12th and 13th they were in the thick of a slow advance, and on the latter day one of their corporals, A. Brown, won the D.C.M. for his successful sniping. By this he kept the enemy from occupying a position essential to our safety.

During the great Battle of Ypres the Borderers did their share in holding on to La Bassée, round which place the struggle swayed backwards and forwards for some three weeks. On October 22nd they were attacked heavily, and from November 7th to 9th they were in a critical position. In the fighting in October Major W. L. C. Allan was killed, and several officers were wounded, while Sergeant-Major Kirkwood received the D.C.M. for "great gallantry and coolness in action."

Leading the Attack on Hill 60

During a good part of the winter the Second Army Corps, in which the Borderers were, was in reserve, and it did not take any serious part in the Battle of Neuve Chapelle. But, refreshed and strengthened, the Borderers were again to the fore in the second Battle of Ypres, and especially on "Hill 60." With the West Kents, they were chosen to lead the attack on this position. On the evening of April 17th the engineers exploded seven mines under the German trenches there, and as the great masses of earth, carrying with them the remains of men and guns, shot furiously into the air, the Borderers and the West Kents leapt from their trenches, charged up the hill, and planted themselves fairly on the top. With feverish haste they set to work in the darkness to entrench themselves in the great holes made by our shells, and to drag up their machine-guns, for they knew what to expect as soon as ever it was again light. Sharp at 6.30 the Germans came on, as usual, shoulder to shoulder. Many of them were shot down, but others reached the trenches, where there was some fierce hand-to-hand

Heroic Action of King's Own Scottish Borderers

In October, 1914, a detachment of the King's Own Scottish Borderers was passing through a village near the Aisne that was being heavily shelled. One of the wheels of the machine-gun was shattered, but, although exposed to the fierce shell fire, the men unlimbered, threw out their kit-bags, and managed to get the machine-gun and ammunition away in safety.

fighting. In this the Borderers more than held their own, and when they were relieved the next night, they had won and kept the hill. In this fighting Captains T. P. Wingate and R. C. Y. Dering and two lieutenants were killed, and a little later the battalion lost Captain C. E. W. Bland, who had previously won the D.S.O.

Undying Glory on Gallipoli

A few days after this exploit the 1st Battalion of the Borderers won great glory in the attack on Gallipoli, where it formed part of the immortal 29th Division. With a battalion of Marines the battalion was chosen to land on a beach which Sir Ian Hamilton described as merely a narrow strip of sand at the foot of a crumbling cliff, not unlike some spots on the coast of North Devon. The men got on shore, climbed up some small gullies to the top of the cliff, and brought up food, water, and ammunition. Then, in great force, the Turks attacked, and they kept this up through the day (April 25th), and all through the night. They threw bombs into our trenches, and so black was the darkness that they were able, quite unseen, to bring a pony with a machine-gun on its back into our defences, where the party was discovered and bayoneted.

Growing fewer and fewer every hour, the Borderers and the Marines fought through that terrible night, rushing forward with their bayonets to meet the Turks, who seemed to have an endless supply of men. By morning, half of the little detachment had been killed or wounded, its leader, Lieut.-Colonel A. S. Koe, seriously injured, and no reinforcements were available. Then Sir Ian Hamilton, seeing that good progress had been made elsewhere, ordered the Borderers and the Marines to retire. Quickly the whole of the force was embarked on the transports with their wounded, their stores, and their ammunition, this being successfully accomplished owing to the fire from our warships and the devotion of a small rearguard of the Borderers, who prevented the enemy from lining the cliff.

In this operation the losses were heavy, and, roughly speaking, only half the battalion remained. In addition to Lieut.-Colonel Koe, who died from his wounds, Captains C. A. Antrobus, A. S. Cooper, E. A. Marrow, P. N. Sanderson, A. J. Sanderson, and two subalterns were killed, and six officers were wounded.

In this desperate fighting many deeds of gallantry were done, and many, alas! unnoticed in the darkness, will never be revealed to us, for the men who did them and the men who saw them done are still in death. One of these, however, may be mentioned, not as anything special, but a mere example of many others. Private Bidgood was in a trench which had been partly destroyed, and after a time he was there alone. He blocked up the broken end and kept his position until daybreak, although only twenty yards away a Turkish machine-gun was firing. He was severely wounded, and received the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

On the retirement, the survivors of the battalion were taken round to another landing, where they joined their comrades of the 87th Brigade in forming the extreme of the British right. Once there, they shared in the attack on the Turkish positions, including those made early in June. At this time the Borderers were commanded by Captain G. B. Stoney, who "showed great coolness and good leading, holding together in a most praiseworthy manner the battalion, which had suffered greatly."

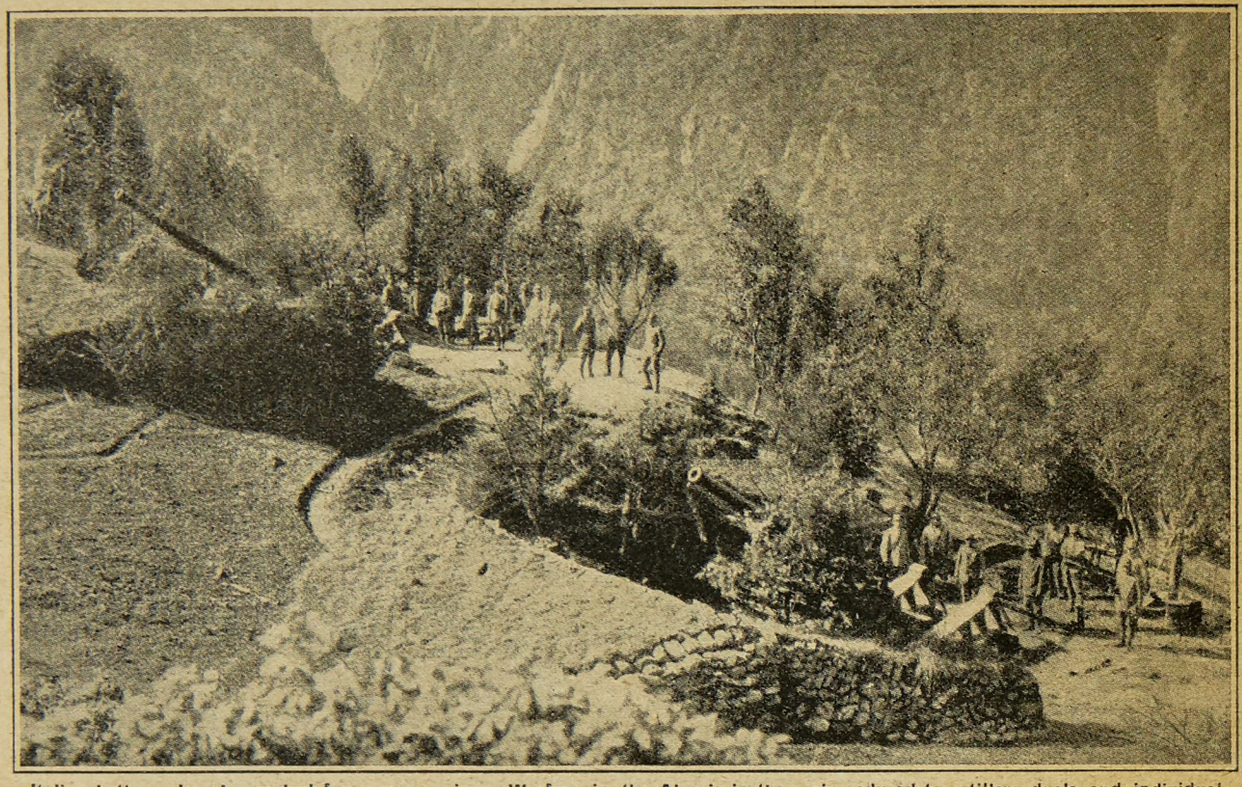
Some Heroic Officers

Much more could be said about the deeds of the Borderers, especially in Gallipoli, but we can only mention one or two others. The heavy fighting had been terribly hard on the commissioned officers, but happily the Borderers had excellent non-commissioned officers to lead them. On June 4th one of these, Sergeant-Major W. Brameld, led his company in a successful bayonet charge on a Turkish trench, and through these difficult days another sergeant-major, J. Pearce, showed "great powers of leadership."

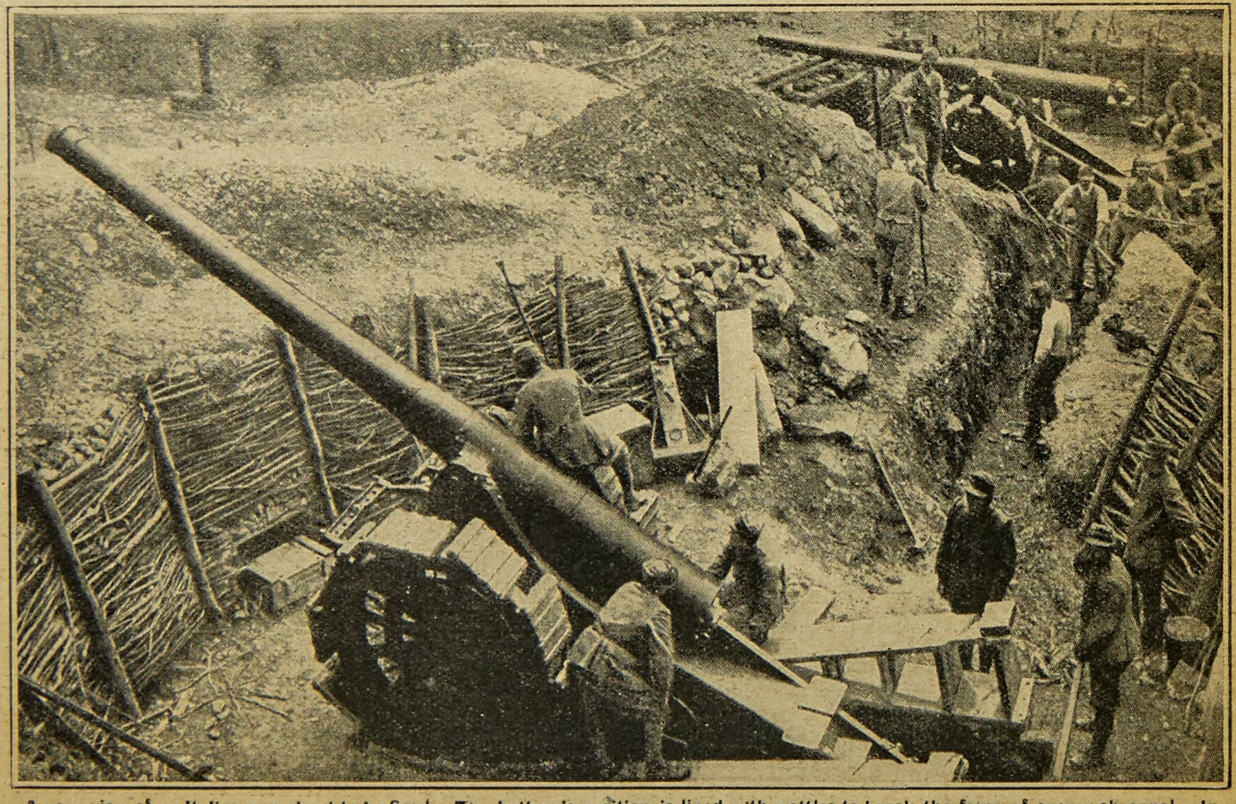
Finally, we may relate how, on June 28th, there was one of many attacks made by Sir Ian Hamilton's men. At 11 a.m. the artillerymen lengthened their ranges and the Borderers left their trenches and raced for those of the Turks. They reached and rushed the first line and then the second line, and what was more difficult still, they held them against fierce counter-attacks. Glory, like liberty, is never cheap, and the Borderers have paid for it in hundreds of heroic lives laid down for their country.

A. W. Holland.

Heavy Italian Cannon in Alpine Chasms



Italian battery cleverly masked from enemy view. Warfare in the Alps is in the main reduced to artillery duels and individual efforts. In such a rugged environment large masses of men cannot move together as on other European fields of war.



A near view of an Italian gun about to be fired. The battery's position is lined with wattles to break the force of enemy shrapnel. In the background the gunners' bomb-proof shelter may be seen just in front of the second gun.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXIX.—How the Army of Castelnau Broke the Germans in Champagne

THE French talk of the miracle of the Marne, but their miracle of Champagne is a greater thing. It is probably the greatest thing in French history after the marvel of Joan of Arc. All the superb qualities of the French genius are exhibited with astonishing force in the action by which the first two iron walls, built by the scientific Germans for military defence, were abruptly broken. France was weak—terribly weak—in comparison with her great foe. After being robbed in 1870 of her sources of fine steel in the Lorraine mines, she had been cut off in 1914 from her principal coal sources. The Germans, who had added to their large mineral resources in Central Europe the Belgian, French, and Russo-Polish mines, had become the supreme industrial magnates of the world, and were devoting all their old and new gains to increasing their warlike strength.

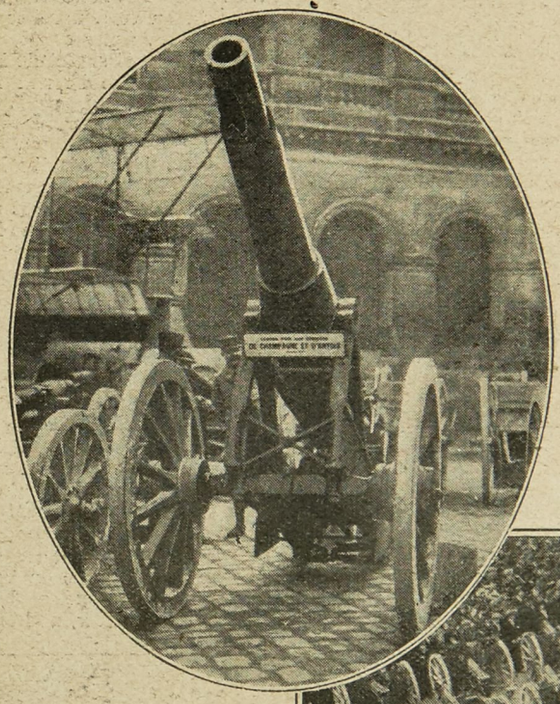
The Teutonic Empires had begun the war because they were aware that their thousands of heavy pieces or ordnance, ranging in calibre from 6 in. to 16½ in., gave them a magnificent advantage over the French armies that used only 3 in. guns with a few 4 in. howitzers. It was the Germans' overwhelming superiority in heavy artillery which had enabled them to recover from their defeat on the Marne, race up to the sea, and capture the French mines round Lens. The loss of these mines, with all the valuable machinery employed in the Black Country of France, was a grievous disaster, and in the opinion of the German Staff it left France practically impotent.

Wonderful Improvisation

But, helped by the sea-power of Britain, the French people, with their marvellous power of improvisation, worked for a year in a silence of deadly intensity. Thousands of shiploads of steel poured through French ports into the French munition factories, and heavy artillery of a superb new type was rapidly produced, with millions of huge shells filled with a high-explosive of a new kind. By sheer power of far-reaching inventiveness, the amazing Frenchmen, in less than twelve months, overtook and surpassed in heavy gun manufacture all that the Germans had accomplished by years of plodding organisation.

While his new artillery was accumulating, General Joffre watched with ironic interest the devices by which the Boches strengthened their iron walls. The new French explosive was not used in the preliminary actions, as it was thought well not to disturb the faith of the German in his armoured concrete and armour-plated defence works. But when the new guns and howitzers began to test their powers all along the German lines in the second week in September, 1915, the German Staff became alarmed. The number, size, and shattering effect of the new shells showed that the French had solved the problem of the modern parallel battle by means of thousands of new siege-guns of wonderful new qualities.

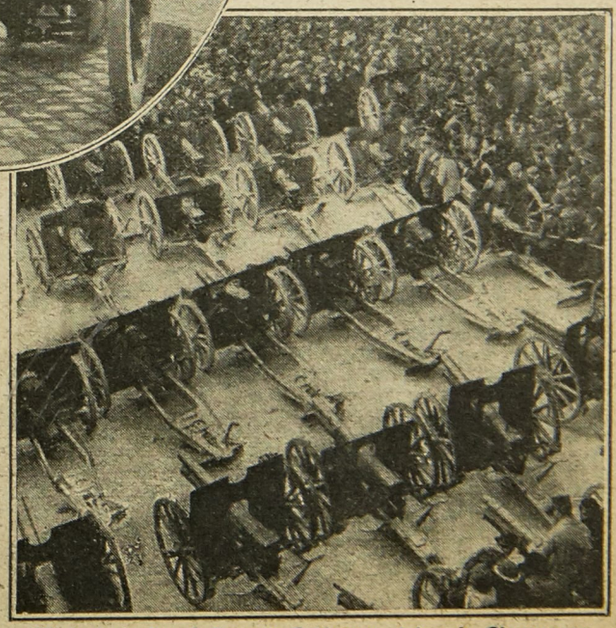
The German commander could foretell, from the regions of intense fire and the information of his intelligence agents concerning the places at which shells were being accumulated and troops massed, where the two principal blows would fall on his line. Reinforcements were sent into Belgium to strengthen the Lille front against the armies of Sir John French and General Foch, and the Champagne front was also strongly reinforced against the army of General de Castelnau. So confident were the Germans of holding their Champagne line that, on the eve of battle, their war correspondents were invited to headquarters at Vouziers in order to witness the victory. This victory, however, was not to be achieved merely by withstanding the French blow. Immediately on the left of the Champagne line was the army of the Crown Prince, still battling in the Argonne Forest. This army was also greatly strengthened, with the intention that it should break the French front, after the French attacking forces in the neighbouring Champagne region had been thoroughly beaten.



A Big Gun Duel

Altogether the struggle was as fair and open a test of strength as has been seen in the course of the Great War; for there was no important element of surprise in the scheme of operations. The thing was, in its decisive features, the clash of Krupp of Essen and Schneider of Creusot, with Krupp possessing the advantages of years of perparation and enormous and handy resources, while Schneider and other assisting French gun-making firms had to rely on the inventiveness of their designers, the skill and energy of their

[*Continued on page 234*



Whole batteries of German field-guns, taken in Champagne, which are displayed to Parisians in the courtyard of the Invalides. Inset: German 155 mm. cannon captured in the recent fighting.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

(Continued from page 233).

workmen, and materials imported oversea. The French gunmaker won because his new howitzer was as extraordinary a weapon as his little semi-automatic 3 in. field-gun. When, after more than a week of artillery demonstrations, the French gunners massed their fire on the eighteen miles of German works, stretching from the Argonne Forest to the hamlet of Auberive, east of Rheims, the Battle of Champagne was won.

Kettledrums of Death

The German army, holding the trenches, machine-gun redoubts, and gun emplacements were imprisoned. They could get no food, water, or ammunition. For three days and three nights—from Thursday, September 23rd, to Saturday, September 25th—the kettle-drums of death rolled over the German lines. By day, it was a crazing, unending tornado of sound, that ripped the air and sent it in wounding blasts into the ears of distant spectators. By night, sky and earth were like the Last Judgment—all flame, thunder, shriekings, and earthquake-like effects. The shells from the new howitzers did not come over in a great curve, but dropped almost vertically from a tremendous altitude. No work of human hands, though covered with concrete and steel cupolas, could withstand the piercing, blasting force of the new French projectiles. And to all this overwhelming material of attack the French gunner added an incomparable skill in handling artillery.

It is important to make clear that the French won the Battle of Champagne less by courage than by inventive science. For quite a year they had shown more courage in attack than their enemy. Personal prowess, however, could not throw back the invader. The French therefore changed completely their methods of warfare in almost every particular. All their troops, old and new, had been redrilled, and every battalion had been reorganised and taught to fight in a novel manner. The result was seen on Saturday morning, when the French artillerymen extended their range, and the French infantry leapt up in the pouring rain and charged over the bare, slippery knolls and hollows of the chalky plateau of Northern Champagne. The troops did not advance in a succession of waves, eighteen miles long, and rush all the trenches in front of them. The chief attack was made by two widely-separated columns, near either end of the long, battered tract of hostile lines.

On reaching the German sector, each French battalion split in half. One half—the grenadiers, armed with daggers, revolvers, and hand-grenades—leaped into the enemy's trenches and redoubts and bombed their way towards the centre. The other half—the flying column, using bayonet and bullet—climbed over the first German line, and charged towards the enemy's support trenches. In this way the German supports were attacked at the same time as the German first line. The result was that in all cases the unsupported, enveloped German first line broke completely. At several points there were round hills, standing one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet above the muddy brooks. These heights had been transformed by German engineers into fortresses of terrible strength. The French infantrymen did not waste their lives in storming these gunned and caverned mounds of chalk, but swept by on either side, while the defending troops were being still smitten by French shell fire. It was only when the German trenches, well behind the fortressed hills, were captured, that some of the flying columns and grenadier companies attacked the German garrisons through their own rear communication trenches.

In the hand-to-hand fighting in the deep ditches and huge subterranean chambers the French troops, under General de Castelnau, had full opportunity of showing their driving power and fierce vehemence. And in the attacks across open ground on the second German line, covering the railway which united the Crown Prince's army in the Argonne with Field-Marshal von Heeringen's army on the heights of the Aisne, there were many noble examples of the steady manœuvring skill of French troops under fire. The Colonial Corps and the Marine Fusiliers specially distinguished themselves by the speed and strength of their assaults. The mere fact that unwounded German prisoners were taken to a number representing almost the infantry force of an army corps, together with the artillery of an army corps, is sufficient indication of the remarkable pace with which the French flying columns closed round the enemy's rear.

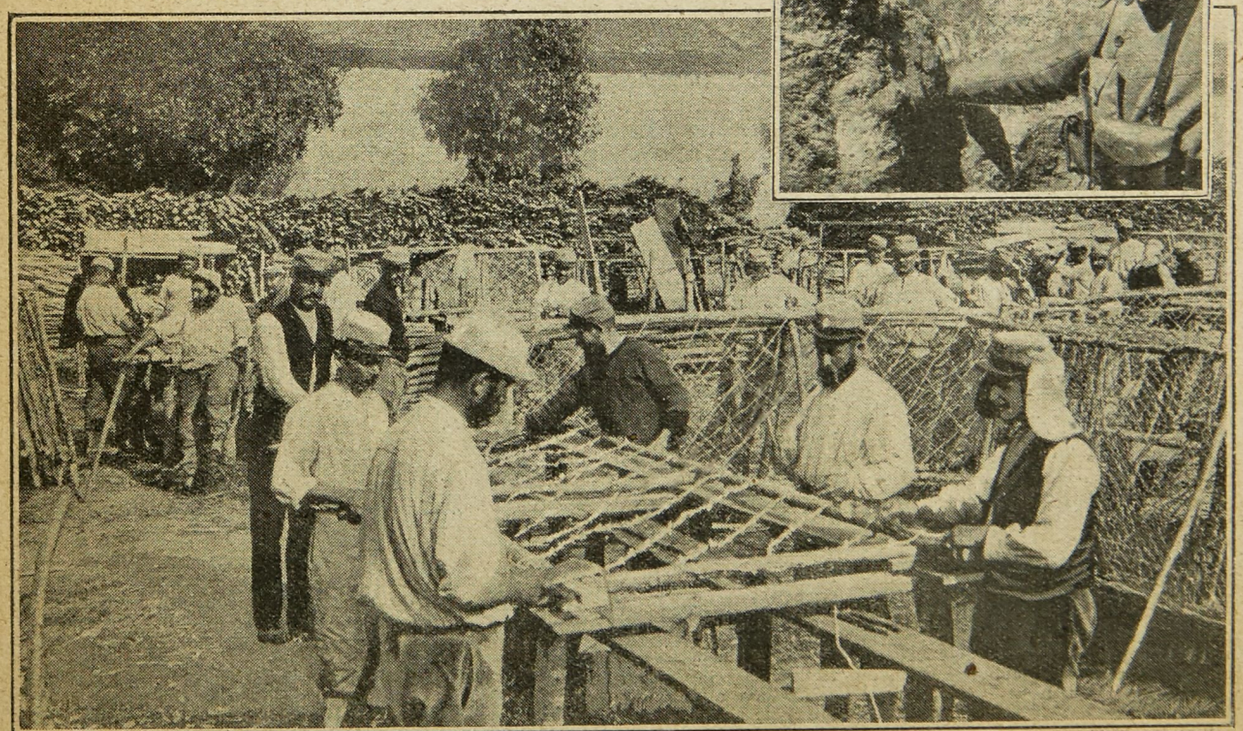
Germany's Fatal Error

But on the whole the Battle of Champagne was won by mind rather than by muscle. The French Staff afterwards stated that they lost less men in Champagne in September, 1915, than they had done in their very partial success in the same region in February, 1915. In the intervening seven months they had rearmed their corps and retrained their troops by the most brilliant, profound, and rapid revolution in tactics known to history. As an example of constructive resiliency of mind, the Champagne victory is likely to become one of the great classics in military history; for at the time it was won, France's power of producing munitions was still only half that of her enemy. This was one of the reasons for the delay in the attack upon the last German line, with its fortified rear-posts, which barred the advance on Vouziers. Another immense stock of millions of shells had to be accumulated for the final overwhelming bombardment. Meanwhile Germany, by an apparently gross error of judgment, diverted part of her stock of munitions into a fresh theatre of war in Serbia, and tried to meet the menace on the western front by relinquishing in the eastern field of battle her lines of advance upon Petrograd, Moscow, and Kieff.

Awaiting the order to go forward to victory under the tricolour. Group of French soldiers resting awhile preparatory to a further attack on the German positions in the Champagne districts. (Exclusive photograph.)

Steel Nets to Catch the Enemy in Champagne

French soldiers at work on barbed-wire entanglements for the defence of the positions recently captured in the French advances in the Champagne district. The wires are stretched across wooden stakes, to which they are secured.



A formidable network of barbed-wire in the making. French soldiers constructing barbed-wire defences for trenches in Champagne, and wire canopies to be used over dug-outs as protection against bombs. In the background are piles of wooden stakes ready for use in connection with barbed-wire entanglements. Inset: Mechanical toy in a French trench. Weathercock over a "dolls'" house.

What Will Happen to Serbia?

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

IN the days before the great War of the Balkan League I was discussing the Near East on one occasion with my old friend the late Bennet Burleigh, the veteran war correspondent.

"The Serbians are the finest fighting race in the Balkans, and one of the finest fighting races in the world," said Mr. Burleigh. "They are a people of magnificent physique; they are splendidly trained, and they are born soldiers. The average visitor judges Serbia by Belgrade. Belgrade is merely an excrescence, and no sample of the nation as a whole. If Bulgaria and Serbia fight, Serbia will smash Bulgaria. I would even go a great deal further than that. If Austria declares war against Serbia, she will have such a bad time that she will be sorry she ever moved."

Attack on Three Sides

At that time my old friend's forecast seemed very far-fetched. Yet I knew him as one who had had perhaps more experience of actual war than any other living man. Time has proved the truth of what he foretold. The Serbians are among the supreme fighters of the world. Were they entering into their new campaign fresh, they would give a magnificent account of themselves.

Unfortunately, they are called upon to face attack from three sides at the moment when they are slowly recovering from exhausting struggles. Serbia has passed through two big wars and one terrible campaign in the space of less than three years. Her people have suffered heavily — incredibly heavily — from battle and disease; typhus and cholera have swept their hunger-stricken ranks.

Now, what hope is there that they will be able to resist the Austro-Bulgarian advance? The German plans are to attack Serbia from all sides at once with overwhelming numbers of men, and to rush through the northern parts of the country so as to clear the way for a direct and unbroken line of communication between the Germanic territories to the north and Bulgaria to the east. The Austrian armies, starting from Belgrade, will attack from the north. Meanwhile an advance, in some ways more formidable, will be made by Bulgaria from the east in the direction of Nish. Once the Bulgarian armies capture Nish they have accomplished their main aim; the rest is a matter of detail.

Serbia's Great Hope

Are these schemes practicable? Are they probable? Let us look at the question for a moment from the point of view, not of personal prepossessions but of military geography.

Serbia presents the most difficult country that is possible to conceive for military operations. The capture of the modern capital, Belgrade, is comparatively easy, for it lies on the borders of Austria-Hungary, almost waiting to be taken. The crossing of the Danube is a military operation of a somewhat formidable kind, but it is perfectly practicable with the resources behind the Central Powers. But once these things are done, the real problem of the invaders only begins.

Whole groups of mountains meet in Serbia—the Carpathians, the Balkans, the Dinaric Alps, and the Albanian Alps. Serbia and Bulgaria are separated along a large part of their way by the great line of Stara Planina, the crest line of the Balkans. Mountain follows mountain, range follows range, from east to west. The Stara Planina runs up to over 7,000 feet high; while mountains of 4,000, 5,000, and 6,000 feet are scattered over the country. Even the rivers give little opportunity for the advance of modern armies, for they run in parts through narrow gorges, often with steep mountains, 2,000 and 3,000 feet high, on either side of them.

Insuperable Difficulties

There are roads of a kind and there are mountain tracks, and there is the narrow iron-way of the railroads. But nothing is easier than to destroy railway tracks in a country such as this. The land has been swept of food, and the invaders must bring what they want with them. To move an army rapidly through territory like this is the most difficult military operation possible.

Two examples in the present war illustrate this. Last autumn the Austrians sent a strong army into Serbia. The army advanced a certain way, and then it was caught in the mountains. To-day, most of the men who entered the mountain country, confident of victory against their puny neighbour, are either prisoners in Serbian hands or are resting in lonely hillside graves. Italy started out months ago to invade the Austrian Alps. Her special Alpine troops have proved themselves to be greatly superior to the Austrians. They have done marvels in their tremendous work on the great heights. They have dragged guns up to the regions of perpetual snow. But how far have they advanced? All their courage and determination have only taken them a small way into the enemy's country. The Austrian Alps are not yet pierced, or nearly pierced.

Feud of Desperation

The Serbian people are fighting to-day with the courage of despair. Working in their own country, they should prove again a very formidable factor. They are battling, and they know it, for national life. Victory means for them the realisation of their great dream, a dream which has inspired their people for a century—the union of all the Serbian peoples of Serbia, Old Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Istria, and Slavonia into one powerful race, the dominating nation of South-Eastern Europe. Defeat means for them that they will be parcelled out between the Bulgars and the Austrians, and that the old oppression of their race will be renewed in a still more drastic form. Serbia has suffered almost all that a nation can suffer. All the comforts possessed by her people have been swept away. She stands to-day fighting naked and charged with despair for the right to live.

We have a right to assume that during the past six months the allied Powers, conscious of the uncertainty of Bulgarian action, have been pouring munitions and weapons into Serbia. We have a further right to assume that with our co-operation the main points of mountain defence have been reconstructed. Our armies are entering Serbia now in considerable numbers. We are anticipating that much has been done to prepare the way for them. To think otherwise would be to conclude that our diplomacy is blind and our military foresight sadly lacking.

Thus the Austro-Germans and the Bulgarians will be faced at every stage with obstacles of the most formidable kind.

Will Greece March?

No one who knows anything of the military organisation of Continental armies places too much weight on the effects of the dislike of many of the Bulgarian people for the present campaign. The soldier obeys the order to fight automatically. The Bulgarians, eager to restore their military honour, so dimmed in their last war, will doubtless excel themselves in their plans for advance. We can expect them to reveal once again the sureness, the decision, and the rapidity of movement which were so marked a feature of their campaign against Turkey. They have had ample time to restore their strength. They have increased their armies. They have in all probability munitions in superabundance. But while we can expect nothing but the most resolute and active enmity from the Bulgarians, we may still hope for real help from Greece. The Greek people are at the parting of the ways. Honour, self-interest and national traditions lead them to us, and we can still hope that these will be sufficient to make them abandon their present neutrality. If they are not, Greece will be damned, doubly damned, through generations yet unborn.

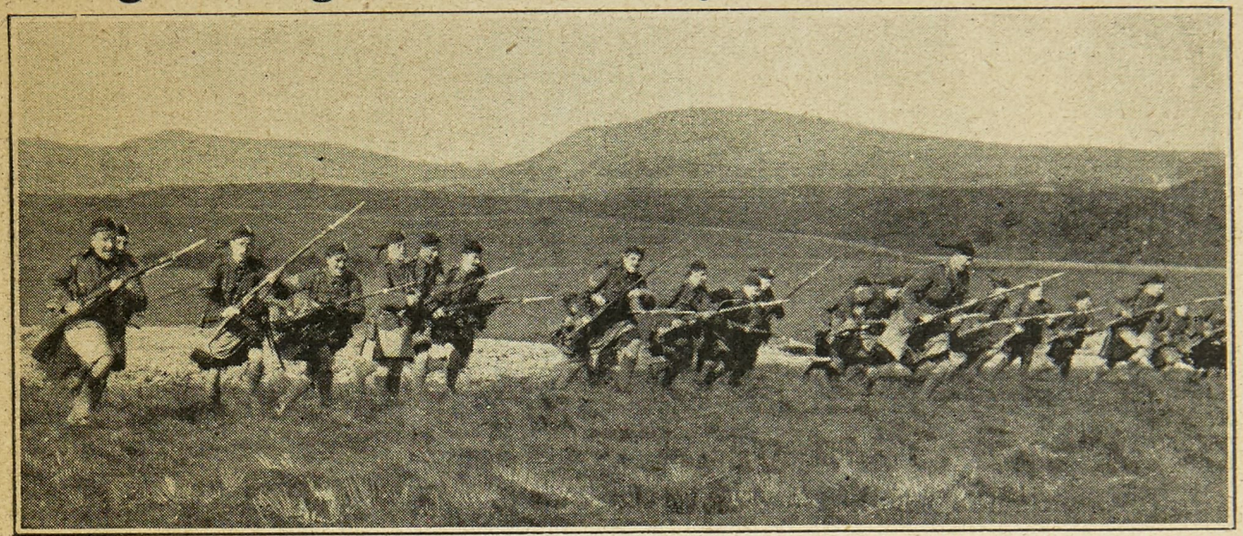
We are face to face with a campaign which must mean for us the raising of further armies. Serbia will require from us from first to last half a million trained men, including fresh drafts and further supports. It is to our advantage to launch armies as strong as possible there; for the neutrals of to-day will follow the victors of to-morrow. Let us win in Serbia and crush Bulgaria, then Rumania and Greece automatically come to our side. We will have a line of advance into the heart of Austria-Hungary from the south-east that may enable us to strike the final blows that will end the war.

The Key to Victory

Let us send out inadequate forces and let them be overwhelmed—as inadequate forces almost certainly will be—then Rumania will veer over to the German side, while Greece will, at the best, withhold all aid from us.

From many points of view it is to be regretted that we are compelled to split our strength and to divert great forces to the south-east of Europe. It would have been a real gain had we been able to concentrate our armies on the western front. But it is of no use mourning over the accomplished deed. The thing has got to be carried through. It can only be finished properly by the nation calling upon its vast reserves of strength. We must have more men, many more men, and have them quickly.

Glasgow Highlanders ready for the Real Thing



Members of the Glasgow Highlanders, in training for the front, experience an exhilarating charge. With wild shouts and bayonets levelled, a wave of sturdy Scots surges over the heather. A week or two hence and they will be pitting themselves against the Huns.

A striking photograph giving an excellent idea of the lay of a line of trenches. It will be seen that trenches can only be taken in sections. It is not a question of wresting a trench from the enemy and enfilading hundreds of yards of front with machine-guns, owing to the zigzag construction, which necessitates the use of hand-grenades to dislodge occupants from each section in turn.

The Grand Fleet's Bloodless Victory

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

NELSON once coined a great maxim for the Foreign Office when he said that battleships are the best negotiators in Europe. He gave to his successors a final testament, in what he called the Great Order, that every other consideration must be subordinated to the destruction of the enemy's fleets. Sir John Jellicoe, for nearly fifteen months of war, has been Sir Edward Grey's right-hand man. He has preserved intact the great fleet of battleships, and has accomplished every object of the naval war with almost a bloodless victory. Having accomplished so much by obeying the Great Order, and preserving his own Fleet in such position and readiness as will enable him to destroy the enemy's Fleet if it ventures outside the protective fortifications and mine-fields, he is hardly likely to jeopardise the position by adopting the Churchillian policy of "digging out the German Fleet like rats."

Germany's Deterioration

He knows that time can bring no reinforcement to the German Navy comparable with our own. He knows that he is accomplishing every single purpose of naval war in having safeguarded our trade and transports, while depriving Germany of all supplies to the extent that he was allowed by the Foreign Office. He knows that the stock of Welsh coal Germany possessed, prior to war, has undergone probably a good deal more than fifteen months' deterioration, and that the deterioration in moral and sea habits in the personnel must be accentuated from month to month. In all this preservation of his superiority intact, and refusal to fritter it away on hare-brained schemes like an attack on Heligoland, Sir John Jellicoe is applying the sound sense handed down to us in these few lines written nearly three and a half centuries ago: "In these princely actions, a man cannot be too provident; and no wisdom were it to put things to an even balance, when more weight may be added."—(Sir William Wynter.)

Looking through my notes, prior to the war, I find that General Bernhardi, in his book "Deutschland und der Nächste Krieg," summarised five stages in Germany's naval development:

1. A navy to show the flag,
2. A navy for coast defence,
3. A navy to meet an attack on the high seas,
4. A navy to render insecure the position of the British Navy,
5. A navy to beat the British Navy, and then
6. A war with Great Britain.

The only object all this vast expenditure of £300,000,000 has achieved is No. 6, and that is perhaps the most conspicuous failure, since it has come at the wrong time.

The German Fleet knows exactly where to find the Grand Fleet's base, though a great parade of secrecy has been made by those who paid no attention to what was published in the Press, prior to war, as to this base. Nor does the knowledge matter, for the German Fleet cannot make use of it. The only knowledge which might have been of use was, curiously enough, conveyed by the Admiralty when the House of Commons was told that the long waits of colliers at different ports was due to the fact that the Fleet coaled simultaneously instead of a few at a time.

Once more it has been demonstrated that, provided we have sufficient margin of safety in our superiority to the enemy, and we did not possess this in our great failure in the War of American Independence, then there is nothing more certain in its action than the power exerted by a great Navy which our own people never get a glimpse of, and which the enemy can only see at the price of death. There is not, in the record of naval history, such transitions from victory to defeat as are to be witnessed any day on land as from Rosbach to Lena, Austerlitz to Waterloo, Solferino to Sedan, and Mons to the Marne. The contentions of the Bluewater School—which Mr. Churchill christened the Blue Funk School—in this instance of the working of the margin in naval power, as in other cases, have been signally verified and established on unshakable foundations. We may, indeed, be thankful that the margin of the Grand Fleet was not such a poverty-stricken affair as Mr. Churchill apparently came to believe under the stress of war when he prevented the loss of a great warship and the damage done by a mine to another becoming known until months after the events. There was no loss of prestige to the Navy in such accidents, and the strength of the Allies bore such a relation to that of the enemy as would enable us to bear with fortitude a far heavier loss.

Confidence in the Fleet

It was the procedure which was bad for our prestige, and those responsible should remember a well-known sentence of Kinglake when he censured the naval bombardment of Sebastopol by declaring that "the renown of our Navy was a treasure unspeakably precious." Lord Selborne has recently censured this policy of concealing losses. To my mind the greatest victory of the Grand Fleet is, that though it has never once been in the public view, it has established a measure of supreme confidence in that public's mind. That must be its reward. Its silent vigil of watching and waiting has had a reflex action on the people of our country, which has completely falsified the forecasts of those who believed that the public would be prone to panic, and must be spoon-fed or flattered like a child.

Truth About the Giant Triplane

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

DURING the past week readers of the daily papers have been entertained by glowing stories—chiefly via New York—of a new giant "triplane," or three-decker flying machine, which has been built in Paris. One cannot help thinking that when the French Government—usually more strict in its censorship even than our own—lets a lot of American journalists loose on a new thing like this, it must have something up its sleeve, so to speak.

It is not like the French we have learned to know in this war to start shouting about things they are going to do—they generally do them first and shout little enough afterwards. Consequently, I am a trifle sceptical about this "aerial Dreadnought" which is to revolutionise aerial warfare, and so forth. It is now a good many months since a French friend of mine sketched out the general designs of this particular machine for me, and, though it has its good points, there is nothing particularly exciting about it to the old hands in the science of aeronautics, whatever it may have been to a party of journalists who saw a "triplane" for the first time.

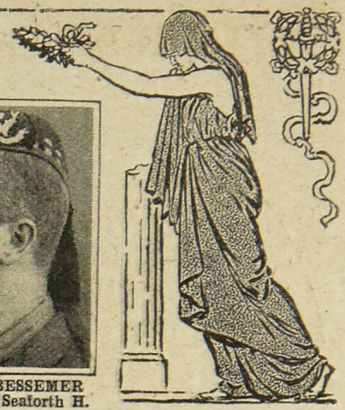
Value Yet to be Proved

As a matter of fact, except for its size, there is nothing very new about it. The first aeroplane ever flown by an Englishman was Mr. A. V. Roe's little nine horse-power triplane of 1909, and he and others flew triplanes up to the end of 1910, when he brought out his biplane, the forerunner of the Avro biplane, which is the favourite mount of very many of our best Army flyers. Years before that Mr. Octave Chanute, a French-American, made many flights on a "glider"—or aeroplane without an engine, launched from the top of a hill—which had five planes one above the other. Quite a number of experienced designers have long argued that really big aeroplanes would have "superimposed" surfaces in this way, so as to get the necessary number of square feet of surface, without making the thing too wide from tip to tip.

However, the value of the huge fighting aeroplane still remains to be proved. Simply for carrying huge quantities of bombs the big machines must certainly be good, provided they fly decently, because they are in fact the equivalent of perhaps six small machines linked together, and are controlled by only one or two men. So they are capable of carrying a load of bombs equal to the weight of the crews of the other five machines. But if they are to carry a lot of bombs they cannot carry guns and ammunition as well, and so must be protected by an escort of fast fighting aeroplanes—like those little "tabloid" biplanes which are an essentially British product, although the American journalists have made such a song about the French imitations of them.

As for the "3 in. guns," I have distinct doubts about their value. It is hard enough for a fairly slow machine to hit one of these fast "tabloids" with a stream of bullets from a machine-gun. It is going to be a lot harder with shells fired more slowly from a so-called "quick-firer," which has to be loaded by hand before each shot. Don't let us count our chickens before they are hatched.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



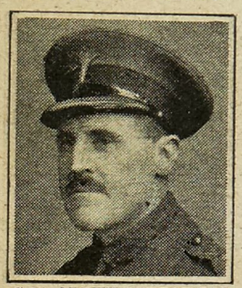
Major-Gen. Sir THOMPSON CAPPER, C.B., D.S.O.

Col. EDEN VANSITTART, 8th Royal West Kent Regt.

Col. ARTHUR DE SALIS HADOW, O.C. 10th Yorks R.

Maj. HAROLD BESSEMER GALLOWAY, 7th Seaforth H.

Major W. H. DICKINS, 12th Sherwood Foresters.



Capt. ARTHUR PERCY PALMER, D.S.O., Welsh Guards.

Capt. N. C. SPICER SIMSON, Royal Garrison Artillery.

Capt. GRAHAM AGNEW, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Lieut. E. W. H. RAYMOND, 1st Royal Inniskilling Fus.

Lieut. E. H. MACKINTOSH, 8th Black Watch.

Major-General Sir Thompson Capper, C.B., D.S.O., crowned his fine military career by carrying out difficult operations in Flanders which assisted in the extrication of the Belgian Army from danger. Sir Thompson Capper saw much service in India and Egypt, and in South Africa. For the Boer War he had no less than eight clasps. After South Africa he became a professor at the Staff College. Colonel Eden Vansittart, Officer Commanding 8th Queen's Own (Royal West Kent Regiment) entered the Indian Army in 1876, and served in the Mahsud-Waziri Expedition (1881); Hazara (1888) and on the North-West Frontier, Samana, and Tirah (1897-98). In 1902 he was specially selected to raise and command the 8th Gurkha Rifles.

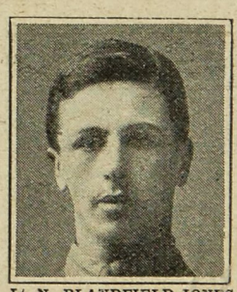
Colonel Arthur de Salis Hadow, commanding 10th Yorkshire Regiment, entered the Army in 1877. Most of his service was abroad, fifteen years of it being spent in India. He was with his battalion in the Nile Frontier Force in 1885-86. Major Harold Bessemer Galloway, 7th Seaforth Highlanders, had seen a good deal of service, being with the Hazara Expedition, 1888, the Chitral Relief Force, and in the South African War. Captain Arthur Percy Palmer, D.S.O., Welsh Guards, was formerly in the Royal Horse Guards. He served in the Boer War with the Imperial Yeomanry.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *invites relatives of officers killed in action or dead from wounds to lend photographs, with brief biographical notes of these heroes, for inclusion in "Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead." Address:* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *Fleetway House, London, E.C.*

Lt. HAROLD SCOTT SANDERSON, 8th Black Watch.

Lt. D. C. D. MACMASTER, 6th Cameron Highlanders.

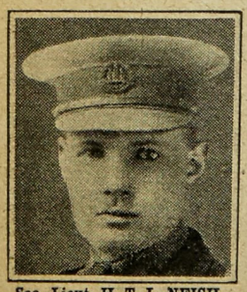
Sec.-Lieut. F. D. E. CAYLEY, 1st King's Royal Rifles.



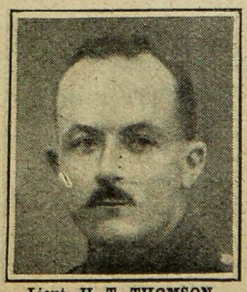
Lt. N. BLANDFIELD-JONES, Royal Field Artillery.

Sec.-Lieut. D. J. R. GRUBB, Royal Inniskilling Fus.

Sec.-Lieut. A. COLIN FROST, Argyll & Sutherland Highrs.



Sec.-Lieut. H. T. L. NEISH, 1st Northampton Regt.



Lieut. H. T. THOMSON, 7th South Staffordshire Regt.

Sec.-Lt. G. M. SHACKLOCK, 1st Sherwood Foresters.

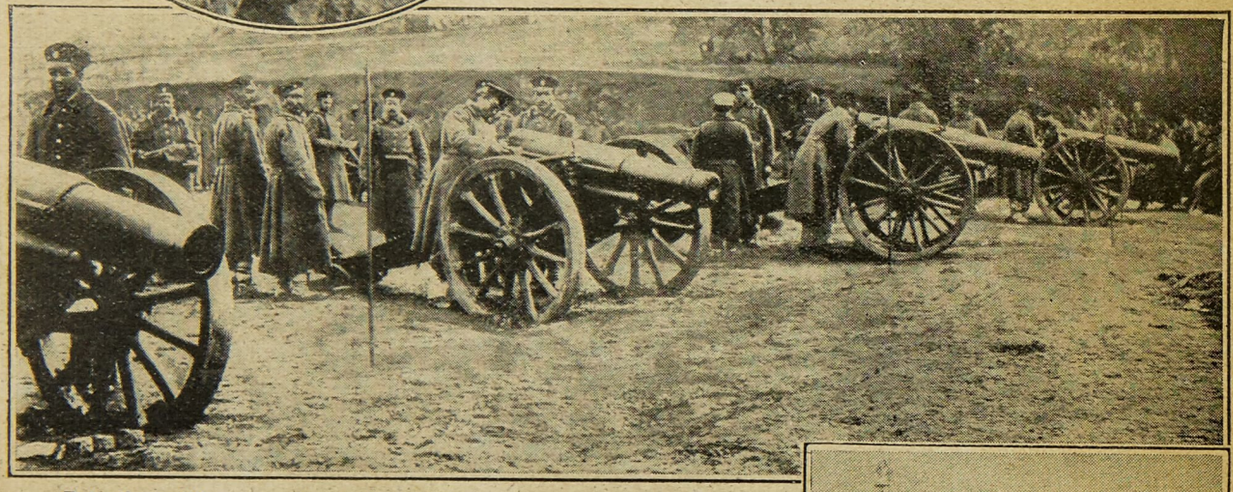
Sec.-Lt. J. KENELM DIGBY, 7th Norfolk Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. F. R. ELDERTON, 3rd Warwickshire Regt.

(Portraits by Histed, Elliott & Fry, Bassano, Vandyk, Lafayette, Russell.)

Perfidious Ferdinand & his Half-hearted Army

Above: Crown Prince Boris marching at the head of a regiment of Bulgarian infantry. Inset: King Ferdinand, who has led his subjects into fraternal strife against the Russians.



Bulgarian artillery preparing to leave Sofia for an unknown destination.

Bulgarian gun, of the Chataldja batteries, makes ready to be used against the Serbs. Bulgarian militarism has been to a great extent modelled on the German plan. Right: General Savoff, late Generalissimo of the Bulgarian Armies.

More Badges of British Infantry Regiments

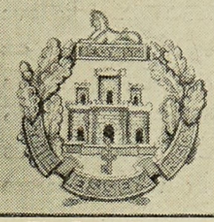
The Dorsetshire Regt.
39th & 54th Foot. The castle and key within wreath; Sphinx above. Called "The Green Linnets." The regiment was at Sebastopol, in Crimea.

Prince of Wales' Vols.
South Lancashire Regt. 40th and 82nd Foot. Feathers and Sphinx in laurel wreath. Known as "The Fighting Fortieth."

The Welsh Regt.
41st and 69th Foot. Prince of Wales' plume. The 69th was with Nelson at St. Vincent. "The Ups and Downs."

The Black Watch.
Royal Highlanders. 42nd and 73rd Foot. Star of Order of Thistle; St. Andrew and Cross; crown and Sphinx.

Oxfordshire & Bucks L.I.
43rd and 52nd Foot. Bugle and strings. "The Light Bobs." A detachment was on board the Birkenhead. Many Peninsular honours.



The Essex Regt.
44th and 56th Foot. The castle and key; Sphinx over Egypt. "The Saucy Pompeys." The 44th was annihilated in first Afghan War.

The Sherwood Foresters.
Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Regt. 45th and 95th Foot. Maltese Cross and crown. Nicknamed "The Old Stubborns."

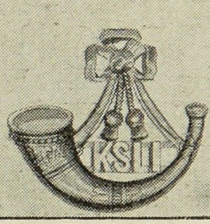
The Loyal N. Lancs. Regt.
47th and 81st Foot. The Royal crest with the rose of Lancaster. The only regiment bearing the title "Loyal."

Northamptonshire Regt.
48th and 58th Foot. Castle and key in laurel wreath. Called "The Talavera Heroes," as the 48th saved the day at Talavera.

Pr. Charlotte of Wales'
Royal Berkshire Regt. 49th and 66th Foot. The China Dragon. The 1st Batt. raised in 1743. "The Brave Boys of Berks."

The Queen's Own
Royal West Kent Regt. 50th and 97th Foot. White Horse of Kent on scroll. In Neuve Chapelle trenches for ten days without losing a man.

The King's Own
Yorkshire Light Infantry. 51st and 105th Foot. French horn; white rose in silver within. Have done splendid work during this war.



The King's
Shropshire L.I. 53rd and 85th Foot. The bugle and strings. "Nieuport" amongst honours. "The Old Five and Threepennies."

Duke of Cambridge's Own
Duke of Cambridge's Own. Middlesex Regt. 57th and 77th Foot. Prince of Wales' plume; cypher of the late Duke of Cambridge.

King's Royal Rifle Corps.
60th Foot. Maltese Cross surmounted by crown. Has more battle honours than any other regiment in the Army.

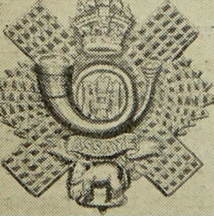
The Duke of Edinburgh's
Wiltshire Regt. 62nd and 99th Foot. A Cross patée with cypher, surmounted by coronet. Nicknamed "The Springers."

The Manchester Regt.
63rd and 96th Foot. The arms of the city of Manchester. Suffered the heaviest losses in the Defence of Ladysmith.

The Prince of Wales'
North Staffordshire Regt. 64th and 98th Foot. The Staffordshire knot, Prince of Wales' plume. Raised in 1758.

The York & Lancaster Regt.
65th and 84th Foot. Tiger and union rose; coronet. Only one man escaped massacre at Cawnpore, during the Indian Mutiny.

The Durham L.I.
68th and 106th Foot. Bugle ornamented with laurel leaves, with crown and letters D.L.I. "The Faithful Durhams."



Highland Light Infantry.
71st and 74th Foot. The star of the Order of the Thistle, with silver horn; crown and elephant. "The Pig and Whistle Infantry."

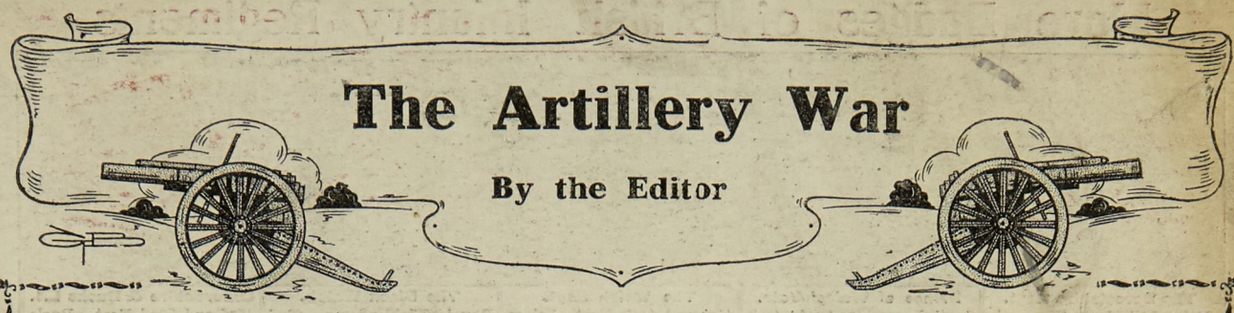
Seaforth Highlanders.
Ross-shire Buffs. The Duke of Albany's. 72nd and 78th Foot. Stag's head, with coronet and cypher of the late Duke of Albany.

The Gordon Highlanders.
75th and 92nd Foot. Crest of Marquis of Huntly. At Waterloo they charged with the Scots Greys, clinging to the stirrups.

Q.O. Cameron Highlanders.
79th Foot. St. Andrew with cross within a thistle wreath. Raised in 1793; served with Kitchener in the Soudan.

The Royal Irish Rifles.
83rd and 86th Foot. Harp and crown, with inscribed scroll across. "The Irish Giants." Many additional battalions raised since war.

Among the line regiments given above are many famous in history—the King's Royal Rifle Corps, for instance, which has more battle honours than any other regiment; the Black Watch, which sustained such heavy losses at Quatre Bras; the Sherwood Foresters, and the Seaforth and Gordon Highlanders, to mention only a few.



The Artillery War

By the Editor

THE dominant part to be played by artillery became evident at a very early stage of the Great War. Even so far back as the Retreat from Mons it was one of the complaints of our men that, unit for unit, they were heavily outgunned by the Germans.

We have learned many a lesson since those days, and there is every reason to believe that the overpowering inequality in the number of guns as between ourselves and the Germans has now been removed; though we may doubt the possibility of the advantage in *materiel* passing to the side of the Allies.

✲

NOT only in number of guns did the enemy give us an unpleasant surprise. He also brought into operation guns of a weight and size hitherto unknown and undreamt of in warfare. The fortifications of Maubeuge and other strongholds went down like cardboard before these colossal engines of destruction. There is still a good deal of mystery about these guns. It is not yet clear exactly on what occasions they were used, and some authorities credit the Austrians, and not the Germans, with their exploitation.

✲

BUT whatever their origin, these giant howitzers have been a most important factor. Their speedy destruction of the frontier fortresses made possible the rapid advance of the German hosts into industrial France, where, unfortunately, they still remain. Big guns, too, though not perhaps the 17 in. monsters, were mainly responsible for the Germans' victorious push forward into Russia during the summer, and who shall say just how much the consequent Russian retreat retarded the progress of the Allied Cause?

THE part artillery has played in operations both by land and sea has, needless to say, been duly reflected in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. I believe that all the more important styles of gun used on either side have appeared in our photo-pictures from the front, from the giant howitzers down to light field-pieces and quick-firers. The famous French "75's" have naturally been often before our readers. The "75," by the way, is admittedly the finest field-gun possessed by any of the belligerent armies.

✲

OUR readers must have been familiarised, also, with our magnificent naval guns, which, to our great regret, the Germans, by the simple expedient of keeping their ships in harbour, have not given us much opportunity of using. But our sailors keep on hoping for targets, and perhaps one day, sooner than we think, their hopes may be realised. When that day comes, there will be few misses.

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AS with guns, so with every other aspect of this complex and many-sided war, we have, within the limits presented by the censorship, endeavoured to give our readers an adequate picture of everything the eye can see. And we may be certain that, however full of interest the war has been up to now, the lap of the future holds scenes and events more interesting still.

✲

STEADILY, week by week, we shall be adding gallery after gallery to our pictorial record, until in the fullness of time, when the last shot has been fired, our readers will have a panorama of the most marvellous period in history. Yet again, let me advise them to keep their copies from week to week, and have them bound in the publishers' registered cases.

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15 Fwd

About the Dardanelles, by Sir Edwin Pears

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3

British Mobile Battery attacks Zeppelins somewhere over the Eastern Counties

No. 63

The Tonic Effect of the Zeppelin Raids

PROPHETIC allusions in the Bible to events, and to things of the actual nature of which the inspired writer could not conceivably have had the faintest idea, have ever provided material for curious speculation. There is, for instance, the question put to Job, reminding him of the limitations of his power and knowledge : " Canst thou send lightnings, and say unto thee, ' Here we are,' or, ' Where art thou ? ' " That limitation has been set farther back now, and by telegraphy, with or without intercommunicating wires, man can ask that question of any other man stationed on land or even moving on sea or in the air. And in the Psalms again there is that comforting promise : " Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night ; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness." What was that terror, and what that pestilence ? The old translators did not know. The " bugges that fly by night " was their rendering of the Hebrew word, and the walking pestilence, though not a precise term, was an adequate one for something for which there was no name in their vocabulary.

WELL, terrors are flying by night in these amazing times ; enormous, but delicate, wingless things, aluminium-ribbed, silk-skinned, hundreds of feet in length, soaring above the reach of the golden eagle and rivalling the swallow in its speed ; able, moreover, to drop fire and death at will within a radius of yards of any point they choose, even though it lies in unsuspecting quiet almost out of range of the naked eye, two and three miles below. And in the noonday, on the plains of Flanders, pestilence is visible as it stalks along, swathed in white rolls of vaporous texture, to hang over the trenches where living men are crouching and to blind and choke and strangle them where they lie. Bugges and pestilence—why not Zeppelins and poison gas ? It would only be the latest instance of the applicability of the living Word to the most modern conditions of human life.

THE point, however, is the assurance, " Thou shalt not be afraid " of them. In very truth we are not. And it is difficult to imagine anything more likely to exasperate an enemy, who believes in " frightfulness " as a weapon in war, than the imperturbability with which we contemplate his hellish proceedings. He simply cannot make our flesh creep. Taken by surprise the first time poison gas was used in the field, our soldiers recoiled—in natural dismay at the unknown, not because they had fear of death. One officer went back alone to his C.O. " The ' Duke's ' have been gassed, sir," he said. " I was the last man left alive, and I thought I ought to come back to report "—thought he ought ; otherwise he would have died with his men. And forthwith the fact that a new weapon was in use was accepted and means were devised to meet it. In a week or two the problem was solved, and now the white-swathed pestilence is greeted calmly and taken just as another matter of course.

SO with the Zeppelins. It may, perhaps, seem a startling thing to say, but really, these air-raids on England are not an unmixed evil—viewed, of course, in the light of all the circumstances For the mind and the spirit that could debate and then sanction operations which may have absolutely no military value, but almost certainly will entail the mutilation and death of women and children, we have nothing but detestation. Yet, even so, we are content to wait, holding as we do the conviction that all men " come to their heritage at long last, not simply before the Great White Throne, but in the lower world where waters of a full cup are wrung out by the people of God." For the poor victims of the heedless savagery again, we have nothing but pity, and we regret the useless destruction of material things. But there is another aspect which it is just as well to bear in mind.

TO begin with, if " frightfulness " is devised and employed to strike terror into the heart of a population, it has failed completely in this latest form that it has assumed. The English people think the Zeppelin one of the most interesting things they have ever seen, and every night about eight o'clock they get ready to rush to their doors at the first report of bomb or gun, not in order to find shelter elsewhere, but to have a good look at the " Zep." If one listens to their conversation, one will even hear comments appreciative of the thing as it appeals to the imagination. The people perceive the beauty of the luminous shape in the sky, with the little points of light, like electric sparks, as a bomb bursts or a shell from an anti-aircraft gun explodes above or below the enemy. And the moment the danger has moved away, sufficiently far to make the action not absolutely insensate, they hurry to the scene of the disaster to see how much damage has been done. That is the point where the redeeming feature of these air-raids first becomes manifest.

AS a race we are not to be frightened, but we do require to be stirred. This is probably the first occasion when an enemy has wrought havoc of any magnitude in England since Van Tromp sailed up the Thames with a broom at his masthead and set Pepys and the City murmuring at the pusillanimity of the King and his Court. Somewhere in England there are spots to-day which recall corners of ruined towns in Belgium. They provide the first object-lesson of what war means that our civilian population has ever had. They do not dismay and dishearten, but they ought to provoke righteous indignation. Our temperament is rather too lethargic, and the stimulation provided by such outrage as this may prove very wholesome. Astringent medicine is generally unpalatable, but it can be uncommonly good for the system.

IF our temperament had the least resemblance to the German, we should deprecate the policy of letting people indiscriminately view the things that have been done ; for, as we know, the German civil population has been panic-stricken by a mere rehearsal of anti-aircraft defence, and the depression caused by realisation of the harm wrought and the danger possible might spread like an infection through the social organism and have incalculable consequences on the national attitude towards the war. As the fact is, however, we are of opinion that only good can be done by letting our people know what is at stake. The knowledge will be like a tonic, bracing them up to energetic effort;

THIS is not the empty verbiage of a merely fatuous, cheery optimism. The disasters are bad enough in all conscience. But it is one thing to accept them with a kind of fatalistic placidity and a murmured belief that somehow all things work out for final good, and quite another thing to point out the fact that disaster has always had a tonic value for British character. It is the latter of these two things that we desire to do in connection with these raids by Zeppelins. If the great airships can be brought down by aeroplanes or anti-aircraft guns, well and good ; if they can be deterred from coming over at all, so much the better. Meantime, if the Germans discover that every Zeppelin raid means the raising of another British regiment, they will be less keen on making them.

C. M.

THE WAR Illustrated

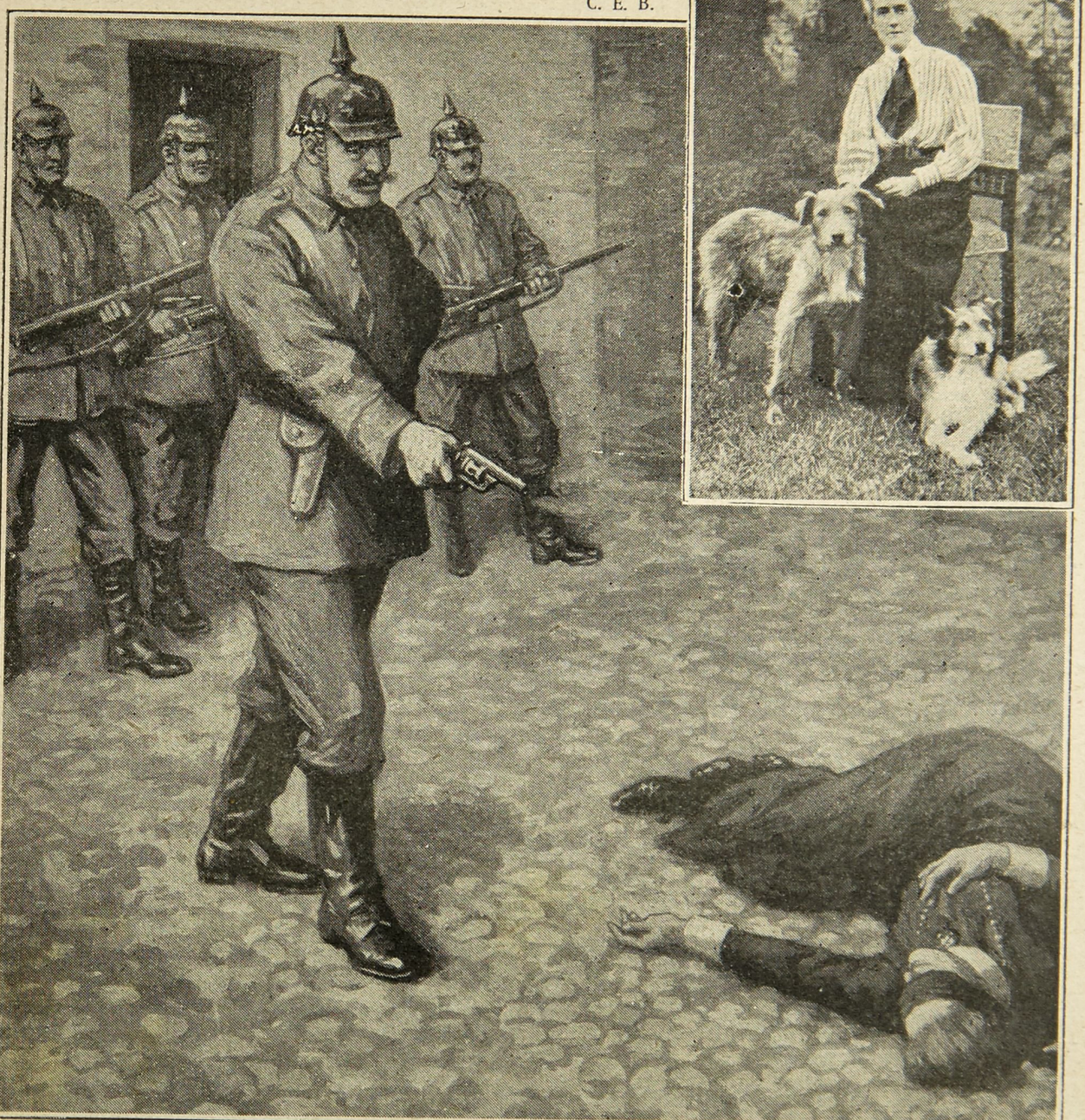
No. 63. Vol. 3.
30th October, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

She who had nursed to health and strength again
The stricken comrades of that murderous breed,
She whose cool hands had soothed the sufferer's pain,
And glorified the name of womanhood,
Lay helpless while the German leader knelt
And drew the ready weapon from his belt.

C. E. B.



THE MURDER OF NURSE CAVELL.—The civilised world, which had become almost apathetic to recurring German outrage, suffered a severe shock on hearing of the execution of Nurse Cavell by the Huns at Brussels. Nurse Cavell was charged with helping to smuggle Belgian men across the frontier, and found guilty by a German court-martial. A summary sentence of death was passed, and though Nurse Cavell had worked consistently to alleviate the suffering of wounded German officers at the hospital in Brussels, the penalty was inflicted under circumstances of peculiar brutality. The ill-fated woman had no strength to face the firing-party, and swooned away, whereupon the officer in charge approached the prostrate form, and, drawing a heavy Service pistol, took his murderous aim, while the firing-party looked on. Inset: Portrait of this latest victim of Hunnish fury.

Detailed Map of Gallipoli and Dardanelles

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The present focus of interest among the various fields of our imperial struggle is unquestionably the Dardanelles. The German plan, obviously, is to break through to Constantinople, and it is, therefore, incumbent on the Allies to hold the enemy in the Balkans. The new war in the Balkans, therefore, may modify to some extent the Gallipoli Expedition.

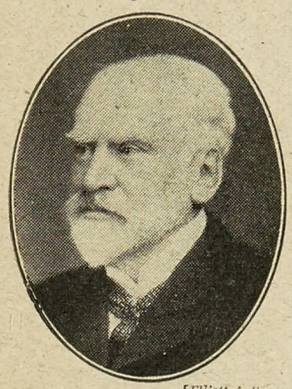
IN AND ABOUT THE DARDANELLES

Fresh Facts Concerning the Scenes of Britain's Fateful Expedition on Gallipoli Peninsula

By SIR EDWIN PEARS

With the advent of winter, and since the Allies are burdened with a new war in the Balkans, much speculation is rife as to the progress of the struggle for Constantinople. If six months of heroic fighting, involving a hundred thousand casualties, seems an incredible price for the meagre gain shown on the map, it only tends to prove the difficulties of the fateful expedition. Owing to the deep interest in the Dardanelles situation, the Editor has asked Sir Edwin Pears, the foremost authority on Constantinople, to contribute the following article descriptive of Gallipoli from climatic, topographical, and military points of view. It was Sir Edwin's revelations of Moslem atrocities committed against the Bulgars that roused the sympathy and indignation of the people of this country under the leadership of Gladstone. His latest book, "Forty Years in Constantinople," has attracted great attention.

THE Dardanelles is practically the only road by sea to Constantinople from any part of Western Europe. The foundation of the city under Constantine was principally due to a great sea fight, in 325 A.D., between his fleet and that of Licinius in the Ægean end of the Dardanelles between Cape Helles and Kum Kale. After the fight the victorious fleet, aided by a south wind and current running northerly, made its way triumphantly to the Bosphorus. That fight made what had hitherto been an obscure Greek town called Byzantium the capital of the Roman Empire. From that day to the present the ruler who has been in possession of the Dardanelles has reigned in Constantinople.



[*Elliott & Fry*

Sir Edwin Pears

As the events of the last six months have shown, the current in the Dardanelles itself constitutes a great aid to defence. During at least five-sixths of the year, and at irregular times, this current runs from the Marmora to the Ægean with great force. At other times during the year the current runs with equal force in the opposite direction, and amongst the obstacles which our ships have had to encounter, that of floating mines drifting with the current has been a serious one. A great number of these mines were brought down last autumn in steamers from Constanza, in Rumania, and were shipped to the Dardanelles to be placed in position, or to be set floating. I spoke, just about a year ago, with the master of a British merchant steamer which was anchored at the Gallipoli end of the Strait, where he saw a Turkish steamer with its deck containing many of these mines stacked in rows along the deck. The Turco-German officers judged that he was seeing too much, and ordered him and his steamer back to Constantinople, where he at once called upon me.

Turkish Thoroughness in Defence

The Turks have been alive to the value of floating mines in the Dardanelles during the last thirty years. The principal sort employed by them was one which was connected by wires with a central spot in Chanak. The mines were exploded by electricity.

In addition to mines, the Turks have always had powerful guns stationed at the Dardanelles, some at Kum Kale, but the most important at the Narrows, which may be generally stated as beginning a little below Chanak and extending to Nagara Point. This may be called the danger zone, for in it ships are exposed to fire on every side. Twenty years ago Krupp's presented to the Sultan, for use at the Dardanelles, what was said to be the biggest gun they had constructed. Visitors to the Military Museum in Woolwich can see a magnificent specimen of a long gun which did service at the Dardanelles, made upwards of three centuries ago, and which was presented to the British Government by a Sultan, I believe, shortly after the Crimean War.

The most important of the land fortifications of the Dardanelles are on the Gallipoli Peninsula, which is about thirty-five miles long. Its narrowest part is at the Isthmus of Bulair, where the Strait opens out into the Marmora. The isthmus is less than three and a half miles across. There is a line of fortifications at Bulair which was constructed with the aid of our sappers during the Crimean War. The Peninsula widens out from that part towards the south-west, the coast running generally on its north side in a south-westerly direction to Suvla Point.

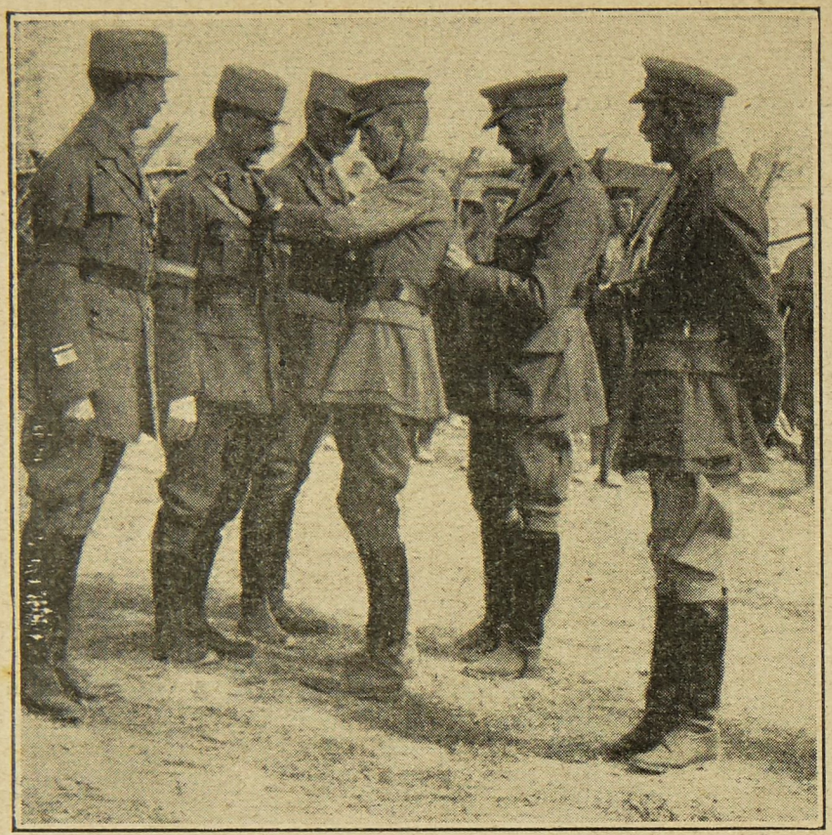
Gallipoli a Natural Stronghold

Between that point and Cape Helles, a distance of about twenty miles, the coast runs almost due north to south, and at its narrowest part due west of Nagara Point is about four and a half miles wide. It is between this narrow part and Cape Helles that the operations of the British troops during the last three months have been most active. Gaba Tepe, so often spoken of, is due west of Nagara. North of it is the famous Anzac beach. The Gallipoli Peninsula has a few miserable villages dotted about it, but the mass of the country is covered with thick scrub, in which arbutus and valonia predominate, the valonia looking to the ordinary observer like a species of small-leaved holly, prickly but bearing berries like the acorn, which are gathered and exported for the purpose of tanning.

But for our purpose the most interesting feature about the Peninsula is that its natural formation makes it a place capable of easy defence. Through the whole Peninsula there runs a range of hills rising at various points to eight and nine hundred feet high, but the range seems to be composed of tranverse hills and valleys, and when, as during the present year, these have been fitted up with guns for the purpose of defence, the place almost becomes one great fortress. Like most districts in Turkey, the Peninsula is destitute of roads. Instead of making use of the tracks which have served for centuries between one village and another, communication is usually by sea.

The strongest defences of the Strait are beyond Kilid Bahr and to the north and south of it. Kilid Bahr is opposite Chanak, and commands the Narrows leading to what I have called the danger zone. One does not require to be a soldier to recognise that Maidos, opposite Nagara Point, and at the narrowest part of the southern half of the Peninsula, would be one of great importance. Once the invading army is in possession of the hills behind Maidos and Kilid Bahr, it would not only be able to prevent the passage of ships from the Marmora, but to cut off the water supply which comes from the hills in the rear.

The shores on the southern side of the Peninsula are usually precipitous; the shores on the opposite or southern side of the Dardanelles being low with a rolling country behind them. There are guns at various places, but these could probably be silenced by those on the opposite side of the Strait. At one time the guns at Kum Kale, at Chanak, and at Nagara Point were considered the most effective at the Dardanelles; but the Germans appear to have



General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., D.S.O., decorating three French officers in Gallipoli—Commandant Sauvigny, D.S.O., Lieut. de la Bord, and Lieut. Polliot—who were awarded Military Crosses by command of the King. Behind Sir Ian Hamilton stand Colonel Pollen, his secretary, and Major Churchill, Mr. Winston Churchill's brother.

changed all this, and to have devoted their attention not merely to the guns facing the sea, but to the erection of strong defensive works as at Achi Baba, almost midway between the two seas.

With reference to the climatic conditions in and around the Gallipoli Peninsula, somewhat wild statements have appeared in the Press. It was alleged that the equinoctial gales which, of course, should have raged about September 21st, rendered all access to the Peninsula on its northern and western shore impossible during their continuance. I presume, in the absence of definite information on the subject, that the equinoctial gales are passed and gone, and have not occasioned any great inconvenience.

Mild Winter Climate

During probably a period of between two and three months, southerly winds prevail in the Ægean and even in the Marmora. Sometimes, indeed, great waves, gathering strength as they get northwards, roll up through the length of the Ægean. Even in the Marmora, within five miles of Constantinople, I have seen waves which would have done credit to the Atlantic. But these are of quite exceptional occurrence. There are generally during the year perhaps ten or a dozen such days. It is usually said that such a southerly gale lasts from three to seven days, the first day or two being the most violent. During the other period which I have mentioned as that in which southerly winds are blowing, they are usually light and not disagreeable.

The truth is that the northern end of the Ægean, including the Gallipoli Peninsula, is usually favoured with a delightful winter climate until about the opening of the New Year. Then the light south winds are followed by strong breezes from the north, sometimes amounting to heavy gales. These bring snow and rain, and in gullies and low lands make the place muddy and difficult to traverse. But, as I have already stated, the general trend of the range constituting the backbone of the Peninsula is composed of a great number of small ranges which run almost at right angles to it.

During the wintry season, which lasts through the months of January, February, and the first half of March, our men will require the protection of huts and dug-outs. Speaking generally, the country of itself gives abundance of shelter. I should not anticipate that our men will see ice, except in very thin sheets, and even if they should remain there during the two months and a half, I should be surprised if they see it on more than half a dozen days.

When the Gales Come

A more important question is how far the prevailing winds will prevent communication between the ships and the shore. Let it be said at once that during some days this will probably be difficult, perhaps impossible; but having the command of the sea, our ships can take shelter at Imbros, at Tenedos, and even at Mitylene. Such shelter would only be required during the prevalence of the short but strong southerly gales. It will be seen from the map that a portion of the Peninsula faces due west during a distance of about twenty miles from Cape Helles to Suvla Point. I do not recall any portion here where a landing could be made during a southerly gale, and communication between the ships and the shore would in that part be difficult. Between Suvla Bay and the extremity of the Gulf of Xeros there is a distance of about thirty-five miles, and here the trend of the coast is from south-west to north-east, and there are various small bays and headlands which afford some kind of shelter.

With ordinary care our men have nothing to fear from climatic conditions. They may have three or four days of disagreeable weather even during October, but I anticipate that, until the weather breaks, they will enjoy a delightful climate, which will remind our Australians of that which prevails during March and April in Victoria. By the weather breaking I mean that the southerly wind is exchanged for a northerly one. When that comes on, communication between ships and shore will always be fairly easy, because the opposite land running from Gram and Burnu right to the end of the Gulf of Xeros is from west to east, and the distance across the gulf, varying from six or seven miles to twenty at its widest, is not sufficient to get up a dangerous sea.

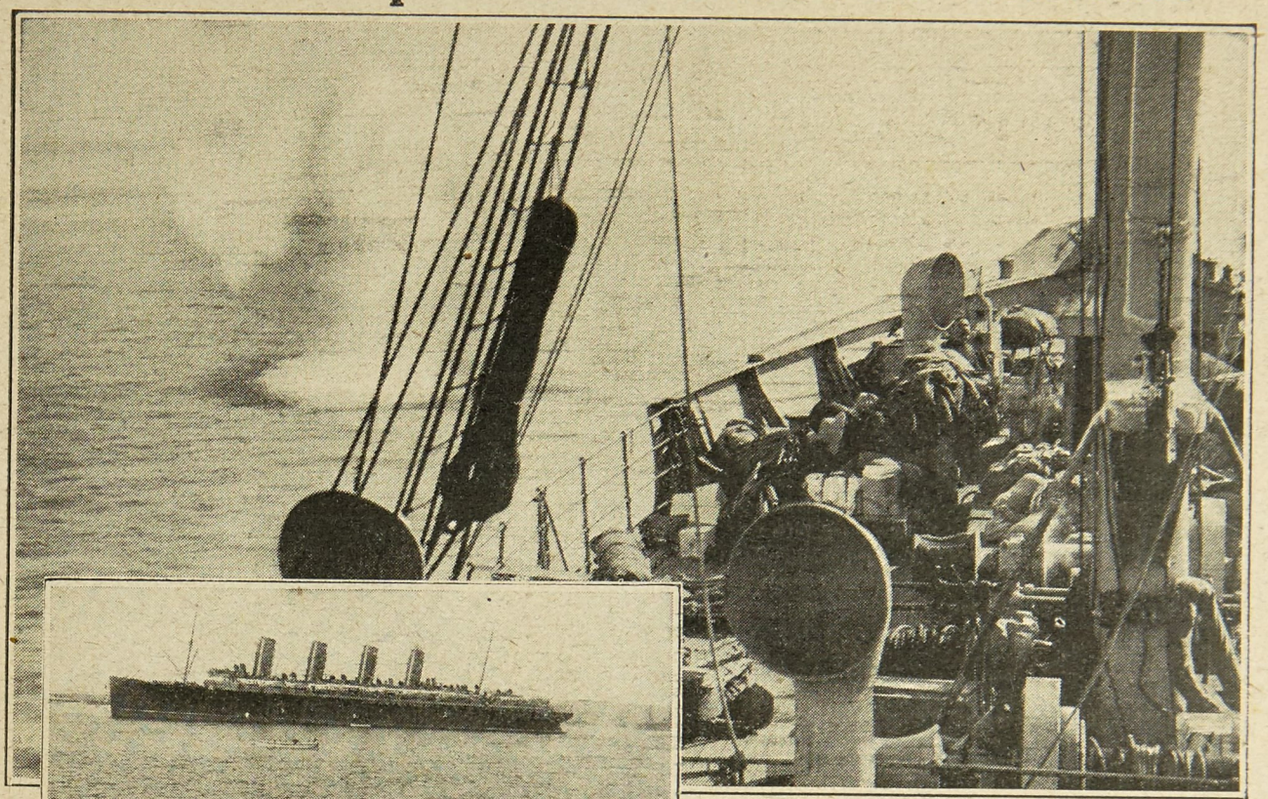
The Problem of Sanitation

There is, however, another difficulty which must not be overlooked. The water supply on the Peninsula is very limited. We have been informed by the newspapers that numbers of the dead, especially of the enemy, lie unburied, and the pools and springs are probably largely contaminated.

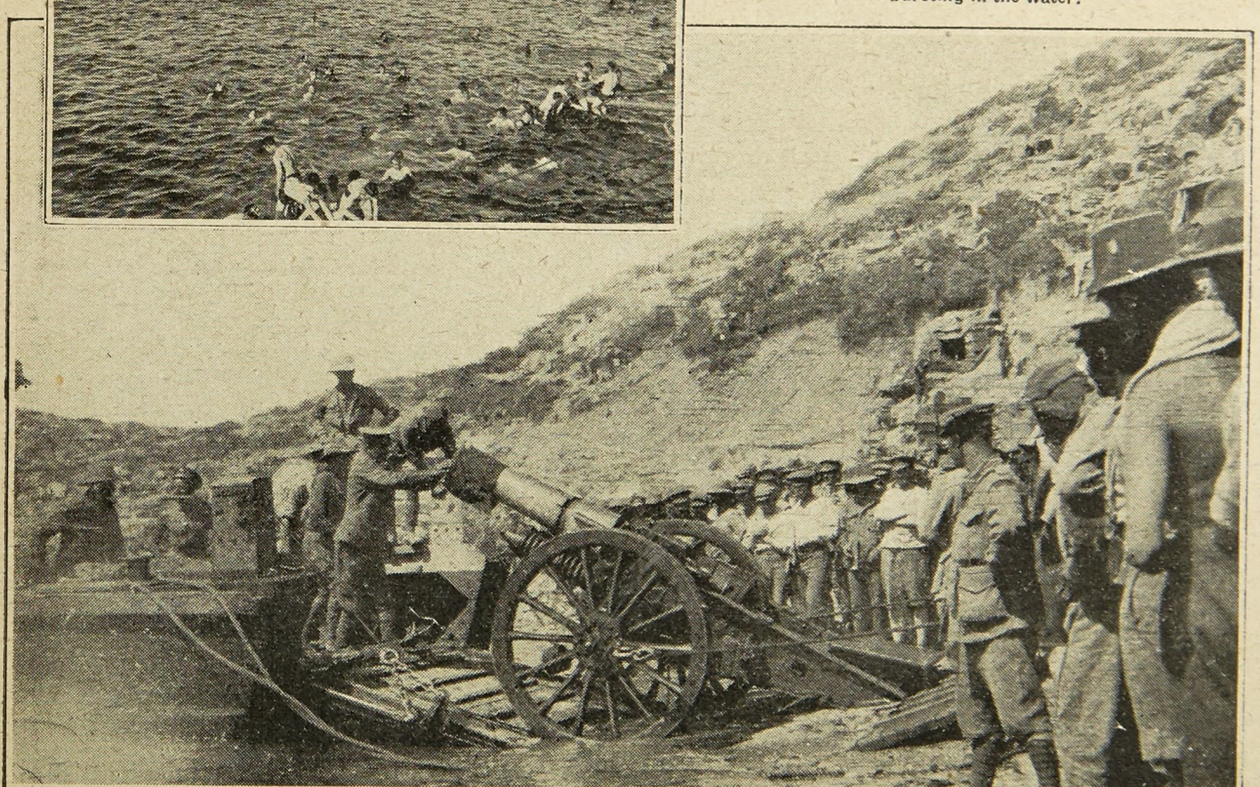
Our Army Medical Corps, however, has the reputation of being remarkably efficient, and amongst the Australians is my old friend Dr. Ryan, of Melbourne, the chief medical officer in Australia, the one Englishman who was present, on the side of the Turks, in the famous Siege of Plevna, and whose sanitary and medical knowledge is of the highest character. It is possible that he and his colleagues will have to put up a brave fight against diseases resulting from a defective water supply. But as this will certainly be made, and as our Fleet can supply distilled and other fresh water, I see nothing with reference to the climatic conditions which need give cause for alarm.

Edmund Ironside

Britons' Amphibious Dardanelles Activities



The s.s. Clacton under fire from a Turkish land battery. Just previous to the taking of this photograph three sailors on the forecastle were killed. Another Turkish shell is seen bursting in the water.

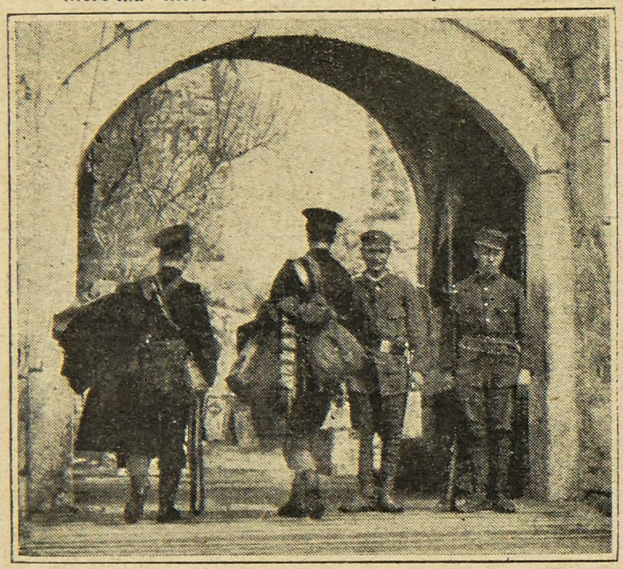


A faint idea of the task undertaken by the Anzacs on Gallipoli may be gathered from this photograph, which shows a heavy gun at the moment of being rolled ashore from a lighter. Inset: Anxiety as to the whereabouts of the Mauretania is set at rest by the publication of this snapshot depicting her at the Dardanelles. Some British blusjackets from a warship are seen sporting in the water.

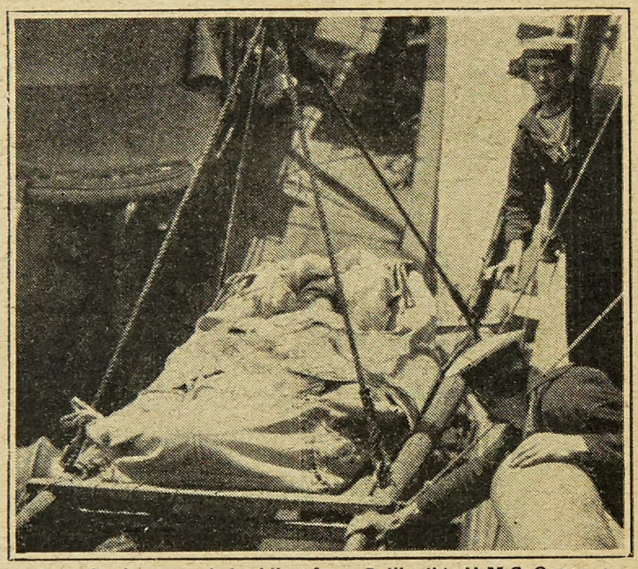
'Pass, Friendly Neutrals'—Anglo-Grecian Entente

Briton and Greek, whose joint defiance suggests more than mere "benevolent" neutrality.

Greek and British soldiers photographed together behind a stone barricade, somewhere in the Balkans.



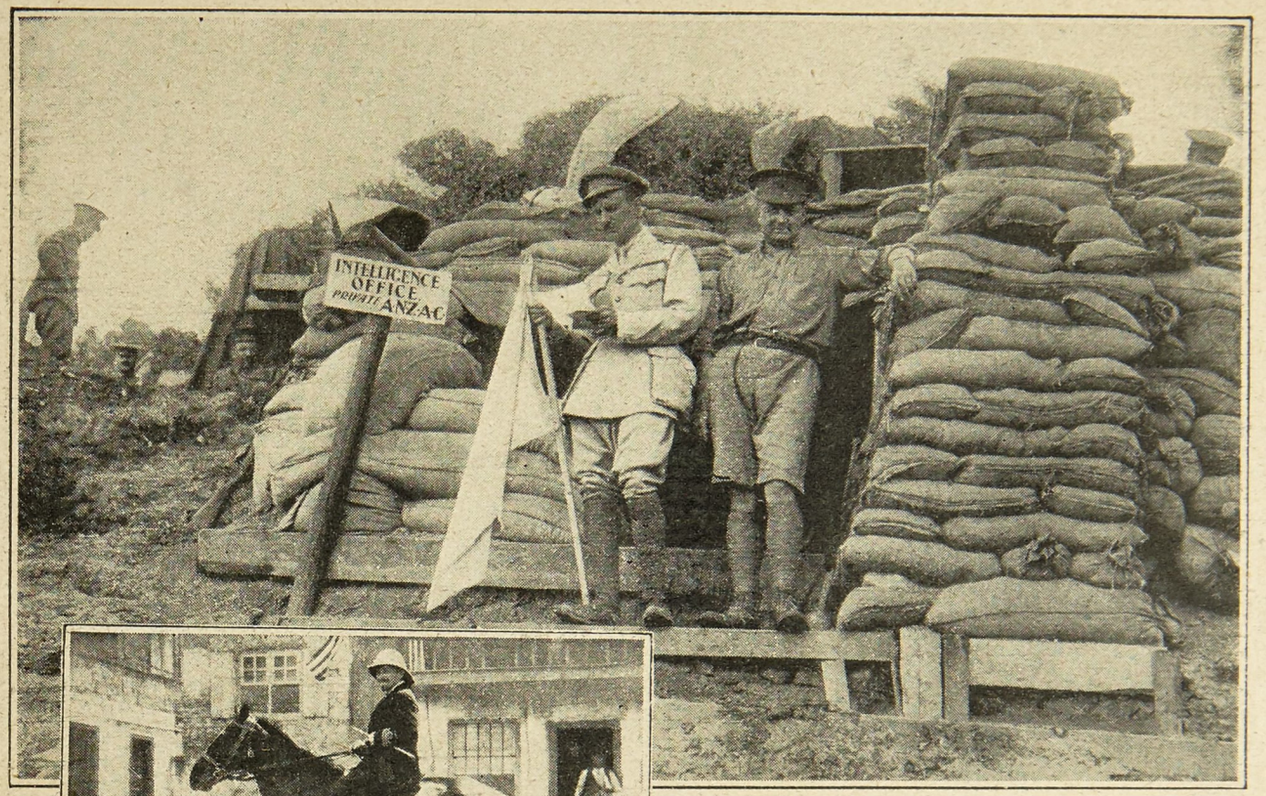
British Marines carrying equipment past two Greek sentries guarding a bridge.

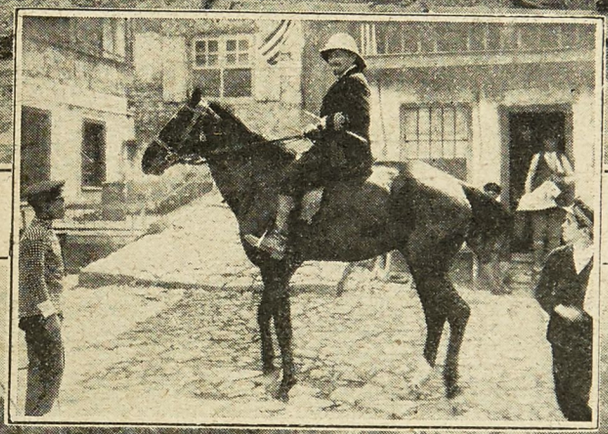


Transferring wounded soldiers from Gallipoli to H.M.S. Canopus, a delicate and difficult task.

Judging from this photograph, the Anglo-Grecian Entente is no mere formality. British bluejackets and Greek soldiers are here seen fraternising in the Ægean. They have changed headgear, and the result is somewhat amusing.

At the Dardanelles and in the Balkans

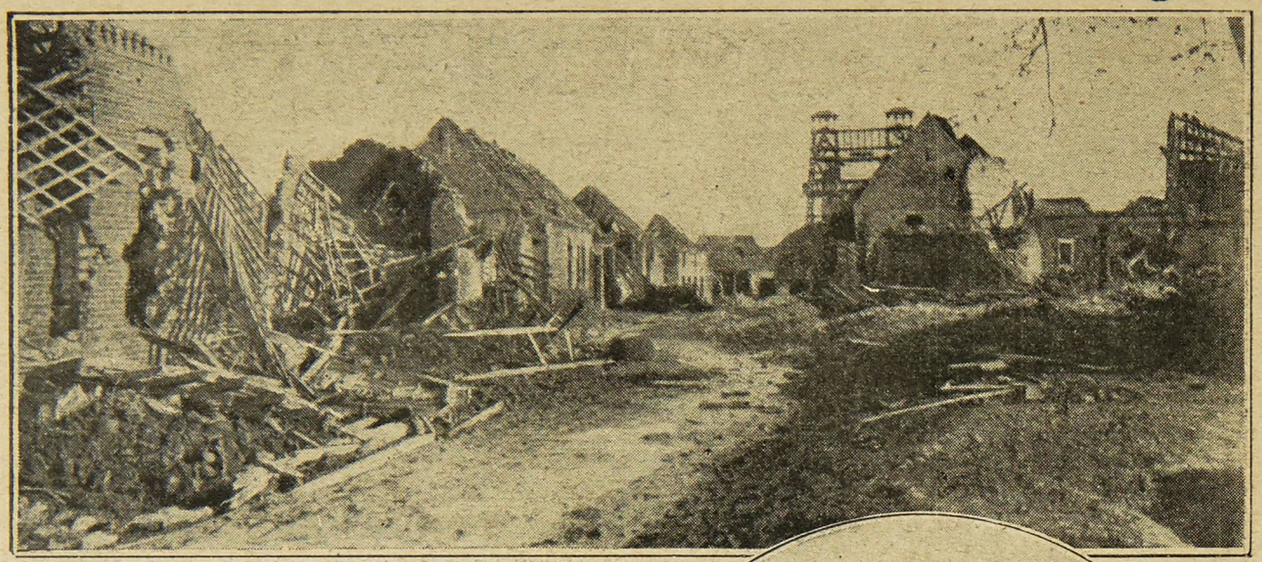




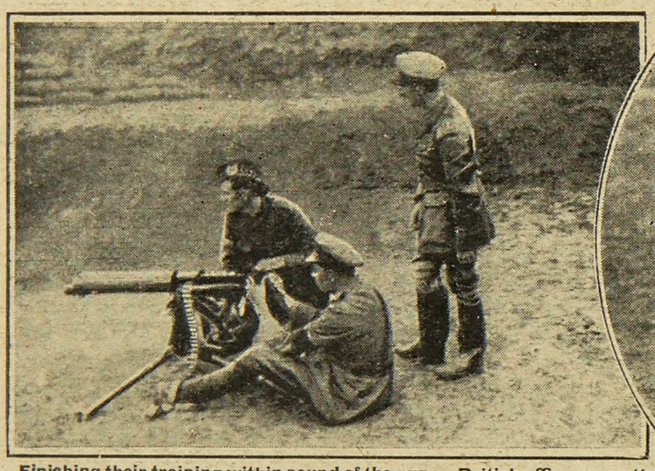
Anzacs' Intelligence Office at Gaba Tepe and two members of the Staff who have come out for a "breather." Inset: Flight-Commander Samson, the intrepid aviator, at Tenedos.

Types of Turkish prisoners at Gaba Tepe. They are about to construct a roadway. The Turk under German direction has shown himself no mean fighter; in dealing with the Armenians he has proved to be the equal of the Huns in ruthless butchery.

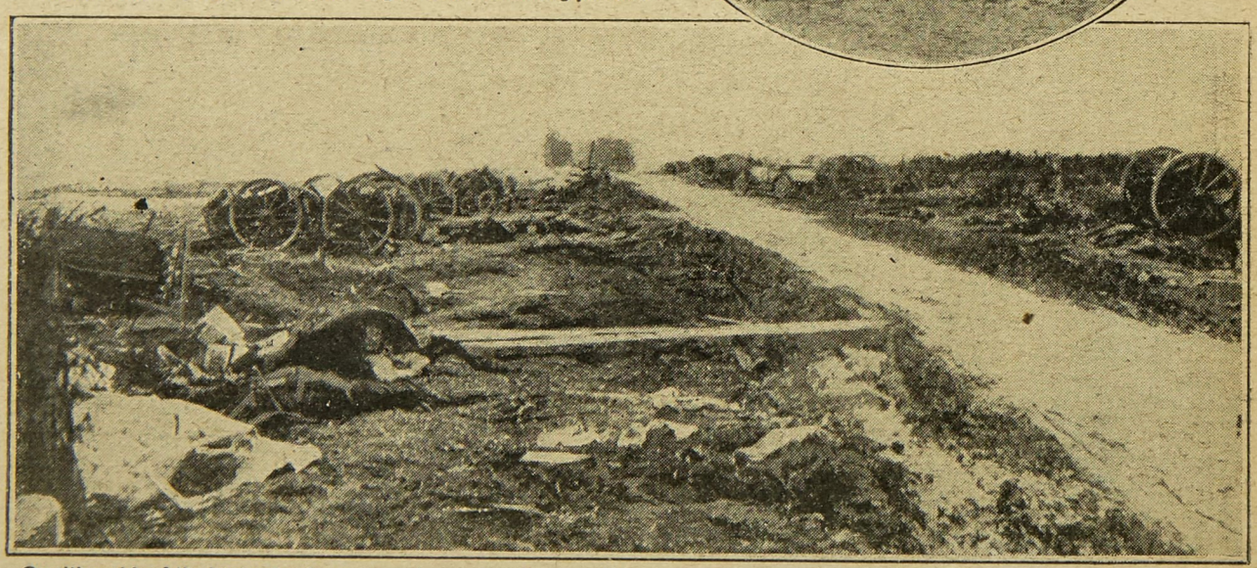
Round About the Memorable "Tower Bridge"



Rack and ruin on the way to Loos. The great iron-mining structure known to our soldiers as Tower Bridge is seen in the background.

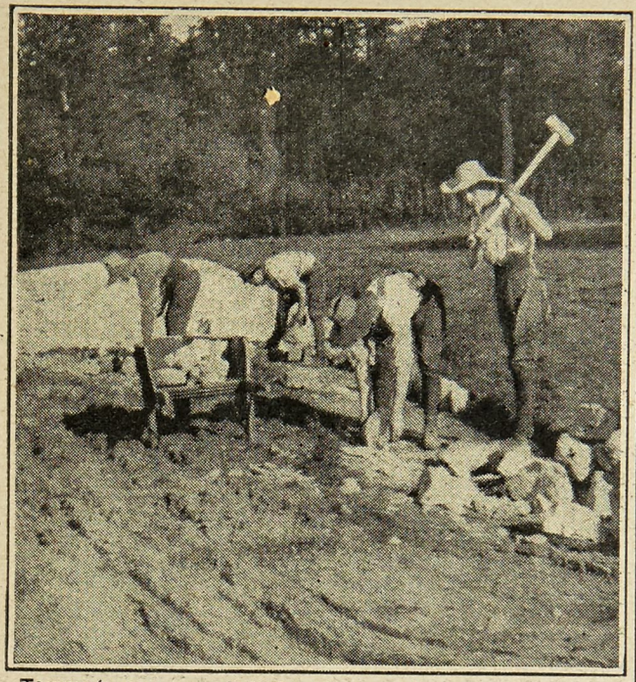


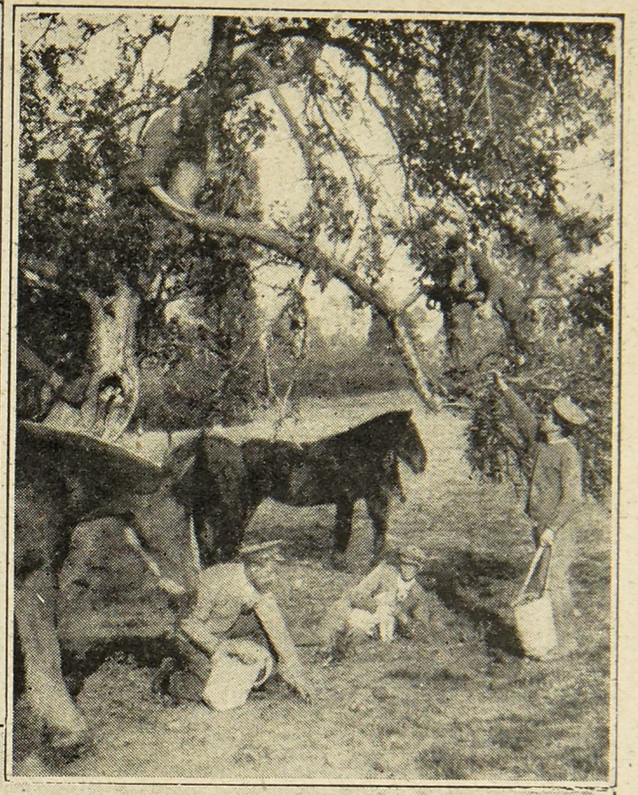
Finishing their training within sound of the guns. British officers practising in France with a machine-gun. Right: Bomb-throwing practice.



On either side of the beaten track are ranged a confused mass of broken war paraphernalia—limbers, automobiles, guns, war-horses, and so on. Such was the spectacle that confronted the charging Britons—a grim pageant of destruction, the result of the new shells.

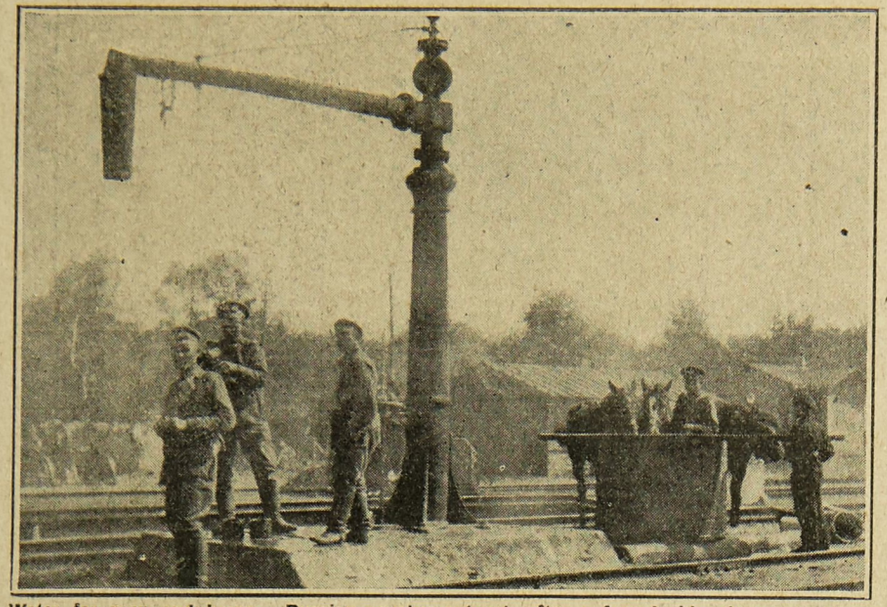
Work and Repose along the Flanders Front



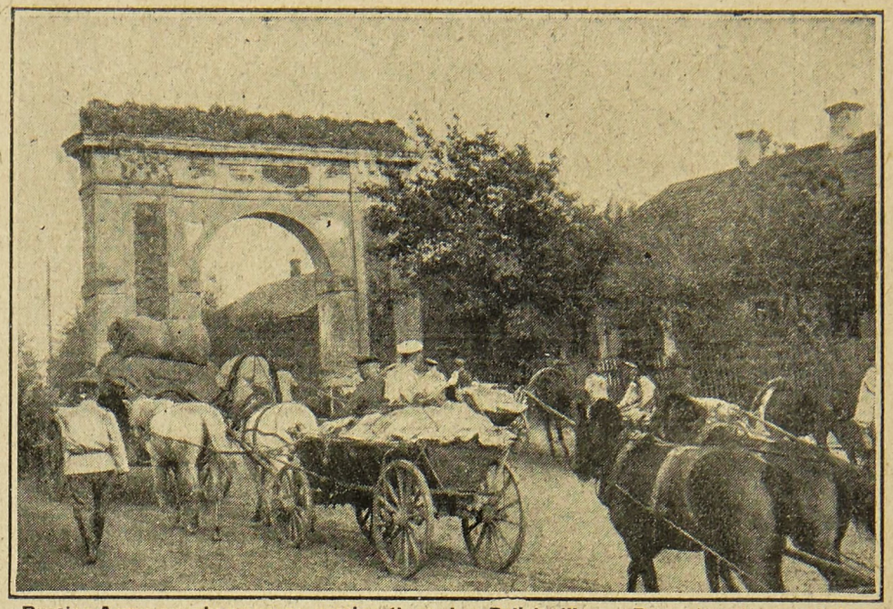


Tommy turns navvy. British soldiers speeding up advance movements by constructing a road near the front for the transport.

With a cavalry contingent in the British lines. Troopers watching a hostile aeroplane, while others, oblivious, are enjoying a nap. Inset above on right: Group of British soldiers commandeering the fruit of an apple tree in a deserted orchard near the first line.

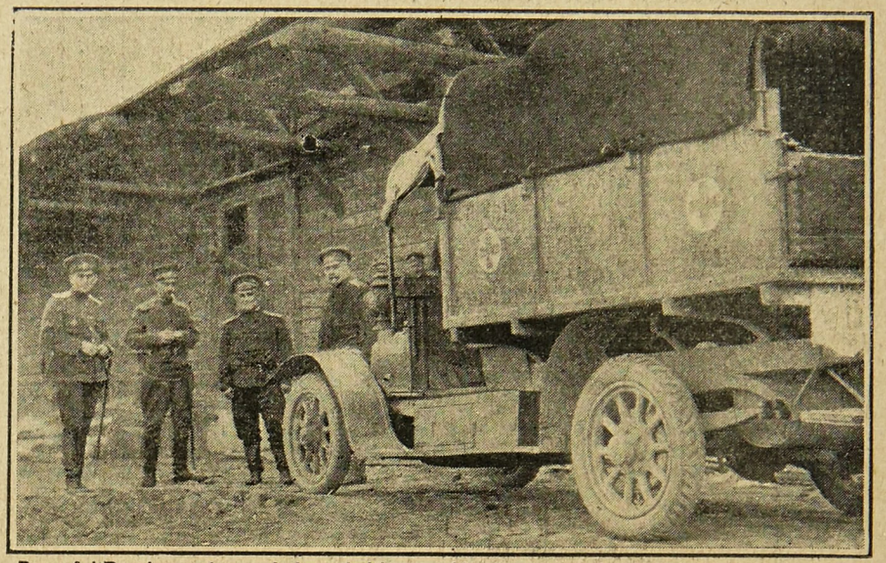


Water for man and horse. Russian cavalry outpost, after a forced ride, draws up at a wayside station, and turns on the engine supply pump.



Russian Army supply waggons passing through a Polish village. Peasant carts were halted and drawn to the side of the road in order to expedite the military movement.

The migration of the Poles from their unhappy land into Russia has been one of the most remarkable features of the war. Such a scene as that depicted in this photograph, showing a peasant family at a railway siding, is proverbial throughout the war areas.



Powerful Russian motor-ambulance halting outside a temporary headquarters which had been subjected to a bomb attack from a German Aviatik. The hole in the road indicates how near to and yet how far the enemy was from his objective.

"The Nibblers!" Heavy French Cannon in Action

Heavy French cannon of 155 mm. (or about 6 in.) calibre, which has been helping to pound the enemy's positions in Champagne. Inset: The new type of French mortar, whose heavy shells are thrown high into the air, thereby falling perpendicularly on their objective.

Immediately after the recoil. The sequel to the first picture on this page, showing the 155 mm. gun being hauled into position again for another shell. Note how the emplacement is surrounded by wattles covered with grass, which give the appearance of a high hedge. (Exclusive photographs.)

Heroic Highlander's Supreme Self-Sacrifice

Perhaps the most thrilling act of conspicuous self-sacrifice in the war was the heroic deed of a private in a certain Highland regiment. This unnamed soldier proved himself a super-hero. His regiment was advancing under a withering machine-gun fire, and one gun in particular was accounting for many brave lives. Like a flash the Highlander rushed ahead with a bomb, and actually hurled himself on the muzzle of the German quick-firer. He was riddled with bullets, but his body choked the gun, rendering it useless. This act thoroughly demoralised the German gunners, and saved hundreds of Highlanders from death.

General Marchand Leads his Men Cane in Hand

One of the most popular French leaders is General Marchand, Lord Kitchener's one-time adversary of Fashoda fame. In command of a Moroccan division and a brigade of Zouaves, he was the first to lead an assault on the German trenches. After making a few inspiring remarks, General Marchand, with characteristic insouciance which won the hearts of his men, placed himself in front, cane in hand, and smoking a pipe. A few paces and the gallant leader was struck by a shell fragment, but fortunately was not seriously wounded. Thus enthused by their gallant leader's example, the dusky Colonial warriors took the German position.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

IV.—The Royal Welsh Fusiliers

KING Charles I., about whom Clarendon was speaking in the words at the head of this page, is not the only one of our Kings who has found his subjects in North Wales "cordial to him and arming themselves for him." King George has recently had the same experience, for, as all know, Welshmen have shown no hesitation in flocking to the Colours during the past twelve months.

This is not very surprising when we glance at the record of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the special regiment of North Wales, for to know something of its deeds in the past is a call to arms which the most phlegmatic could hardly resist—and whatever their faults, the Welsh are not men of this kind. Of the three Welsh regiments, the Fusiliers is the only one which was actually raised in Wales, the date of its birth being 1689. Its number on the roll is the 23rd.

The Welshmen's Fighting Record

The Fusiliers began their fine career of foreign service by fighting under William of Orange and Marlborough in Flanders. They were at Blenheim, at Oudenarde—where they were chosen to open the attack—and at Malplaquet. They lost heavily at the Siege of Lille, and after the Siege of Douai, in 1710, they had only two captains left fit for service. They fought at Dettingen, and at Fontenoy their casualties—twenty-two officers and three hundred and one men—were far greater than those of any other regiment on the field. At Minden, too, the Fusiliers lost heavily, and then, after fighting all through the war in America, they were compelled to surrender at Yorktown. They died of yellow fever in Haiti, were shipwrecked off the Dutch coast, and served under Sir Ralph Abercromby in Holland and Egypt before they were sent to Portugal in 1811. At Albuera they were part of the immortal brigade of Fusiliers which stormed the French position, and they lost fourteen officers and three hundred and twenty men in the attack; at Sovauren, in the Pyrenees they were vastly outnumbered, but not outfought. And then came for them forty years of rest.

The gallant Welshmen were at the Alma and at Inkerman, and the historian of our Army, Mr. John Fortescue, says: "The 23rd is the only regiment which can boast that it has taken part in the four sternest fights of the British Army during two centuries — Schillenberg, Minden, Albuera, Inkerman." From the Crimea the Fusiliers went to India, and fought at Lucknow. Later they served in Ashanti, in Burma, and in South Africa.

It is difficult to imagine a finer record of service than the one briefly outlined here, but, if possible, the Fusiliers have improved upon it during the Great War.

"So that his Majesty . . . . . returned through the north parts of Wales (where he found the people cordial to him and arming themselves for him) to Shrewsbury."—CLARENDON. "HISTORY OF THE REBELLION."

Certainly they have maintained their glorious reputation. Of the two Regular battalions of the regiment, neither went to the seat of war at the beginning; but the 1st was not far behind the men who landed at Boulogne in August of last year. It was brought home from Malta, and formed part of a division, the 7th, which was commanded by Sir Henry Rawlinson, being one of the four battalions in the 22nd Brigade.

Weeks of Heroic Fighting

On Monday, October 5th, the Fusiliers left Lyndhurst, in the New Forest, for Southampton, and on the following Wednesday morning they landed at Zeebrugge. The task of the 7th Division was to save Antwerp; but it was too late, and so orders were given that it should assist the retreat of the Belgians and join the rest of Sir John French's army near Ypres.

Now mark what followed. On the 7th the battalion landed in Belgium 1,100 strong; on December 14th, nine weeks later, General Lawford, commanding the 22nd Brigade, wrote: "The 1st Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers had particularly distinguished itself for gallantry and devotion, and for holding out against the enemy until it practically ceased to exist." As a matter of fact, all this happened in a very few days. A few days of fighting—practically ceased to exist! What a story to be filled in!

From Zeebrugge the division had a difficult march through Belgium, meeting everywhere fleeing and terrified Belgians and brutal and victorious Germans. It stood and fought the latter at Thielt and Roulers, and then on the 16th got to Ypres. The men had had no rest, but the position was serious, and they were ordered to march out at once towards Menin and seize a river crossing there. It meant "dirty work," but the Fusiliers and their comrades were ready for it. On Sunday, the 18th, they were fighting at Becelaere, and on the 19th the battalion showed great dash in attacking the enemy at a little place called Kleytheck. But in enormous and unexpected strength the Germans came on, and to avoid being surrounded the division was ordered to fall back and to throw up trenches on its original position between Zandvoorde and Zonnebeke.

The colours of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, with the Regimental mascot and drums.

This was the beginning of the great Battle of Ypres, and of its many heroic incidents the stand of the Welsh Fusiliers is perhaps the most heroic. The division was defending a line eight miles long, when it was attacked by about 150,000 Germans, determined at all costs to hack their way through to Calais. On the 19th our position was more critical than at any other time during the first year of the Great War, and that is saying a great deal. The First Army Corps was hurrying up from St. Omer to help the 7th Division, and the question was whether the latter, with only about 1,500 men to the mile, could hold on until it arrived. Humanly speaking, they could not; but they did, and Calais was saved. They stood up, one man against ten, through two terrible days—October 20th and 21st—and then Smith-Dorrien's troops came, as welcome as were the Highlanders at Lucknow.

Their Part in Saving Calais

It is casting no slight upon the other battalions in the 7th Division to say that the Welsh Fusiliers met and foiled the worst of this terrible attack, and to them more than to any others we owe it that the Germans are not in Calais to-day. They were at Zonnebeke, on the extreme left of the line, and just as the stand of the 7th Division saved the whole army, so the stand of the Fusiliers saved the 7th Division. If they had wavered, all would have been lost.

Try and imagine those forty-eight hours. They had been without sleep for five days, and there was no sleep to be had in the trenches. There were no reserves to come up and relieve them. Every man was in the firing-line and had to remain there, for how long no one knew. The bombardment was incessant, and time after time the Germans attacked. Yet in spite of all, in spite of enormous losses, the Fusiliers just "held on," day and night alike, until they were relieved, when they were just, as someone said, like blocks of wood, so absolutely worn out were they.

But, alas! it was not a battalion, hardly a company, that dragged themselves out of the trenches on October 21st, Trafalgar Day. Most of the men who had saved Calais were either dead or wounded. In the past, regiments have held on until they had lost half their men, and all honour to them for it, but

A Group of Officers of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers

OFFICERS OF THE 13th BATTALION ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.—Back row (left to right) : Sec.-Lieut. W. O. F. Ellis, Lieut. L. S. Ayer, Sec.-Lieut. C. E. L. Fairchild, Sec.-Lieut. F. U. J. Harris, Lieut. W. D. Parry, Sec.-Lieut. O. Jenkins, Lieut. J. G. Jones, Lieut. R. M. Wynne-Edwards. Third row (left to right) : Lieut. and Quartermaster W. Armstrong, Sec.-Lieut. J. S. Napthali, Lieut. D. B. Anthony, Sec.-Lieut. A. V. Jones, Sec.-Lieut. F. V. Jones, Lieut. F. G. Thomas, Sec.-Lieut. F. C. Broatch, Sec.-Lieut. O. V. Thomas, Capt. F. S. Lloyd, Sec.-Lieut. G. M. Jones. Second row (left to right) : Major O. J. Bell, Capt. and Adjutant J. R. Hardwick, Lieut.-Col. C. E. Willes, Major C. E. Wynne-Eyton, Capt. R. O. Campbell, Capt. J. L. Lock. Front row (sitting, left to right) : Sec.-Lieut. F. W. Hardwick, Sec.-Lieut. R. M. Williams, Sec.-Lieut. C. F. Morris.

our Fusiliers held on although they had lost *three-quarters* of their strength.

The few remaining Welshmen were moved to another part of the line.

On the 30th, some troops on the right of the Fusiliers were driven back, and our heroes were attacked, not only from the front but also from the side. As we say, they were outflanked. However, so accustomed were they to holding on, that again they preferred death to retirement. Die they did, and by the end of the day the battalion had "practically ceased to exist." The general, referring to the splendid behaviour of the Fusiliers "on all occasions," said : "The battalion has wholly maintained the glorious traditions of the regiment." He spoke the simple truth. For their traditions the Fusiliers paid a great price, and not Wales alone, but the whole Empire is their debtor.

Among those killed in October were five of the battalion's captains—W. M. Kington, D.S.O., Marteine E. Lloyd, W. G. Vyvyan, E. O. Skaife, and E. N. Jones-Vaughan. The colonel, H. O. S. Cadogan, was reported wounded and missing, and some months later it was learned that he, like so many of his men, was dead.

Before the Battle of Ypres the 2nd Battalion of the Fusiliers had reached the seat of war, and in 1915 this was included in the new army corps, the 5th, commanded by Sir Herbert Plumer, being in the 82nd Brigade. The 1st Battalion was reconstituted, and took its place in the renewed 7th Division, early in the year.

On the night of November 24th, a few Fusiliers did a fine deed. Under Captain J. R. M. Ford, they assisted some Engineers to mine and blow up a group of farms just in front of the German trenches. These farms had been used by German snipers.

Heroism at Festubert

Both battalions were at Neuve Chapelle in March, but neither was on this occasion in the front of the battle. However, on the 14th, the 2nd Battalion took a leading part in an attack which drove the Germans from the village of St. Eloi, and retook some captured trenches.

At Festubert, in May, they were again to the fore. On the 16th the 1st Battalion took part in an attack on the German position. On the previous evening they had arrived fresh in the trenches, and as soon as our bombardment ceased, their leading company was up the ladders and was making at full speed for the enemy's position. The other companies followed, and although the line kept getting thinner and thinner, there was no wavering. They reached the gaps made by our guns in the German parapets, tore through, and used their bayonets with deadly effect in the trenches.

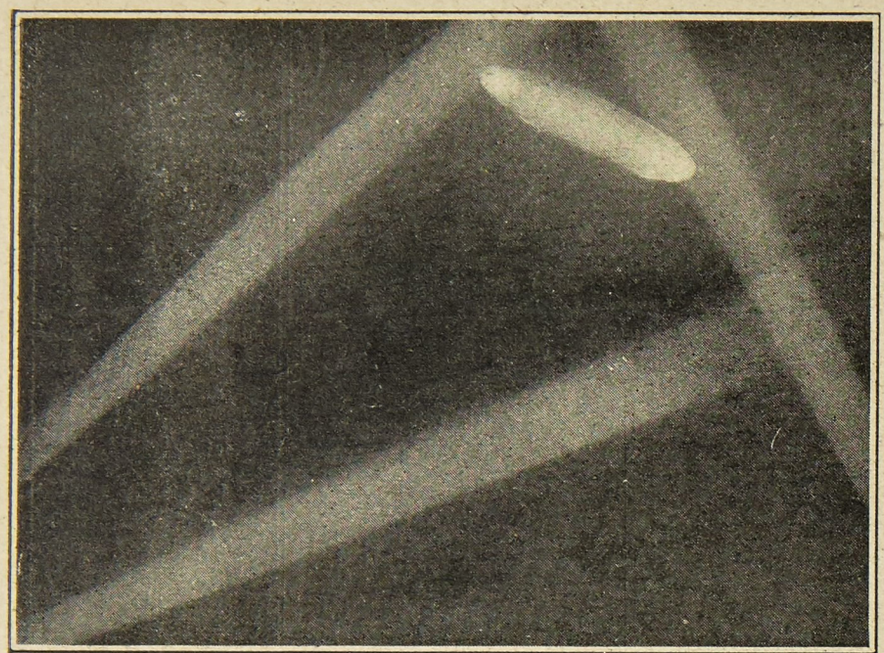
Then their difficulties began. The Germans got their guns to work, and the Fusiliers were bowled over by explosive shells and shrapnel. Some of them made a further rush for about three hundred yards, and then the few survivors, about sixty in number, of this band lay down in some shelter for about an hour. While in this position, they saw and seized a German machine-gun, and then they rushed into a cottage and at once turned it into a fortress. In spite of a heavy fire they held this cottage against all comers until the evening, when they were ordered to retire.

In this attack two Fusiliers specially distinguished themselves. The acting adjutant, J. B. Savage, who had been noted for gallantry at Neuve Chapelle, led his men to the German parapet, where he was severely wounded, but he continued to encourage them forward. Sergeant-Major Barter, as soon as he was in a German trench, called for volunteers, and when eight came to his assistance he cleared the Germans from five hundred yards of trenches and took three officers and one hundred and two men prisoners. He was awarded the V.C.

Much more could be said about the deeds of the Fusiliers, but enough has been told to show that they are full worthy to bear on their colours the red dragon of Wales and the Prince's plumes.

A. W. Holland.

In the Track of the Zeppelin Murderers:



A raiding Zeppelin as it appeared to Londoners on the night of October 13th. It gives an excellent idea of the efficiency of our searchlight system, at any rate.

THE series of striking photographs published in these pages is representative of the destruction to private property wrought by the Zeppelins in London and suburban districts on the night of October 13th, when one hundred and twenty-seven persons, nearly all of whom were non-combatants, were killed and injured in the five distinct areas devastated by high-explosive bombs. The districts have not been disclosed, as being information valuable to the enemy.

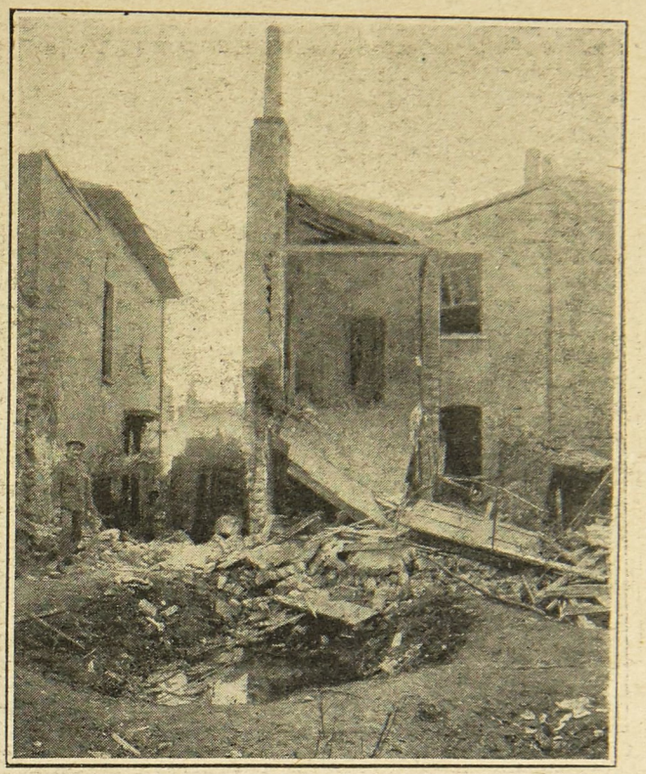
From a military standpoint, the raid was as complete a fiasco as those that have preceded it, and though it occurred earlier in the evening, when most of London's inhabitants were either about their business or amusements, panic, which is the main object of these villainous attacks, was inconspicuous.

The whole policy of the air raiders is on a par with that of the underseas pirates. Serving no real tactical purpose, the submarine war on merchant and passenger ships has been greatly modified. How long will it be before Wilhelm realises that the Zeppelin gasbags are similarly a waste of Hunnish energy?

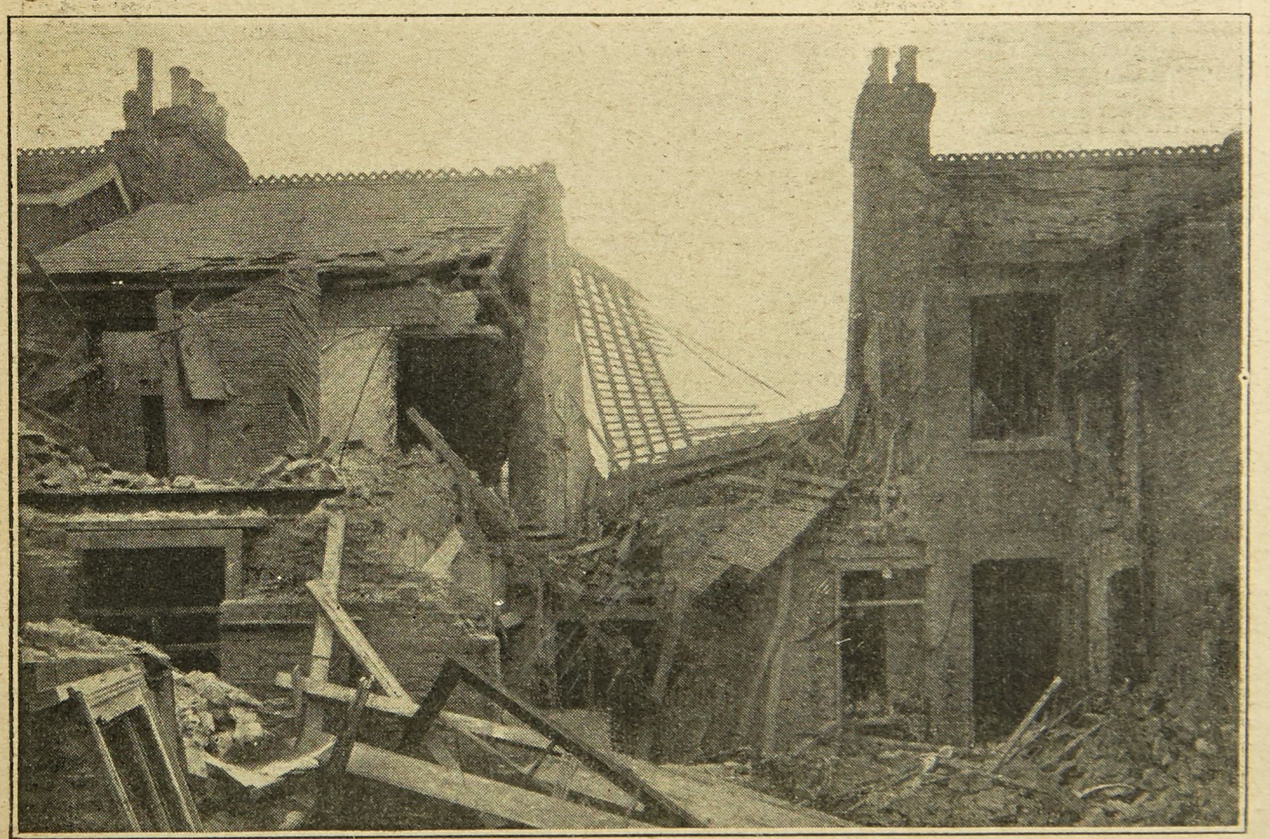
The freakish result of a Zeppelin bomb explosion. The house has been unroofed, and the roof hurled to the ground intact. A mother and daughter were thrown into the street, and a boy was pinned down by the wreckage.

Official Photographs of the Raid on London

Hotel over business premises, which was struck full in the centre by a bomb. The whole building was completely ruined, even to the sign letters, which are curiously suspended in the centre.



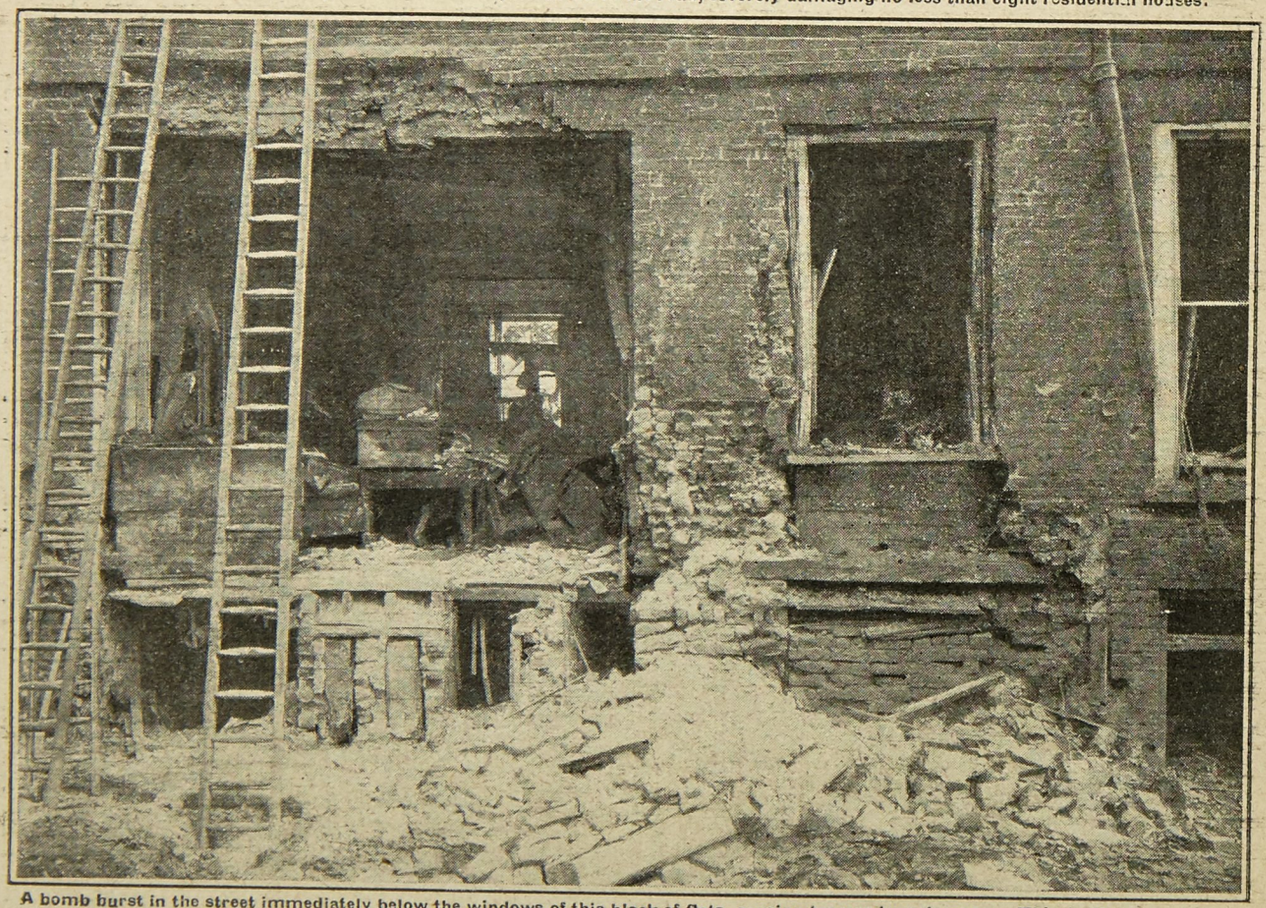
House in a suburban area with the whole of one wall torn out. The first floor has been warped like a slender plank, yet no one was killed in this house.



Back view of damage to a house in a suburban district is shown. The extent to which the houses on both sides have withstood the shock is remarkable. This disaster secured four victims for the air ghouls, two of whom were killed instantly and two seriously injured.

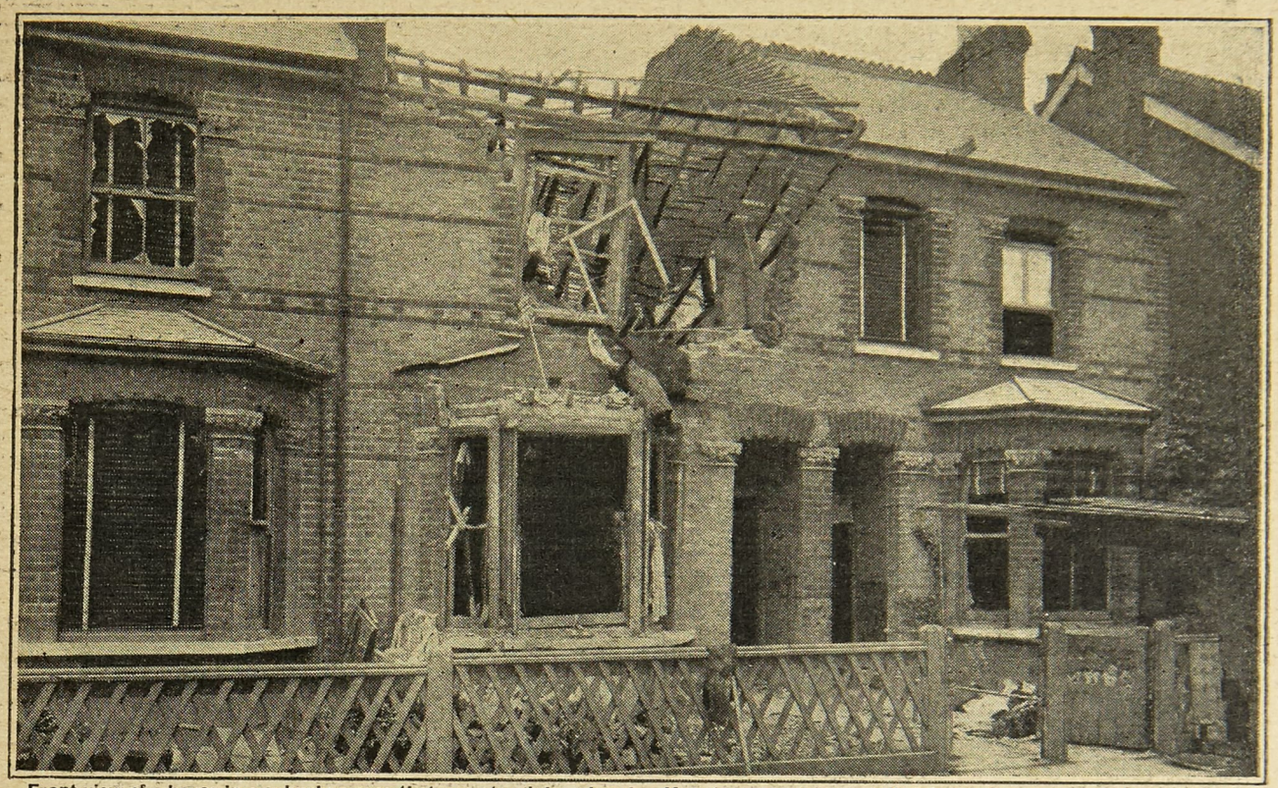
Where Innocent Civilians were Done to Death

Devastation caused by the explosion of one bomb, which fell in the road, severely damaging no less than eight residential houses.



A bomb burst in the street immediately below the windows of this block of flats, causing tremendous damage. This is the second area mentioned in the official report.

Dastard Work of the Kaiser's Air Pirates



Front view of a house in a suburban area that was struck by a bomb. Here two people were killed instantly and two severely injured.
These photographs are by Walshams, Limited.

Difficulties of Aerial Reprisals

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

ONE hears so much about retaliation on German towns for Zeppelin raids in this country, that it is just as well to have a clear understanding as to the limits of what an aeroplane can and cannot do. An aeroplane is not like a waggon which one can load and load up till it is on the verge of breaking, and still keep going. There are very clear limits to the load any given aeroplane will carry.

Remember that an aeroplane flies by rushing through the air at a speed which puts a certain air pressure on the planes, which pressure causes it to lift, just as a kite is forced into the air by being held stationary against the pressure of a wind blowing past it. Now the speed at which the aeroplane moves through the air depends on the power of its engine, and the more powerful the engine the faster it will move, and consequently the greater the weight it will lift.

Limits to Aerial Loads

Very well, say you, put in a more powerful engine still, and make it lift a bigger load of bombs. That sounds very simple. But remember, again, that a more powerful engine means a heavier engine, and an engine that means more petrol to keep it running for a given time, so that the extra load of engine and petrol soon absorbs the extra power Also, to carry the bigger engine and the bigger load of petrol, the aeroplane itself has to be made stronger, and that means making it heavier. So to carry all that extra weight the whole aeroplane has to be made larger all over, in order that it may have more surface in its wings, and catch hold of more air to get its lift.

Working along this line of argument, it is found that there is a certain definite limit to the load any aeroplane will carry, and that means an equally definite limit to the distance it will travel. If it flies slowly it uses less petrol, and remains in the air longer, but it does not go so far. If it flies fast, it covers a bigger distance, but cannot remain in the air so long, for it uses more petrol in each hour it spends in the air.

Now, if you want an aeroplane to carry a big load of bombs, it means that it must carry less petrol, and you must be satisfied with not flying so far. If you want it to carry a couple of machine-guns, and gunners to work them, and ammunition for the guns, it must carry either less bombs or less petrol to make up for the extra weight put on.

How Winds Affect Speed

It is generally considered that an aeroplane which will carry a pilot and passenger and petrol for four hours at 70 miles an hour is a pretty good machine, and that means at most a journey of 280 miles—or 140 out and 140 home. But it is not safe to reckon on doing such a distance, for if there is a 30 mile an hour wind (quite a usual speed) against the machine, it will only do 40 miles an hour (i.e., 70 – 30) over the ground, which means doing only 120 miles in three hours on the way out. and even if the wind holds at the same speed, the machine will only do 100 miles (70 + 30) on the way home, so that the machine will come down 20 miles from home through lack of petrol. Therefore, the only safe thing to do is to travel for not more than two and a half hours on the outward journey, or only 100 miles.

Difficulties of Raiding Germany

If you look at the maps of Belgium and France, you will see that 100 miles from the British lines does not take one very close to any part of Germany. Raids have been made in perfectly calm weather for as much as 150 miles into the enemy's territory, but it is taking a long chance, and if a big fleet of aeroplanes were sent such a distance one might reckon with certainty on a large proportion of them being brought down by simple failure of the engines.

Of course, we might send a fleet of aeroplanes to the eastern frontier of France, where a flight of 50 miles would take them across Alsace into Germany proper, but France would have to be consulted about that. She has her vast armies, and her own air fleet, and her civilian population to supply in that part of the world, without putting a further load on her roads and railways for the supply of food, bombs, and fuel for a British air fleet and its army of mechanics.

Get these points firmly into your head, and you will see why agitations for retaliation do not please the men who have to do the flying.

Our Day of Crisis in the Near East

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

THE demand for the complete abandonment of our Dardanelles Campaign and withdrawal from the Balkans has recently gained great strength. It has been openly advocated in Parliament; it has many supporters in military circles, and there is a growing feeling among people of all classes that it is better to recognise a mistake in time than to go on squandering untold lives in attempting to redeem it.

Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, the brilliant correspondent who represented the entire London Press at the Dardanelles, and who withdrew because of a difference of opinion with the authorities there about what ought to be told, evidently takes this line, if we may judge from a detailed interview with him which appeared in the "Sunday Times."

The case for withdrawal can be briefly stated. We began the Dardanelles Expedition in disastrous fashion, by a futile and costly naval attack unbacked by land forces. Then we gave the Turks long warning concerning our coming military expedition, allowing them over a month to place their land lines in a perfect condition of defence.

Where is the Promised Victory?

We have made innumerable attacks on the Turkish lines. We have, at immense cost, secured possession of strips of the coast, but we have not gained any really commanding position. The Turks still hold the Dardanelles, apparently stronger than ever. Statesmen have spoken of coming victory, and built up false hopes. We all remember Mr. Churchill's glowing phrase last June about our only being a few miles from great victory. But the fact remains that we have done no more than obtain a none too secure foothold on the shore.

Our men have fought with a courage never surpassed in the history of the British Empire. Australasians and British alike have time after time achieved the seemingly impossible. The full story of their sufferings and their glory cannot yet be told in print. When it is, two feelings will be aroused in the nation—admiration for the men, amazement and anger at the policy which made such desperate deeds as theirs necessary.

The official figures of the casualties show that we have had nearly 100,000 men killed, wounded, and missing in this campaign. These figures apparently do not include the great army of sick. We have paid an appallingly heavy price for little more than nothing.

The man in the street asks, quite naturally, "Why not acknowledge our blunder in tackling the Dardanelles, and abandon the Expedition?" The military man, who is mainly interested in the western campaign, points out what we could do with the Dardanelles troops if we had them in Flanders. A complete victory in Turkey would not, he argues, bring the war to an end. The real field of operations is around Germany. The only defeat Germany will acknowledge is the beating of her own armies in open battle, and the invasion of her territory by the Allies. Why not concentrate our forces where a real decision is possible?

The Danger of a "Jehad"

Unfortunately, the matter is not quite so simple as the advocates of withdrawal would make out. We rule a large part of the world by prestige. We are the greatest Mohammedan Power in the world. When we began war with Turkey we strained the allegiance of many of our Mohammedan people, for Turkey is the home of their Caliph, the sacred head of their faith. Germany calculated that the effect of this would be to arouse against us a "jehad," a Holy War, among the Mohammedans. Our fair dealing with and justice towards subject races in the past prevented this, and Mohammedan leaders in India and elsewhere worked splendidly to keep the people loyal to us.

But the Mohammedan world is to-day in a state of some ferment. The tale of our repulses is told in every bazaar from Northern Afghanistan to Central Africa, and told in a much exaggerated form. The Censor may prevent newspapers from printing full details. He is powerless against the organised gossip of the shops and stalls of the East.

Up to now, Mohammedanism knows that there is a possibility of our redeeming our position. Let us definitely withdraw from the Near East, and our hold on India and Egypt would be imperilled. We are in a very awkward position. To go on is like hammering our heads against a stone wall. To go back is to court worse disaster.

But is there not still another alternative? Is it necessary that our campaign against Turkey should be concentrated on the Dardanelles? Why not hold our present gains, with sufficient force, but throw our main armies elsewhere. There was talk some months ago of a campaign towards Constantinople along the Chatalja lines. Why not discover the weak points of the Turkish front, outside the Dardanelles, and go for it?

Possibilities in the Balkan Field

The declaration of war against Bulgaria has in many ways transformed the military position. It has enormously broadened our possible field of military activity. We are launched out on a dangerous and costly expedition into Serbia itself, but we have also the possibility of striking at Turkey through Bulgaria. Russia is co-operating from the Black Sea, France is with us, and it ought to be possible to carry through a quick campaign that will strike at vital positions and give us a secure foothold before winter comes.

Everything depends on whether our diplomatic and military authorities recognised the possibility of the present developments ahead, and prepared for them. Have we large numbers of troops ready to land and landing in Greece and Bulgaria, with adequate supplies, or did we only start to prepare for the greater war there after Bulgaria's decision forced our hand? On that point I have no real information, and can only hope that our preparations will have been adequate and timely.

Germany's Tremendous Sacrifices

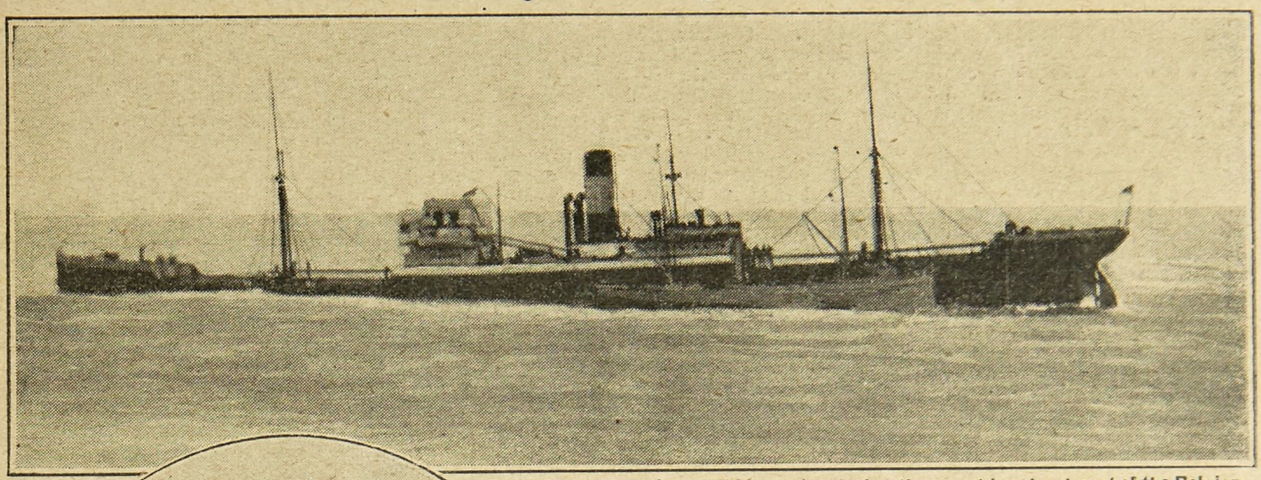
These are critical days in the war, east and west. It is well to remember, when we feel the strain, that if the burden is heavy for us, it is even more heavy for our foes. I have recently had opportunity to learn something of what is actually going on among the German people. I have been amazed at the evidence that the resources of the enemy are being taxed to the utmost limit. The countryside in many parts of Germany is swept of men, while in the great cities the only able-bodied adults left are munition workers and officials. Food prices have reached almost breaking limit, and in Berlin itself large numbers of the poor exist mainly on potatoes.

The people of Germany build up their courage to-day with the belief that the war will be over before Christmas. They regard their arms as triumphant everywhere. They believe Russia is finished; they consider France is making her last throw, and as for Britain—well, they hope to terrorise us into submission.

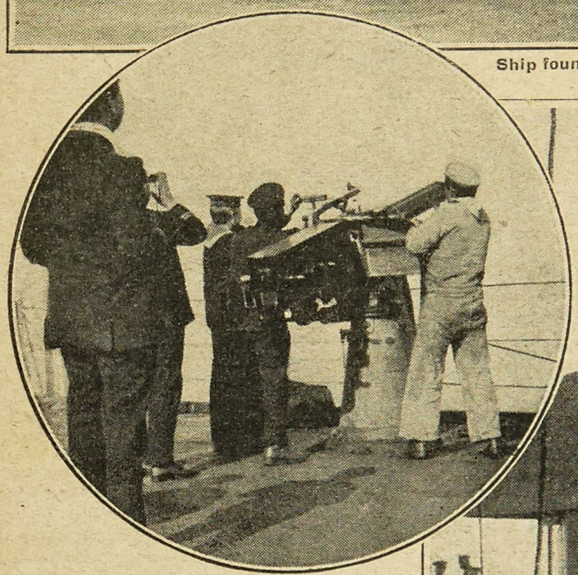
We know differently. Russia, despite her heavy losses and her internal troubles, still presents a formidable and aggressive front to the enemy. France's Army is more confident of victory to-day than at any time for a year past. As for ourselves, despite our mistakes, we are only at the beginning of what we can do, and of what, if necessary, we will do.

When the people of Germany find that Christmas comes without any signs of peace—what then?

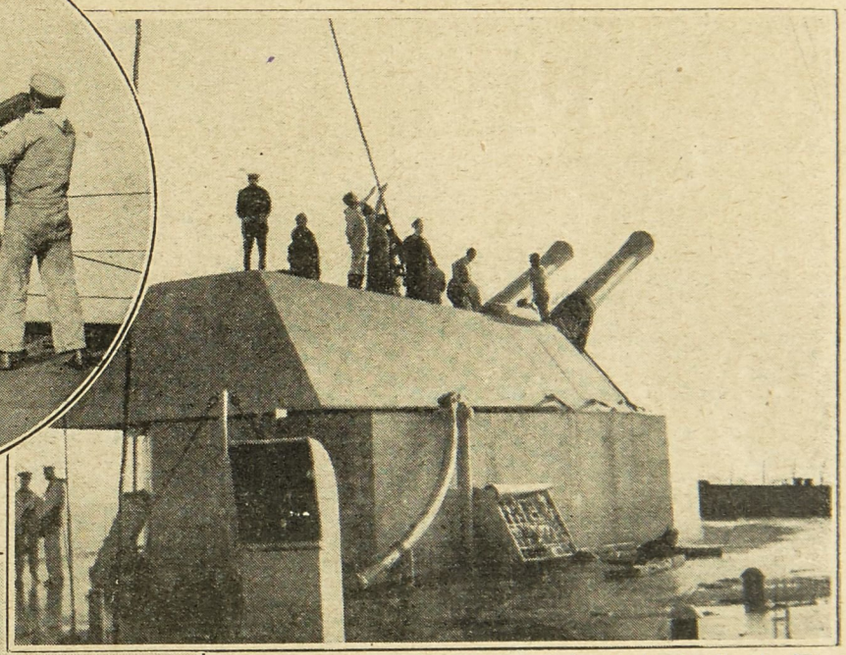
More Naval Activity along the Belgian Coast



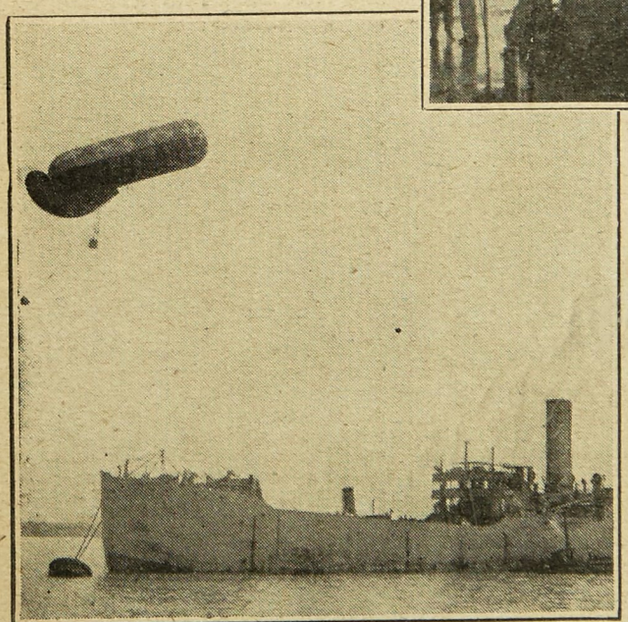
Ship foundering after striking a mine during the recent bombardment of the Belgian coast by the British Fleet.



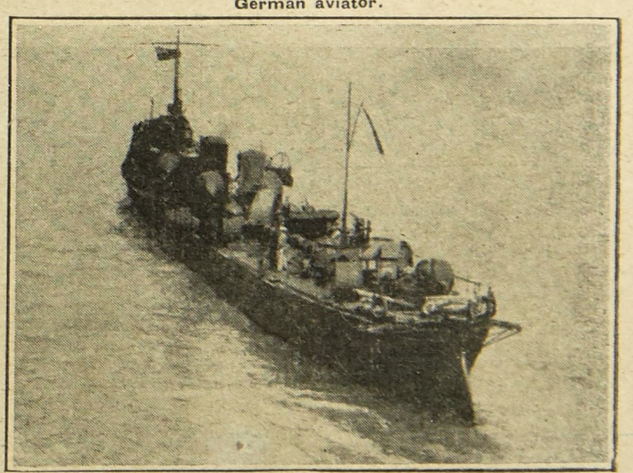
Anti-aircraft gun in action against a German Aviatik which attempted to drop bombs on one of our monitors.



On the deck of a British monitor during the bombardment. The men are watching the result of the anti-aircraft gunfire at a German aviator.



Well-known type of captive balloon used by the British Fleet to direct naval gunnery.



British destroyer standing by to receive orders from a man-of-war.

The Game of Bluff at Sea

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THREE little items of news in the past week induce me to step aside from the beaten track and deal with the fascinating subject of the ruses and stratagems of naval warfare. The first needs no comment. It is of how in the attack on the Königsberg, in the Rufigi River, one of the small vessels got close up by painting everything green and rigging herself up like one of the floating islands on the river, and drifted up with the tide with a very discreet use of the screw propeller. How often in peace manœuvres have we not concealed vessels into the shore by covering them with verdure, and here, suited to local conditions, was a very clever variation of the old trick.

"We are Not Pirates"

The item which interested me most was the announcement that twenty-four German trawlers had been captured and sent into British ports. I remember, when I heard the usual comments on the action of the British captain who told the German trawler's crew that they could "take their whole ship, we are not pirates"—comments which were all of a condemnatory character that it was magnificent, but it was not war—I ventured to say that we were only in the first chapter of the episode, and the last was yet to come.

A Press-Gang Ruse

My mind went back to a time when the Admiralty could not get the merchant-seamen out of hiding for the press-gang. They therefore allowed one west-bound merchantman to be boarded and her crew impressed, then very publicly censured the naval officer for exceeding his duty, since it was not their intention to press men from the outward-bound ships. Immediately the men came out in swarms and manned the west-bound ships and the Admiralty secured a very liberal supply to man the fleet. That is how the matter suggested itself to me. We let one trawler go in order to secure twenty-four with their crews and their cargoes of fish.

In the third case the tables were turned on us by a very old dodge which that avaricious old General Massina practised in alliance, alas! with certain very mercantile British citizens, in the Napoleonic War. The shipowners allowed their old coffin ships to be captured, loaded with merchandise. Being prizes of war, it was taken in duty free, and Massina and these very commercial gentry shared the proceeds. Napoleon, later on, turned the tables on Massina by asking him for money, and on Massina pleading poverty, Napoleon seized one of his banking accounts. In the case reported last week, a vessel laden with cotton left Sweden with a strange pilot, bound for Denmark, and sailed straight into the German patrols, when it was duly captured. The trick has probably been played again and again, only in this case it has attained publicity.

Mystify, Mislead, Surprise!

Everything in the way of ruses and stratagems in war is worth while, for where one might fail the sum total will be effective. Dundonald once escaped destruction not merely by the false flag but by hoisting the plague flag as well, and through having taken the precaution to carry a pilot on board of the nationality of the flag he hoisted. One cannot have too much of the ruse in war. "Always mystify, mislead, and surprise the enemy," said Stonewall Jackson, and his countrymen are now carrying out experiments of having the outline of submarines painted on destroyers and using splashes of colour to merge a vessel more into the sea under certain conditions of light and sea.

A Manœuvres Trick

A variation from the above was tried by the Germans to turn our ramming tactics against us by placing imitation periscopes on top of floating mines! It was a clever idea, and though it could only be successful at its very first inception, it would tend to have a restricting influence on our tactics. A more profitable field was opened up for the German submarines by the trick which it is believed they resorted to when they torpedoed the Russian cruiser Pallada, and the British cruisers Aboukir, Hogue, Cressy, and Hawke. This consisted in sheltering themselves near decoy ships flying a neutral flag and therefore liable to be searched for contraband. It was a trick we ourselves had practised in naval manœuvres, and the Germans are such painstaking copyists that, as likely as not, they noted it at the time for future use.

In the published official account of our Mediterranean manœuvres in 1902, we read: "The same evening the collier Rowton, disguised as a German steamer by X fleet, left the harbour with an officer and signalman from the fleet on board, and an X torpedo-boat lashed along her starboard side." We read how the torpedo-boat was twice slipped to make attacks on the blockading cruisers, while the steamer went off to a port to telegraph all she had seen. Prince Louis of Battenberg, who was responsible for these arrangements, the official account goes on to relate, later on escaped by making a decoy squadron carry double sets of navigation lights and firing rockets so as to confuse the enemy's own rocket signals.

The Bogus "Chase"

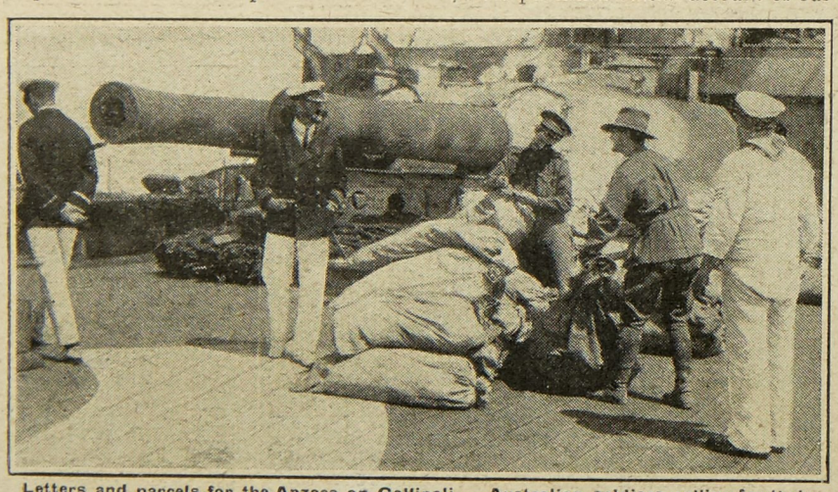
This recalls how the Sumter escaped from St. Pierre. Her captain found that a ship in the harbour had arranged to signal to the Iroquois outside if he got under way during darkness. He accordingly acted as if he were going south, hiding under the high land, and when the lights were displayed and the Iroquois raced south, he slipped away to the north.

It is a truism that the sea and the land and the air have much to learn from each other. I could not help thinking of this when reading how our aeroplanes pulled off a successful attack by chasing a Taube manned by British airmen, leading the Germans to cheer it onwards up to the moment it successfully dropped its bombs. Then my memory went back to an article which I wrote last February, in which this very mannerism was described of chasing one's own torpedo craft into a harbour in order successfully to get them in for attacking purposes before they are identified.

An Ancient Precedent

It is a fascinating subject round which one could weave a book, this grand old game of bluff. One sees old Howard dogging the Armada; putting on what he calls "a brag countenance" for "notwithstanding that our own powder and shot was well near all spent, we set on a brag countenance and gave them chase." And then the same old brag countenance comes to light when old Duncan (afterwards Lord Camperdown), with his fleet in the background in a state of mutiny, keeps his own loyal ship in sight of the enemy, busily making signals as though backed by a powerful fleet in the distance.

After all, the brag countenance is probably older even than Gideon's three hundred, who, "with their trumpets and the empty pitchers and the lamps within the pitchers," put to flight the myriads of the Midianites "with camels innumerable as the sands of the sea-shore."

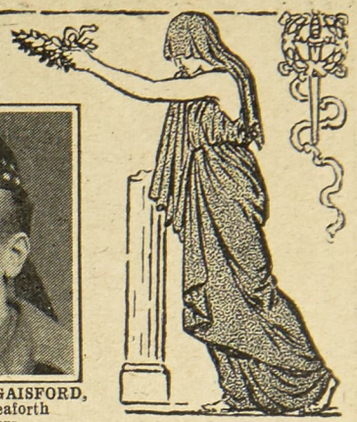


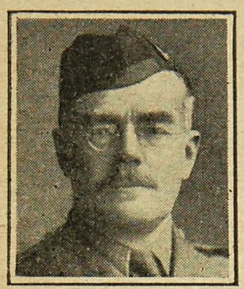
Letters and parcels for the Anzacs on Gallipoli. Australian soldiers calling for their mail-bags, which were aboard H.M.S. Canopus.

"HOW WE ARE PAYING FOR THE WAR"

Since the above article (which appeared in the last number of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED) was written, Mr. McKenna has announced a further concession to family men of moderate means. He has increased the abatement in respect of each child under sixteen years from £20 to £25, and this has the effect of somewhat decreasing the figures in the tables. The steep gradient, however, is unaffected by this concession, and the argument of the article on this head holds good.

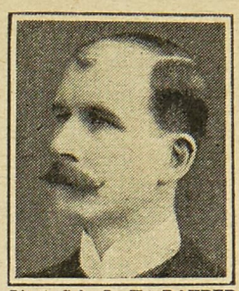
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead





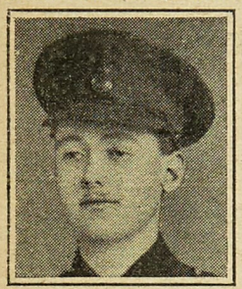
Lieut.-Col. A. F. DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, O.C. 6th Cameron Highlanders.

Lt.-Col. ALEXANDER G. W. GRANT, O.C. 8th Devonshire Regiment.



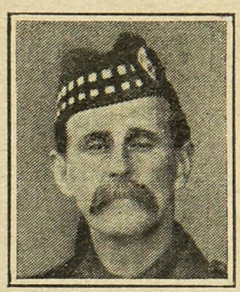
Lieut.-Col. J. H. DAUBER M.B., F.R.C.S., Royal Army Medical Corps.

Lieut.-Col. W. T. GAISFORD, O.C. 7th Seaforth Highlanders.



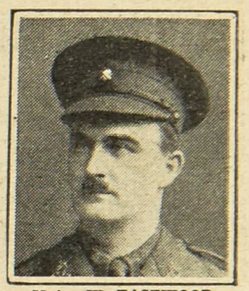
Sec.-Lt. A. M. RICHARDSON, 2nd Gordon Highlanders.

Major W. J. S. HOSLEY, 6th K.O. Scottish Borderers.



Major G. D. MACPHERSON, 13th Royal Scots.

Major A. W. YOUNG, 10th Sherwood Foresters.



Major W. EASTWOOD, 6th Royal Irish Regt.

Capt. C. G. PARAMORE, 8th Royal Berkshire Regt.

Lieut.-Col. A. F. Douglas-Hamilton, commanding 6th Cameron Highlanders, re-entered his old regiment on the outbreak of war. Colonel Douglas-Hamilton, who entered the Camerons in 1884, saw active service in the Sudan. He was in the Nile Expedition, receiving the medal with clasps and the Bronze Star, and in 1885-86 he fought at Koshel and Giniss with the Frontier Field Force.

Lieut.-Col. A. G. W. Grant, commanding the 8th Devonshire Regiment, entered the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in 1890. He had several years' service in the West African Regiment, and in the Boer War was commandant at Elands River. Afterwards he took part in many actions, was mentioned in despatches, and received the Queen's Medal with five clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps.

Lieut.-Col. W. T. Gaisford, commanding 7th Seaforth Highlanders, was the son of the late Mr. Thomas Gaisford, and of the late Lady Alice Gaisford. Colonel Gaisford joined the Seaforths in 1891.

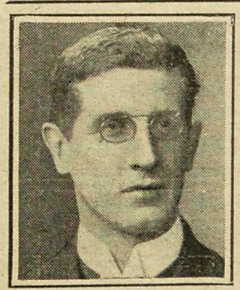
Major G. D. Macpherson, 13th Royal Scots, received his first commission in 1881 in the Royal Munster Fusiliers. He was dangerously wounded in the South African War, was mentioned in despatches, and awarded the Queen's Medal with three clasps.

The splendid heroism of Captain Douglas Carmichael, 9th Rifle Brigade, is illustrated on another page. Captain Harold T. Cawley, M.P., 8th Manchester Regiment, volunteered for active service on the outbreak of war. He became A.D.C. to General Douglas, and went to the Dardanelles from Egypt. Captain Cawley, who was M.P. for the Heywood Division of Lancashire, was the second son of Sir Frederick Cawley, Bart., M.P.

Sec.-Lieut. the Hon. C. T. Mills, M.P., was Lord Hillingdon's eldest son.

Capt. DOUGLAS CARMICHAEL, 9th Rifle Brigade.

Capt. G. W. ASHBY, 6th London Regt.



Capt. H. T. CAWLEY, M.P., 8th Manchester Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. the Hon. C. T. MILLS, M.P., 2nd Scots Guards.

Capt. DONALD MORRISON, 6th K.O. Royal Lancs Regt.

Lieut. WILFRID J. WESTON, 6th York & Lancaster Regt.

Lieut. CUTHBERT J. VYNER, 4th Oxford and Bucks L.I.

Sec.-Lieut. GEORGE DIXON, Royal Engineers.

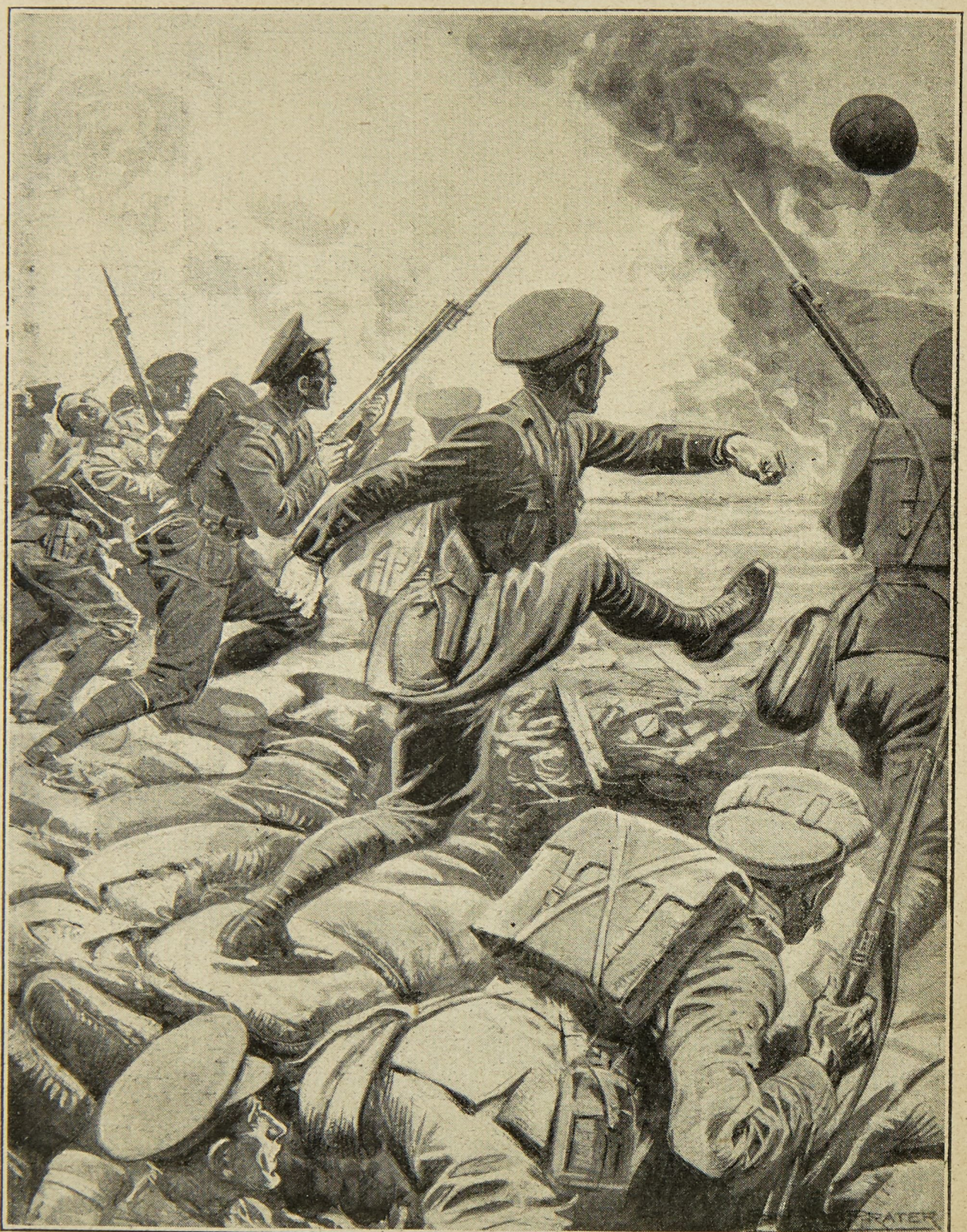
Sec.-Lieut. L. CROSS, Royal Field Artillery.

Sec.-Lieut. R. J. WILLIAMS, 9th Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Lieut. C. O. SAYER, 7th Durham Light Infantry.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Vandyk, Lafayette, Bassano.

Gallant Officer scores a Goal on the Field of War



An episode which strikingly illustrates the proverbial sporting spirit of Britons on the battlefield took place in a recent assault on the German trenches. The whispered order to charge went down the line with lightning rapidity, and every man stormed over the parapet. At this critical moment an officer kicked a football, with the names of the members of his platoon chalked on it, towards the German lines. Shouting "Follow up, lads!" he led the way, but was struck down before he had proceeded a few paces.

Badges of British Regiments of the Line

Princess Victoria's
Royal Irish Fusiliers, 87th and 89th Foot. Princess' Coronet; grenade with silver eagle. At Barrosa gained renown through their warcry of "Faugh-a-Ballagh."

Connaught Rangers.
88th and 94th Foot. The Harp and Crown. Essentially an Irish Catholic regiment. Won distinction in the breach at Badajos. Nicknamed "The Devil's Own."

Princess Louise's
Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. 91st and 93rd Foot. Wreath, double cypher and coronet, boar's head, cat. The only regiment with "Balaclava" on its colours.

Prince of Wales's
Leinster Regt. Royal Canadians. 100th and 109th Foot. Prince of Wales' plume. The 1st Batt. was formerly a regiment of Canadian Volunteers. "The Old Hundredth."

Royal Munster Fusiliers
101st and 104th Foot. Grenade, with the tiger on the ball. Known as "The Dirty Shirts," through fighting at Delhi during the Mutiny in their shirt-sleeves.

Royal Dublin Fusiliers.
102nd and 103rd Foot. Grenade: tiger and elephant on ball. Did much service in South Africa, having 454 casualties in the fighting leading to Relief of Ladysmith.

Rifle Brigade.
Prince Consort's Own. Wreath and crown, with Maltese Cross bearing battle names. Earned 33 battle honours in a century. Won seven V.C.'s in the Crimea.

Royal Jersey Light Infantry.
Cross of St. Patrick; shield bearing three lion-leopards; crown above. The regiment helped to repel the attempted French invasion of the island in 1781.

Royal Guernsey Militia.
Bugle and strings, with battalion numeral between, surmounted by sprig of laurel. The Lieut.-Governor of the Island is in command of the regiment.

Royal Malta Artillery.
Inscribed circle surmounted by crown. Within circle a gun on a Maltese Cross. The only battle honour possessed by the Malta Artillery is Egypt, 1882.

West India Regiment.
Wreath of laurel and Carolina leaves surrounding garter, with the monogram "W.I." Amongst the honours are Dominica, Guadeloupe, Ashanti, and West Africa.

West African Regiment.
A leopard in the bush. The battle honours possessed by the regiment are Sierra Leone, 1898-99, and Ashanti, 1900. The regiment is serving in the Cameroons.

The Army Service Corps.
Eight-pointed star and crown, with laurel leaf and garter containing the monogram, "A.S.C." First formed in 1794 as the Corps of Royal Waggoners.

Royal Army Medical Corps.
The Rod of Esculapius and serpent entwined, with laurel wreath surmounted by a crown. Known as "The Linseed Lancers." Formerly the Medical Staff Corps.

Army Pay Department.
Royal crest in gold embroidery. Organised in 1878. They serve as the accountants of the Army, wearing a uniform of blue with yellow facings.

The Royal Dublin Fusiliers — formerly the 102nd Madras and 103rd Bombay Fusiliers — were, as their former titles indicate, raised in India during the troublous times of the first occupation of the country. The first battle honour borne by the regiment is "Arcot," where the Fusiliers fought under Clive in 1751.

Army Ordance Dept.
Shield with three long cannon. Looks after the supply of munitions and Army stores for the Army. Known as the "Sugar-stick Brigade."

Royal Military College.
Royal cypher and crown, with motto, "Vires acquirit eundo," "She gathers strength as she goes." The commandant of the college is Brig.-General Rolt, C.B.

Inspectors of Army Schools.
Royal cypher and crown. There are twenty-five Army inspectors in addition to the Director at the War Office. The uniform is blue with scarlet facings.

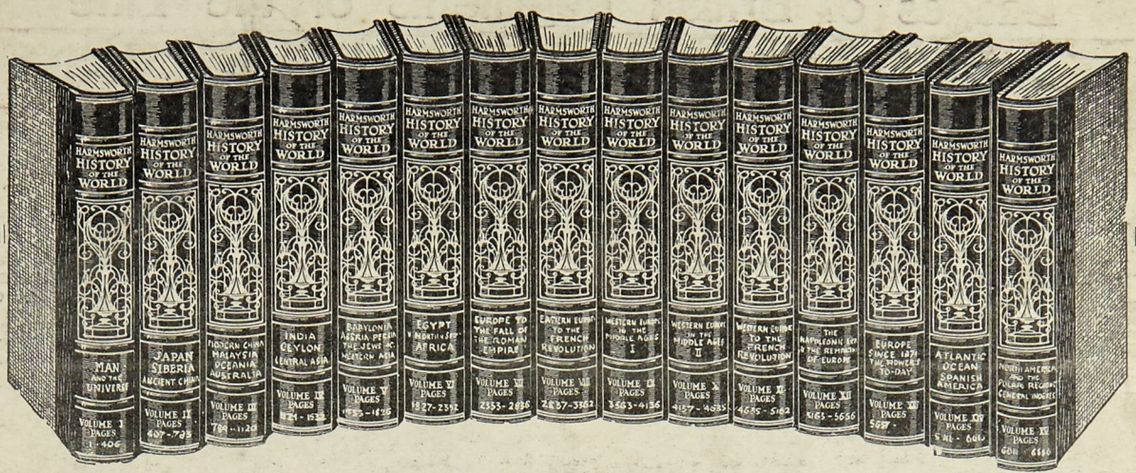
The Leinster Regiment—Royal Canadians—which is now essentially an Irish Catholic regiment, was raised in Canada during the time of the Indian Mutiny for service in India. By the time the regiment had reached England, however, the Mutiny had been quelled, so that it proceeded no farther.

BADGES OF UNITS IN THE BRITISH ARMY

These badges of units in the British Army complete the series published on this page during the past weeks. The Line regiments conclude with the Rifle Brigade, and the other units are shown above.

The duties of the Army Service Corps in war time are many and various; not only has it to provide and prepare food for men and horses, but it has also to transport much of the stores and impedimenta of the whole Army. The outbreak of the present war saw the corps in a better state of efficiency than ever previously.

The Royal Army Medical Corps is a comparatively recent addition to the British Army. It was organised in 1873. Most of its experience in the field, however, was gained during the South African War. The duties of the men and officers of the R.A.M.C. carry them on occasions farther towards the enemy than even the infantry of the Line.



The New 15-Volume Edition of the Harmsworth History of the World

History Before the Great War

THE crime of Sarajevo and the subsequent outbreak of the Great War marked the beginning of a new epoch in history. The story of this epoch is being told in picture and letterpress week by week in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. What of the centuries that have gone before? Where shall we turn for the story of all that has happened since man first appeared on earth down to the day when the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand precipitated the present period of horror and bloodshed?

TO the new fifteen-volume edition of the "Harmsworth History of the World," one of the editors of which, it is interesting to state, is the editor of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. There we shall find not only the supremely fascinating story of man's evolution from primeval chaos to twentieth-century civilisation, but also the explanation of much that has happened during the last fifteen fateful months; for it was never so true as it is to-day that in the study of the past is to be found the key to the mysteries of the present. History repeats itself, because the greatest factor in history, human nature, remains the same throughout the ages.

THE world is to-day confronted with the spectacle of a man endeavouring by brute force to impose his will on the whole of Europe. Who is this man, this blood-stained Kaiser Wilhelm II., who has brought untold horror upon mankind? Our reading of history will show him to be the descendant of an obscure family of German princelings, which through decades of intrigue, and by methods none too scrupulous, won for itself an Imperial crown, and now aspires to world dominion. He who studies the career of Wilhelm's conscienceless ancestor, Frederick the Great, will cease to wonder at the violation of Belgium neutrality and the contempt for all considerations of honour which has characterised the German conduct of the war.

BUT world dominion will never be the lot of Wilhelm II., the Hohenzollern family, or the German nation. Napoleon essayed it, and failed, and Napoleon was an infinitely greater man than Wilhelm. History shows no instance of any but the briefest triumph by man or nation against the moral force of the rest of the world. Even Napoleon himself admitted that the power of moral as opposed to purely material force was in the proportion of three to one.

THE "Harmsworth History of the World" opens up a wonderful vista of reading for those whose minds are set on something better than the latest ephemeral novel from the subscription library. The foremost historians of our time have combined to make it a complete record (with over 8,000 pictures) of the story of man and the world right up to the beginning of the Great War. It is offered on the most exceptional terms. By paying the sum of one shilling, you can have the volumes delivered to your address at once, and the remainder of the price can be remitted in monthly subscriptions of a few shillings, their amount depending upon the binding in which the purchaser chooses to have the work.

IN addition to this, every reader who subscribes promptly will receive without extra charge a beautiful volume, published at 13s. 6d., of "The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe." This volume is one of a series. It contains more than 1,100 pictures, and it tells the story of the Great War up almost to last Christmas, thus forming a continuation of the fifteen-volume "History of the World." Every reader ought to obtain full particulars of this offer, which will be sent free and post free by The Educational Book Co., Ltd., 17, New Bridge Street, E.C. Every reader should send a postcard asking for particulars, and should mention THE WAR ILLUSTRATED when writing.

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15 Feet

Great Problems Solved by the War, by Sidney Low

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3 Council of War on a Balkan Field. British Officer confers with Serbia's Soldier King **No. 64**

Our New View of Death

DEATH and religion are two subjects which by an unwritten law have been ruled out of ordinary conversation in polite society of almost every country when it has reached a high point of civilisation. The former was regarded as an unpleasant inevitability; the latter was deemed to be either too contentious a topic for discussion among people who had firm convictions, or too sombre a topic to be raised among flippant folk who do not choose to be reminded of things that really matter. These prayed perfunctorily once a week to be delivered from battle, murder, and sudden death, and having done that much on Sunday, dismissed the thought from their minds the other six days of the week, believing sudden death to be the only conceivable possibility of the three, and that only because of occasional disasters like the sinking of the Titanic and accidents to the Scotch or Cornish expresses.

AND now the view of the whole community in regard to both these great things has been altered. Death is no longer an event, inevitable but remote, to be prepared for when family doctors begin to shake kind heads, but a more instant and insistent fact than life. And religion, although not necessarily defined in the rigid terms of dogmas and of creeds, is the sole way of approach to the ever-present Help in trouble. Men pray for peace; but that is a different thing from praying for deliverance from battle, murder, and sudden death. They still send up that petition, too, but they have nothing like their former assurance that it will be granted as a matter of course. The rain, they know, falls on the just and the unjust alike, and on calm, moonless nights the rain that falls on crowded streets of towns and lonely country lanes may be rain of shrapnel and incendiary bombs. The impossible of last year is the commonplace of this, and that astounding change in real conditions has altered our whole view of death and of religion.

SOLDIERS, sailors, pioneers of empire, and men of action generally, have always, and naturally, regarded death with imperturbability. A soldier, seconded from the Army for service under the Colonial Office, was asked once what the climate was like in the part of West Africa where his duty lay. "Well," he said reflectively, "it's the kind of place where when you say 'How do you do?' to a man, you rather want to know the answer." That true anecdote illumines the attitude. The climate is "unhealthy," and all white men who go there know that they are more likely to be dead than alive before a year is out.

AND now in France, in Russia, in Belgium, in Serbia, and especially, perhaps, in the Dardanelles, the climate is "unhealthy" for our men. The epithet is not official, but it is the accepted one. When the war is over, and the toll of casualties is taken finally, statistics may prove that the proportion of killed to numbers engaged has not exceeded the average at which theorists fixed it in their academic discourses in anticipation. Meanwhile, however, the daily lists of casualties total so many hundreds that it is almost impossible to look through the names without finding at least one of a relation or friend. Further, the constitution of the new army is such that no class is unrepresented in it.

THIS means that the view of death once held exclusively by the professional military class has been adopted by the entire civil community. The road-sweeper of a country town, the student reading for Holy Orders, the assistant master of a primary school, the clerk in the provincial branch of a bank—any unlikely type one cares to name—has confronted danger bravely, as was expected, and has looked death square in the eyes every minute of the last fourteen months. Nor is that all. Thousands of their women have done the same. The sight of horror has become the common sight, and from the front to the base death is the common thing.

HERE in England the new point of view has been brought home to the least imaginative and reflective by the raiding Zeppelins. The dull boom of the first falling bomb brings the people into the streets to see the engine of destruction. A man, to whom nothing has ever "happened" in all his life before, goes quietly to pick up the dead body of another man just killed on the other side of the street by a flying splinter of shell. Perhaps he has never seen a dead man before. Last year this thing would have filled him with consternation and sick horror. Now he is not even surprised. He does what he ought, or what he can, and goes home thankful that he himself is still alive and unhurt, and next day carries on his quiet business as steadily as before. But thenceforward his view of death is wholly different. The idea of it has become so familiar that it has ceased to cause him fear. Death has lost its terror.

THE significance of this fact can hardly be exaggerated, for it must modify profoundly the considerations that govern almost every human action. It does not mean that we have substituted a form of fatalism for Christianity. The reverse, indeed, is the case. Too many of us have had a disposition to regard the words of Jesus Christ and the writings of St. Paul upon the subject of death as really little more than the poetical vapourings of mystical minds. We have suddenly discovered their absolute truth. And that discovery entails the consequent realisation of the truth of the rest of the teaching.

TAKE, again, the trite quotation, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," accepted with polite assent, and engraved in copperplate by manufacturers of books on calligraphy. The old has become new. The worn-out sentence enshrines an abiding truth. And realising the truth for the first time, aged parents, widowed women, and newly-betrothed girls have no tears for their dear dead. The tears are for themselves, for their broken hopes and shadowed lives, and they are shed in secret, and dried the sooner because they are felt to be selfish. For the dear dead there are high heads, and proud bearing, and glorious memories. Nor is this a pose. We are proud that these men died as they did, and we believe that the manner of their death will expiate offence in the previous conduct of their life.

AND so, besides its terror, death has lost much of its objective sadness. We see it as a splendidly honourable means to a glorious end, and cannot grieve when it claims even our dearest. Fathers—and mothers, too—are even glad when their only sons come back from remote parts of the world to take their place in the tremendous conflict that is shaking the world, and knowledge of the imminent risk of death awaiting them would not induce one to put up a finger to hold them back. Selflessness has taken the place of selfishness; we perceive that death is much more than worth while if it will secure continued existence for things to which, only a little while ago, we gave only occasional thought as mere abstractions: justice, patriotism, humanity, right. If these can be secured, it is a very little thing that one man more, your son or mine, or you or I, must die.

C. M.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 64. Vol. 3.
6th November, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

THE NIMBLE "75's" DASH INTO ACTION.—At the fall of Tahure, the important fortress of the German second line in Champagne, our ally's field and heavy artillery prepared the way for the onrush of the infantry in magnificent fashion. As the Frenchmen swept over the German trenches, batteries of the famous "75's" dashed out of the holes in which they had for months been hidden, and galloped furiously over the ground so recently torn by their hail of shells, crossing the trenches on bridges of fir trunks. For a while the "75's" pounded away over the heads of their infantry from unconcealed positions.

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SERBIA'S DARKEST HOUR.—Map showing the relation of Serbia to her neighbouring States, and the routes by which she looked for aid to reach her from the Allies by sea and land, meanwhile Germany and Austria were attacking her from the north and Bulgaria was invading her eastern frontier. The relative distances of the various Black Sea ports are indicated.

GREAT PROBLEMS SOLVED BY THE WAR

How Individual Britons are Changing Collectively with Changing Britain

By SIDNEY LOW, M.A.

In Nos. 27 and 28 of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *appeared an important article by Mr. H. G. Wells, entitled "Will the War Change England?" It was in the nature of a prophecy of the effect of the great upheaval on our national temperament. Mr. Wells was hopeful of a rejuvenated Briton, tempered by the hottest fire of Armageddon, freed of the alloy of irresponsibility and selfish individualism, and imbued solely with a sense of duty to his collective State. In the following article, specially written eight months afterwards, Mr. Sidney Low also demonstrates how "out of evil cometh good," and proves the accuracy of Mr. Wells' contentions. Readers of Mr. Low's contribution to* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *of September 25th on "The Passing of Island Britain," which dealt with our political changes in relation to the Great Powers of Europe, will welcome this new article by the distinguished authority on Imperial and Colonial history, as a review of the striking changes in social and economic Britain brought about by the war.*

THE war is an overwhelming misfortune. On that point we are all agreed, and just now we are very painfully conscious of it. We have lost the first splendid impulse with which we plunged into the struggle, the sense of great deeds to be done, the feeling that as a nation we were bound to embark upon the most glorious, if also the most arduous, enterprise in which we had ever been engaged, the rapture of patriotic exaltation with which we prepared to risk our all in a conflict for liberty and right. Nor are we buoyed up, as we have sometimes been in the past, by a series of rapid and triumphant successes, though our men fight with unequalled heroism. The war has become for us a gloomy, terrible business, dragging its wearisome length along, and offering but little hope of that supreme and speedy victory which might compensate us for all the suffering and the wrong. We see nothing before us but a prolonged and exhausting struggle, which we are determined to carry through till success is achieved, but which offers us for the moment little except the promise of further trials and greater sacrifices.

Yet there is no cloud too black to have its lighter side. This war, with all its miseries and evils, has given us some compensations. It may be that they have been bought at far too heavy a price. Yet they exist, and they are worth noticing. The war is a great evil, but it is not a wholly unmixed evil. It has brought us some things which we should not have obtained without it; and if we look at these in the right spirit they may go at least some way to offset the weighty load of misfortune that Prussian policy and militarism have inflicted upon us and the world at large.

The Ideal of Sacrifice

In the first place the war has brought home to all of us, in a living and actual form, the great idea of sacrifice. We had been living through our easy, prosperous years of peace without very much thought of anything outside our own restricted circles of interests and desires. Some of us were religious, but our religion did not make excessive demands upon us. Some were patriotic, but our patriotism was theoretical and rather shadowy. We went our unregarding way, endeavouring, if we were conscientious persons, to discharge our public and private obligations, but on the whole mostly absorbed in our own affairs, and bestowing upon the needs of the community just so much of intellectual or spiritual effort as we could conveniently spare from our business, our sports, our amusements, and our domestic affections.

Then, of a sudden, the call came, and somewhat to our astonishment we found that we were ready to respond to it. Nearly all of us in our several ways have been willing, and even eager, to make some sacrifice for that abstraction we call England. Three million Britons, the youngest and the best of us, have come forward freely to endure toil and hardship, wounds and death, for a cause which has no vestige of personal egoism about it. It was almost worth while to have the war in order to obtain this unparalleled demonstration of self-surrender and self-forgetfulness. In the years of peace the preachers and the moralists were never tiring of uplifting their voices against selfishness, sloth, and luxury. They might have preached long, and we should have continued to believe that they were preaching in vain; but the great test has been put upon us, and it is seen that, after all, the selfishness and the sloth were but superficial integuments, sloughed off in a moment to reveal the true and splendid manhood beneath. Dukes' sons, tradesmen, artisans, day labourers, are working side by side in the camps, and dying side by side in the trenches. That was the spirit that was latent in our Briton all through those comfortable years. It might have remained latent till it had become the mere ghost of a memory if the war had not called it into life and clothed it with new meaning. Surely this is a great gain, that goes some way to console us for that long catalogue of martyrdom which is bringing sorrow—a proud sorrow not unmixed with joy—into so many homes.

The Eclipse of Party

Then, again, the war has—temporarily, at least—eliminated the party system from our politics. Party may be a necessary element in a representative constitution like our own, but for many years past we have all complained of its obsessing tyrannies. We have lamented its increasing bitterness, its perpetual encroachment upon sanity, moderation, and impartial judgment. We deplored these evils, though we almost despaired of finding a means to correct them. But now the war has come and swept them, for a time at least, into oblivion. The party system has fallen, as it were, in a night. The politicians who were glaring at one another across the gangway of the House of Commons are now in intimate counsel together for the salvation of the Empire.

We scarcely remember that but a little while ago we were all party men. Which of us can pause to consider whether he is Liberal or Conservative, Protectionist or Free Trader, Home Ruler or Unionist, Radical or Socialist? We have almost got back to that Utopian condition "When none was for a party, and all were for the State." Let but the State be saved, and our parties and groups may take their chance. They may revive after the war or they may not. What does it matter? The main point is that we have only one party now, the party of Britain, and that is the thing that some of us had never hoped we should live to see.

All for the Nation

Further, the war has put a salutary check upon our exaggerated individualism. It had many good points, that individualism of the Englishman which had grown with our growth until it had become the creed of the nation in the nineteenth century. We believed in self-help, competition, personal freedom, the "enlightened selfishness" of the old economists, which left each man to do the best he could for himself. It was a fine thing; but we were carrying it too far, until it threatened to produce economic chaos, and a war of classes moving rapidly towards revolution. Then the tocsin sounded; and we resigned ourselves

to such curtailments of individual action as might have seemed almost impossible without a century of struggle. We have allowed the State to do all sorts of things in the interests of the public welfare, such as we should have angrily—and even desperately—resented before. It may take over our factories, it may fix our hours and conditions of labour, it may levy toll upon our profits and perhaps confiscate them altogether, it may prescribe the terms on which we shall sell our labour and sell the products of them. It has said to us in effect: "You do not belong to yourself alone, or even to your family; you belong to the community, and such things as the community requires of you, those you will perform." And perform them we do with scarcely a sign of protest, except it may be for some transient labour disturbances, that are rather a passing manifestation of the old ideas than a serious attack upon the new.

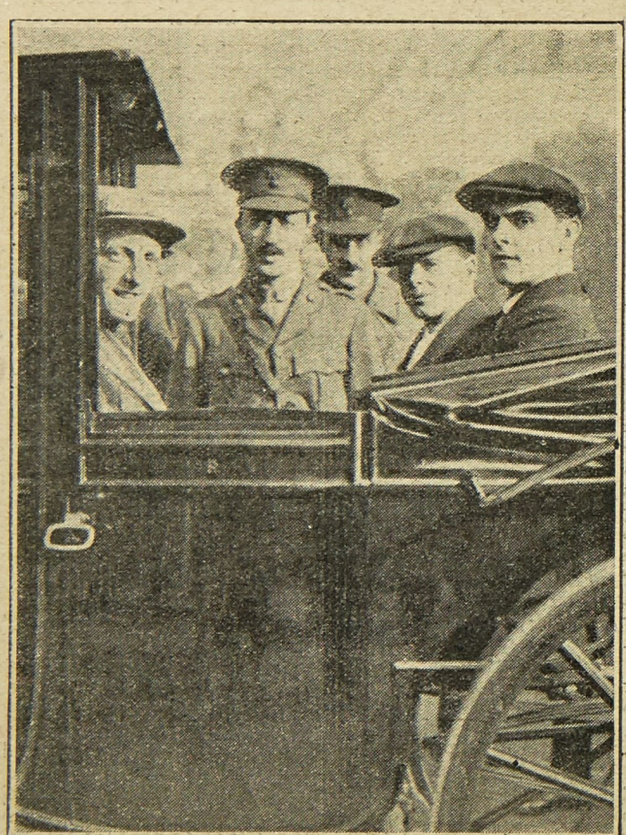
Benefits of State Control

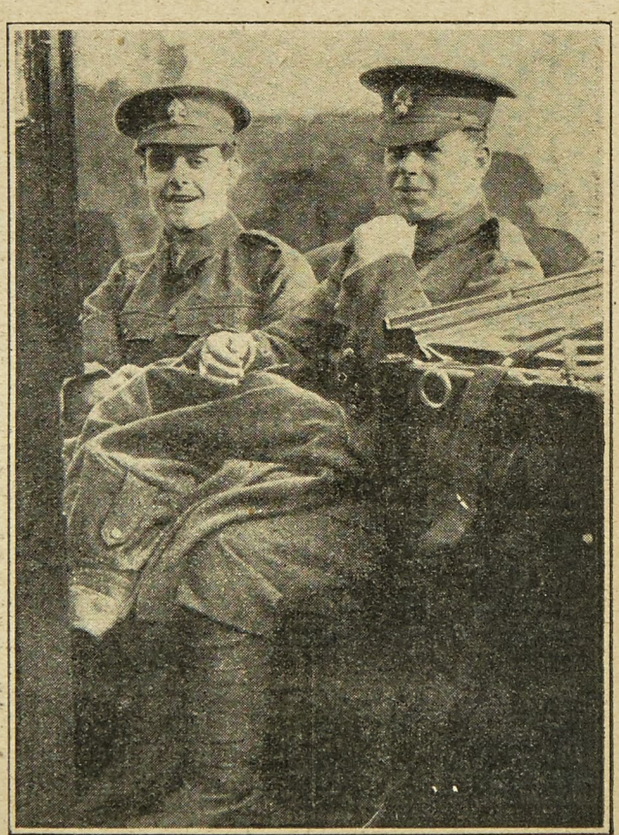
Great problems which we have discussed almost in despair for years suddenly find their practical solution. Reformers have asked that work shall be found for every willing worker and a living wage provided for all. It seemed the ideal of a future too remote to be seriously considered. But here, under the stress of war, and of the state-socialism that war produces, we have the problem very nearly solved. There is work for all who will do it—useful, necessary, and honourable work. No one with a sound body and a pair of hands need be idle now, or need be compelled to work at starvation pay. The returns of pauperism for August last are absolutely the lowest on record. There are fewer persons now receiving charitable relief from the State than there have been at any time since the present Poor Law system came into being. The State is giving less alms because it is giving more wages. When this war is over it will be asked why the State cannot do for its citizens in peace what it has been forced to do for them in war. Is it only under the stress of an appalling external danger that we can take measures to exorcise the spectre of industrial distress? If we can provide work and a living wage for all in war time, shall we not be able to do the same thing also in time of peace? Here is one lesson the war has taught us, and it cannot be forgotten.

The Chance for Women

And the war has taught us another thing. It has gone some way to solve the "Woman Question"—that question which was so agitating and perturbing us in time of peace. Those who had insight were well enough aware that all the extravagances of suffragettism and the like were in the main symptoms of economic and social maladjustment. Women clamoured for the vote, not so much because they wanted the vote, but because they saw in the vote a symbol of economic independence and social equality. Now the war has come, and the champions in that other war have found worthier occupations. They have vindicated their status as citizens by throwing themselves into the very van of the patriotic movement, and employing their energy and their talent for the national cause—in the ambulances, in the hospitals, in the relief of distress, in recruiting, in the munition factories, in stimulating patriotic ardour on the platform and in the Press.

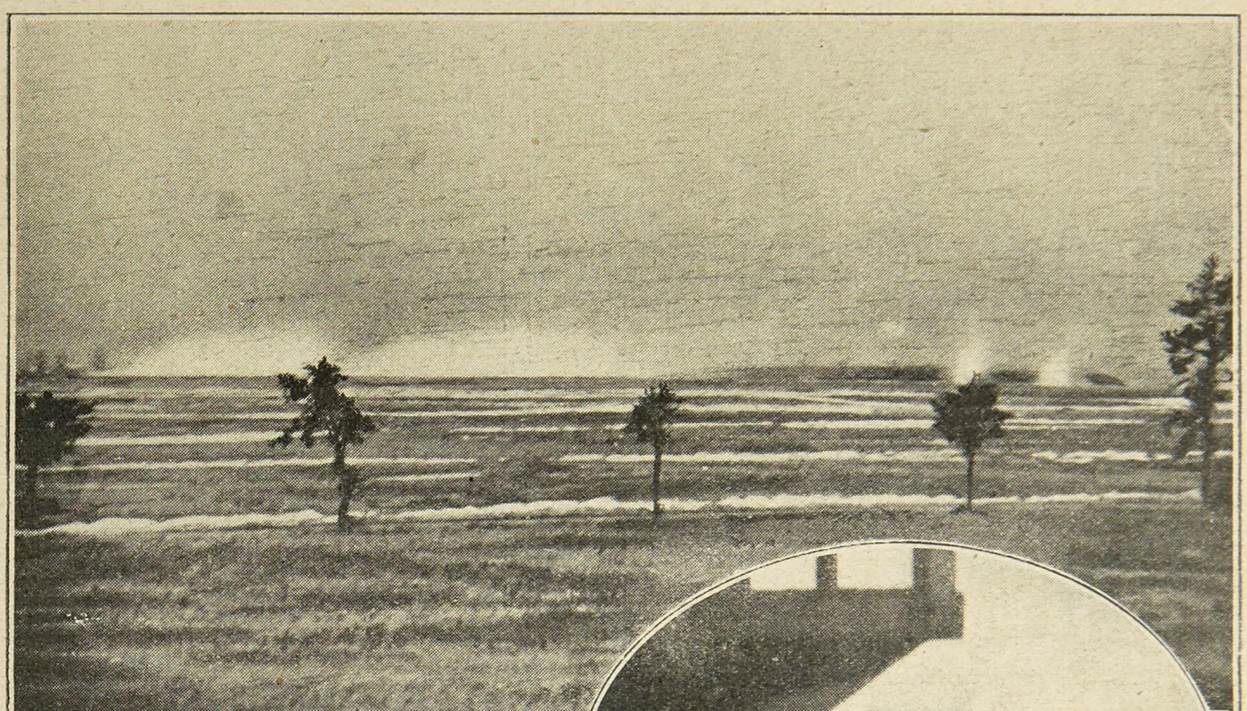
The economic opportunities for women, opportunities which were so strenuously claimed and so languidly granted, are now accorded with an ungrudging hand. Women have enlisted in the industrial army as freely as men have enlisted in that other Army of the camps and the billets. There is work for nearly every woman who has the will and the capacity to do it; and work which, if still not always adequately rewarded, is nevertheless no longer treated as if it were that of an inferior and servile race. Women have shown that they can do men's work in all sorts of occupations; and they have established their claim to something approaching the masculine scale of remuneration. So here, also, is another lesson which the war has swiftly taught us, though we were unable to learn it in the years of peace; and that, too, is a thing that will leave lasting effects, and some results that will not wholly pass away when this period of tribulation and sacrifice has come to its close.





Military metamorphosis in record time. An interesting illustration of rapid equipment of recruits was provided at a recent recruiting meeting held in Trafalgar Square. Three young men who wished to enlist were driven away in a taxi-cab to be attested and equipped. Within half an hour they had returned to the Square dressed fully in khaki—accepted soldiers of the 2nd London Regiment!

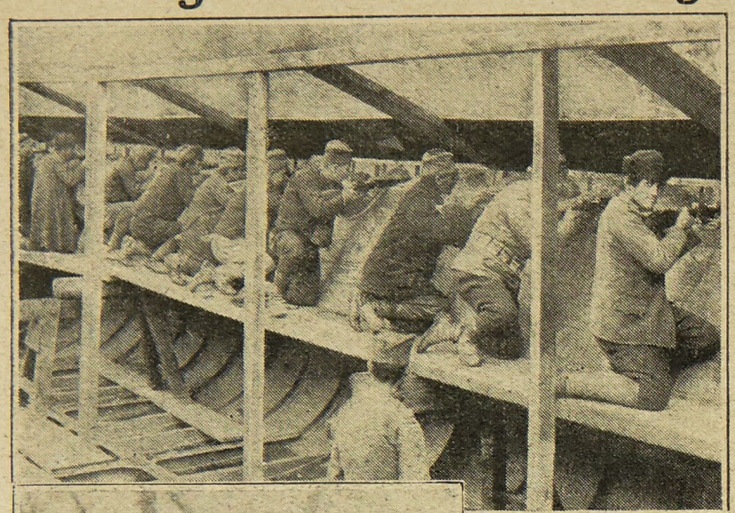
The British Assault on Hohenzollern Redoubt



Looking across the wide expanse of low land, there is no indication of battle other than the deadly gas cloud-bank rising on the left and the two formidable shell explosions on the right. The white ridges are the parapets of British trenches. This is a typical battlefield, and one is inclined to ask "Where are the soldiers ?" did not one already know that this is a war of machines.

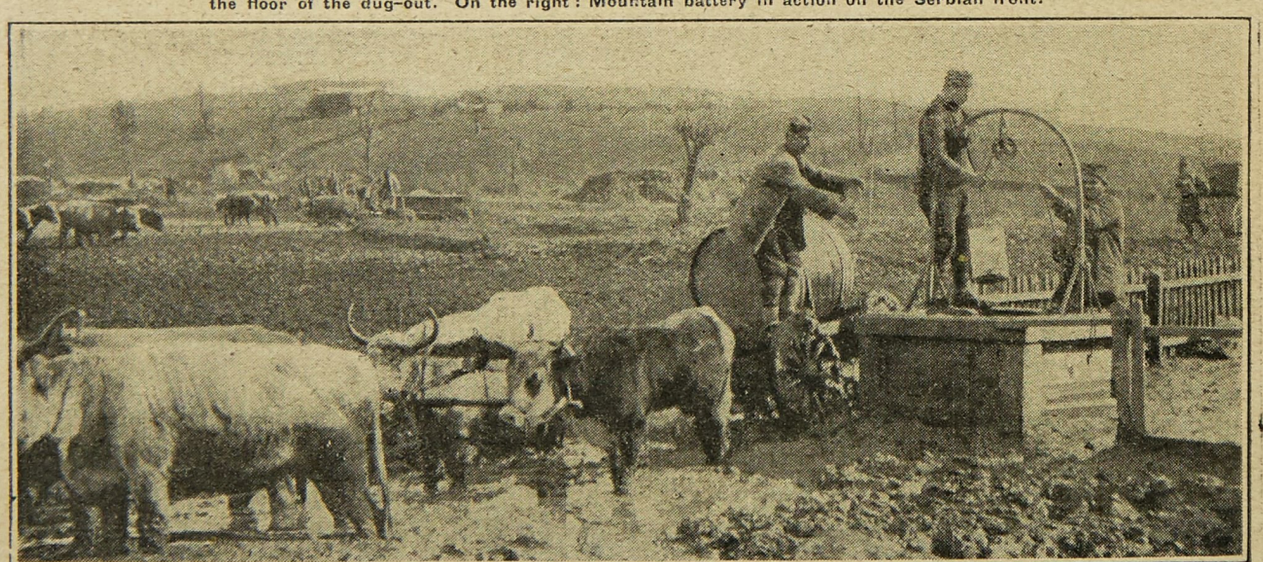
A moment later and the human element comes into play. Like so many ants, little figures dash across the plain. A last terrific bombardment heralds the charge. The British are out of their trenches and racing towards the Hohenzollern Redoubt. Fosse 8 can just be made out behind the smoke cloud, to the right, where the redoubt is. Inset : Another view of bursting shells in this action. *(Crown copyright.)*

Strong-hearted Serbs Fight Flood and Fever



Serbians firing from a captured barge, which has been adapted as a trench. Above: Typhus-stricken Serbians waiting admission to a hospital at Nish.

Serbian officers outside their dug-out behind the trenches. The country around is inundated with water, the flood reaching almost to the floor of the dug-out. On the right: Mountain battery in action on the Serbian front.



Serbians drawing water from a well. The oxen drawing the primitive cart are knee-deep in water and mud. Considering the mountainous nature of parts of Serbia, and the flooded state of the lowlands, it is remarkable that the Serbian troops were so well supplied.

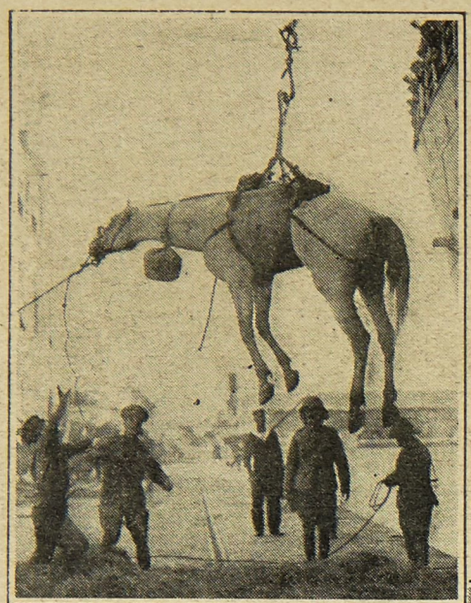
On the Sick List and in the Heroes' Chronicle

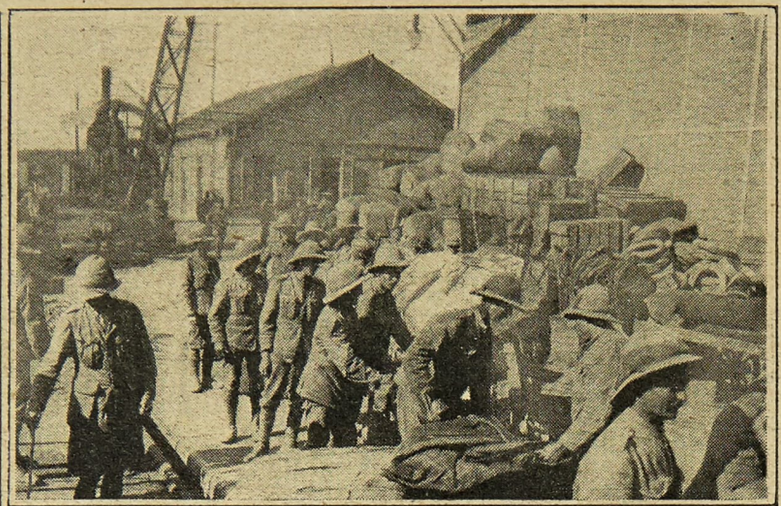
Well-earned leave to recuperate. Column of sick men trudging wearily to a lighter which will convey them to the hospital ship lying off Gallipoli. Though actually unwounded, they have suffered from the terrible hardship of the campaign.

Courageous French soldier crawling out of the trench to rescue a wounded comrade who had fallen some paces away in a recent charge.

French infantryman carrying a wounded comrade from the field to the ambulance.

Allied Succour for Sore-Pressed Serbia





The familiar pith helmet in neutral territory. British troops disembarking at Salonika. Inset: After many vicissitudes and much discomfort the war-horse comes to terra firma again in Greece.

British troops, resting by the wayside, watching their French comrades marching past. As in France, Gallipoli, and the Cameroon, so are the two great Allies, shoulder to shoulder in ancient Greece, further consolidating the most glorious as well as the most necessary alliance in the history of the world.

Tommy adapts himself to Greek lager, while another is enjoying the luxury of having his boots cleaned.

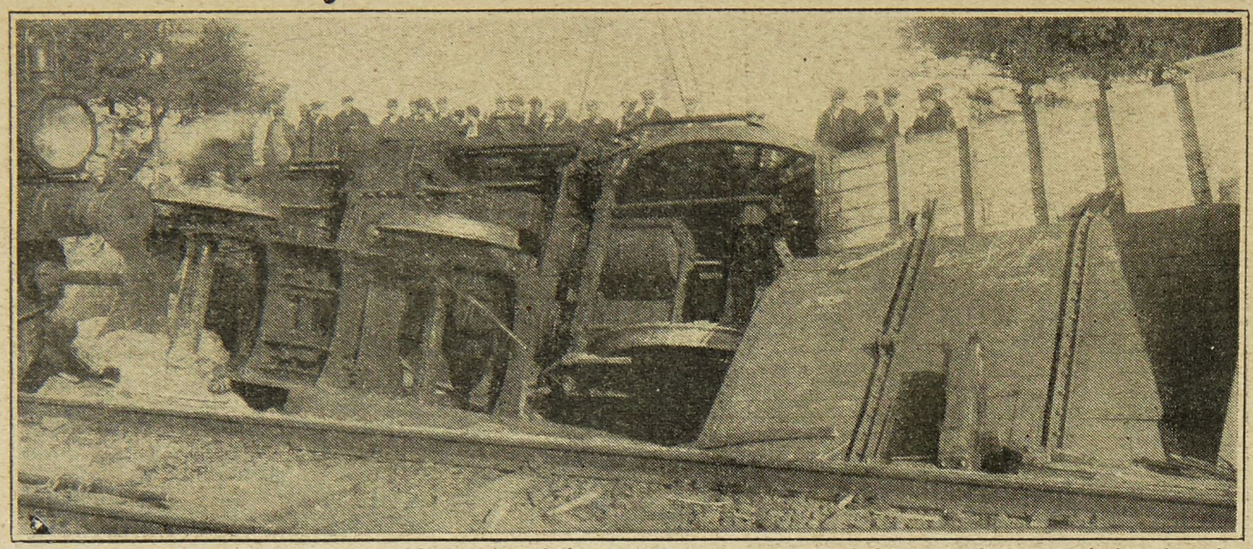
Trollies of French 9·2 in. shells, which were being despatched to our ally's batteries somewhere in the Balkans.

France & Britain Join Hands in the Balkan Field

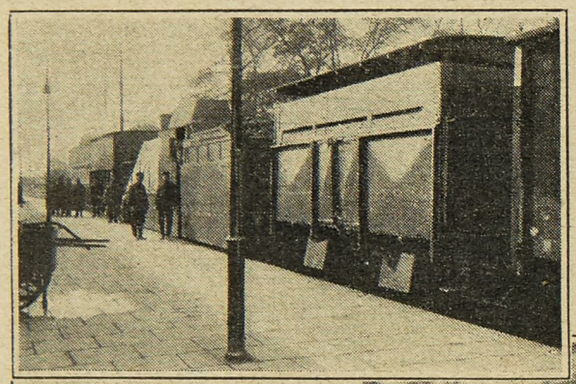
French soldiers watering their horses at an ancient Turkish fountain near the scene of their landing. On the left are seen two British soldiers heavily equipped on their way to the camp after their arrival at Salonika.

Large body of French troops marching along the coast road from Salonika port. A rather limited orchestra of Greek musicians is giving the friendly neutrals a welcome note. Other Greek civilians contemplate the expedition with interest, while a bullock waggon and the almost equally primitive pair-horsed carriage are halting until the troops have passed.

With our Ally where the Hun has 'Shot his Bolt'



Wreck of a military train conveying munitions to one of the Russian bases on the Polish front. Such delays, whether through accident or enemy design, constitute a serious loss to our ally. A group of Polish civilians contemplate the damage.



NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that early winter and the heroic resistance of the Russians have comparatively arrested the German onslaught in the east, the three great Teuton leaders, Hindenburg, Prince Leopold, and Linsingen, have been striving hard to secure advantageous new positions for the coming bad season. The attacks on Riga have cost the Germans innumerable casualties and prisoner losses, ten thousand captives being quite a common success for our Russian ally.

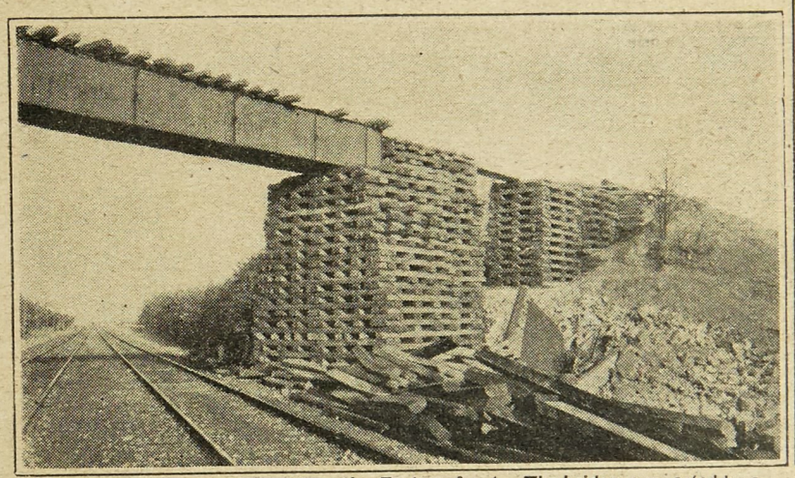
The German artillery in the region before Riga has been at great disadvantage owing to the swamps and forests, but the enemy has made considerable efforts to take this city, which is the chief Russian port on the Baltic.

The exclusive photographs on this page show various incidents of daily occurrence along the eastern front.

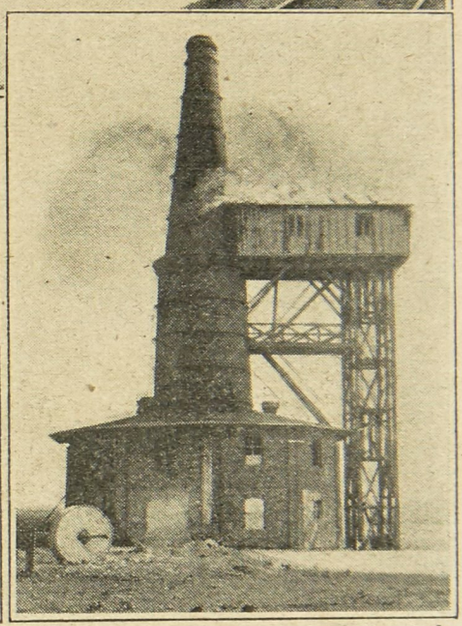
The above picturesque impression illustrates a Cossack outpost resting on the outskirts of a wood. Inset: Special type of Russian armoured train which, as an offensive weapon, has been very largely used in the eastern theatre.

Scenes within the Lines of the Fighting Slavs

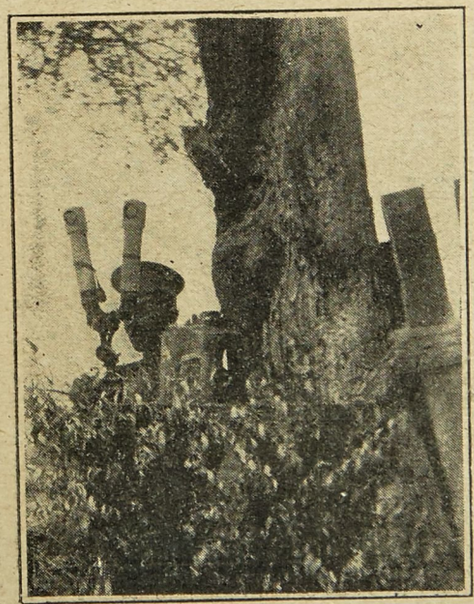
Russian troops at Grodlisk Station, awaiting the train which will convey them rapidly to another part of the Front.



Rail track rapidly constructed on the Eastern front. The bridge, supported by a rectangular pile of sleepers, is doubtless strong enough for its ephemeral purpose.



Curious type of Russian mill, on fire, the work of Germans in their advance.



Russian officer viewing the enemy lines through a double periscope.

Reserve Slav troops reposing near the battle area in readiness to relieve their comrades, fighting the Huns in the Riga region.

How an Irish Guards Chaplain Died on the Field

The Rev. John Gwynn, chaplain to the Irish Guards, was fatally wounded during the terrible fighting round Hill 70 in October. He was known among the Irish Guardsmen as "the brave little priest." Though himself wounded, Father Gwynn insisted on giving the Last Sacrament to dying soldiers, under heavy shell and rifle fire. The fighting was terrible, and thousands of British and enemy soldiers had fallen. Just before he fell, Father Gwynn was seen kneeling by the side of a dying German. Shrapnel shells exploded within a few yards of the hero priest, but they did not stop Father Gwynn from doing his duty, even to a dying German.

Unnamed Hero-Officer's Great Bombing Exploit

Though our artillery had wrought frightful havoc on the Hohenzollern Redoubt there still remained intact many well-placed enemy machine-guns which continued to fire on our advancing infantry with deadly effect, especially from positions known as Mad Point and Pithead No. 8. After the infantry had stormed into the Redoubt an interminable bomb attack ensued to break through to the German first line proper. A story is related of an officer who barricaded himself in a communication trench and threw grenades for hours, his men passing the missiles to him as fast as he could aim. He continued his heroic work until relieved.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

V.—The Gordon Highlanders

EARLY one Thursday morning in October, 1914, the men on the watch in our trenches near Gheluvelt gave the alarm, and quickly the sleeping soldiers awoke, clutched their rifles, and staggered to their feet. Large bodies of German soldiers could just be seen nearing our lines, and in a minute with a rush they were on them. Hand-to-hand fighting began. Fresh masses of the enemy came on, wave after wave, and after a time our 1st Division, the tried men of Mons and the Marne, were driven from their trenches.

Still they fought on in the open, falling back slowly, and in a little while those who had time to turn their heads could see, side by side with the Grenadiers and other battalions from the 7th Division, the kilted figures of the Gordons hurrying to their relief. Their colonel halted them and turned them towards a hill below which runs the road from Gheluvelt to Lille. Then he ordered them to advance and drive the enemy from the trenches he had captured thereon.

The Gordons' Dashing Charges

Fearlessly the Gordons went forward as they had done at Dargai on another October day seventeen years before, but this time they were "up against," not savagery alone, but savagery and science combined. Yet, in spite of all, they reached the summit of the ridge and did their share in driving the Germans off.

This was not, of course, done in a moment, and more than once it seemed as if the Gordons would fail. But they did not. Early in the afternoon the Germans began to give way, and before night the hill of Kruiseik was in our possession. In the records of the Gordons, Kruiseik—October 29th, 1914—will rank with Dargai—October 20th, 1897. At Kruiseik Lieutenant J. A. O. Brooke won the Victoria Cross for leading two attacks on the lost trenches, one of which was regained by him and his men, and by preventing the enemy from breaking our line at a very critical moment. Unfortunately this heroic subaltern was killed later in the day, when the Gordons lost several other officers, including Captain Gordon-Duff. Their colonel, Lieut.-Colonel H. P. Uniacke, C.B., was wounded in one of the charges.

> *"There are bullets by the hundred buzzing in the air,*
> *There are bonny lads lying on the hill-side bare;*
> *But the Gordons know what the Gordons dare*
> *When they hear the pipers playing."*
> —SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

"Their Stern Valour" at Kruiseik

No one will be surprised at finding the Gordons in the thick of the Great War. The surprise would be if they were not there. This famous regiment was first raised in 1788, when Colonel Robert Abercromby gathered a body of young Highlanders together. In 1790 they were sent to India, where they remained until after 1804, showing great gallantry at the Siege of Seringapatam. Soon they became the 75th Regiment of the Line, and, later, the 1st Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders.

In 1794, when the war with France was in full swing, the Duke of Gordon raised a regiment of Highlanders from among his tenants in Aberdeenshire. In his honour they were called the Gordon Highlanders, and became, later, the 2nd Battalion of that Regiment. They are also known as the 92nd of the Line.

The Gordons were in Holland in 1799, and distinguished themselves in Egypt in 1801. They fought under Sir John Moore at Corunna, and under Wellington at Vittoria and in the Pyrenees, where, says Napier, "their stern valour would have graced Thermopylæ." At Quatre Bras the 92nd in a wild charge drove the French from their positions, and at Waterloo, when their numbers had been reduced to about three hundred, they routed a solid column of French infantry and captured 2,000 prisoners. It was on this occasion that the Gordons seized the stirrups of the Scots Greys, and shouting "Scotland for ever!" ran with the cavalry towards the foe.

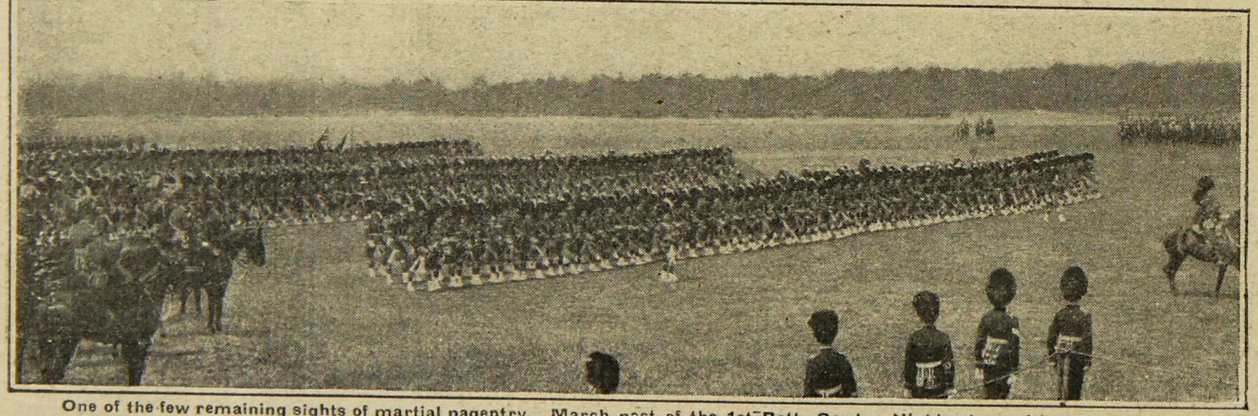
The Gordons helped to quell the Indian Mutiny. Under a burning sun they fought for three months on the ridge at Delhi, and then they carried by assault the bastion by the Kashmir Gate. They marched with Roberts from Kabul to Kandahar; they led the way across the Egyptian trenches at Tel-el-Kebir, and in the Chitral Campaign they helped to storm the Malakand Pass. They won fresh glories at Dargai, and then came South Africa, where the 2nd Battalion was among the defenders of Ladysmith, and the 1st faced a hurricane of fire at Magersfontein, and under Smith-Dorrien was to the fore at Paardeberg.

Just after the outbreak of the Great War the 1st Battalion of the Gordons left Plymouth for the front, and the men had only been a few days in France when they met with a serious misfortune. They were in the 3rd Division, the one under General Hubert Hamilton, and on Sunday, August 23rd, they were stationed close to the town of Mons. They fell back, stood and fought at Le Cateau, then fell back again, and on the night of the 26th met with disaster.

The 1st Gordons Surrounded

In the darkness the Gordons became separated from the rest of their brigade—the 8th—and took a wrong turning. Through the night they marched unawares, until, about two o'clock in the morning, when they were going down a narrow lane, shots were suddenly fired at them. At first it was thought that a French detachment had mistaken them for the enemy, and Lieut-Colonel W. E. Gordon, V.C.—one of the six Gordons who won the Victoria Cross during the Boer War—rode into a field to explain. He called out "Les Anglais! Les Anglais!"—and then, as he returned to his men, they were fired on from all sides. The Germans had surrounded them.

The Gordons returned the fire, but in a few minutes all was over. Many were killed and more wounded, and the rest had no choice but surrender. Thus this fine battalion was destroyed as a fighting force. Eighteen officers were taken prisoners, these including two lieutenant-colonels, F. H. Neish and W. E. Gordon, and two Rugby Internationals, C. M. Usher and R. D. Robertson.



One of the few remaining sights of martial pagentry. March past of the 1st Batt. Gordon Highlanders with their Colours.

Gallant Leaders of the Gordons at the Aisne

OFFICERS OF 1st BATT. GORDON HIGHLANDERS.—Back row, left to right: Lieut. J. K. Trotter, Lieut. H. M. Sprot, Lieut. G. T. Burney, Lieut. W. A. F. Sandeman, Lieut. G. R. V. Hume-Gore, Lieut. the Hon. A. A. Fraser (Master of Saltoun), Lieut. A. S. B. Graham. Centre row, left to right: Capt. J. K. Dick-Cunyngham, D.S.O., Major C. J. Simpson, Capt. G. N. McLean, Capt. C. G. D. Huggins, Capt. H. A. Ross, Capt. C. R. Lumsden, Capt. S. R. McClintock. Front row, left to right: Capt. L. Gordon-Duff, Capt. J. U. M. Ingilby, Capt. C. A. S. Maitland, Lieut.-Col. F. H. Neish, Col. the Hon. F. Gordon, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. H. P. Uniacke, Capt. P. W. Brown. Capt. Gordon-Duff and Lieut-Col. Uniacke have both fallen in action.

A little later the battalion had been reconstituted, and it fought in the Battle of the Aisne. With the rest of the 8th Brigade it crossed the river near Vailly, and after one attempt had failed, drove the Germans from some high ground above it.

The 2nd Gordons at Ypres

Meanwhile, the 2nd Battalion of the Gordons had returned to England from Cairo, and early in October it left Southampton for Zeebrugge as part of Sir Henry Rawlinson's famous 7th Division. Too late to save Antwerp, it marched through Belgium, and about the 15th had joined up with the rest of Sir John French's army near Ypres.

The 2nd Gordons had plenty to do during the first Battle of Ypres, which began about the time of their arrival there. They marched out towards Menin, and then fell back to the cross-roads at Gheluvelt, about half-way between that place and Ypres. There they held their ground during some days of very fierce fighting, especially the 23rd, when Drummer Kenny won his Victoria Cross, and the 25th, when their brigade was violently attacked. On the 29th they came to the assistance of the 1st Division, and stormed Kruiseik Hill. By this time the 7th Division had been reduced from 12,000 officers and men to forty-four officers and 2,336 men, so Sir John French gave it a well-earned rest. It seems to have been at this time that the two battalions of the Gordons—the 1st in the 2nd Division, and the 2nd in the 7th Division—both reduced to skeletons, were united temporarily in one battalion.

On December 14th the Gordons were chosen to assist the French by attacking a wooded hill near Kemmel. Although great gallantry was shown, the assault on the German position failed, but the incident deserves to be mentioned in the annals of the Gordons if only for the heroism displayed by Private R. Hyslop. It was necessary to send a most urgent message to another part of the field, and after no less than six men had been killed in trying to get through with it, Hyslop went out and succeeded. For his act he was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. Four other Gordons—Sergeants J. A. McLeod and J. McKenna, Lance-Corporal J. W. Raynor, and Private A. Smith—received the same honour for gallantry in assisting the wounded on that day.

Private of the Gordon Highlanders in review order.

Highlanders at Neuve Chapelle

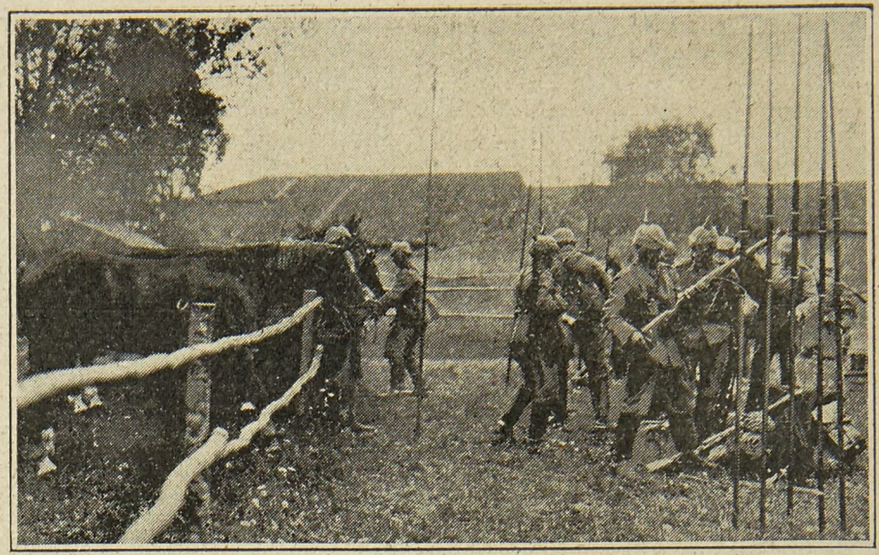
We must now pass to the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, where the 7th Division, refreshed and restored, was in the thick of the fight. Around the little village of Pietre the Germans had a specially strong position, and the assault on this was entrusted to the 20th Brigade, in which were the 2nd, and also the 6th Gordons, a Territorial battalion.

They took position after position, but proper artillery support was wanting, and complete success was not attained. On this day the battalions suffered terribly. The 6th Battalion in attacking the German trenches had their commander, Lieut.-Colonel Colin Maclean, and at least four other officers killed, and the 2nd Battalion, which came up to support them, lost Lieut.-Colonel Uniacke, who had returned to the fighting-line in January, and one or two others.

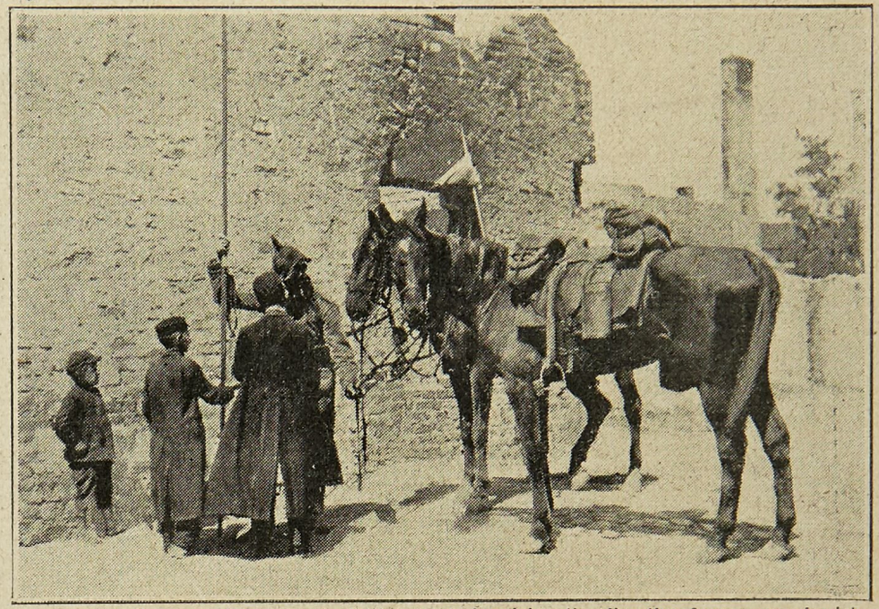
The Gordons fought in the Battle of Festubert on May 16th, when they reached the German trenches, and they were heavily engaged near Rue d'Ouvert a month later. On all occasions they have responded nobly to the call of duty, and have shown themselves worthy of the name they bear and of their distinguished Colonel-in-Chief, Sir Ian Hamilton.

A. W. Holland

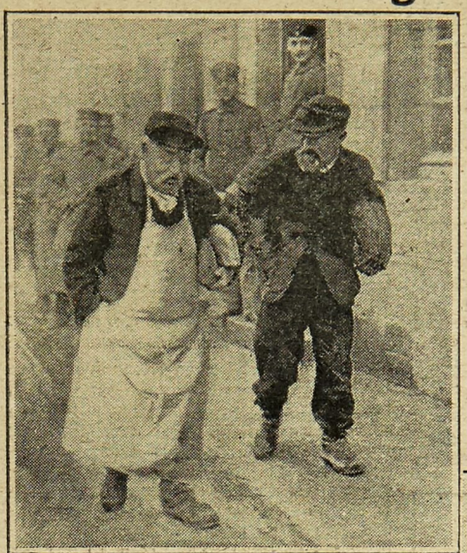
Patrol of Uhlans riding through the wooded country of Northern France, and (right) a company of Prussian Lancers dismounted in a village in the North of France. Patrols of German Lancers are not so much in evidence as in the early stages of the war, when they were notorious for their brutality to non-combatants. Since operations have been practically confined to artillery and trench warfare, the cavalry on both sides have been called upon to fight as infantry, and have adapted themselves to their new role with surprising skill and alacrity.

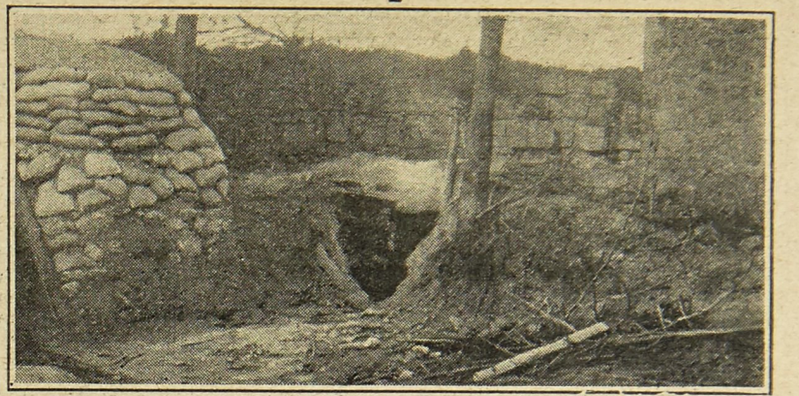


German cavalry outpost on the western front resting in a stable while awaiting orders to start on a scouting expedition. Right: German Lancer, who had lost his way amid the deserted, shell-wrecked streets of a Polish town, inquiring the direction from some Jewish boys, the only inhabitants remaining in the town on the arrival of the German invaders.



Civilians Caught in the Whirlpool of War





French woman, who refused to leave what remains of her home at Soissons, emerging from the cellar. Inset: Two aged French workmen who were compelled to beg for bread from German soldiery in occupation of their village.

Polish women doing manual work for the Germans on the eastern front, while some enemy officers look on complacently enough.

French women and children who, according to the humanitarian Hun, are supplied with food by the German ~~authorities~~ daily from a military canteen waggon.

Two aged French peasants who elect to remain in the environment of their ruined homestead at Huiron.

"Thirteen Thousand Men!"

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

IT is difficult to deal with the situation in the Balkans to-day with calmness or moderation. I am writing this article a few hours after the discussion in the Upper House on Serbia, when Lord Lansdowne lifted to a slight degree the veil that has shrouded events there.

Lord Lansdowne, speaking for the Government, told of the desperate position of our ally. It was highly improbable, he told the House, that Serbia would be able to resist for any great length of time the attack of the Austro-German forces. But one admission made subsequently exceeded everything else in importance. In reply to a question, Lord Lansdowne said that the strength of our Expeditionary Force in the Balkans was thirteen thousand men.

Our Balkan Policy of Drift

This is a surprising fact, that cannot fail to cause anxiety throughout the country. Most of us, when attempting to calculate on the future for Serbia, anticipated certain things. We hoped that the military dangers had been foreseen, that adequate forces had been drafted into the country, that the land had been adequately prepared, and that the weakened Serbians—weakened by many campaigns and by epidemics—had ample western troops behind them. Had this indeed been so, a resistance could have been offered in the Serbian mountains against which Austria, Germany, Bulgaria, and Turkey might well for months have flung themselves in vain.

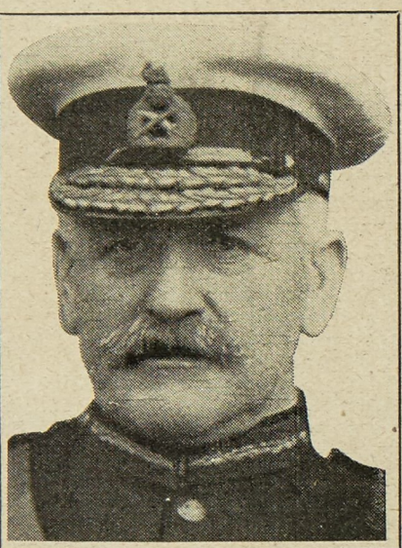
It is clear now that nothing of the kind has been done. Our Expeditionary Force was hastily gathered together at the last moment. Its equipment is excellent, its personnel is splendid, but its numbers are so pitifully small that when one heard of them it was hard to believe the whole thing was not a dream. Thirteen thousand men! Greece alone has 150,000 men concentrated around Salonica, where we have landed. Little wonder that one Serbian officer, passing through Paris, said: "We are very grateful to the French nation for the aid they are giving us, and we have the same feeling for the great English nation, who, we are sure, will not abandon us. But I cannot conceal from you how surprised we are at the delay in the despatch of British contingents, the more so that we know the enormous effect it will have on the Bulgarians. We are convinced that this aid will not be stinted us, but to be effective it must be immediate."

Greek King's Second Betrayal

It is apparent that our Government depended upon Greece carrying out her treaty obligations, and so ensuring the immediate defence of Serbia should Bulgaria declare war. They had already one example of how Greece keeps faith. When the Dardanelles Expedition was planned, the Greek Premier promised us effective military co-operation. King Constantine stepped in at the last moment and overthrew his Premier. The disastrous record of the Dardanelles has been the result. How, after this experience, reliance could again be placed upon Greece passes the imagination of the common business man. There is an old saying, "If my neighbour cheats me once, it is his fault. If he cheats me a second time, it is my fault!"

The military situation in Serbia at the moment of writing can be quickly summed up. The enemy are attempting a move on all sides. The Austro-German armies are pushing on in great force along a very extensive northern front. They are also advancing through the mountain positions to the west from Bosnia.

While they have been keeping the main Serbian armies engaged, Bulgarian forces have struck rapidly in the rear, moving upwards over the River Timok, to effect a junction with the German armies in the north and west, to cut off the Serbians through the great plain of Kossovo, and to get in touch with the Austrians moving through Novi Bazar. The lines of communication of the Serbian Army have been cut to the south. The fate of Nish, the capital, is not known. Let the enemy's campaign succeed, and the Serbians will be isolated, separated from Rumania to the east, from Montenegro to the west, and from the allied armies to the south. It will be impossible to send ammunition or supplies to them, and even their great bravery will avail them little.



Gen. Sir CHARLES C. MONRO, K.C.B., who arrived at the Dardanelles on October 26th, in succession to Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton, in command of the British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

If Serbia is to be saved, it can only be saved by immediate adequate action on the part of the Allies. What is this action to be?

I see that some publicists here are advocating that we should threaten Greece that we will make war on her should she not come immediately to our aid. It is even rumoured in some quarters that the Entente Powers have already made representations to that effect. Such talk is mere midsummer madness, and I cannot believe that the Powers could be guilty of such folly. It is of no use threatening unless you can enforce your threats with a strong arm and a big stick.

We might, it is true, bombard the Greek cities, but the Greek Army could overwhelm our Expedition. It must not be forgotten that the Greek Army is one of the most ably officered and led of any of the Balkan nations. Its leaders showed in the campaigns against Bulgaria strategy of the highest order. Our aim for the moment must be to keep Greece from turning against us. Once we have landed adequate forces in the Balkans, and shown that we mean real business there, the probability is Greece will join us, unless our own policy or the position before then had previously made her declare herself on the other side.

What do I mean by adequate forces? Greece herself has given the answer. An allied army of three hundred thousand men. I cannot say that, from the Greek point of view, the figure is unreasonable.

Will it be another Antwerp?

What then is to be our next step? The Dardanelles campaign for the moment sinks into insignificance compared with this new field. Events have made it evident that we must strike at Constantinople in a new direction, through Bulgaria. It may be—it probably is—too late now for us to save the gallant Serbians in the north. It is to our deep disgrace that this should be. The immediate urgent need is for the strengthening of our Expeditionary Force, possibly even by the withdrawal of troops from the Dardanelles for that purpose. A small army, numbered by the ten thousand, landed in the Balkans is no more than an invitation to the enemy to come and take it. The Government has promised that the reinforcements shall be sent. It is a question if they will arrive in time.

We are in danger of repeating on a bigger scale, and amid more disastrous surroundings, the blunder of Antwerp.

If heavy British and French reinforcements arrive in time, and if they co-operate with considerable Russian forces that will land on the Bulgarian coast, the obvious policy will be—should there be no hope of saving Northern Serbia—to advance on Constantinople by the Chatalja lines. This would be a military operation of great magnitude and of some peril. But we have reached a stage in the Balkans where we must take great risks or abandon our entire position there.

New Measures for New Dangers

The whole of the recent Balkan trouble has emphasised the vital need of centralised control of our entire military, naval, and diplomatic operations. Our machinery of State requires overhauling, difficult as such an operation is in time of war. There is a lack of co-ordination between different parts of the Government that is doing us real harm. I cannot believe, for instance, that had our military authorities been kept fully informed of the Balkan dangers they would not have made more adequate preparations. What is wanted is some central body which, keeping itself thoroughly informed of all sides of affairs, decides what is to be done, and has it done.

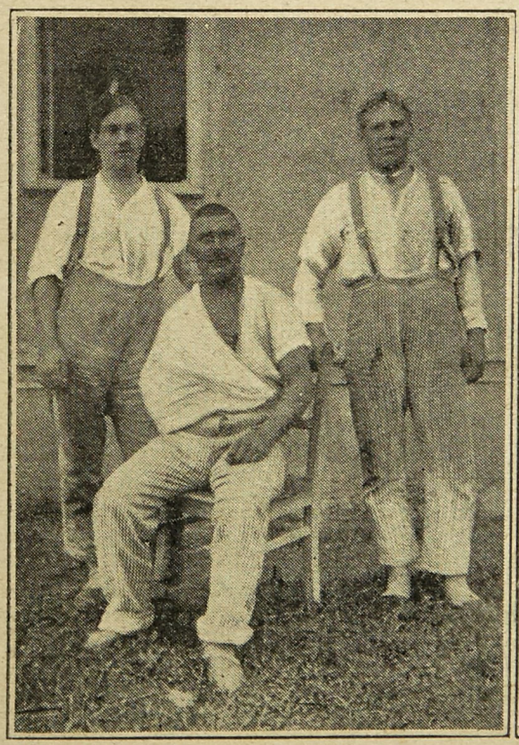
We need a small Council of the Nation, or rather of the Empire. How is it to be chosen? I would suggest that it consists of the Premier, the Foreign Secretary of State, the Secretaries of War and of the Admiralty, and the Premiers of our four self-governing Dominions.

A revolutionary proposal! I hear someone say. Do you imagine, my dear sir, that we are going to win this war by keeping to the obsolete and grandmotherly ways of the last generation?

Plight of British War Prisoners in Germany

Wounded British and Canadian prisoners of war at the Ohrdorf Internment Camp, Germany. Some of them are wearing German caps.

Two wounded Scottish soldiers as they appear in their hospital dress at Gressen Camp.



More British captives pose for their photographs in the Gressen grounds. They are also wearing the regulation prison-hospital dress.

Group of British, French, and Belgian prisoners cooking a meal. The general impoverished and distressed appearance of all the captives seen in these exclusive photographs is alas! only too apparent.

The Belated Baltic Blockade

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

IT is humiliating to think that, with all the immense naval preponderance of the Allies over the Germanic Powers and their satellites, we have not yet succeeded in achieving the complete blockade of these Central Powers. With the advantages of our geographical position no task could have been easier, and no task could have been more unfortunately handled at the start.

The American case, which has been bought off by constant sops, sapping the work of the Grand Fleet, rests on the allegation that the blockade is only effective against America, and is not effective against Scandinavia. It was obvious to those who studied the war problem during peace that this difficulty could only be provided for in advance by sending during the period of crisis prior to war a reinforcement to the Russian Baltic Fleet of surface vessels and submarines, or of submarines alone.

A Grievous Oversight

Owing to the foolish and wicked policy—which had been adopted from motives of economy—of regarding the British Navy as simply, to use official words, "for the defence of this island," the war crisis threw a sudden, unrealised, and tremendous strain on the surface vessels for the defence of commerce and transports. This rendered it out of the question for us to assist our ally in the Baltic by surface vessels. There was then the greater need for numerous submarine flotillas in the Baltic, not only for the purpose of establishing a blockade, but for the very military object of attacking German warships should they endeavour to raise the blockade or to make use of their surface superiority. If this opportunity was lost, it is impossible to say that it was gone for ever, in view of the splendid achievements of Lawrence and Horton.

It is, however, true to say that it was very strictly limited, and we ought to have six times as many submarines there. The reason why the opportunity once lost was limited for ever afterwards lies in the plainest considerations, which did not require a war to make obvious. They lie in the difficulties of passages controlled by neutrals, the minefields and patrols which can be established beyond the entrances, and the unfavourably shallow channels which give no magnificent opportunities for submergence, as is the case with the Dardanelles.

Every seaman is acquainted with the fact that no ship drawing more than twenty-three feet of water can go through the Sound. This is the eastern and the shortest and most direct route, and at the southern end it is divided into two by the island of Saltholm, where E13 grounded on August 19th. The centre passage, called the Great Belt, requires careful navigation to obtain the advantage of thirty-six feet of depth in the navigable channel.

Fatal Loss of Minutes

The same depth can be obtained in the western passage, called the Little Belt, but the navigation is so difficult as to be out of the question for a submarine evading detection. I think I have now made plain the advantage if we had passed one-third of our submarines into the Baltic during the crisis prior to war. On July 28th, 1914, Austria-Hungary declared war. On July 30th the German Fleet itself passed through the Great Belt on its way from Norway to Kiel, the original intention, with Britain neutral, having been to send it by the north to strike an unexpected blow on France.

From the time when the bellicose Austrian Note was despatched, on July 23rd, to the outbreak of war, was a period of nearly a fortnight, and, of course, we shall be told that only after the war will it be expedient to inquire as to why not one single submarine was sent to the Baltic, where all the surface targets were likely to be found. The immense surface preponderance of the Allies outside the Baltic made it certain that the enemy surface vessels would scarcely give our great submarine force a chance.

The Only Reply to U.S.A.

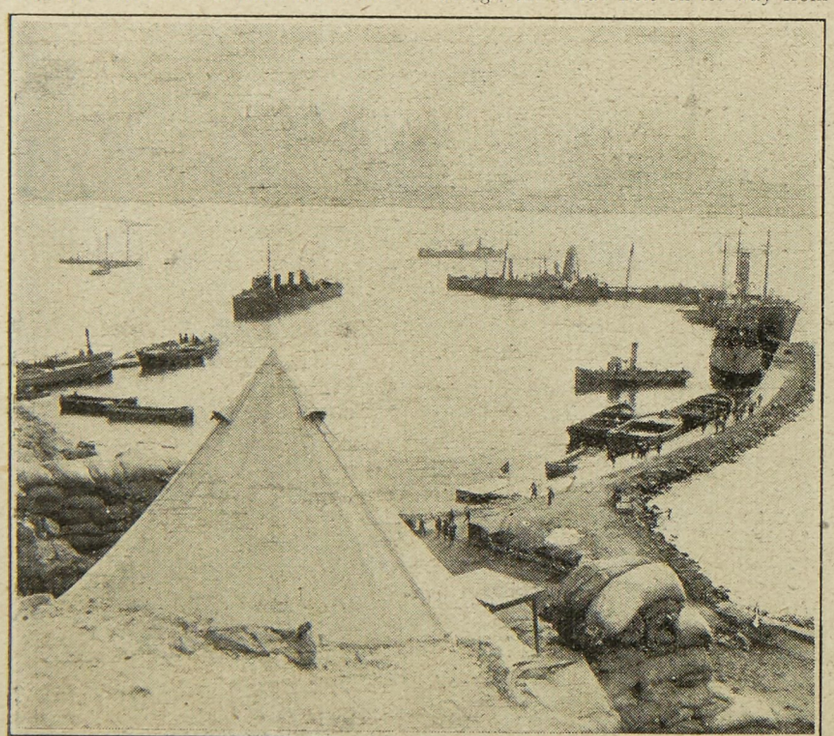
In view of the limited number of our submarines in the Baltic, their achievements are of an almost epic character. My concern just now is not with their interference with the movements of German war vessels and transports, or with the raid and landing-party which they have made possible for the Russians near the entrance to the Gulf of Riga. It is with that aspect of the American Note which is now on its way to England that the Allies' blockade is not in accordance with International law, because it is ineffective against Sweden. Our answer must be that the proportion of British and Russian submarines is sufficient to maintain a continuous and serious hindrance to such commerce, that a proportionately large number of German steamers have been sunk, that Swedish vessels have been taken into Russian ports for investigation by the Prize Courts, and that our ally is of opinion that it is carrying out an effective blockade, and is prepared to argue the case.

One thing the British public is resolved on, and that is that the policy of continual sops to neutrals should come to an end. For months and months we allowed our enemy to be supplied with cotton simply and solely because it was an American product.

Sea Power in Manacles

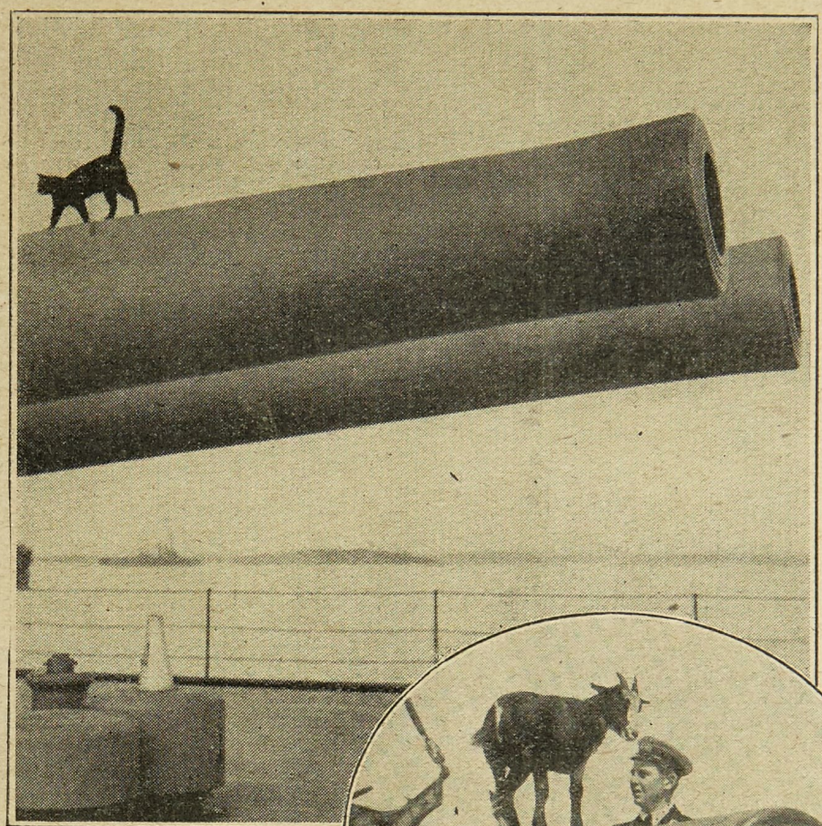
We have only recently made it contraband. Our Foreign Office has suggested that we should supersede the British Prize Courts by an International Prize Court. We established a blockade of which we boasted that there were none of the penalties of a blockade which have existed from time immemorial in the confiscation of ships and cargo. What deterrent could there be for a blockade-runner in a system of which he could say "It is a case of heads I win, and tails you lose"? On August 30th our Ambassador in Washington promised that German and Austrian goods which had been contracted for, in addition to those paid for, should be allowed out in order to "meet the complaints of some American importers whose Christmas trade is threatened."

Later the list was extended to goods such as chemicals, on proof that they were not procurable except in enemy countries. This is the grim jest of sea power in manacles. One recalls the millions of starving Lancashire men, women, and children who suffered uncomplainingly from the fortunes of America's Civil War, and then one thinks of "some American importers whose Christmas trade is threatened."

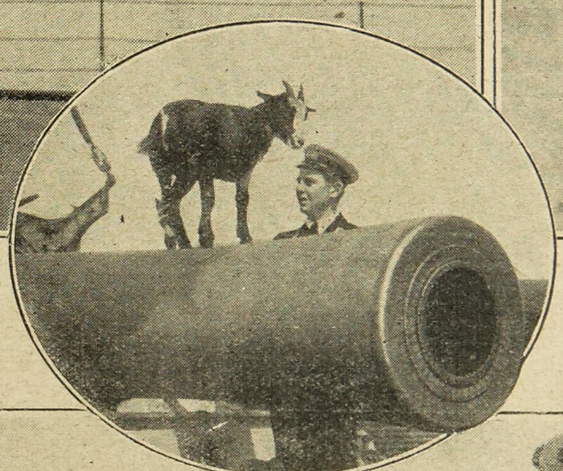


One of the chief difficulties of the Dardanelles Expedition was the absence of suitable landing places, most of the work of disembarkation being carried out with the aid of lighters. At least one harbour, however, has been made, and is known as the Lancashire Landing. A creditable jetty was constructed, and continued some distance out into the Strait by half-sunken ships. British destroyers are seen within its calm waters.

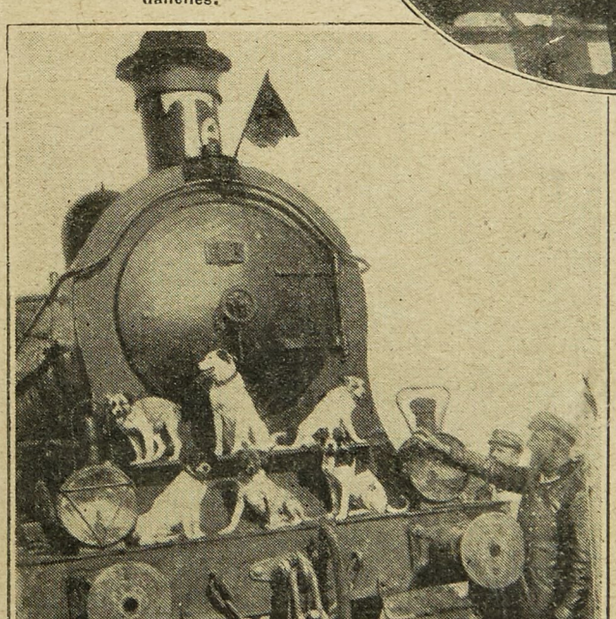
Service Pets in War Time's Lighter Hours



Queen Elizabeth's cat on the "teeth of the British bulldog." The pet of the crew of H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth taking a leisurely and light-hearted stroll along the top of one of the mighty 15 in. guns. A recent official photograph from the Dardanelles.



The jackdaw of the 9th Royal Scots, which is the special mascot of the battalion's cooks. This pet has acquired some slang terms, and greets visitors to the camp kitchen with, "What the deil are you looking at?" Inset: The pet goat, from the Falkland Islands, of H.M.S. Canopus.



"Prisoners" of war in the hands of the Huns! Regimental pets, captured by the Germans from the French, posing for their photographs on the engine of the train that is to take them to Germany. Right: The mascot baboon of the South African Heavy Artillery is an enthusiastic footballer, and is here shown "keeping goal" in a quite unorthodox manner!

The Aeroplane Against the Zeppelin

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

A GOOD many people who have been let loose on platforms to talk about Zeppelin raids recently have presumed to jeer at Mr. Churchill's promise that any hostile airships which come to this country would be "met by a swarm of hornets"—he implied aeroplanes—which would make things remarkably unpleasant for the said airships.

Dangers of Night Flying

These speakers seem to have forgotten that all good hornets go to their nests at dusk and do not fly by night. The same thing is true of aeroplanes. It is possible for an aeroplane to fly at night, but it is not advisable, and, under certain circumstances, it may be foolish.

If it is desired to drop bombs on a distant airship shed, it is worth while to start an hour or so before dawn, and fly for an hour in the dark, timing one's departure so as to arrive just when it is light enough to see the shed. Thus the aeroplane escapes being fired at, and may even catch the men at the anti-aircraft guns round the shed having a morning nap. Anyhow, the advantage of escaping being hit on the outward journey, when loaded with bombs and unable to climb high, outweigh the disadvantages of a possible descent in the dark before daylight arrives. But going up before midnight to chase Zeppelins is quite another story.

In the first place, it is almost any odds you like against the pilot of the aeroplane ever seeing the Zeppelin at all. If he does spot it in the beam of a searchlight, he probably loses it again long before he reaches it, and if the searchlight still holds it, when he gets to close quarters, the chances are that as soon as he rises over it to drop his bombs he is so blinded by the searchlight that he promptly loses it again, or, at any rate, misses hitting it. And after that he has to get down again.

If he has chased the airship any distance he is probably far from a landing ground, and if he cannot find his way home to a properly lighted place to descend on, he has the choice between landing in the dark and chancing what he hits—houses, trees, cliffs, and so forth—or going on flying till daylight.

Wanted—Super-Zeppelins

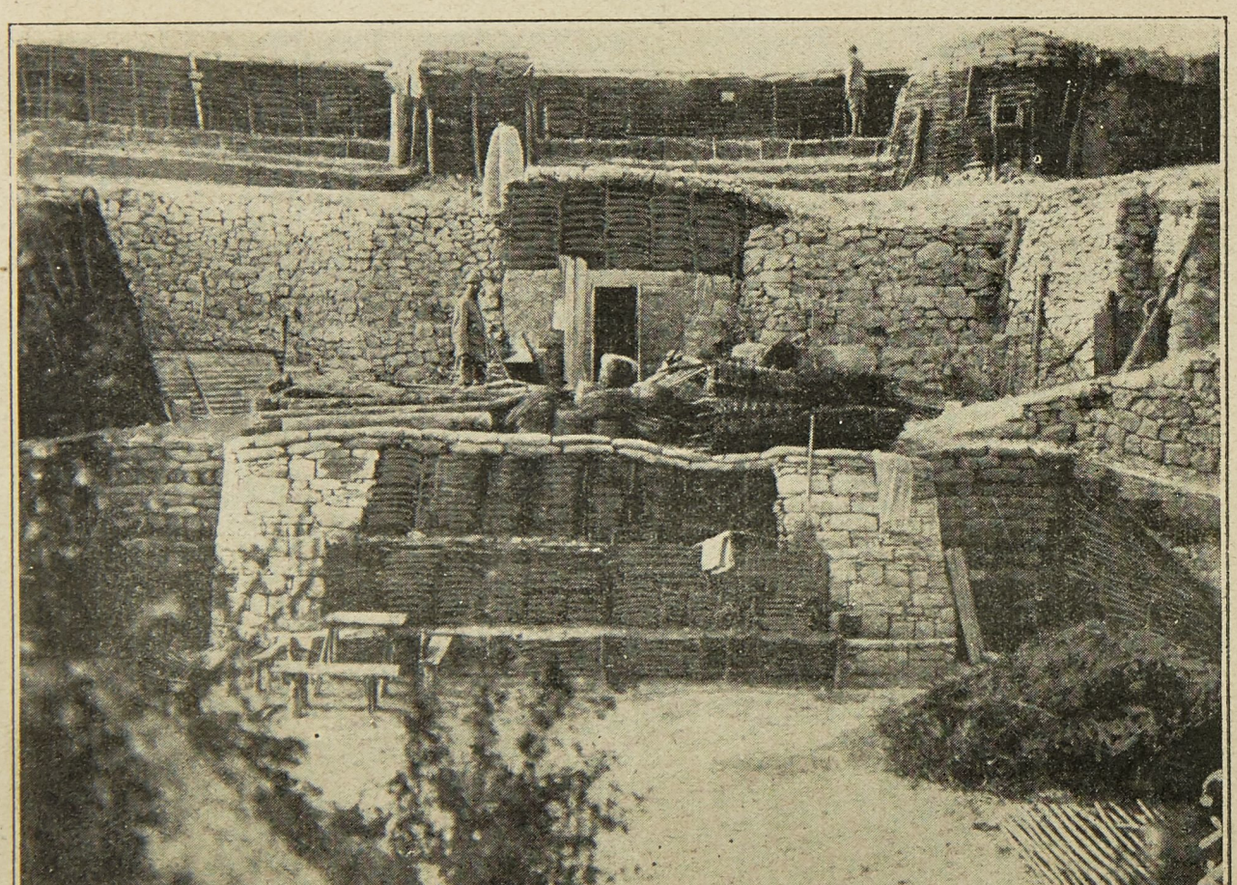
In these days when daylight does not arrive till after 6 a.m., the aeroplane which goes up before midnight cannot carry enough petrol to last till daylight, even if the engine would keep running so long without stopping through some other cause. So an enforced landing in the dark is certain in any case.

Therefore, taking it all round, it is fairly evident that, simply on the score of economy in aeroplanes and pilots, it is not worth while chasing airships in the dark with aeroplanes. The proper reply to a Zeppelin—over and above guns and searchlights on the ground—is a super-Zeppelin, just as the proper reply to a Dreadnought—barring submarines and super-submarines—is a super-Dreadnought.

Fast British Airships?

Only in the Zeppelin's case the super-Zeppelin need not be a bigger airship, it need only be faster and capable of climbing higher, for, being a defensive ship, it has no need to carry a big load of petrol for a long voyage out and home, and it need not carry a big load of bombs, for it has only one object in view.

If it carries enough bombs to blow up its enemy, that is all it need do, for it is not concerned with bombarding whole towns. Therefore, the super-Zeppelin may be quite small and have a crew of only two or three men. What is being done in this country in the way of producing airships must not be disclosed, but it ought not to be impossible for our aeronautical engineers to produce such a super-Zeppelin.

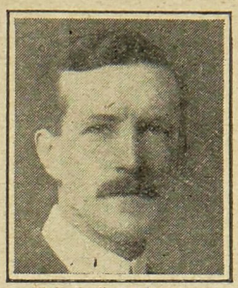


That thoroughness is by no means exclusively "Made in Germany" is demonstrated by the amazing completeness of this French field fortification in Champagne. The trench has three stories, consolidated with stones, sandbags, and baskets filled with earth. On the right is the entrance to the shell-proof dug-out.

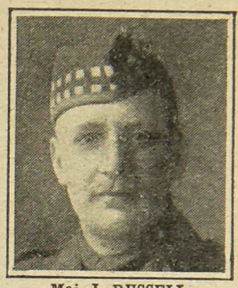
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

Lt.-Col. F. H. FAIRTLOUGH, C.M.G., 8th R.W. Surrey Regt.

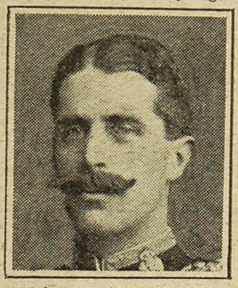
Maj. M. W. HENDERSON, 9th Black Watch.



Maj. J. C. MONTEITH, 2nd Bedfordshire Regt.

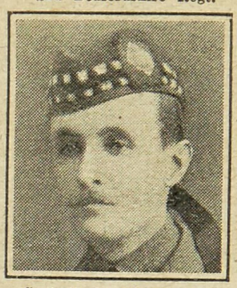


Maj. J. RUSSELL, 5th Royal Scots Fusiliers.

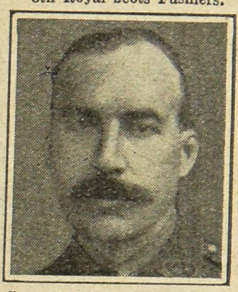


Maj. A. D. NICHOLSON, 1st Cameron Highlanders.

Maj. Hon. C. M. B. PONSONBY, M.V.O., 3rd Grenadier Guards.

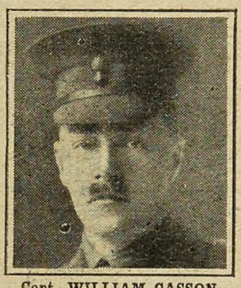


Capt. H. D. DRYSDALE, 26th Punjabis.



Capt. W. McL. McMILLAN, 11th Argyll & Sutherland H.

Capt. F. H. ROMILLY, D.S.O., 2nd Leicester Regt.



Capt. WILLIAM CASSON, 7th London Regt.

Lieut.-Colonel Frederick Howard Fairtlough, C.M.G., commanding the 8th the Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment), saw service in the Boer War and was mentioned in despatches.

Major M. W. Henderson, 9th Black Watch, was formerly in command of the 10th Royal Scots. In the South African War Major Henderson saw much service in various colonies; he received the Queen's Medal with four clasps.

Major J. C. Monteith, 2nd Bedfordshire Regiment, served in India for several years, and for the last two years before the war was adjutant of the O.T.C. of Glasgow University.

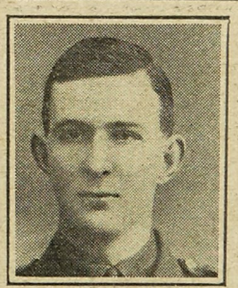
Major A. D. Nicholson, 1st Cameron Highlanders, was the son of Major-General Stuart Nicholson. He had seen much active service. He was in the Nile Expedition of 1898, and was severely wounded at Khartoum. Major Nicholson was mentioned in despatches, received the Egyptian Medal with clasp, and the Nile Medal. For his services in the South African War he was awarded the Queen's Medal with three clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps.

Major the Hon. Cyril Myles Brabazon Ponsonby, M.V.O., 3rd Grenadier Guards, was the second son of the Earl and Countess of Bessborough. Joining the Grenadier Guards in 1900, he served in the South African War, and was A.D.C. to the Duke of Connaught from 1907 to 1909.

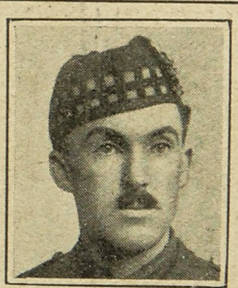
Captain Francis Henry Romilly, D.S.O., 2nd Leicestershire Regiment, served right through the South African War and fought in many of the chief actions. He was decorated with the Queen's Medal with six clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps. He was in West Africa, in 1903, and received the medal and clasp for the Kano-Sokoto campaign.

Capt. O. OSMOND-WILLIAMS, D.S.O., Welsh Guards.

Lieut. E. H. L. HENN, 9th Rifle Brigade.



Lieut. G. E. TRACEY, 9th Devonshire Regt.



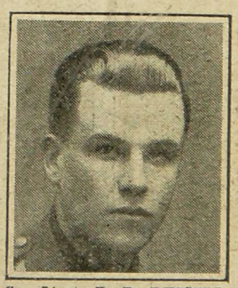
Lieut. J. M. S. KENNEDY, 9th Seaforths (Pioneers).

Lieut. W. M. ALLEN, 13th Northumberland Fus.

Lieut. H. V. BEVIS, Royal Engineers.

Sec.-Lieut. D LAMBERT, 6th E. Kent Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. L. HOPKINS, 8th Somerset L.I.



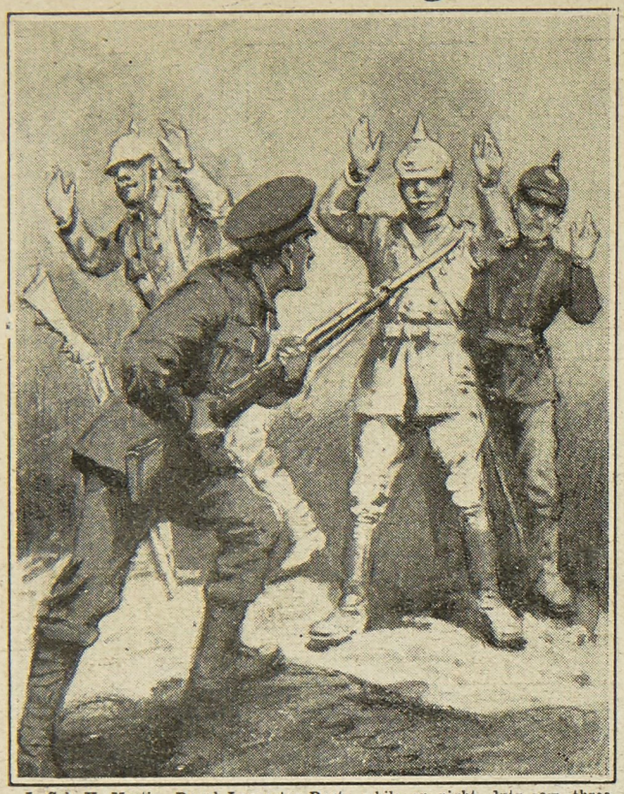
Sec.-Lieut. B. R. RUSSELL, 2nd Royal Berks Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. E. C. ADAMS, 20th London Regt.

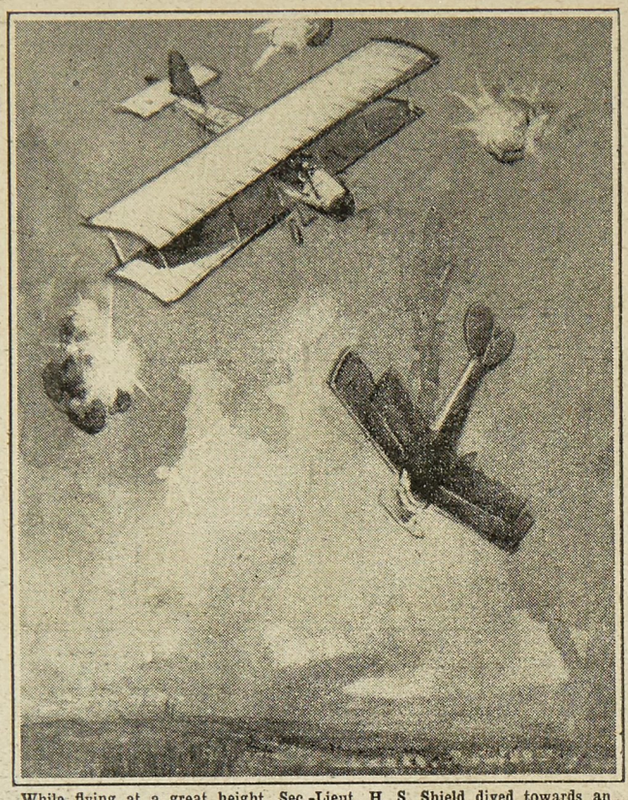
Sec.-Lieut. J. W. WHITE, 8th East Yorkshire Regt.

Portraits by Swaine, Speaight, Lafayette, Chancellor, Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Downey, Russell.

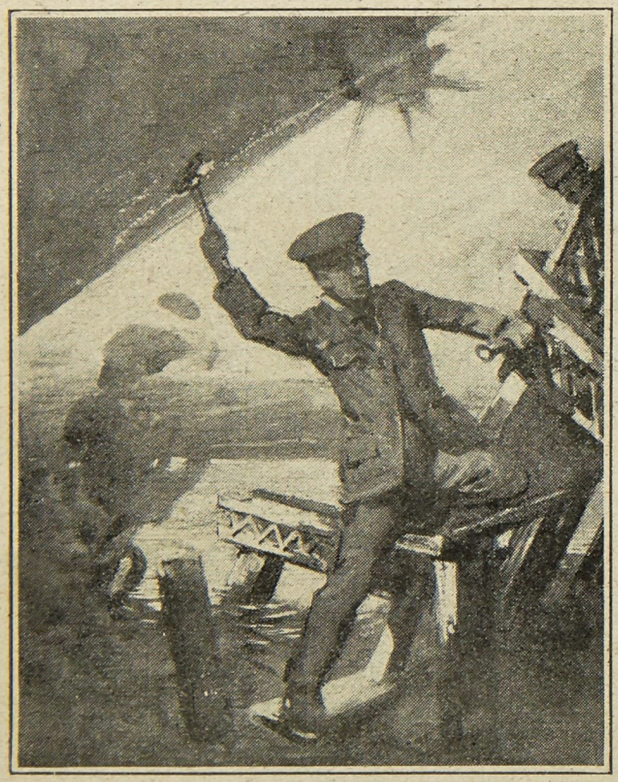
Deeds of Daring which have Won the D.C.M.



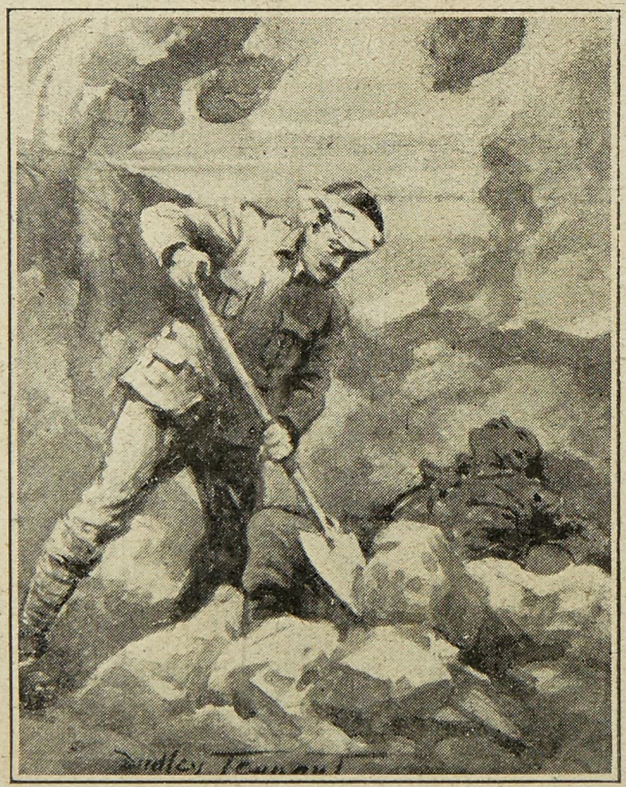
L.-Cpl. H. Martin, Royal Lancaster Regt., while on night duty saw three Germans approaching. When they reached him he ordered them to surrender, and they dropped their weapons. L.-Cpl. Martin made them prisoners, in addition to another German who came up subsequently.



While flying at a great height, Sec.-Lieut. H. S. Shield dived towards an Albatross and engaged it. The aviator and Cpl. T. Bennett, R.F.C., were subjected to heavy fire. Handling his machine-gun with great coolness and skill, Cpl. Bennett disabled the German machine, which crashed to earth.



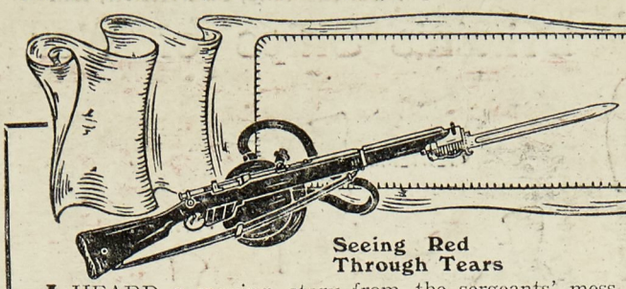
L.-Cpl. F. J. Oke, Royal Engineers, showed supreme courage while engaged in bridge-building on the Yser. One night, although his party was reduced to four owing to the heavy fire, Cpl. Oke continued steadily working, his bravery ensuring the completion of the bridge.



Though not on duty in the fire-trench at the time, Sergt. A. Bull, 1st Wiltshires, went forward, and was wounded and buried by shell fire. He extricated himself, and, under a fierce fire, dug out men still alive, and then went round all the bombing posts at Hooge.

Vital Nerve-Centres of Britain's Ships of War

Just as, in the direction of the Grand Fleet's movements, the Admiralty communicates with Sir John Jellicoe, who, through his flag-officer, "speaks" from his flagship to squadron, division, and, lastly, to individual ships, so the personnel on each single ship is departmentalised. The above diagram illustrates this. Each dotted line indicates the manner in which authority concentrates in the captain. The executive branch, for instance, is seen passing from the seamen, through the petty officers, midshipmen, lieutenants, and commander. So with the other lines—all authority ultimately converges on the captain.



Echoes of the War

Seeing Red Through Tears

I HEARD a moving story from the sergeants' mess of the East Surreys. One of the "Old Contemptibles," Sergeant Hill, returned to the depot with the V.C. But he said that what he had done was not worth talking about. Suddenly he jumped on the table. "I'll tell you. We were holding the beggars off. I was on a roof with a Maxim, and in a trench near by there were twelve of our men with a couple of machine-guns. But the German batteries got my range, and blew in the roof, and I tumbled down alone, pretty badly shaken. I went to the trenches to see how the others were getting on, and there were all twelve of them laid out dead. They had just piled up the last German charge. It made me cry when I saw them. I kissed every one of them on the mouth, and I didn't care what happened to me. I pulled my gun up on the old wrecked roof, and waited for the Germans to charge again, and I caught them and gave them hell!"

Queer Tales of the Front—and After

COINCIDENCE'S long arm is busy as never before in the records of the war. There is the case of the two brothers who enlisted independently in the First Australian Contingent. They went to Gallipoli, fought, and were wounded; and neither knew of the other's joining General Birdwood's force till both met in the "Anzac Club" in London. Somewhere in Flanders, seeing his captain wounded, a private dashed forward to his assistance and was struck down. Separated by the R.A.M.C., the two did not meet again till they saw one another in a London drawing-room, where an "afternoon tea" was being given to the convalescent.

The "Triumph" That Failed

THE martyrdom of Nurse Cavell has passed into history, and her name will be enrolled among those whose conspicuous courage and self-sacrifice form Britannia's invulnerable shield. How little the enemy realises that this ignominious, brutal triumph will, in the long run, constitute to him as severe a defeat as any inflicted on the field of battle!

The murder of Nurse Cavell is likely to prove the very greatest incentive to recruiting among all the German outrages yet committed, because its peculiar circumstances touch the Englishman's heart more closely than the Lusitania, or even the Zeppelin murders. Lord Derby should secure permission for Miss Cavell's portrait to be circulated as a recruiting poster on which the words "She did her duty; will you do yours?" might be printed. The real slacker who, on being confronted with such an appeal, could still sulk in selfishness, should certainly be compelled or expatriated.

Why Not Tax the Murderers?

THERE is a growing feeling that though the Germans fear reprisals on life and limb, they are much more likely to be moved by reprisals on their pockets. A by no means complete estimate of German property in British hands—after deduction of £25,000,000 worth representing private British property in Germany, which, in any case, will be confiscated to Deutschland—puts the amount at £80,000,000.

If our Government made it clear to the Junkers and Pan-Germanists that for every innocent British life taken a heavy fine would be subtracted from this capital sum, it is possible that murders like that of Nurse Cavell and Zeppelin horrors would be considerably modified. Sentimentalists might cavil at what appears to be a prosaic barter, but when a nation is fighting a decivilised community, such as the Huns have proved themselves to be over and over again, there is no room for sentiment.

The Irony of Fate

WE are all familiar with stories of men who, after facing death in all corners of the globe, have returned unscathed to be run over by some prosaic and plebeian vehicle in a London street. Apropos, a correspondent informs me that a young lieutenant, home on short leave after several months' service in the trenches of Northern France, was killed while asleep by a Zeppelin bomb "somewhere in England." This story has a moral that is self-evident.

The Warning Note and Imagination

IT is all very well to be on the alert for the detection of methods of communicating with the enemy, but people must not let their imaginations run away with them, and believe things which on reflection they would realise to be obviously impossible. During one of the recent Zeppelin raids a story was current of a motor-car which behaved in a peculiar manner in an open station-yard of a London suburb. While the Zeppelins were over the City, it was said that the hooter kept on squeaking out notes, short and long and with methodical irregularity. Evidently a code, thought the expert amateur detective; the Zeppelin crews interpreted these noises according to a pre-arranged system, and guided their craft accordingly. This ingenious solution quite overlooks the fact that in a Zeppelin the noise of the engines is so overwhelming that the crew cannot even hear each other speak, much less detect any insignificant terrestrial noise like the hoot of a motor.

Emigration and Facts

IN one day's papers appeared two mutually destructive reports. One was that young England was emigrating en masse. The other was that the O.T.C. had furnished 27,000 officers to the Army. Happily, the first report proved as false as the second was true. For the rest, let anyone read the obituary notices of Britain's honoured dead, and deny, if he can, the whole-hearted refusal of British youth to seek the primrose path in their country's hour of peril. There must be few who can read these personal records unmoved.

Single Men's Double Shirk

IT used to be thought that young unmarried men were the chief source of the spirit of valour and adventure. Our soldiers themselves believed that "a young man married was a young man marred," and it was often difficult for the privates to obtain permission to marry on the strength. But this theory, which has in the past hindered the propagation of our finest fighting stock, does not fit in with modern circumstances. It is the men who are afraid to marry who are also "too proud to fight." They haven't the courage to share their wages with a woman, and bring up children; and when the great ordeal of nations came, the born slackers let the burden of the struggle fall on men with wives and children. Married men have learned to shoulder responsibilities; single men have not. This seems to me the explanation of our extraordinary condition of affairs.

Non-Combatant Soldiers to Fill the Gaps

IN their anxiety to get new recruits to fill the gaps in the firing-line, it is to be hoped the authorities will not forget that there are already, in various non-combatant branches, thousands of men who are young, able-bodied, and without dependents. All these should be canvassed without delay, and exhorted to exchange into fighting departments of the Army. All non-combatant departments should, whenever possible, be strictly reserved for men with dependents, or for those older men who want to do a bit for their country, but do not feel quite equal to a winter in the trenches.

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The Manless Homes of England, by Cicely Hamilton

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3

At La Bassée : The Black Watch Advance to the strains of "Hieland Laddie"

No. 65

Of Two Lost Souls; Wilhelm and Ferdinand

"KING FERDINAND of Bulgaria is to take the Command-in-Chief of the Bulgarian Army in the Field." Few statements could be chosen that would furnish better material for a new verse to that one-time topical song entitled, "There's a good deal more in that than meets the eye." Captaincy, of course, has not yet ceased to be one of the three great functions of kingship. The figure of Albert of Belgium will shine down all future ages as the Royal and heroic personification of an heroic people. Nicholas II. is occupying the traditional place of all the Great White Tsars before him, and his presence at the front is a proclamation to the world that his Empire is solid behind him. The actual captaincy of both these kings is symbolical of something very fine.

KING FERDINAND'S case is different. It is not merely that his genius is not military but political, although that is true. Another of the three functions of kingship is to lead in council, and Ferdinand is a king indeed if "king" means "cunning man." But precisely because of that he might have been expected to delegate his military duty to that great soldier General Savoff, who reorganised the Bulgarian Army, and who devised and developed the methods of war as a result of which he led his Army on from triumph to triumph in 1912. Yet we know that General Savoff has been retired at his own request.

IT would not be in human nature for the two men to be on terms of friendly sympathy. Savoff's heart is now with us and our Allies. Ferdinand's, we must suppose, is with the Central European Powers; and, moreover, Savoff did all he could to stay Ferdinand in the criminally foolish course which led directly to the Second Balkan War. But of Savoff's patriotism there can be no doubt, and his retirement is an implicit condemnation of his King which the whole world will appreciate.

BUT Bulgaria has other generals, proved warriors and capable men. The reason why King Ferdinand has assumed the Command-in-Chief himself instead of entrusting it to the worthiest of these is that with one consent they have all refused to accept the humiliating position of subordination to the Prussian Headquarters Staff. There is immense significance in the fact. For the refusal is not peculiar to the Bulgarian. Austrian and Hungarian pride has been trampled in the dust by the same Prussian arrogance, and only venality has deterred the Turks from breaking away from the disgraceful subjugation. And even this is not all.

THE Dual Empire and the Ottoman Empire, as individual Powers, might perhaps find some apologists even among Teuton professors for their ungrateful reluctance to accept military domination by their ally. Its essentially objectionable quality becomes more obvious when we find all the other peoples within the Germanic federation resenting it equally hotly. The whole German Empire is fighting for its life, and the parts are aware that they stand or fall with the whole. But between Prussia and each and all of the other Sovereign States within the federation there now exists a bitter animosity. The trenches have taught us a good deal about our friends the enemy; and one pregnant fact they have taught us is that the Bavarian hates the Prussian, that the Saxon hates him even more, and that the Prussian holds Bavarian and Saxon, and all other Germans too, in open contempt.

IT is easy enough to understand how Bismarck and Moltke and William I. got their own way, and vested the hereditary succession to the Imperial purple in the Prussian Royal house. Those makers of modern Germany were Prussians, and men can do a great deal in the proud moment of success. But neither then nor ever can they alter their hereditary qualities, and a great people the Prussians have never been. Since the combined work of those three great men set them in the forefront of the federated Empire in 1871, and gave them hereditary succession to that pre-eminence, what they have done has been to organise and develop a military caste and arrogate a claim to possess other qualities proper to a ruling race in which they are, and always have been, entirely lacking.

FOR that "Kultur" of which we hear so much—not "culture" in the sense which Matthew Arnold attached to that word, but, rather, all civilising processes—the world is not indebted to Prussia. Her confident assertions notwithstanding, the world does not regard her as the representative and sole engineer of progress, but as the precise antithesis of that, as the representative and would-be restorer of mediævalism. But the hands of the clock cannot be put back, and when next it strikes an hour in Prussia's history that arrogant State will be prostrate, taught by rude experience that power that relies on mediæval methods cannot survive in modern conditions.

MEANTIME, however, it is not less unpleasant; so unpleasant that practically the whole of the rest of the world has realised that it is intolerable. Its sole justification in the eyes of its allies is military pre-eminence. Already that is in question. Soon it will be proved to have been non-existent. The heirs and successors of the makers of Germany have not inherited the genius of their forbears, and they will not repeat their victory. One reason is that they have not adhered to their policy, which was based upon knowledge of men and matters; they have done things which Bismarck assured them could only entail disaster.

GERMANY or, rather, Prussia was wrong in her estimate of several national characters, and wrong in her assumptions of what other Powers would do, and she has got to pay for her blunders. And a third reason, deeper lying but even more potent, was her wilful contempt of the fact that there is such a thing as moral law which affects the operations and the destiny of men and nations. Souls cannot be killed. Unless they could be Prussia never could impose her will upon the world.

GREAT literature will be born of this war because it originated in the conflict of great moral ideas which resulted in great action. And in that literature there will be some day a new epic hymning the heroism of the combatants, and illumining the ethereal truth of the basic idea of the war. It is different from all wars that have gone before it in its magnitude, in its excessive waste of blood and treasure, and in its application of science to the single purpose of destruction of life. But chiefly it is different in the clearness with which it shows elemental right and wrong in conflict.

THERE lies our surest ground for confidence, for it is historical truth that in the long duel between good and evil, good always wins in the long run. That will be the old moral of the new epic. And among the lost souls that it will present to the imagination, hurled down to the abyss defeated but still defiant, there will be two with wrathful eyes whose names will ever be linked with that of Judas—false men, both of them—Wilhelm and Ferdinand, who forfeited their honour and betrayed their trusts.

C. M.

THE WAR Illustrated

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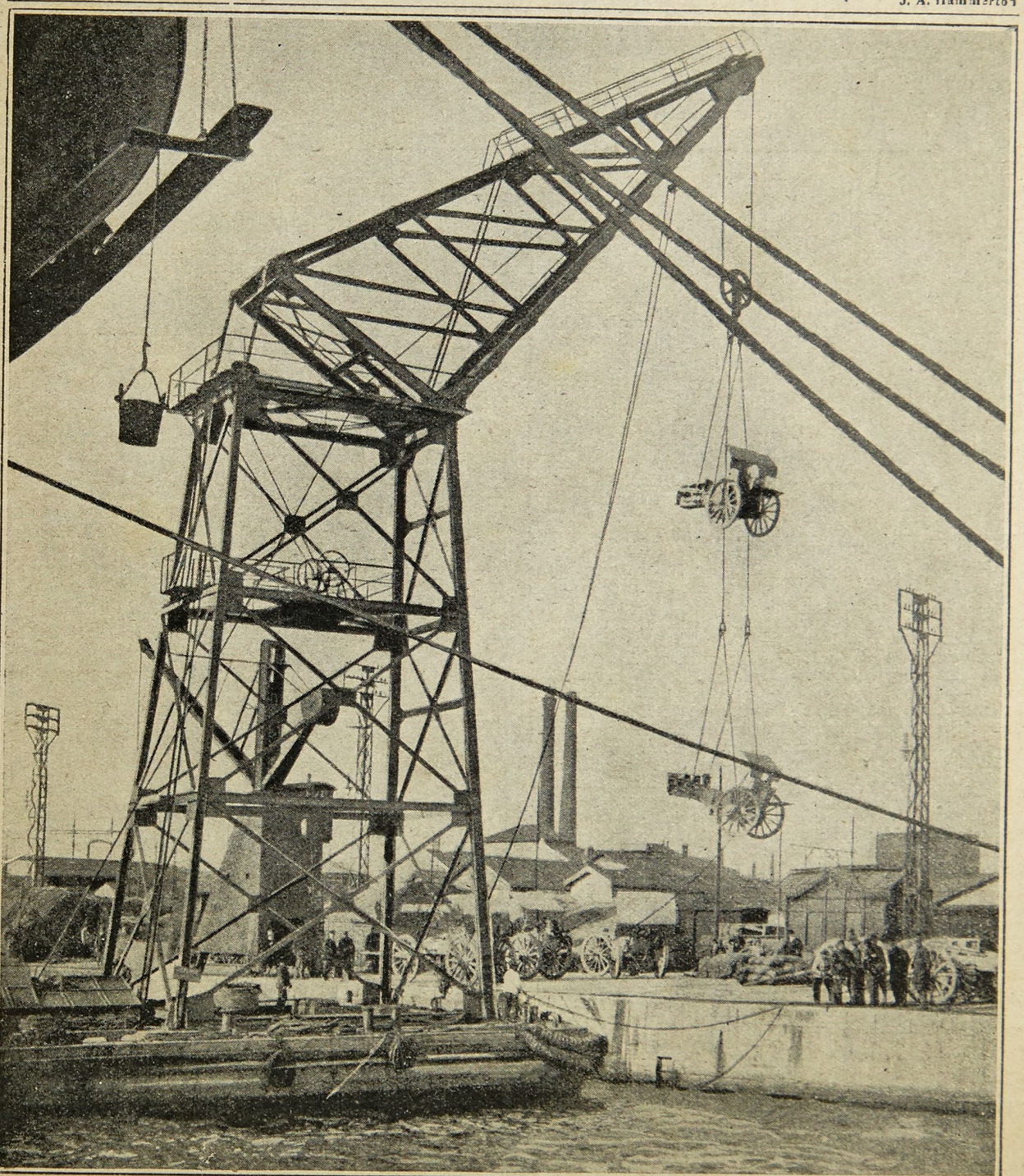
13th November, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton



ALL ABOARD FOR THE BALKANS.—The sunny, azure Mediterranean seaboard is agog with martial movement, consequent upon a great exodus from French ports of machines of war. Huge cranes, such as that seen in this exclusive photograph, are rattling day and night, lifting delicate and cumbersome weapons, munitions, and equipment aboard the transports en route for the Balkan field, for France is striving hard with Britain to save the Allies' cause in the Near East.

THE MANLESS HOMES OF ENGLAND

British Womanhood Fills the Gaps while its Manhood Lines the Trenches

By CICELY HAMILTON

Equally with the great love and patriotic devotion of the representative manhood of Britain, the noble attitude of womanhood in this hour of trial is a pillar of the State whose value cannot be overestimated. The welter of suffering of war falls mainly upon women, and yet three million husbands, sons, and sweethearts are the gift of our womanhood to the cause of humanity. In the absence of this great and immortal company, many opportunities have been afforded to women further to prove their patriotism by helping the great machine of State to run smoothly. Appropriately enough, problems which obsessed the world at peace have automatically been solved by the world at war. In view of the important part women are playing in the struggle, the following article by Miss Cicely Hamilton, the well-known author, dramatist, and student of social questions, concerning the present and future effects of Armageddon on femininity, has been specially written for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

THE Great War is not only going to leave us poor; it is going to leave us to a certain extent nervously exhausted; to a certain extent, may be, at a loose end. Even we who are women may find some difficulty in settling down to a life which has been shorn of a fierce and terrible interest. We have lived this year as we have never lived before — consciously as members of a nation; have suffered when the nation suffered, and have prospered only when it prospered. With peace, inevitably, will come a change in our outlook. We shall largely lose the sense of communal interest; we shall be thrown back again on our own lives and surroundings, and it may be that, at first, they may seem very small and uninspiring. It is one of the eternal ironies that the process of construction, of building up, can only be accomplished slowly and brick by brick, while destruction can always be dealt with swiftness, and dealt on a grand scale. You can stab a man in a moment, and the wound will take weeks to heal. With enough dynamite at your disposal you can blow a city to atoms; it will take you years of planning and patient work to rebuild it. So, after the ruin and tempest and extravagance of war, we shall return to the day of small things, which, of old, we have been warned not to despise.

Elliott & Fry.

Miss Cicely Hamilton.

Small economies, for instance—we used to call them petty economies—have, before now, helped a nation out of desperate straits. When France, after the war of 1870-71, lay prostrate at the feet of Germany, and her conqueror extracted from her an indemnity then deemed enormous, it was the small economies of her citizens that wiped off the debt in half the time that Bismarck had allotted for its payment. There will be no indemnity, please Heaven, for us to pay after this war; but all the same, we shall have to shoulder the cost of it. And the cost, as far as many women are concerned, will be the best shouldered by estimating in advance what is necessary to the decent and healthy conduct of life, and doing it without the rest.

Women's Share of the Nation's Duty

It goes without saying that to women must necessarily fall, in large part at least, that share of the nation's plain duty which consists in the shielding and safeguarding of children left orphans by war. The nation, no doubt, will act honourably by them, but that means—can only mean—that the nation will pay, in money and material assistance, a price for their fathers' blood. More than that the State cannot do—is precluded by its nature from doing; the community is far too large and too clumsy to be much of a success as a parent. Nevertheless, there will be, I imagine, a distinct danger, as a result partly of the exhaustion to which I have alluded above, partly of the increase in the power of the official to which we shall have accustomed ourselves before the war is over—a distinct danger that we shall leave too much to the State and the institution. With the loosening of the bonds which have held us together in times of peril we may wax idle and careless—may expect of the State and the institution a duty they can never perform, a duty private and personal.

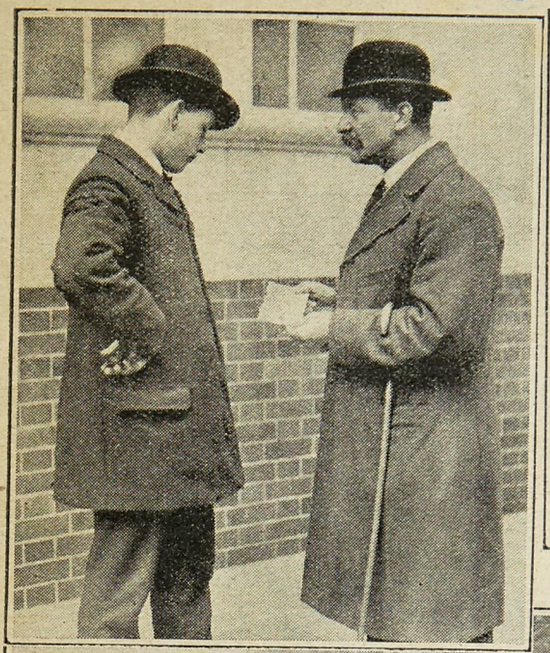
The Guardianship of Fatherless Children

One should never be too proud to learn from the wisdom of an enemy; and a German institution which, it seems to me, we might copy with advantage to ourselves is a system of human, individual guardianship, designed to soften the heavy-handed methods of the State in its dealings with fatherless children. Each creature born, it is declared in principle, has a right to the care of two parents; therefore the child left orphaned or born out of wedlock can claim a substitute for its father. This substitute, formally appointed, has no financial responsibility as regards his ward; is not entitled (save in abnormal cases) to interfere between parent and child; but has otherwise the rights and position of a guardian nearly related. He is expected to inquire into conditions at school and at work; it is his business to see that the boy or girl is well and happily educated; his advice and help can be claimed as a right by the mother; and, should necessity arise, he can represent

[*Continued on page* 292.

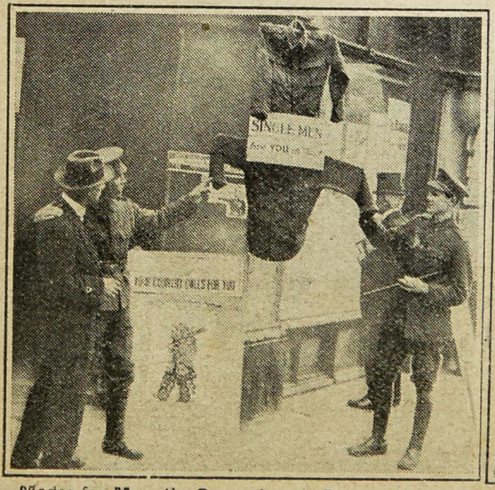
Owing to a shortage of male labour in Edinburgh, a number of women who are used to heavy farm work are working as coal-heavers. This photograph shows two engaged in filling sacks.

Britons Answering Lord Derby's Final Call



Recruiting officers are now permitted to canvass in mufti in order not to embarrass likely men. Above: Royal Scots' trap for exquisites! Mirror in Edinburgh, at which some men pause and are promptly questioned.

Types of young Britons who are now answering the King's personally-signed Call to Arms. The murder of Nurse Cavell and the exhibition of captured German guns have proved incentives to hesitant eligibles.



Modes for Men, the Season's only Style! Novel appeals to single men at recruiting stations in Charing Cross Road and the Strand. Outside the one "model" tunics are displayed, while at the other there is a notice reading: "This is the only fashion for men."

THE MANLESS HOMES OF ENGLAND

(Continued from page 290).

his ward and the interests of his ward in the law courts. He, I have written—but it has been found in practice that the duties of such a post are best performed by a woman—that between a woman, her ward, and his mother, the relationship loses its legal complexion, and tends to become intimate and personal.

Would it not be possible for the State to give its sanction to some such relationship with us? And, by giving its sanction, not only strengthen it, but remove it from the realm of charity? There must be some thousands of educated women who would gladly supplement the price of blood paid by the nation by work of their own for a child; who would esteem it a privilege as well as a duty to stand at the side of a woman left lonely, and help with the care of her children. The system, of course, would not be confined to war orphans, though it might well be inaugurated primarily for their benefit.

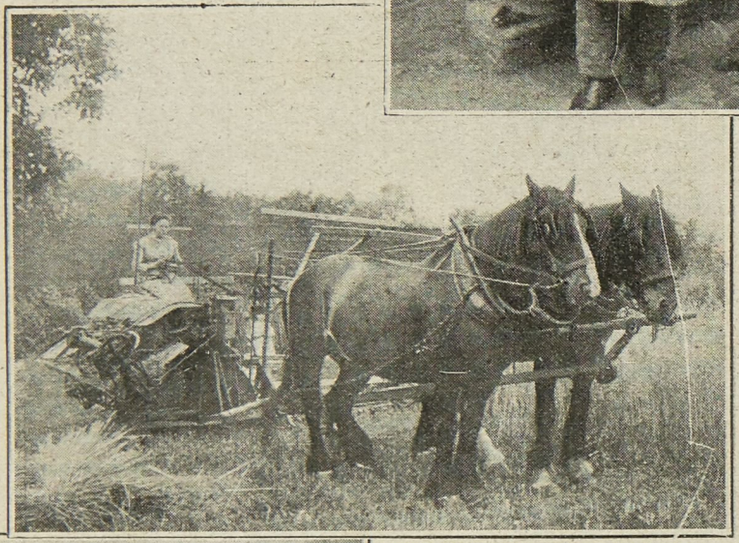
Now, especially, there would be little or no difficulty about the inauguration of such a system; one thing the war has made easy is the knitting up of personal relationships. Over here, in France—and I doubt not the same thing has happened at home—there are thousands of women who, in the months since the war began, have established friendly relations by letter with friendless soldiers in the trenches—friendly relations in which they take pleasure and pride. The practice on the part of the Frenchwoman is the outcome of gratitude which seeks to express itself in real and personal help; and there is much gratitude seeking to express itself to-day. We should do well to take advantage of it before the day of lassitude and exhaustion dawns—when new departures of any kind may be difficult.

There is another possible consequence of the war, which we should do well to ponder and prepare for. One of the results alike of the want and the restlessness which will follow in the footsteps of peace will, in all probability, be an increase in the number of our emigrants. Men who have thrown up their occupations to fight in Flanders and in France will find it hard to go back to the counter and the desk. It will not only be by the numbers of her dead that Britain will lose her sons; emigration, always easier for the man, will augment still further our preponderance of women over men. That will mean, obviously, a further fall in the marriage rate, a further rise in the number of women who have to earn their living. It will mean also that the public opinion of the next few years will be chiefly the opinion of women.

It would be well, however, if we realised the position and its meaning, realised that upon the women of Britain will fall much of the work of reconstruction, and that the folly or wisdom of the next few years will have the feminine touch. The responsibility for education will be more and more in their hands—and by education I do not mean only the accepted methods of instruction and school routine, but that newspapers and books will be written for women, and react on the new generation. Then, whether they have direct representation or not, public measures will be taken with a view to the approval of women. If I am right in this, the opportunity we asked for has come, the power we clamoured for so long and so earnestly now lies very close to our hand. One can only hope that we shall know how to use it aright—scrupulously, with patience, and with tolerance. To attain an end, however holy, it must be worked for and worked for intelligently with the head as well as with the heart. We have all of us hated war in our hearts, but our heads were not able to avert it.

Cecil Hamilton

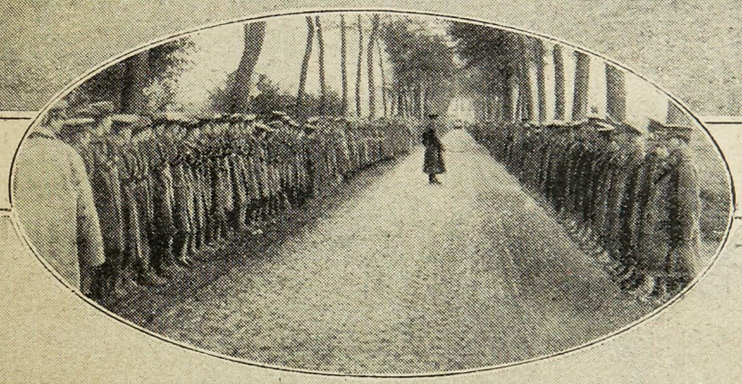
What would their grandmothers have said? Girl window-cleaners at Nottingham. Their costume looks distinctly business-like.



Gathering in the golden grain. Pair-horsed harvester, which is skilfully managed by female hands.

Women's rural activities in an urban environment. Busy scene in the Carlton House Terrace Farmyard.

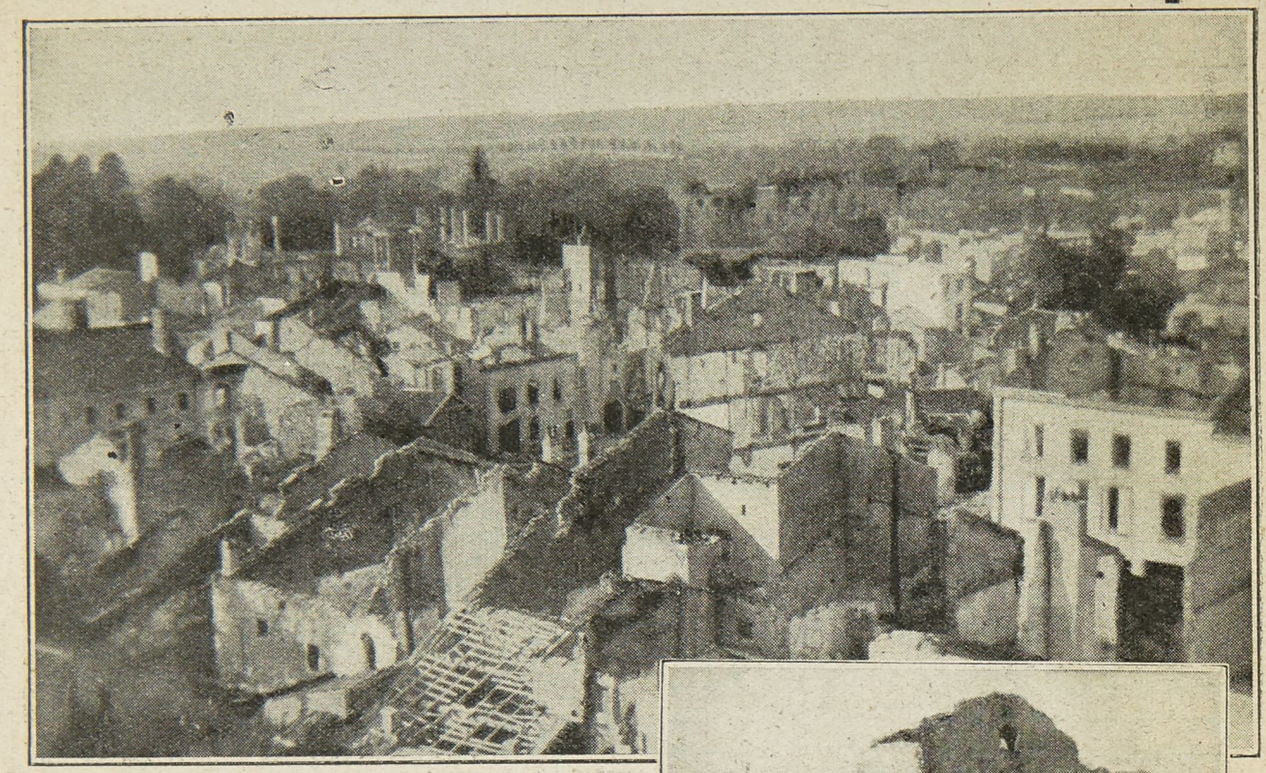
The King-Emperor on the Fields of France



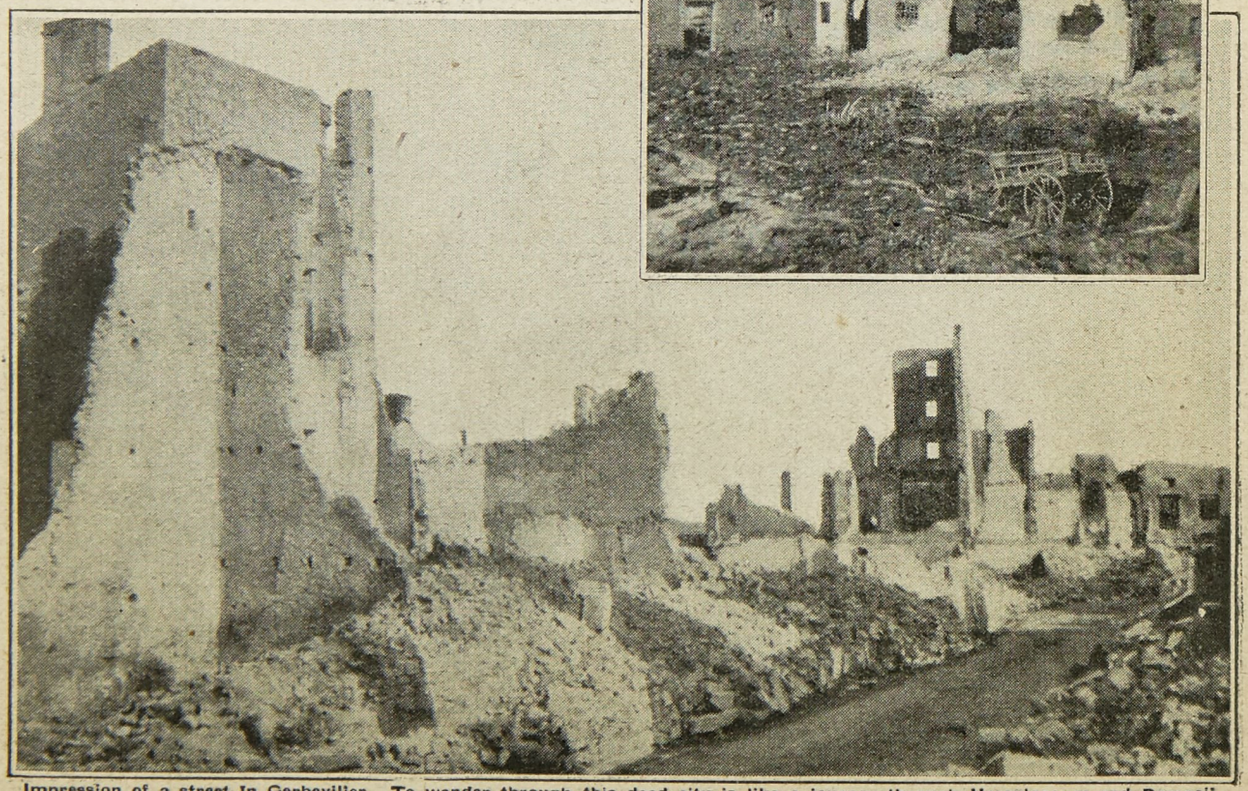
King George, President Poincare, and General Joffre snapped on the occasion of his Majesty's visit to France. A British officer is being presented to the King. Inset: Waiting for the Royal car.

This casual snapshot of King George, taken immediately before his accident, comprises one of the most characteristic and convincing photographs of his Majesty. The King-Emperor is here seen reviewing Spahis, the picturesque Colonial soldiers of fortune who have left the Orient to fight under the flag of "Father Joffre."

Hunnish Handiwork: France's Modern Pompeii

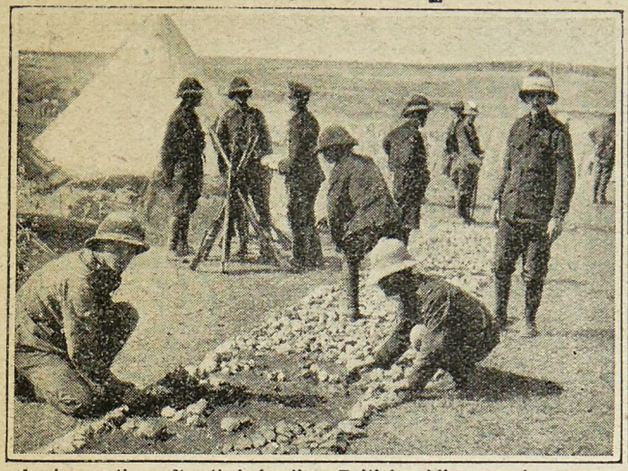


General view of Gerbeviller-la-Martyre from the church tower. The destruction is as complete as if the town had been visited by an earthquake. Inset: Ruins of Leomont Farm, the scene of ferocious hand-to-hand fighting. Note the solitary grave of a French soldier in the left foreground.

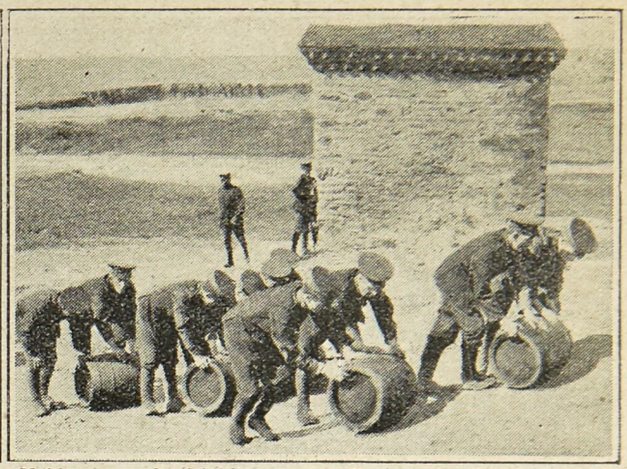


Impression of a street in Gerbeviller. To wander through this dead city is like a journey through Herculaneum and Pompeii. Certainly those historic towns of Napoli were not more completely effaced by the lava of Vesuvius than this French town has been by the scientific destructive power of German shells. (Exclusive photographs.)

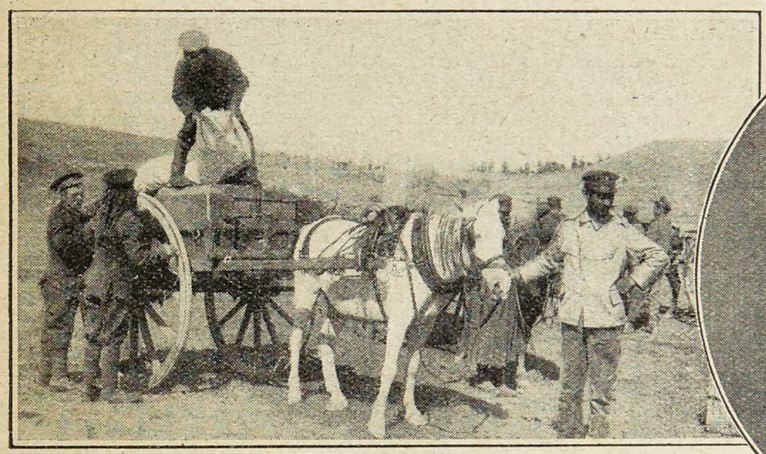
British Forces press forward to Serbia's Aid

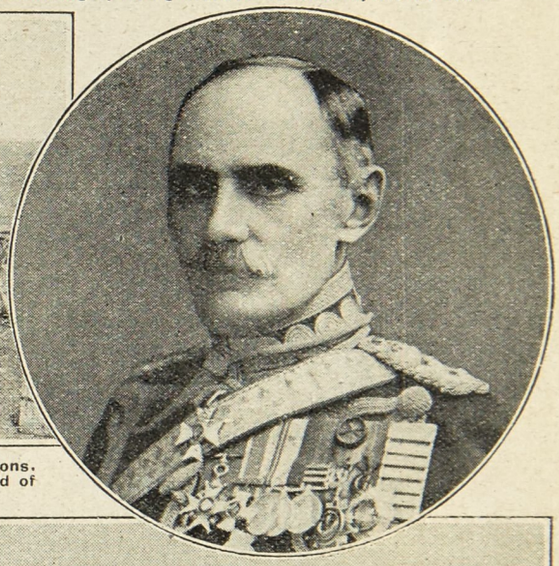


Losing no time after their landing, British soldiers are here seen making a hard stone track to expedite the transport of stores.



Making sure of a drinking supply. Tommies rolling barrels of Greek lager, the lightest beer obtainable, to their base.





British soldiers unloading baggage from Greek Army transport waggons. Inset: Major-General Sir Bryan T. Mahon, K.C.V.O., who is in command of the British Balkan Expedition.—*(Photo Elliott & Fry.)*

Those British troops who will have the honour of first co-operating with the hard-pressed Serbians will no doubt be inspired by the peculiar grandeur of the Serbian resistance to do or die. Weight of numbers has never broken the spirit of the Serbs, and certainly British courage has ever showed against fearful odds. This photograph shows some British soldiers en route for the Serbian lines.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXX.—The Resurrection of the Immortal Serb

IT dumbfounds a man to recollect that, scarcely more than three years ago, the Serb was commonly despised as a coward. His reputation directly led the Hungarian and German intriguers to plan a parade march through Serbia to Salonika, Constantinople, and the Persian Gulf, the attempt at which has produced the ghastliest scenes of carnage ever seen on this blob of mud spinning round our gas-jet of a sun.

The Serb used to be remembered only by his conduct in his first war with the Bulgars in 1885. It was notorious that he then mutilated himself by the thousand to escape military service, and his Army was so violently defeated that only the intervention of Austria saved the Serb nation from destruction. Had anyone at the time told the politicians of Europe that the Serbs were simply too sincere Christians and too true patriots to fight strongly against their Slav kinsmen the Bulgars, he would have been laughed at. Even the Socialistic pacifist, Mr. G. B. Shaw, jeered at the Balkan Slavs for their apparent cowardice in his play, "Arms and the Man." This was afterwards produced as a satirical comic opera, "The Chocolate Soldier," by a Viennese composer, under the subtle inspiration of the German-Hungarian intriguers. Shaw may have written in all innocence, merely in a spirit of buffoonery, but the Viennese composer knew well what he was at. His work was a light-hearted prelude to the march to Mesopotamia.

History's Most Fateful Murder

But by December, 1914, the march became the funeral dirge of the Hapsburg Empire. Three times had the Imperial armies been beaten back from the Serbian mountains. The defeated commander, General Potiorek, had at last to be locked in a madhouse. Potiorek had won his command by taking a very active part in the Sarajevo assassinations, where, by checking the carriage of the doomed Archduke to enable the Bosnian assassin to fire accurately, he had helped to accomplish the double task of removing the chief opponent of Hungarian ascendancy and of fixing the guilt on the Serbs, whose territory was coveted. But in the end, the combined burden of achieving the most fateful murder in history and of failing afterwards in the military operations against the scapegoat Serb people, caused Potiorek's mind to give way. Then his master, Count Tisza, who, like many extreme villains, was superstitious, feared to attack the Serbs for the fourth time. The mountaineers at the time were terribly enfeebled by five campaigns in three years, and ravaged by a mortal epidemic of typhus. But Tisza was unnerved by the strange doom of his assistant conspirator Potiorek.

The stronger-minded, free-thinking Prussians openly contemned their partners in crime. When Mackensen reached the Pripet Marshes in August, 1915, and finished with his great siege train, the German Staff found in the indomitable Serbs a means of diversion. The drive into the heart of Russia had practically failed, but it had at least removed from the cautious mind of the ruler of Bulgaria his fear of Russian action in the Balkans.

So, towards the end of September, 1915, there came about the monstrous combination of German, Austrian, and Bulgar forces against the small, weakened Serb race. As first arranged, the scheme of destruction would have given the three attacking nations the odds of ten to one in both men and guns. But the sudden Russian offensive in Galicia, the Italian offensive on the Trentino and the Carso front, and the more violent movement of the French and British armies in Champagne and Artois, upset the plan of the German Staff. Only three armies of Austro-German troops could be spared for action against Serbia, and their total numbers were scarcely as large as those of the three armies of Bulgar troops. The Serbs were faced with the odds of about three to one in men, but the artillery power brought against their frontiers of six hundred miles remained still more overwhelming, and modern battles were mainly decided by artillery.

Serbs Face Monstrous Odds

This was clearly seen when Marshal von Mackensen in person, with the German general, Gallwitz, and the Austrian general, Kövess, as his subordinate commanders, opened the final struggle for the Danube crossings on October 3rd, 1915. Great arcs of artillery—3 in. field-guns in front, 6 in. field-cannon and howitzers behind, 8 in. siege pieces farther back, and 12 in. batteries right in the rear—were drawn over against Belgrade and Semendria. These two river cities, picturesquely rising above the broad waters of the Danube, commanded the entrance to the valleys by which the invading armies intended to advance and connect with the Bulgar forces. Against these cities, therefore, the chief attacks were made. But to compel the Serbs to extend and thin their lines, all the northern, north-western, and western river fronts of the Danube, Save, and Drina were assailed, from Orsova, near the Rumanian frontier, to Vishegrad, near the Montenegrin border.

Serbia's Inadequate Artillery

Some French batteries helped in the defence of Belgrade, and a small British force with naval guns operated between Belgrade and Semendria. The Serbian armament consisted chiefly of light 3 in. guns, suitable for mountain warfare, but utterly inadequate to answer siege ordnance. It was like a single flotilla of destroyers, without torpedo-tubes, fighting against two squadrons of battleships. The first effects of the enemy's hurricane fire seemed overwhelming. It swept the banks of the Danube and Save, wrecking the trenches and redoubts of the defending forces, smashing Belgrade citadel, and wrecking city, towns, and villages. The gunners then used shrapnel instead of high-explosive shell, and, lengthening their range, formed a wall of falling death a mile or more beyond the river banks. Behind this wall the German and Austrian engineers built without any serious opposition the great pontoon bridges by which the armies of Kövess and Gallwitz could cross. A flotilla of Austrian monitors steamed up to help to protect the pontoons.

It was then that the French, British, and Serbian gunners took full payment for the terrible bombardment they had endured. The British sailors, with their long-range naval guns, smote the monitors, sinking two, and damaging another. The French artillerymen, with quick-fire melinite shell, mowed down the massed brigades along the riverside near the pontoons, while the more numerous Serbian gunners worked with deadly speed at all important points along the rivers. The movement of the hostile troops stopped. Again the huge arcs of artillery came into action with a more intense and more sustained fire. The unexpected check made Kövess's men and Kövess himself diabolically cruel. The defeat of the forces defending Belgrade did not content them. They put a curtain of shrapnel behind the city, and then poured some fifty thousand great explosive and thermite shells into palace, church, house, and hovel. The design was to annihilate the civil population, by cutting off the flight of the fugitives. The result was only to exalt every Serb in the city—soldier, woman, boy, and girl—to a tremendous height of courage.

Women and Children in the Van

The Austro-German troops, under cover of the last bombardment, got over on the pontoons, by way of a river island, and entered the streets of Belgrade. There, however, they met with such resistance as dims the old story of the Saragossa battle in Spain. For two days and nights the struggle went on, house to house, floor to floor, room to room, the boys of Belgrade becoming, as bomb-throwers, especially dreadful to their murderers. And as a small army of veteran Serb, French, and British fighting men, led by expert and ingenious commanders, headed the frenzied population, the slaughter was terrific. It was not until October 9th that the city was conquered.

Then, on the southern hills, there followed epic combats, in which heights were lost, retaken, lost again, and again recovered. On October 10th the enemy was smashed back into Belgrade.

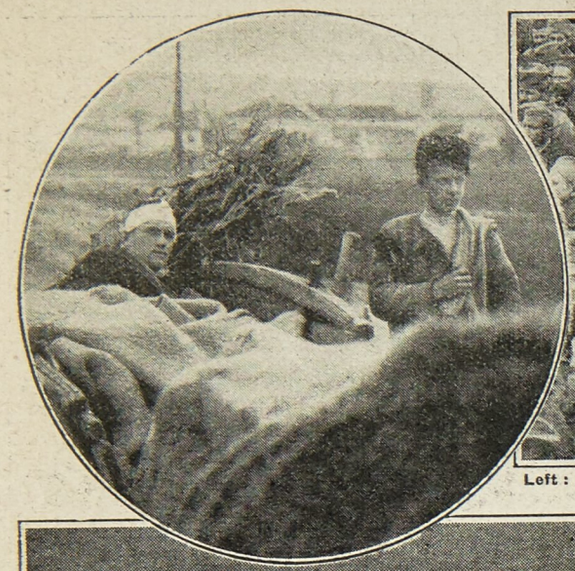
Meanwhile, the second army of invaders, under Gallwitz, was held for four days round Semendria, the advance guard being destroyed. And though the German general forced a passage by means of 12 in. guns and clouds of poison gas, his losses were very heavy.

The third army of invasion, operating in the marshland of Machva, between the Save and the Drina, was entirely defeated. The Serbs had turned every house in the swamps into a fortress, and as the autumnal ground was full of water, the attackers were bogged and slain in thousands, merely by hundreds of defenders with machine-guns. If the Bulgars had not opened the attack on the eastern frontier of Serbia on October 11th, the armies of Mackensen would, as soon as they had reached the mountains have met the terrible fate of the armies of Potiorek.

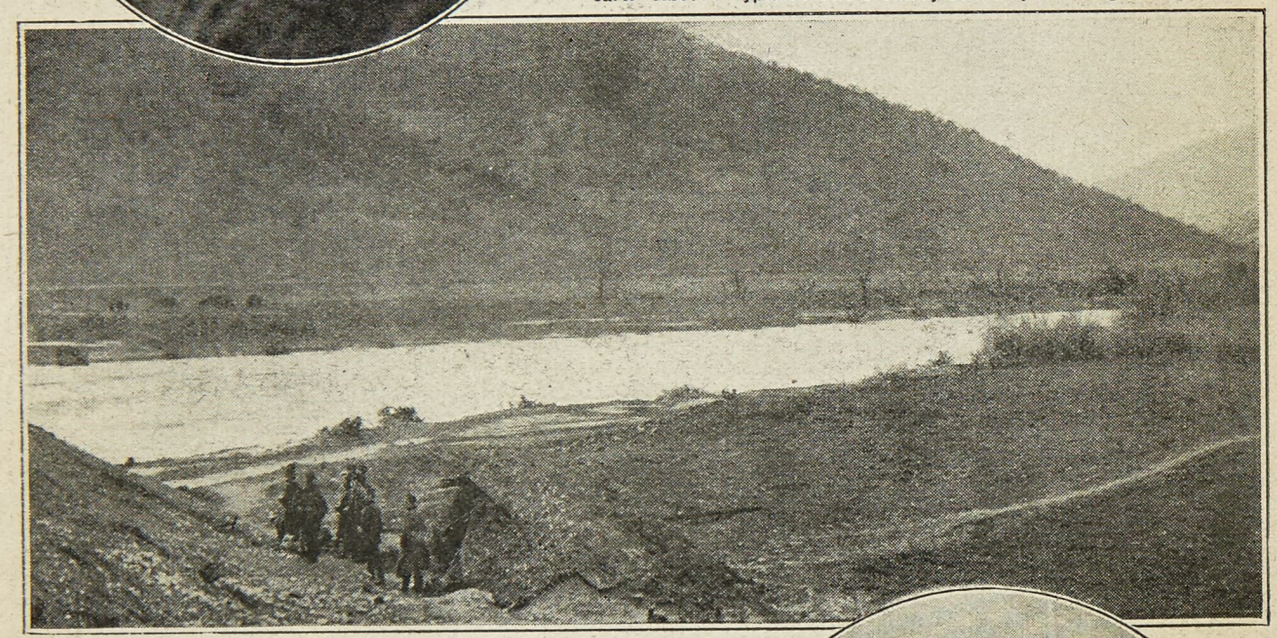
Some of the First 13,000 Landing at Salonika

Striking impression of the landing of the first batch of British troops at Salonika. An old steamship, heavily laden with some of "the memorable thirteen thousand," is seen leaving a man-of-war for the Grecian harbour. Tommies in the foreground are seated or standing on the deck discussing the prospects of their new adventure, and awaiting their turn to be disembarked. On the horizon, a view of Salonika, one of the most picturesque and now the most noteworthy seaport in Southern Europe, is seen.

With Valiant Serbia's Warrior Men and Women



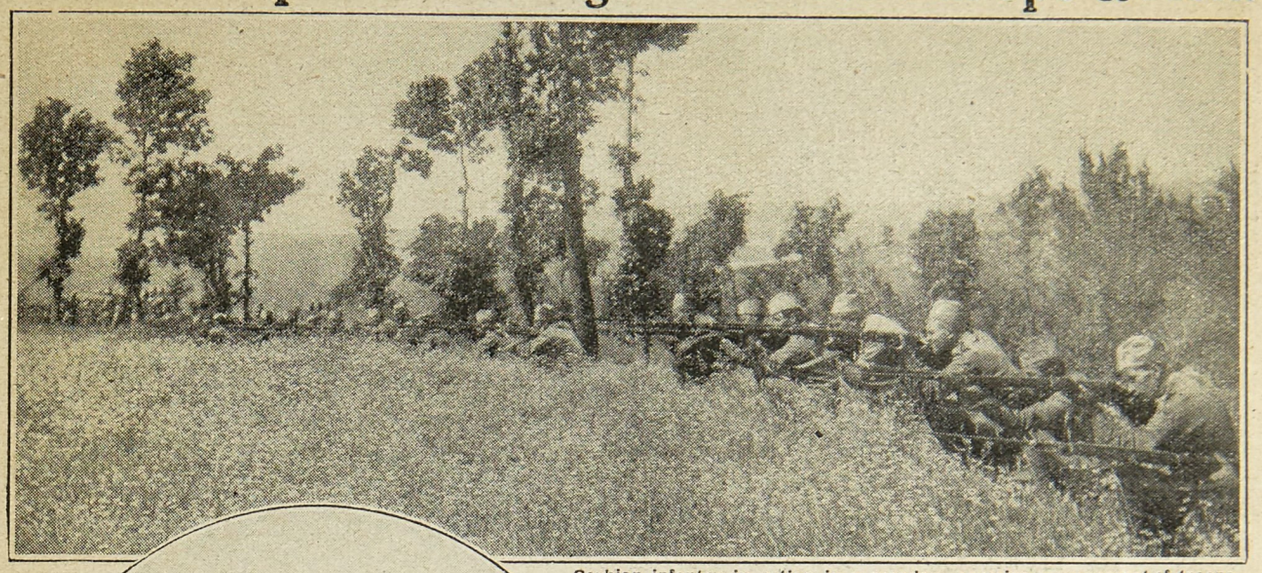
Left : One of Serbia's heroic wounded being taken to hospital in a crude bullock-cart. Above : Typical crowd of sturdy Serbian peasant fighters.



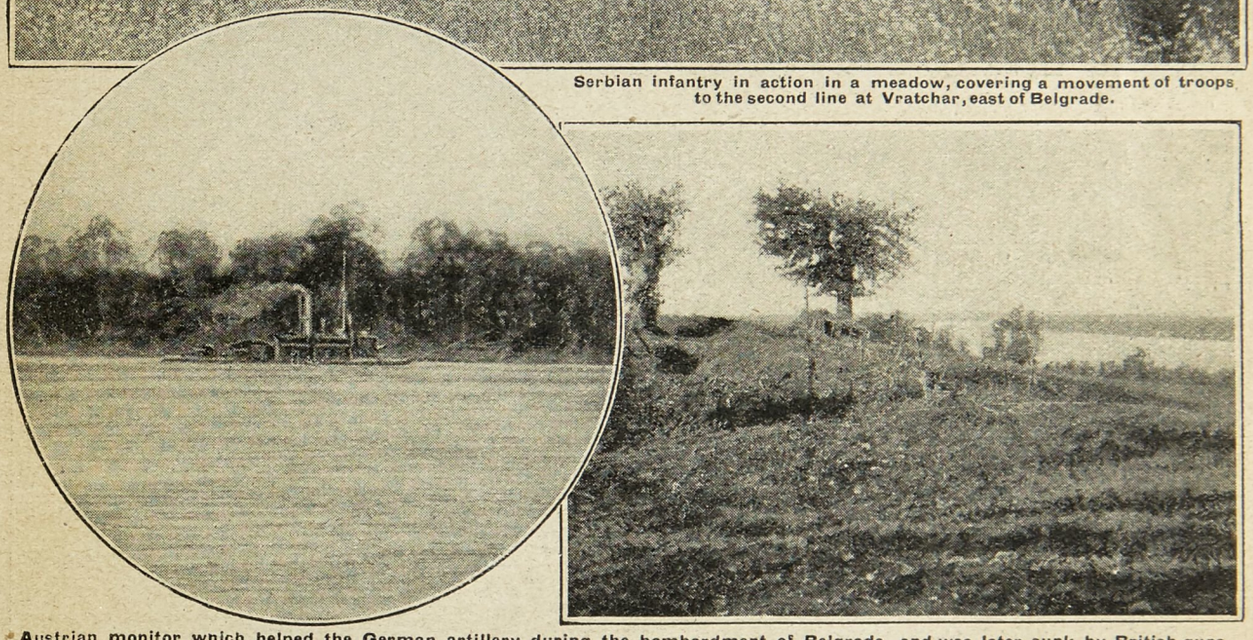
Serbian soldiers outside their dug-out on a bank of the Vardar River, which flows into the Gulf of Salonika. The men are guarding a near-by railway bridge.

Homeless and outcast, these Serbian refugees, representative of various classes, are waiting for a train that will take them to safety. A striking contrast is afforded by the well-dressed man, seated with a newspaper, and the weary village folk in the foreground, or the poor peasant women in the right-hand photograph.

Serbia keeps the "Bridge" between Europe & Asia



Serbian infantry in action in a meadow, covering a movement of troops to the second line at Vratchar, east of Belgrade.



Austrian monitor which helped the German artillery during the bombardment of Belgrade, and was later sunk by British guns. On the right: Serbian infantry position along their first line by the River Danube.

Serbian first-line trench, screened from prying aircraft by a roof of planks and twigs, at Semendria. Right: Serbian artillery in action against the Germans at Dedinje, west of Belgrade. It will be noticed that the guns and ammunition carts are masked by brushwood.

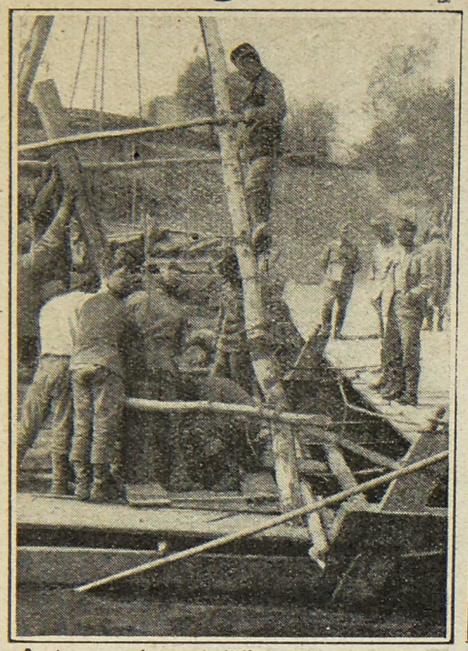
Phenomenal Fearlessness of a London Officer

Captain Douglas Carmichael leading his company in one of the charges in which he captured four lines of enemy trenches near Hooge. Those who saw this heroic young officer rally his men again and again to the attack have said that "he earned the V.C. fifty times over"; that "it was glorious to see him throw himself on the packed masses of Germans and, almost alone, force them back." Captain Carmichael was wounded early in the day but refused to retire, and was later killed instantaneously by a bullet in the forehead. "A more gallant leader or fearless man never led men on the field of battle," one of his superior officers said.

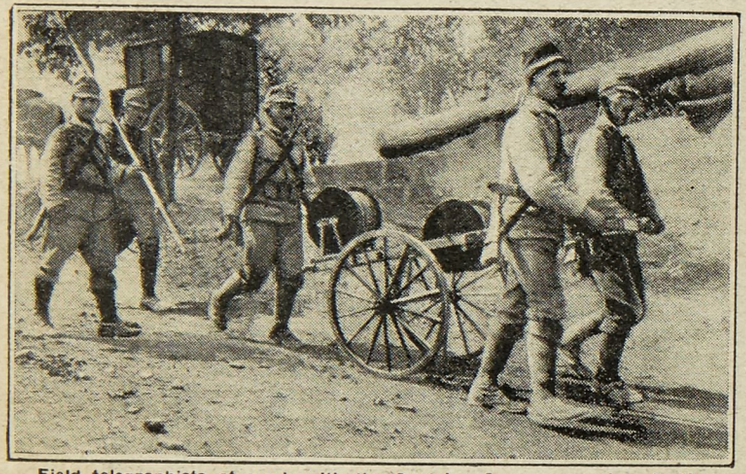
Cossack's Herculean Strength and Epic Courage

One of the greatest feats of the war, a Cossack exploit in which eleven Germans were killed, is now the talk of Petrograd. A trooper of the 6th Don Cossack Regiment was engaged in an attack on a German transport column. Observing six Germans in a trench about to enfilade the Russian main body, he charged the position, and spitted two with his lance, while the other four fled. These he chased and killed individually. Later five German riflemen attacked the Russians, and again Kirianoff charged, disposing of three with his lance. The others fled to a wood, where the amazing Cossack despatched them with his sword.

Guarding the Alpine Gates to the Dual-Empire



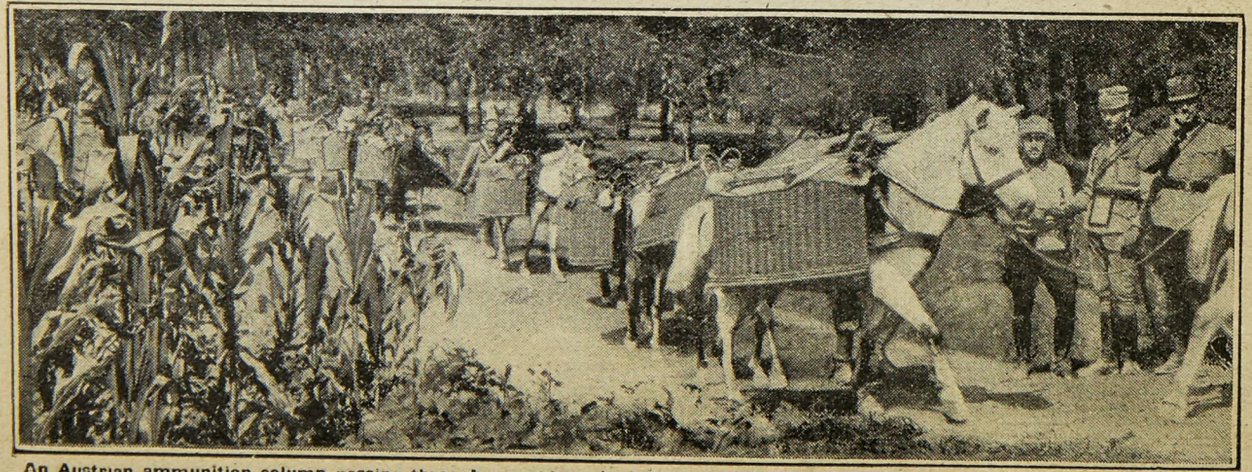
Austrian engineers building a pontoon bridge over one of the tributaries of the River Isonzo. Right: Detachment of Austrian field telegraphists laying wires across the Isonzo.



Field telegraphists at work with the Austrian forces operating in the neighbourhood of the Isonzo.

STRAIGHT from the field of war on the River Isonzo, on whose banks the Italians have for months been fighting their hereditary foes the Austrians, these exclusive photographs provide interesting glimpses of types of Austrian soldiers—engineers and field telegraphists at work, and a supply column conveying ammunition to the firing zone.

Franz Josef's forces, although contesting every yard of the ground, are realising that their Teuton ideals have proved illusive, and that they have been duped into throwing their all into a forlorn hope. The advent of winter is likely to see a considerable lull in the operations among the Alpine heights on the Italo-Austrian borders, and probably the belligerents will be brought to a standstill, merely maintaining their present positions with small numbers of men. Thus our Mediterranean allies would be able to send a large force of soldiers to aid the cause of the Entente in the Balkans, should such a step be regarded as advisable or necessary.



An Austrian ammunition column passing through a wood on the banks of the River Isonzo. The ammunition is carried in baskets slung from the backs of the ponies.

The Soldier Tsar with His Cossacks in the Field

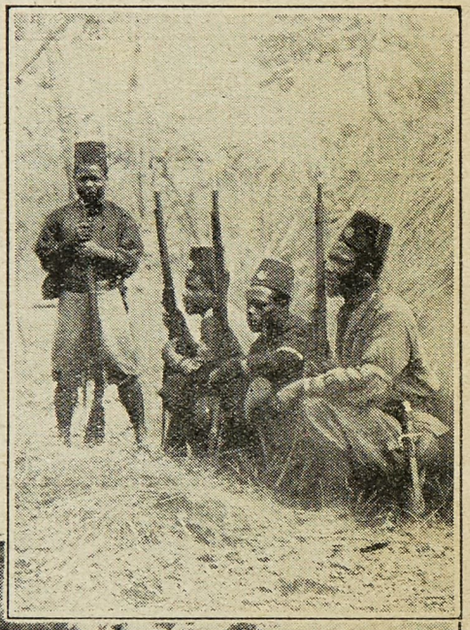
The Tsar with the little Tsarevitch, now happily restored to health, inspecting Caucasian Cossacks at the front. His Majesty is now in supreme command of Russia's mighty forces.

The Tsar and Tsarevitch with a group of Cossack officers. On the right: His Majesty talking with Count Grabbe, the officer in command.

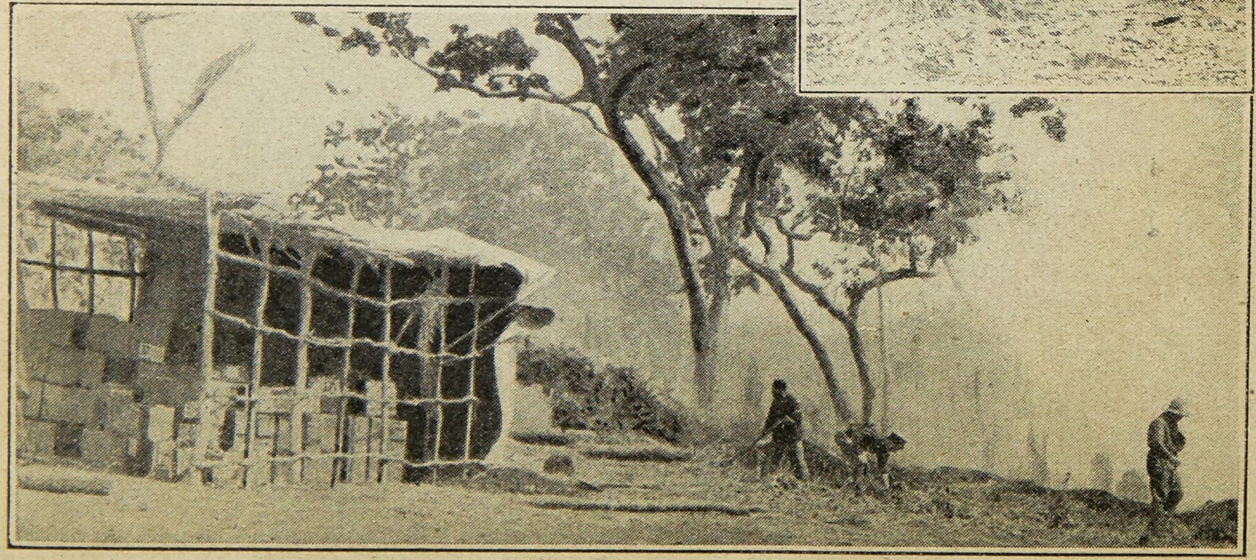
The Tsar and his son standing behind priests of the Greek Church at a religious service held in a wood. Since assuming supreme command of his vast Army, Russia's "Little Father" has spent his whole time with the troops at the front. His Majesty lives a simple, laborious life, and is often in consultation far into the night with his Chief of Staff, General Alexeieff

Britain's Strenuous Efforts in Remote Africa

Presents for the great white chiefs. Native women bringing vessels of meal and native beer to the officers in command of a British expedition in Africa.

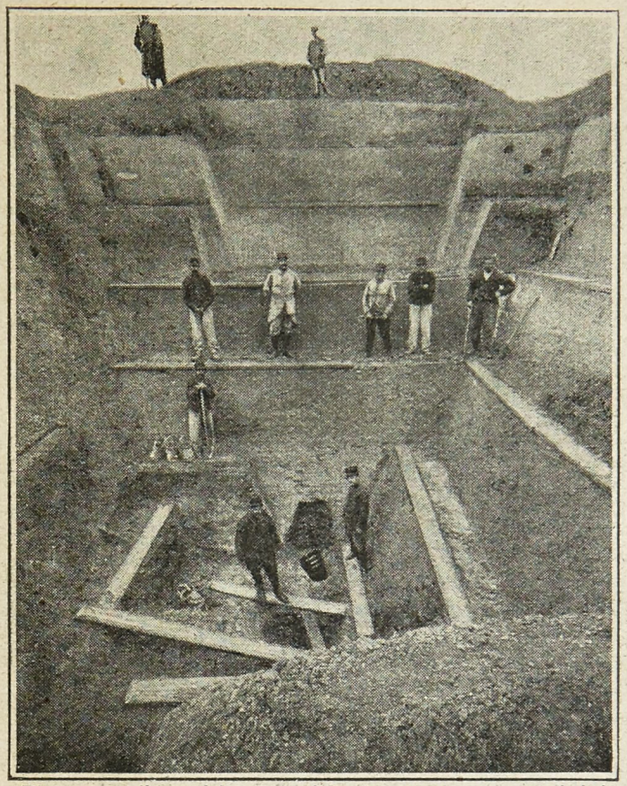


Sudden bush fire precipitates a hasty British retreat. Above: An idyll in black and white. British Tommy nursing a native infant.



One of the many difficulties to be contended with by our forces fighting the Germans in Africa is bush fire. This photograph shows a native and British soldier trying to hold such a conflagration, which has just started, away from a temporary powder magazine—a dangerous task. Inset: Types of Belgian native outposts in the bush. The wars in East Africa and the Cameroon are still in progress.

Defective German Shell and the Effective "75"

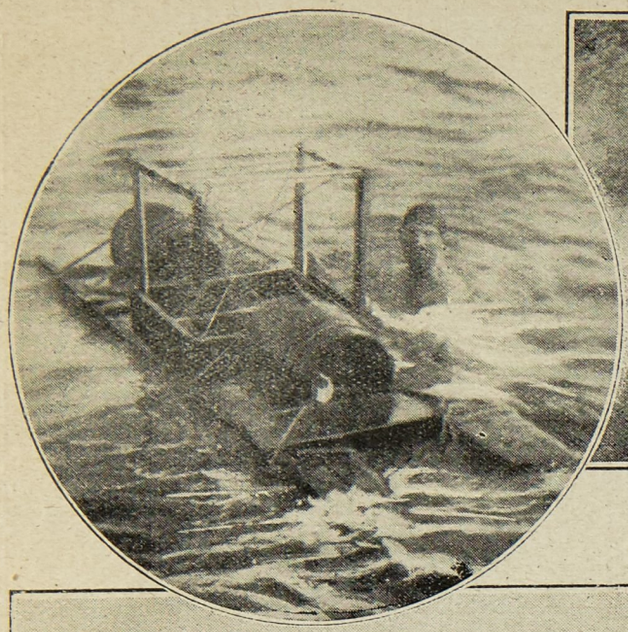


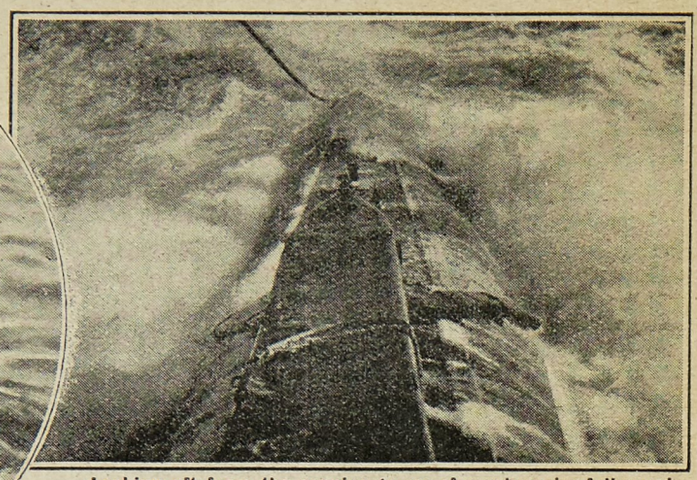
The extraordinary labour requisite to recover an unexploded German 380 mm. shell which entered the earth to a depth of thirty-five feet.

A near view of the unexploded shell. It struck the ground between Hondschoote and Leifseele. The projectile was thrown from a distance of some fifteen miles.

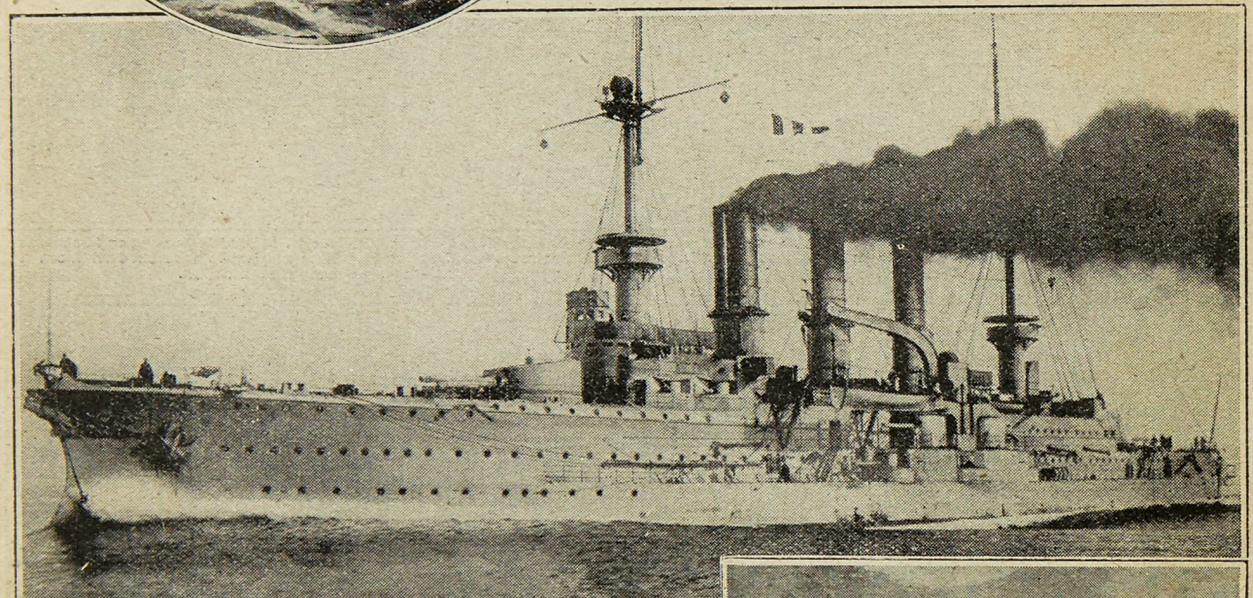
It is remarkable that the Germans, who have revolutionised warfare and won all their victories with the aid of the big gun, should have relied on the strength of their defensive positions in Champagne. The elan and success of the French charge and the power of Joffre's artillery staggered the Huns. One can faintly imagine the terror of the Germans who held the wrecked trenches seen in this photograph.

British Submarines turn Tables on Von Tirpitz

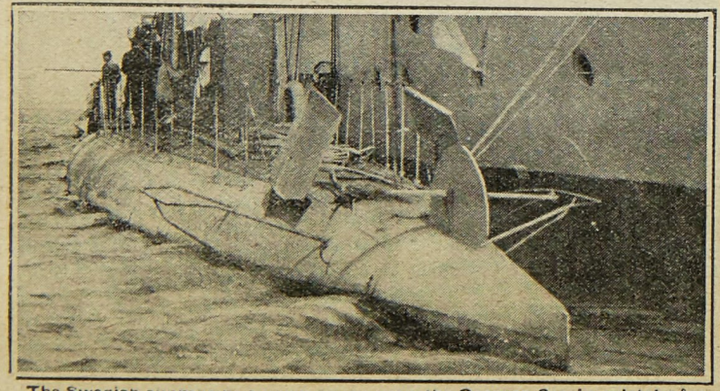




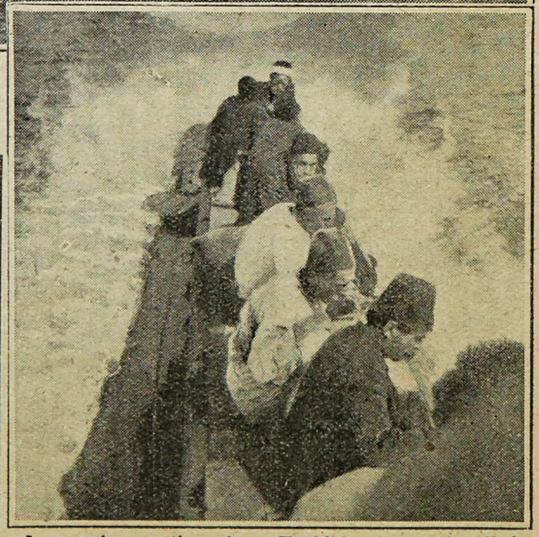
Looking aft from the conning-tower of a submarine full speed awash in a gale. The pipe seen on the right side of the craft is the engine exhaust pipe. Inset: Lieut. D'Oyly-Hughes starting off from a submarine, with a raft, on a memorable exploit which is illustrated and described on page 307 of this number.



German cruiser of the Prinz Adalbert type which was sunk in the Baltic by a British submarine. This cruiser was completed in 1903, and displaced 9,050 tons. Her largest guns were four 8·2 in. Our submarines in the Baltic have also sorely affected German commerce.



The Swedish submarine Hvalen which drew the German fire in mistake for a British submarine. One Swede was killed, and the Huns apologised.



A precarious resting-place. Turkish prisoners huddled together on Lieut. D'Oyly-Hughes' submarine.

Hero of the Underseas Wins Fame on Terra Firma

During the night of August 21st, Lieut. D'Oyly-Hughes dropped over the side of his submarine into the Sea of Marmora and swam ashore, pushing a raft freighted with a dynamite charge, accoutrements, clothes, revolver, bayonet, electric torch, and whistle, with the intention of destroying a Turkish viaduct. Scaling the cliffs he found his task to be impossible, and decided instead to explode the dynamite under a low brickwork support, thereby destroying another part of the railway line. The loud report startled Turkish sentries who were only 150 yards away, and Lieut. D'Oyly-Hughes was compelled to retreat along the railway line and enter the water fully clothed at a point a mile away from his landing-place. Losing track of the submarine he swam about in a very exhausted condition, until a blast from his whistle attracted those on board his craft. He was awarded the D.S.O.

On the Eve of the Winter Campaign

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

We are on the eve of the winter campaign. It will be fought, in the western field, under much more advantageous circumstances to us than the campaign a year ago.

Contrast then and now. In November, 1914, Germany was still dreaming of the capture of Calais and of the invasion of England. We had managed, by the most desperate courage and sacrifice, to beat back a furious and sustained attack on our front around Ypres. We were unprepared for trench warfare, and our troops were ill-equipped for the weary struggle amid frost, mud, and snow. The confidence of the German rulers was unshaken; they had still, apparently, unlimited resources of men; they had adequate reserves of food; they were still confident that before many weeks were over they would sweep Western Europe. They do not think so now.

It may be said that we, too, have not done all we hoped. That is true. Our long-planned spring advance did not take place; our autumn advance was only a very partial success. We have not broken through the German lines. We have not even pushed the enemy back—as it seemed probable recently that we would—to Antwerp and Brussels. Nearly the whole of Belgium still groans under the heel of the Prussian. The richest section of Northern France is still occupied by the enemy.

German Illusions and British Hopes

But despite all this, we hold the winning cards in the west to-day. The German hope of capturing Calais has vanished. The invasion of England, which a year ago had to be faced among the possibilities of the war, is now almost impossible. The Germans may do much damage by their Zeppelins; they might even, by an almost incredible combination of favouring circumstances, land a few thousand men at some point on our coast, but not enough to do any vital damage. An invasion in force, however, is impossible until the naval situation is completely reversed, and of that there seems no prospect whatever. The British lines in Flanders are now so strong that we are justified in believing them almost impregnable to direct attack. War is proverbially uncertain. The impossible and the incredible do sometimes happen. But every known fact points to the conclusion that on the western lines we ought during the winter to be able at least to hold our own.

The Germans have reached their maximum in strength, unless they recruit their forces from Asia, as they now can do. Their population is feeling the pressure of war in a way we are not. While the military party in Germany is as resolved as ever to carry things on to the end, the diplomatists and the statesmen recognise that it would be to their advantage to conclude peace now, on terms which should give them some gains of territory, even though not all they ask.

Peace Movements in the Dark

It is not yet possible to tell the full story of the movements that have been made by German diplomatists in this direction during the past month. Some of the ablest representatives of Wilhelmstrasse have settled unostentatiously at Amsterdam. From there they have made feelers in all directions. They have even tried through American and English visitors to re-establish the way to sympathetic relations with influential Englishmen. The whole move is being carried out so carefully and cautiously that it could be at once denied. But it is going on.

We are not responding. Every reason of common sense shows that we must not settle terms of peace now. Peace, even on terms of the *status quo*, which left Germany's military power unbroken, would be only the prelude of another war, greater, fiercer than this. The British nation makes many blunders. It is not good in organisation, it is often stupid in its diplomacy, and sometimes it does not see far ahead. But it has the supreme bulldog quality of sticking on. It sees a thing through.

Germany will naturally try to force our hand. Aerial attacks on England will be renewed on a greater scale than ever when the weather renders them possible. Egypt will be threatened, and every effort will be made to persuade us that the strength and resources of the enemy are greater than ever. It is such times as these that demand courage, endurance, sang-froid. We are not usually lacking in these qualities. There is no cause for complacency in the western situation; there is reason for deep disappointment that our advance has failed; but we do realise that in holding the enemy we are week by week placing ourselves in a better position.

When we turn to the east the outlook is less satisfactory. We are not committed to a considerable and immediate campaign in the Balkans. We begin it after having thrown away many advantages that were in our hands. We could have occupied the most splendid defensive position in Eastern Europe, the mountains of Northern Serbia. We have handed these over to our enemy, through not being prepared in time. The King of Greece and his pro-German party have twice betrayed us in this war.

The Eleventh Hour in Balkania

The first betrayal led to the upset of our plans in the Dardanelles, and Greece, failed us when, by all laws of International honour, she should have sent her armies into Serbia. It is to be hoped that Greece may not be stained by a third act of treachery.

There is too much reason to fear that our Balkan campaign may be too late to save Serbia. But it may not be too late to bring Rumania on our side and to awe Greece into maintaining neutrality. Winter fighting in the Balkans is bound to be exceedingly arduous, on account of the weather conditions. Those who have studied the history of the Russo-Turkish War can judge what such a campaign means. The sooner we strike, the harder we strike, and the more points from which we attack the better. If General Joffre, during his recent visit to London, really succeeded in inducing the Allies to agree to a common, definite plan in Balkania, he rendered us all good service.

There seems little prospect of great happenings in the immediate future on the Gallipoli Peninsula. Our troops there have been prepared their winter quarters for protection against the storms and rains. In holding on, they are keeping a considerable portion of the Turkish Army engaged. The operations in Gallipoli must now be regarded as part of the greater Balkan campaign. The hope of breaking through at this point and forcing the Strait has grown faint, but has not been abandoned.

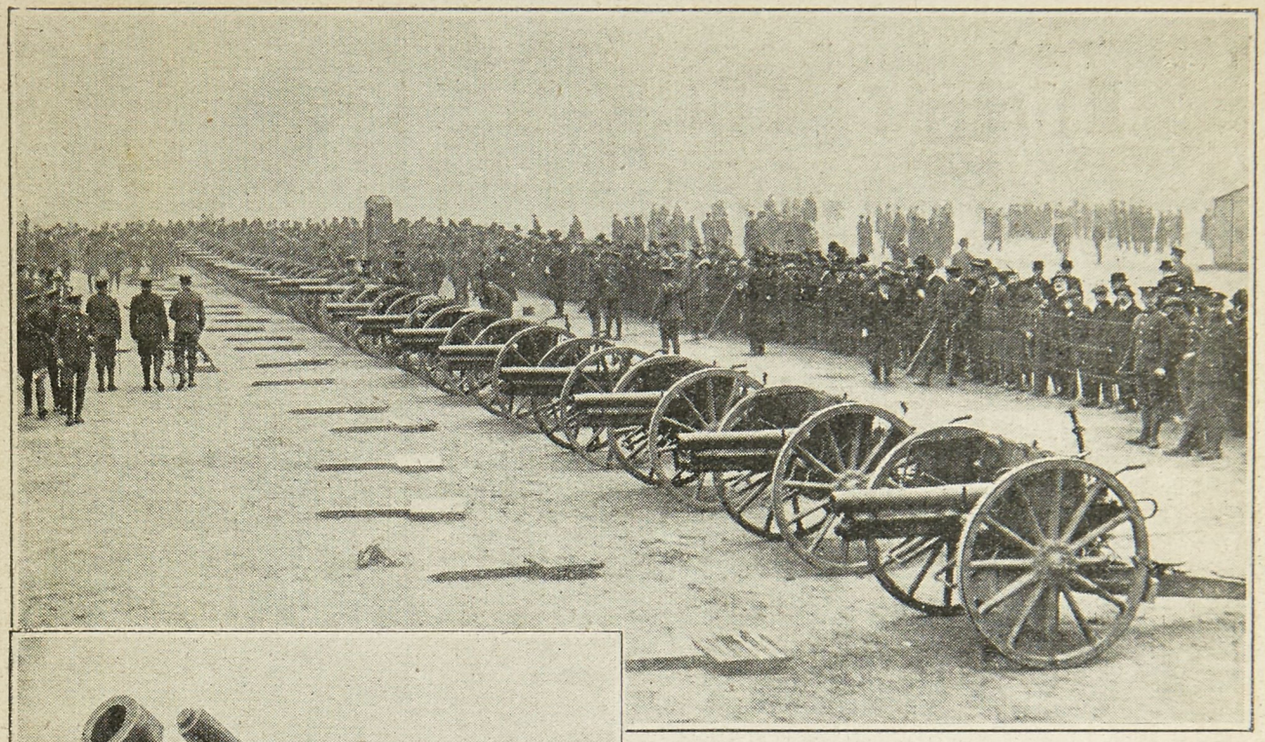
To Save Our Prestige in the East

The most contradictory accounts come from our Mohammedan possessions of the effects of recent events on the people there. That there is unrest in some quarters is certain. How far this unrest extends, it is hard to say. Some well qualified observers regard it as insignificant. The facts that reach me from different quarters do not quite confirm this. If our Balkan campaign goes well, discontent in India and in Egypt will not trouble us much. If it fails we must be prepared for whatever may happen.

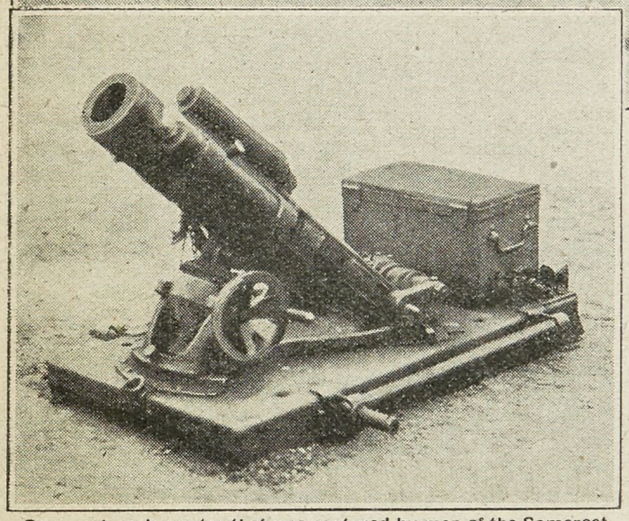
To sum up, our main cause for comfort at the present moment is the abundant evidence that our enemy is severely feeling the strain, both in men and in money, of the long sustained campaign. Our armies in the west are holding their ground, but there seems little prospect of big advances in the immediate future. In the Dardanelles we must be prepared for a time of comparative inaction. In the Balkans we are undertaking a very big task. We are beginning late, but apparently we are going to send adequate forces for the task.

There is no fear about ultimate victory for us. The supremacy of our Navy makes it certain, I believe, that we will win in the end. But we want to win in the most rapid and least costly way. Every blunder, every lack of preparation, costs us dearly in the lives of the manhood of our nation. The Dardanelles campaign has already meant 100,000 killed, wounded, and missing, and 78,000 sick. Most of this great loss might have been avoided had we been better informed and had we begun right. We can only hope that the responsible men at the head of affairs have learnt the lessons of the past fifteen months in the conduct of war in the winter months ahead.

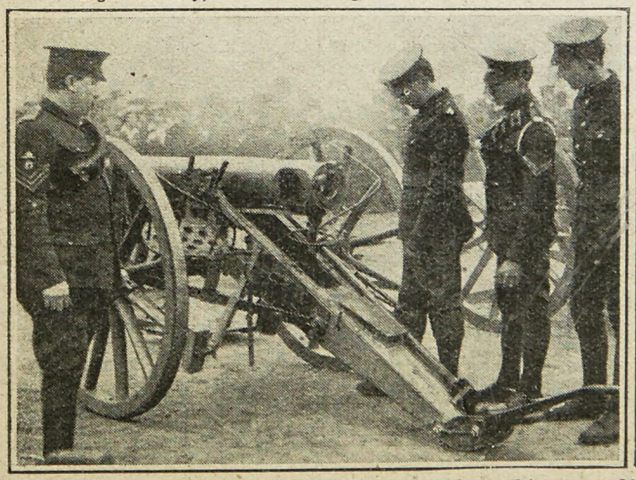
London's Spoils of War from Loos and Le Cateau



The twenty-one German field-guns—three captured at Le Cateau in August, 1914, and the others on September 15th, 1915, at Loos—which have been brought to London and placed on view at the Horse Guards Parade, thereby constituting one of the best incentives to recruiting.



German trench mortar that was captured by men of the Somerset Light Infantry, and is now being exhibited in London.



British gunners examining one of the captured German field-guns. All these Hun trophies have been damaged. Above: Viscount Churchill (left) interested in one of the three trench mortars. Crowds daily inspect these spoils of war, the largest of which is 85 mm. (3·4 in.).

Statesman, Sailor, and Soldier

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE chief causes of the lack of confidence in our two successive Cabinets were that their size has conduced neither to truthfulness nor fearlessness. They are essential qualities of leadership if we are to get the best out of our people to oppose the discipline of Germany. Instead of them we have had compromises without end, such as are inevitable in large Cabinets. Sir Robert Peel, in 1835, expressed the opinion that no Cabinet should exceed nine members; and Disraeli, in 1874, reduced the Cabinet to twelve.

The system came into existence, in 1714, because the Privy Council was too large, and for many years the Cabinet in its turn has become too large to prepare for or to conduct a war. The saying that a Council of War never fights is really based on the number called in, and it is as true as the opposite saying is false that "in the multitude of concillors there is wisdom." In our land war of over a century ago Ministers appealed but to one man and one only, to the Duke of Wellington, of whom it was said that "Ministers at home . . drew courage and constancy from this inflexible servant, who never veiled a truth and never glozed a peril."

Rhetoric and Romance

The Iron Duke would not have fought the enemy with suppressions of the truth, he would not have talked about their ships being dug out like rats, given us a braggadocio speech as to the date the Turks would leave Europe, and that only a few miles in the Dardanelles separated us from a victory such as the world had never seen, nor exclaimed that our "hornets" would overwhelm all the Zeppelins, and that we should have a million men at the front by the spring when we actually had about half that number, insufficiently supplied with ammunition.

Mr. Churchill's distinguished father illustrated another danger of our system beyond that of the hydra-headed control for naval and military policy. Lord Randolph Churchill said in a minute attached to the Report of Lord Hartington's Commission:

"To the ordinary politician under our political system, administrative miscarriage brings little or no evil consequences. His fate, if unfortunate or unskilful, is in the vast majority of cases to be transferred to some other office, to some foreign Embassy, to a Colonial governorship, or, at the most, to the House of Lords. Neither pecuniary nor social loss necessarily or ordinarily follows the unskilful, and possibly the disastrous, administration of our Ministers for the Army and Navy. More than this the professional persons who advise respectively the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty escape all risk of public censure, sheltered as they are by the fictitious responsibility of the civilian Minister. History and theory will be found to coincide in support of the recital set forth above."

One Chief for Three Services

The distinguished statesman then contrasted the position of the soldier and the sailor, to whom "professional reputation is everything next to life itself, and the loss of it means professional ruin." He evidently hankered after Disraeli's suggestion that as in the case of the sailor Byng, a few politicians should be shot to encourage the others. Lord Randolph wanted one Minister in charge of the three Services—the Army, the Navy, and the Ordnance or supplies.

These three would then be under the separate charges of fully qualified officers, and the Minister would co-ordinate their actions. I think the war has justified this advice which, in later years, was endorsed by Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Arnold Forster.

Chatham turned an unsuccessful into a successful war by assuming the complete direction of affairs. With Anson at the Admiralty and Ligonnier for the Army, he had the best men to advise him. It was practically the Cabinet of Three for which Lord Rosebery has pleaded, but not a Triumvirate where all are an equal. The statesman, who had the complete confidence of the country, was supreme. It has been the misfortune of Lord Kitchener in this war that, though of all men the best fitted for that work of years—the building up of a Great General Staff to think out our problems ahead and to fashion the Army for its purpose prior to the war—he arrived at his office after war had broken out, and was burdened with a superhuman task to which he has so magnificently responded. He has been forced to listen in the Cabinet to a number of purely political considerations about the unpopularity of this or that act among Trade Unions or other bodies, so that the vital military considerations have not had the strength of the representations of the Duke of Wellington, who put the soldier's point of view as a soldier and a soldier alone.

The latter would not have been talked over by any Cabinet with all its cross-currents, because he was not in it. Nor should Lord Kitchener be talked over, in any case, for his supreme position is conceded by the circumstances revealed in Mr. Lloyd George's pamphlet, and by such a speech as Mr. Churchill's on September 18th, when he stated that we can win "only if we exert our strength to the very limit of human and national capacity." Such a situation necessarily means that military considerations must rule to the exclusion of all others.

Lawyers versus Militarist

The Government will always be thrown back on these military considerations, turn the tables how they may, as when they say it was not diplomacy but military failures of the Allies that determined the course of Bulgaria. The Russian ammunition collapse and the Dardanelles failure occurred in April. The one stroke which could retrieve them, short of bringing the Japanese Army to Europe, was for us then and there to have adopted measures to raise by national service a new army not later than December.

Aerial Defence and the German Game

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

THERE is one point in connection with all this agitation for the defence of London against Zeppelins by means of aeroplane patrols which most people seem not to have noticed—namely, that the agitators are simply playing the Germans' game for them.

To patrol London reasonably efficiently by aeroplanes, a force of between forty and fifty machines would be needed in the air at once. That would mean forty or fifty pilots, and as many passengers, at least, to work the machine-guns. The patrols, to be even moderately safe while flying and landing in the dark, would have to have the very finest and latest types of aeroplanes and engines. Also, such patrol work could not be entrusted to inexperienced pilots, both for their own sakes and for the sake of the people on whose heads they might land if they were not accustomed to night work. Furthermore, no pilot's nerve would stand flying in the dark night after night and week after week, so probably these pilots would have to do one night on duty and two nights off, and even then the strain would be terrific. Then, each pilot would want to have his own machine, and not one that someone else had been flying and knocking about.

Thus one sees that a proper aeroplane patrol of London would immobilise from active service between 120 and 150 of our very best pilots, not to mention as many passengers. Also, to keep them supplied with aeroplanes would be a pretty arduous task, for machines would be broken up wholesale through making forced landings, owing to engine stoppage.

One might therefore reason on the need to have at least 300 aeroplanes constantly in stock for this one object. So one may put the numbers down as about 300 officers, something over 1,000 men—mechanics to look after the aeroplanes, to push them out and into their sheds, and so forth—and 300 of the best aeroplanes. Or, in other words, about a dozen squadrons of aeroplanes, with mechanics and full equipment, hanging about at home doing nothing when they ought to be otherwise and better employed on active service abroad.

Could one imagine anything more satisfactory to the German nation than the idea that a mild attack on London on two or three nights a month is such a panic-producer as to raise all this outcry, and to force the authorities to keep such a force at home when its absence from the actual fighting-line would mean that so much valuable work would have to be left undone. For so long as the war may drag on it will be impossible to have too many aeroplanes at the front, and therefore any attempt to withdraw aeroplanes for home defence is merely playing into the enemy's hands.

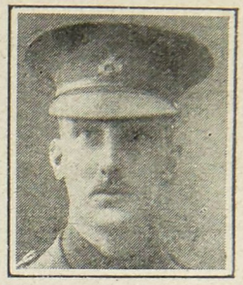
We can do all the defending that is necessary with anti-aircraft guns and searchlights, if they are properly arranged and organised. After that we can indulge in small, fast airships for night patrols.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

Col. F. C. ROMER, C.B., C.M.G., O.C. 8th East Kent R.

Lt.-Col. A. G. E. EGERTON, Coldstream Guards.

Capt. R. M. PIKE, Royal Flying Corps.



Capt. J. A. TENNANT, 10th Bedford Regt.

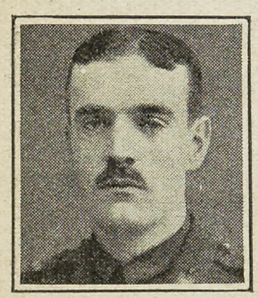
Capt. R. C. ANDERSON, 1st Black Watch.

Capt. I. C. PENNEY, 13th Royal Scots.

Capt. W. R. RICHARDS, 6th Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Capt. the Hon. F. BOWES-LYON, 8th Black Watch.

Capt. H. ANTROBUS, 6th Cameron Highlanders.



Capt. E. E. HANEWINKEL, 19th London Regt.

Col. F. C. Romer, C.B., C.M.G., commanding the 8th Battalion East Kent Regiment (the Buffs), commanded the 6th Lancashire Fusiliers from February, 1900, to October, 1901, in the South African War. Colonel Romer was mentioned in despatches, received the Queen's Medal with four clasps, and was awarded the C.M.G.

Captain R. Cunningham Anderson, 1st Battalion the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), was gazetted to the Black Watch in 1910. Captain Anderson went through the retreat from Mons, Le Cateau, the Battles of the Marne and the Aisne, being mentioned in Sir John French's first despatch. He was severely wounded in the first Battle of Ypres, and was promoted to captain in May, 1915, on rejoining his regiment.

Captain the Hon. Fergus Bowes-Lyon, 8th Battalion the Black Watch, was the third son of the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne. In 1914 Captain Bowes-Lyon married Lady Christian Norah Dawson-Damer, daughter of the sixth Earl of Portarlington.

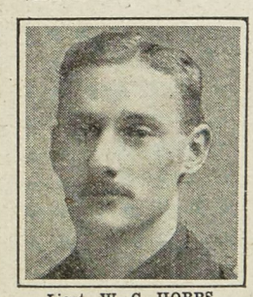
Captain Hugh Antrobus, 6th Battalion Cameron Highlanders, served with that regiment in the South African War, and received the Queen's Medal with five clasps.

Captain the Hon. T. C. R. Agar-Robartes, M.P., Coldstream Guards, was the eldest son and heir of Viscount Clifden. He was formerly in the Devon Yeomanry.

Sec.-Lieut. Leonard Righton Burrows, 9th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, was the second son of the Bishop of Sheffield.

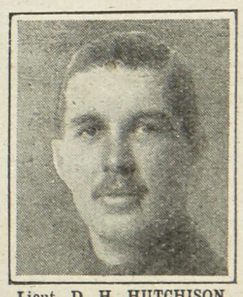
Capt. the Hon. T. C. R. AGAR-ROBARTES, M.P., Coldstream Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. W. H. GOOD, 7th Munster Fusiliers.



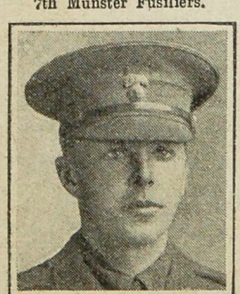
Lieut. W. G. HOBBS, 8th Royal Berks Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. E. STOCKER, 6th K.O. Scottish Borderers.



Lieut. D. H. HUTCHISON, 16th Queen's Westminsters.

Lieut. G. M. HOYLE, 2nd Sherwood Foresters.



Sec.-Lieut. L. R. BURROWS, 9th Northumberland Fus.

Lieut. A. L. GULLICK, 6th East Kent Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. J. S. A. TORRY, 12th Rifle Brigade.

Sec.-Lieut. W. F. C. McGARRY, 6th R. Dublin F.

Sec.-Lieut. L. NEWALL, 1st London Regt.

Portraits by Bassano, Chancellor, Elliott & Fry, Heath, Swaine, Hughes, Barnett, Speaight.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, October 1st to 31st, 1915

OCT. 1.—French progress in Artois on the heights of La Folie, and in Champagne.

OCT. 2.—Sir John French reports that our counter-attack recovered two trenches south-west of Fosse 8, which enemy recaptured in his counter-attack of Sept. 26.

East of Souchez the French advanced on the heights of La Folie.

OCT. 3.—Petrograd reports that enemy "crumpled up" near Vileika. Desperate battle fought near the Farm of Stakovzy, at southern extremity of Lake Narotch; enemy routed.

German counter-attack against British positions succeeds in retaking the greater part of the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

OCT. 4.—**Russian Ultimatum to Bulgaria.**

Turks defeated in the Caucasus near Van.

North of Arras French made progress in the Givenchy Wood, and on Hill 119, where they occupied the cross-roads. Later the enemy gained footing at latter place.

OCT. 5.—**Allied Forces land at Salonika.**

Violent bombardment in Artois and Champagne.

Diplomatic relations between Russia and Bulgaria broken off.

Lord Derby appointed Official Director of Recruiting.

OCT. 6.—**French Advance in Champagne** renewed. The village of Tahure carried by assault, and progress made in vicinity of Navarin Farm. Total number of prisoners exceeds 1,000.

M. Venizelos, the Greek Premier, resigned.

OCT. 7.—**Invasion of Serbia** by German and Austro-Hungarian troops.

Furious German attacks on Tahure Hill repulsed.

In Artois, French progressed south of Thélus, near to Arras-Lille road.

OCT. 8.—Serbian official report states that enemy's advance guard which crossed Danube at Belgrade fortress was partly destroyed and partly captured.

South-east of Tahure, in Champagne, French gained footing in the "Trapeze," and captured several trenches.

Great German attack on Loos completely repulsed.

British submarine sinks German transport in the Baltic.

OCT. 9.—Sir John French reports that we pushed our trenches steadily forward north-east of Loos between Hill 70 and Hulluch, and gained ground varying from 500 to 1,000 yards in depth. Great numbers of the enemy's dead "are lying in front of our lines."

Belgrade occupied by Austro-German troops.

OCT. 10.—In Champagne, French progressed to the north-east of Tahure. A brilliant assault made them master of a new German trench to the south-east of the village.

OCT. 11.—Sir John French's despatch proves that German attack on the allied positions at Loos was executed on a great scale. He reports that a very severe reverse was inflicted on the enemy. A French estimate gives the total German dead as nearly 8,000 before the allied lines.

French made marked progress to the west of the Souchez-Angres road, and to the east of the redoubt in the Bois de Givenchy.

Bulgarians invade Serbia.

OCT. 12.—French make progress towards the ravine of La Goutte, in Champagne.

Miss Edith Cavell, English nurse, shot by Germans in Brussels.

Russian victory in Galicia, near village of Haivarenka, west of Tremoovlia. Austrian line pierced at two points, and River Strypa crossed. Over 2,000 prisoners taken.

OCT. 13.—**Zeppelin raid on London,** fifty-six persons killed, and one hundred and fourteen injured.

British gas attack in the West. After a bombardment we attacked German trenches under cover of a cloud of smoke and gas south-west of Hulluch to the Hohenzollern Redoubt. South-west of St. Elie enemy's trenches behind Vermelles-Hulluch road captured, also the main trench of the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

OCT. 14.—French aerial squadron bombarded railway station of Bazancourt, on the Champagne rear front.

Great Britain declared war on Bulgaria.

OCT. 15.—Germans retake the summit of the Hartmannsweiler in the Vosges.

OCT. 16.—Officially reported that British submarines sank five German transports in the Baltic Sea.

Russians pierce German lines at Ustie, on western shore of Lake Bogumskoe.

War in Balkans.—Bulgarians reported to be striking from Kustendil towards the railway from Salonika to Nish. Heavy fighting between French troops and the Bulgarians at Valandova reported from Athens.

French aeroplanes bombard Treves.

OCT. 17.—French regain summit of the Hartmannsweiler.

Occupation of Pregasina reported from Italy.

OCT. 18.—**New Dardanelles Commander.** General Sir C. C. Monro succeeds Sir Ian Hamilton.

Allies invade Bulgaria and occupy Strumnitza.

OCT. 19.—New German thrust at Riga.

Germans attack in great force on a front of eight miles just west of the point where the French are attacking in Champagne. Some portions of French first line taken, but counter-attack drove enemy back with important losses.

Salonika railway line cut by Bulgarians.

German attack at Hulluch. Enemy after a heavy bombardment attacked our front from the quarries to Hulluch, but was defeated by our artillery and rifle fire. Attacks in the neighbourhood of the Hohenzollern Redoubt and Fosse 8 repulsed. Enemy's losses very severe.

OCT. 20.—French destroy German munition stores in their lines to the north of the Aisne and to the north of the Navarin Farm.

Struggle for Riga. Germans advancing rapidly on Riga reached Olai, twelve miles south-west of the city.

Great Russian victory. General Ivanoff carried by assault town of Chartoryisk, on the Styr; seven hundred and fifty prisoners and nine guns taken.

Serbian Legation announced that the Serbians still holding the enemy on both flanks.

OCT. 21.—German attack in force east of Rheims defeated.

Russians carried German positions east of Baranovitchi, 3,500 prisoners taken. Russian Fleet bombards Varna.

Serbians admit Bulgarians have cut railway in the Vrania region, between Uskub and Nish.

OCT. 22.—**Allied Fleets bombarded Dedeagach.**

Italian offensive along the Tyrol and Trentino frontier progressing. Along the Isonzo front a number of important positions carried.

Bulgarians occupy Uskub.

OCT. 23.—Italians take Mount Nodic, on the west bank of Lake Garda, thus completing their command of the Ledro Valley.

French troops cross Greek frontier and join forces with Serbian troops.

Serbian official report admits capture of Veles, on the Nish-Salonika railway.

OCT. 24.—British submarine near Libau attacked and sunk German cruiser Prince Adalbert.

Black Sea Bombardment. Russian warships shell Bulgarian ports of Varna and Burgas.

Great French success in Champagne. Strong German salient on the northern slopes of Hill 196, one and a quarter miles to north of Mesuil les Hurlus, known as the Courtine, carried.

OCT. 25.—Germans counter-attacked on the whole front of the Courtine work, and succeeded in reoccupying in the centre some portions of trenches.

Battle for Riga and Dvinsk continued with the utmost intensity. North-west of Dvinsk Germans driven back.

Successful French attack on the Bulgarian left flank in the extreme south of Serbia. Franco-Serbians recapture Veles.

OCT. 26.—Announced that the King is in France on visit to his army.

British transport Marquette torpedoed in the Ægean Sea, ninety-nine men missing.

Serbian Campaign. — Austro-German and Bulgarian forces in touch at Liubichevatz.

French troops carried a German trench north-east of Massiges.

OCT. 27.—Austrians across the Drina, east of Vishegrad; Montenegrins fighting in this sector.

Uskub retaken by Serbians.

Varna bombarded by the Russian Fleet.

Total Italian captures for the week along the Isonzo front over 5,000.

German attack to the east of Rheims launched on a great scale, backed with use of poisonous gas. Enemy repulsed at every point.

OCT. 28.—**French Ministry resigns.** New Cabinet formed with M. Briand as Premier.

Bulgarians holding a line from Zaitchar, through Kniashevatz, to a height north of Pirot, and threatening Nish.

H.M. cruiser Argyll grounded off East Coast of Scotland. All her crew saved.

Announced that Lieutenant-General Sir Bryan Mahon is in command of British Forces in the Balkans.

OCT. 29.—H.M.S. Hythe, auxiliary minesweeper, sunk after being in collision with another ship off Gallipoli Peninsula; one hundred and fifty-five men missing.

Bulgarians recapture Veles.

French progress in fighting for the possession of portions of the Courtine work in Champagne. Several trenches captured and prisoners taken.

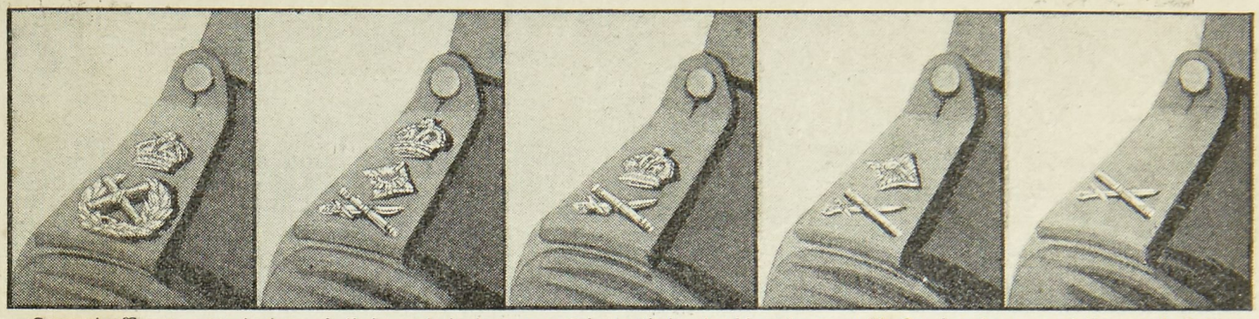
General Joffre arrived in London to take part in important war consultations.

Total British casualties to Oct. 9 published—493,294.

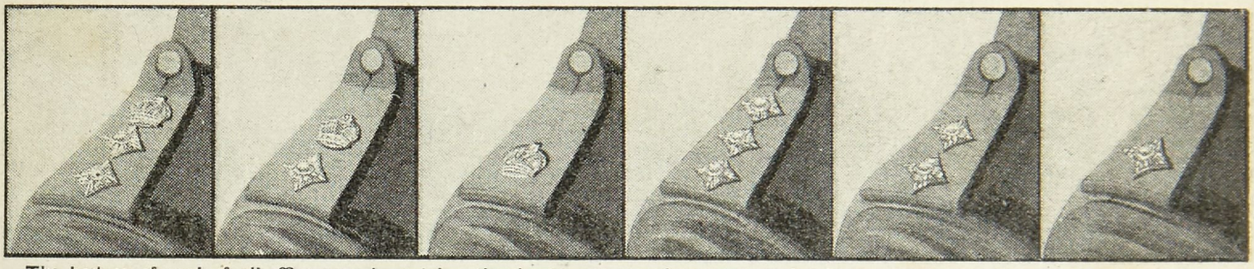
OCT. 30.—Germans retake summit of the Butte de Tahure.

OCT. 31.—Fierce struggle for possession of portions of trenches recaptured by Germans east of Neuville St. Vaast resulted in French regaining possession of some of them.

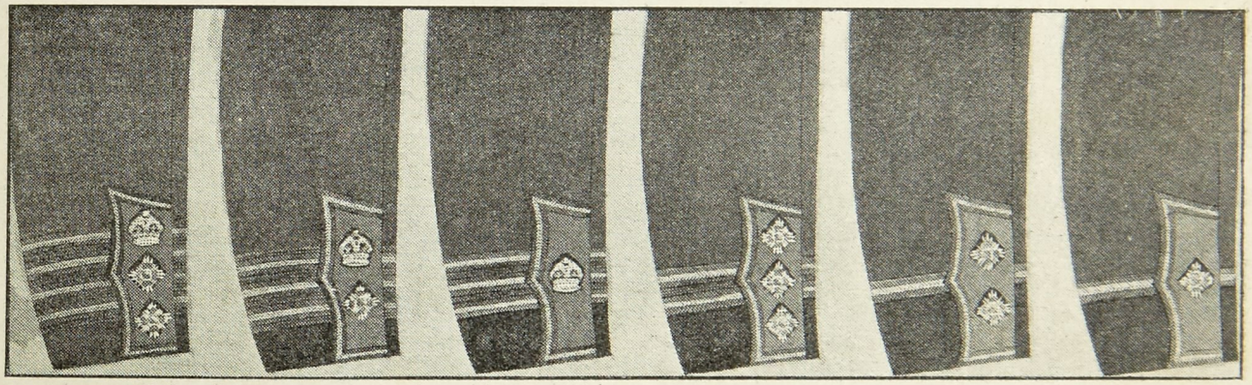
Badges of Rank Worn by British Army Officers



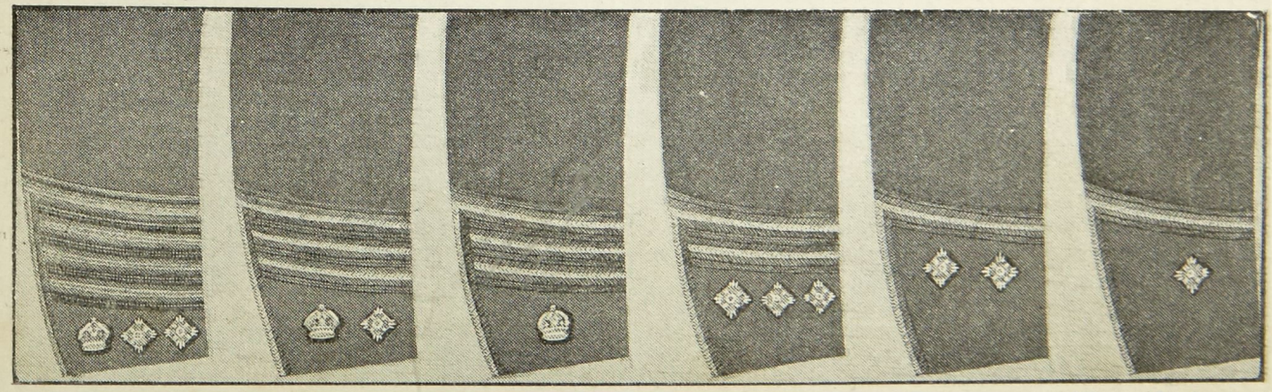
General officers wear badges of their rank in brown metal on their shoulder-straps, with Service dress, as follows: A field-marshal, crossed batons on a wreath of laurel, with a crown above; a general, crossed sword and baton, with a crown and star above; a lieut.-general, crossed sword and baton, with a crown above; a major-general, crossed sword and baton, with a star above; and a brigadier-general, crossed sword and baton alone.



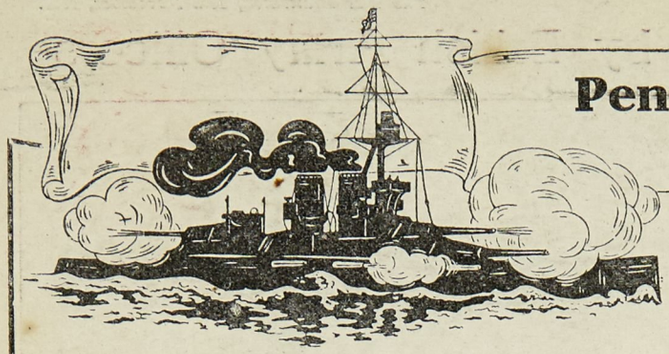
The badges of rank of all officers are in metal on the shoulder-straps of overcoats. A colonel, a crown and two stars; a lieut.-colonel, a crown and star; a major, a crown alone; a captain, three stars; a lieutenant, two stars; and a second-lieutenant, a single star. All officers below general rank wear badges of rank in embroidery on the sleeves of their tunics.



Above are the distinguishing badges worn on the cuffs of officers below general rank. A colonel, a crown and two stars; a lieut.-colonel, a crown and one star; a major, a crown alone; a captain, three stars; a lieutenant, two stars; and a second-lieutenant, one star only. It will also be noticed that a colonel wears four embroidered bands, the number of these bands diminishing with lower ranks.



The rank of officers in Scottish regiments is shown on their sleeves and in embroidery, as above. The badges are as follows: A colonel, crown and two stars arranged across the cuff; a lieut.-colonel, a crown and a star set across the cuff; a major, one crown alone, worn below three lines of braid; a captain, three stars, set across the cuff under two lines of braid; a lieutenant, two stars, below one row of braid; and a second-lieutenant, one star only, set beneath one line of braid.



Pencillings in War-Time

The Bayonet "Blind"

A FRIEND of mine, drafted into a Guards regiment, assures me there is more romance than reality about the usual descriptions of bayonet charges. "New troops may job with the steel," he says, "same as I did, when I was fresh and knew no better. But when you have ten cartridges in the magazine and one in the breech, the bayonet is fool's play. I didn't think it out, but it struck me suddenly when the Germans came tearing down Menin Road—all tall chaps and stabbing like mad. My reach was as long as theirs, but I saw the bayonet wouldn't do. While I was pulling it out of my man, another German would get me. So I fought tricky. I went for the nearest German and pretended I was going to job him, but I shot him instead. I brought four of them down, just by using the bayonet as a blind, and doing the real work with a bullet."

The Engine-Drivers of Victory

FEW persons understand what a railway war this is. In the Battle of Champagne, General Castelnau relied more on railways than he did on guns and men. When he opened the fight, there were hundreds of trains behind his front, and as long as more trains arrived, the battle went on. For the guns needed three to five million shells. There was no room to accumulate the ammunition in the underground caverns near the batteries. These local depots only supplied enough shell to open the bombardment. Then the illimitable line of trains behind the French front came into action. They steamed up, unloaded and shunted on to the southern track to fetch up more truckloads. Success mainly depended on the sustained intensity of the bombardment, and that in turn depended on the speed with which the trucks were discharged and the shell distributed to the guns.

Martial "Smartness" and Military Efficiency

SO far as outward appearance goes, it is generally admitted that the Canadians are the smartest-looking men now with the Colours. The reason, perhaps, is because their uniforms are more tight-fitting. Further, they wear a leather belt, which always makes for additional smartness. The Canadians were inclined to be facetious when they first came over, regarding the baggy and somewhat shapeless uniforms of the men of the old country. One hears now, however, that they do not look with the same disfavour on what they call the "Kitchener uniforms." Those of them who have been to the front find that it is much more practical for hard work than their own. Wherever possible they have discarded their tight-fitting uniforms and are wearing Kitchener tunics and trousers, while the leather belt has been given up for a webbing one, which "gives" more to the movements of the body, and is less tiring.

Pounds, Shillings, Pence, and Panic

THERE is a great deal of cavil about national thrift, which altogether overlooks the human element. Thrift and extravagance are inherent qualities, and all the arguments and threats in the world will not make one man careful or another reckless. After all, money circulated in the country must eventually appear in the bank balance of the thrifty man, who is bound to invest it in his own—i.e., the interest of the State.

Britain's Women Heroes

IN Britain it is impossible to realise fully the dangers and difficulties British nurses of the hospitals in Serbia have had to contend against. Girls, accustomed to a sheltered life at home, have cheerfully dug trenches for refuse, and waded in seas of mud to bring in wounded soldiers. During the bombardment of Belgrade these ministering angels remained at their posts for four days, though most of the city was burning and there was fighting in the streets. When Uskub was occupied by the Bulgarians, too, the British nurses remained at their hospital.

Hunger's Two Voices

THE British prisoners' bread cry has found a sinister echo in Moabit, the poor quarter of Berlin, where food riots have taken place. This and the evidence of letters found on dead Teuton soldiers give some indication of the temper of the German populace. October has passed, and the Kaiser's triumphal peace promise is unfulfilled. Whatever success the enemy achieve in the Balkans, Christmas will find the Allies more resolved than ever to conquer. There have been official shortcomings and even misrepresentation on our side, but one shudders to think what would have happened had democratic England been subjected to such a policy as that adopted by official Germany—a policy of deception, of broken promises, of medals struck prematurely to commemorate the fall of Paris, the cocksureness about Calais, and innumerable other Junker tricks to keep up the myth of victory among the relations of the "cannon fodder."

The Case of the Young Married Man

LORD DERBY'S circular-letter to all men under forty, in which he invites the recipient to ask himself whether the reason he has hitherto held valid for not enlisting, holds good at the present crisis, is giving much heart-searching to the young married man of the middle-classes with two, or three, or four children and no private income. His position is indeed unenviable. If he responds to his country's call, as in nine cases out of ten he would like to do, he leaves his wife and family to exist on the merest fraction of the income to which hitherto they have been accustomed. Moreover, if he should fall in battle, he does so in the knowledge that he is in all probability leaving his family to life-long poverty. Happily, there seems every reason to think that the authorities are dealing with the whole subject in a thoroughly sympathetic manner, and one may hope that this problem of the young married man will be handled with according to the merits of each individual case.

What We Are Fighting For

TRACING the source of Teutonic materialism is a pastime still actively pursued by thoughtful commentators on the war. Thus one writer finds much in Martin Luther's teaching that may be said to have fostered the peculiarly sinister attitude of Germany towards her European neighbours. Behind Treitschke and company, again, another observer sees the teaching of Machiavelli, the deification of the State, and at the same time points to Dante's vision of an International State governing by consent as the dream that may be realised after the awful welter of the war, much as Daniel Webster's ideal came to be the guiding star of the United States when the bitter struggle between North and South ended, and the horrors of reconstruction in the South had passed into history. Meanwhile, as it has been well said, we are fighting for the heart of the world against that type of modern intellectuality which, in its Satanic pride of "facing facts as facts," does not admit the existence of a heart.

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How Germany is Besieged, by Sir Leo Chiozza Money

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3 The Maker of Modern Greece urges King Constantine to honour the Greco-Serbian Treaty **No. 66**

The Cowardice of Tyranny

TYRANNY, like a corporation, can be either aggregate or sole, and it is most formidable and most difficult to overset when it is the former. An individual who rises to the eminence of a tyrant almost invariably does so through the influence of the soldiery of a nation. In the course of international politics the State has been involved in war ; the forum is forsaken for the field ; a born leader of men emerges from the ranks of the comparatively obscure, a Cæsar or a Napoleon ; he leads the army from victory to victory, and returning home to celebrate his triumph, is proclaimed dictator by the grateful populace.

FORTIFIED by the devotion of the army, he assumes the Imperial purple, and so long as he retains the unwavering loyalty of the army, he can make good the arrogant assertion that he is the State. Even then, however, he is but an individual, difficult of access, perhaps, enclosed within a wall of steel, and protected from the most insidious danger by every device that human ingenuity can contrive. And still the man is not immune against poison, the dagger, or the bomb. Cæsar in the Forum ; Alexander of Russia, surrounded by his bodyguard, and watched over by the myriad eyes of his secret police ; Elisabeth of Austria, in quiet seclusion by the Lake of Geneva, are only three of many cases to prove that no individual is safe from the hand of one fanatic who may view a person as the incarnation of a hated tyranny.

WHEN the tyranny is vested in a corporation aggregate, its continued existence might be deemed to be more secure simply because it is hydra-headed, and the removal of a single life will not avail to destroy the evil whole. Generally speaking, too, its evolution has proceeded along other lines than those followed by an individual who has grasped sole dominion. Assent of a large body of the governed class has contributed to its establishment, and it can rely to a certain extent upon the voices as well as upon the arms of the citizens. It is possible to conceive a tyranny of a democracy which might be beneficient, although the thing, so stated, sounds like a contradiction in terms ; and within its own jurisdiction such a form of Government would probably be as secure as the Republican or the constitutional monarchical form, to one or other of which the bulk of the civilised world now gives its adhesion.

IT is when we contemplate the corporate tyranny of a military caste that we most clearly perceive the essential evil of tyranny, and are confronted by the enormous difficulty of overturning it. For in this case the interest in maintaining it is vested in every individual in every grade of the Army. Even though conditions of service may be arduous they are generally compensated in part by social privileges to which men attach great value, and in attacking the system its opponents are assailing the personal interests of the men who alone can maintain it ; and thereby intensifying the loyalty of the army, on which, in the first and the last resort, tyranny is based.

FORTUNATELY for the progress of the race, tyranny never has been content with its own. Knowing where its strength lies, it invariably has organised its army until, to all appearance, and so far as human calculation can provide, that has become an indestructible machine. The very perfection of the organisation suggests the defect in the system that has created it. Cowardice is an essential note of tyranny. The mere profession of belief in the right of might is implicit acknowledgment of fear of a mightier. There is no room in the world for tyranny and anything else. And so it fixes " the day " when it shall go forth from its own borders to obliterate from the map the names of all other principalities and Powers. And the clock that strikes the first hour of that day ushers in the first hour of tyranny's own last day. Especially is this true of such a tyranny as we are waging war with now. Civilisation, which is progress, is fighting militarism, which is retrogression to militarism. The tyranny is vested in a military caste which has grown into a vast and highly organised army. But the essential note of tyranny is there. Can we convict the German army of cowardice ? Before God and man, we can.

IN his passion for organisation the Prussian has sought to standardise everything, including the people. So far as material and mechanical organisation is concerned, the method may be a sound one, but human beings cannot be dealt with successfully on identical lines, and in perfecting his " fighting machine," the Prussian has overlooked collective psychology. That is the rather grand name for a subject about which most of us know enough to enable us to agree, at any rate, that a crowd is an entity with a mind and character of its own, and that it differs from the individuals who compose it just as our bodies are different from the cells of which they are made up. In a crowd individual qualities, which are the result of heredity and education and intelligence, are mutually cancelled and disappear, whereas common qualities, the primary instincts and passions of the race, are intensified by contact.

INDIVIDUALLY, the German soldiers may be highly intelligent and educated men, but those qualities are deliberately sacrificed by the mechanical system and individuality is drilled out of them. Collectively, the German Army is a credulous, brute mass of cannon food, with all the uncontrolled violence of feeling of a child. Scores of letters from British soldiers testify to the amazing way in which thousands of Germans have been driven up in massed formation to the very mouth of our guns, only to be decimated and even wiped out.

ONLY again by the theory of the essential cowardice of tyranny is it possible to explain the policy of " frightfulness " which dictates the perpetration of crimes against humanity like the sinking of the Lusitania, the authorised slaughter and violation of non-combatants, and the murder of Miss Cavell. The tyrannical mind estimates the effect upon its victims by the effect the like treatment would have upon itself in the event—which it has previously decided to be impossible—of its being so applied by some mightier force. But for the sense of security given by being an undistinguishable unit in a crowd, no man, even a Prussian, would dare to obey such orders.

ALREADY, we believe, the German Headquarter Staff know we have got them set, and that their final overwhelming defeat is only a question of time. Their fear is shown once more by their anxious carefulness to play upon the credulity of the crowd, and keep it quiet by assurances that all is going very well. The moment those assurances begin to fail to convince, and the knowledge that we have got them set permeates the crowd, panic will set in, rot will set in, the machine will fall to pieces, the elaborate organisation will tumble in ruins, and the evil tyranny of Prussian militarism will be irreparably destroyed.

C. M.

THE WAR Illustrated

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20th November, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

THE SPIRIT OF WOMANHOOD, on which the heaviest burden of the war is falling, is one of the most wonderful and inspiring feature of the great struggle. This picturesque homestead in the battle-zone has been broken by the inevitable shell, and yet the old women insist on remaining in the environment they have known all their lives. These aged heroines of France have the courage of the most enthusiastic trooper, and will not "retreat" on Paris while their confidence in Joffre and his armies is unshaken.

HOW GERMANY IS BESIEGED

The Blockade that will not be Raised until Justice is Done

By SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.

When we realise that German exports and imports—which, prior to August, 1914, totalled only some millions short of Great Britain's overseas trade—are now reduced to about three per cent., the meaning of sea power begins to be understood. As each day passes Father Neptune's strangulation grip grows tighter, and the German civilian, so long bewitched by the tale of military triumphs, is apt to grow incredulous. Already the still small voice of hunger has been heard in the desert of official discipline, and it is proven that the German public, though by no means starving, is undergoing considerable privations through the collapse of international trade. In the following article Sir Leo Chiozza Money, whose work is well known to readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *shows that Germany, in seeking world power, has found commercial doom.*

IN the last year of peace Germany had attained to a great oversea commerce, the dimensions of which were approaching those of our own magnificent trade. In pounds sterling German imports for home consumption were 525 millions against our 659 millions, while German exports of her own productions were worth 496 millions against our 525 millions. And the German rate of advance was so rapid that it bid fair in the course of not many years to raise the German figures far above our own. Even in such great and characteristically British industries as iron and steel and machinery, Germany had taken the lead not only in production but in exports. Britain herself was a market for no less than £80,000,000 worth of German stuff in 1913.

World-Power and National Poverty

After fifteen months of war Germany has lost nearly the whole of the splendid foreign trade which made to her the difference between being a poor country and a rich country. Of course, these are relative terms. It was true of all modern nations before the war that most of their people were poor, and that the really well-to-do formed but a small proportion of their number. Nevertheless, there are degrees of poverty, and the German people as a whole had by vigorous prosecution of production and commerce raised themselves during the last fifty years far above the dire poverty which was the common lot of mankind in the eighteenth century.

To understand what has taken place, let us remind ourselves of what modern German wealth was based upon. It was the result of working one of the few great coal areas of the world, and of applying coal-power, not only to German materials, but to the productions of the entire world. That is merely to say that German economy closely resembled our own. British wealth is not native, but the result of working upon foreign materials. In this war, although nearly all Europe is in arms, the United Kingdom, by virtue of her command of the seas, still draws from countries outside Europe the great stores of material necessary to maintain her wealth. The war does not deprive Germany of her coal, but it deprives her of those foreign materials without which she cannot produce more than a fraction of her normal output. She has plenty of some kinds of iron ore, of zinc, and of timber, but she necessarily lacks altogether or has poor native supplies of cotton, silk, wool, hair, copper, nickel, aluminium, lead, antimony, chrome, ferro-manganese, tungsten, skins, hides, asbestos, oils, fats, and many other indispensable materials.

Long preparation for war, and the skill and adaptability of German science, have mitigated these German native deficiencies, but while it has been possible in some respects for Germany to supply her military requirements, the ordinary peace supplies have become more and more restricted as the months have passed. Germany is becoming very poor, and each day that passes adds to the privations of her people.

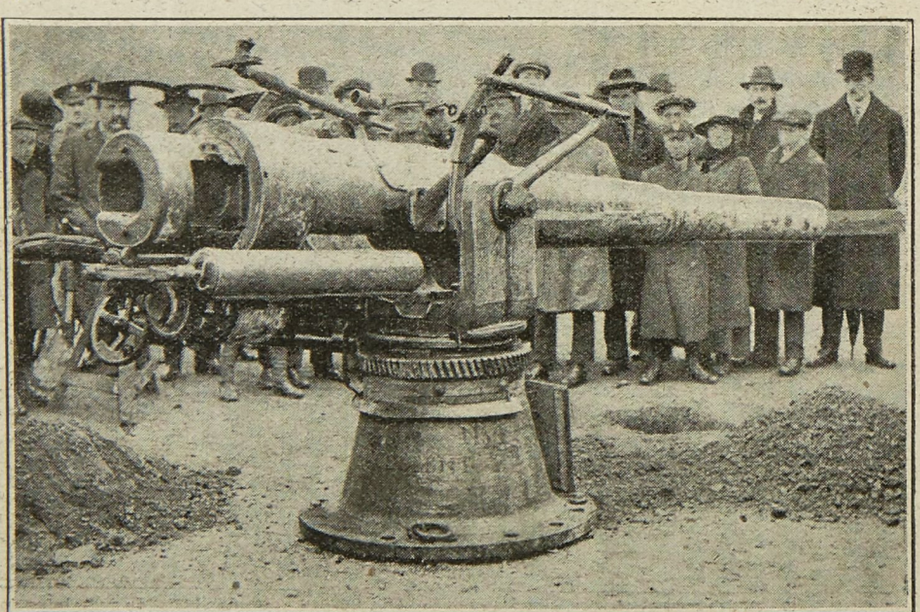
The Trade that has Vanished

Let us see what has happened to German commerce. We cannot, of course, get German trade figures, but the statistics of the greatest neutral, the United States, are open to us, and this is what they show for American imports from and exports to Germany since July, 1914:

	Imports into U.S.A. from Germany.	Exports from U.S.A. to Germany.
	£	£
July, 1914	3,412,000	2,997,000
March, 1915	1,597,000	57,000
July, 1915	136,000	19,000

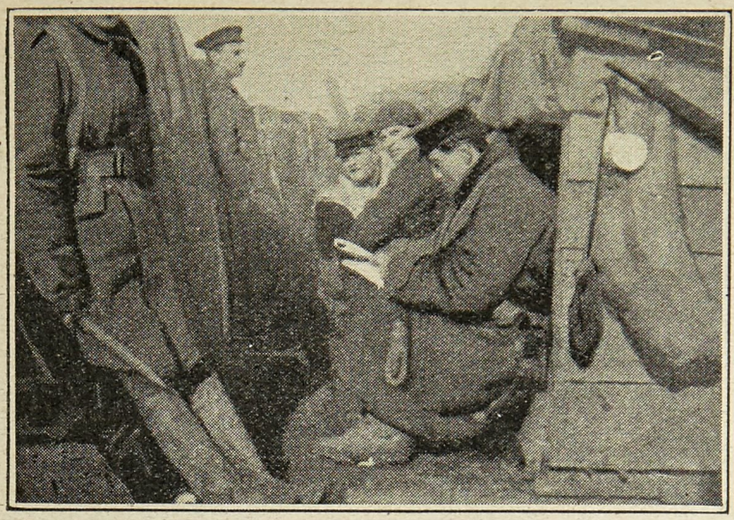
The fine figures of July, 1914, were reduced almost to vanishing point a year later. Up to last March, it will be seen, a great part of German trade with America

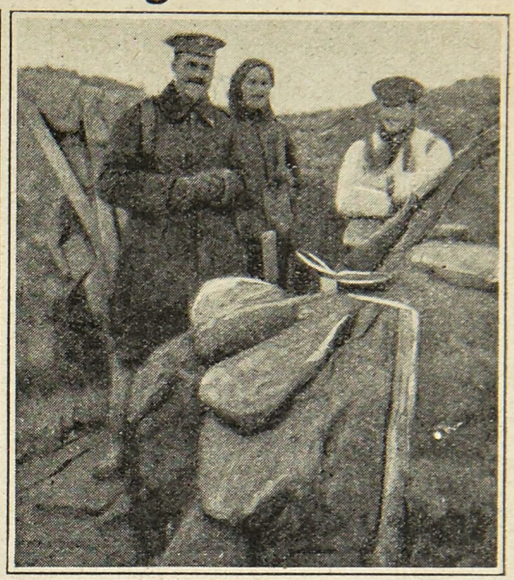
(*Continued on page* 316.)



One of the big guns from the Emden, the German cruiser that H.M.S. Sydney, of the Australian Navy, shattered, off Keeling (Cocos) Island, in the great fight of November 9th, 1914. This gun is the latest addition to the captured trophies on view at the Horse Guards Parade, London.

The Advent of Winter in Dug-out Town





The latest news of the war arrives in the trenches. Tommy reads of Kitchener's journey east. Right: Corner of a British first-line trench.

The Boches not having put in an appearance, a British trooper has found another way of keeping warm in the cold trenches. On the right: Group of Highlanders wearing their respirators with fantastic effect.

Consolidating their position. British soldiers pause for their photograph in the course of strengthening their trench.

All smiles in the dug-out. Not even German shells ruffle the good-humour of the trench wits.

HOW GERMANY IS BESIEGED

(Continued from page 314.)

remained, but in that month she brought on her head, through her own cowardly and murderous submarine policy, the British Order-in-Council of March 11th, under which we have so effectively tightened the blockade of Germany as to produce the results shown in the last line of the above statement. Thus, what between the vigorous measures taken against the German submarines themselves by the Admiralty, and the trade policy forced upon us by Germany herself, the German submarine outrages have brought a terrible punishment upon their authors.

German Commerce down to 3 per cent.

It is perfectly true that the above statement does not cover a certain amount of German trade which is still transacted with America through Holland and Scandinavia. As, however, in July, 1915, the total imports into America from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland were worth no more than £771,000, it will be seen that even if as much as twenty-five per cent. of this consisted of German goods, which is doubtful, the German trade with America has become a negligible quantity.

The following is a fair statement of what the British Navy has already done for German commerce :

German trade with American Continent	..	Reduced to 4 per cent. of normal.
,, ,, ,, Asia	..	Almost nil.
,, ,, ,, Africa	..	Nil.
,, ,, ,, Australasia	..	Nil.
,, ,, ,, Scandinavia and Holland	..	Still of considerable proportions.
,, ,, ,, Switzerland	..	Fairly large.

Taking all German markets together as they existed before the war, it is doubtful whether Germany is now transacting as much as three per cent. of the trade she did in 1913.

Do not let us exaggerate. Not long ago in the world's history nations contrived to exist with little or no foreign trade, and without the scientific resources now possessed by mankind. *Therefore Germany can hold out, although besieged, as a poor country, if her people have spirit enough to endure considerable privations.* As long as German soil is uninvaded Germany can feed her people with poor fare by a system of rationing under State control. As to military supplies, difficulties are enormous, but probably not insurmountable.

Therefore, we must not expect an early termination of the war because of the facts that I have stated in their true perspective. But it remains true that Germany is reduced to poverty.

If the enemy succeeded in her designs in the Near East she would gain a new and most valuable door for trade. I believe it is in our power to take measures to make the Balkans the grave of German hopes, serious as the present position may appear from the point of view of the Allies.

Possessing the command of the seas, we can continue to bridle Germany for an unlimited period of time. I sometimes wonder if there are any illusions on this point in the mind of intelligent Germans. The enemy no doubt counts upon protracting the war for a sufficiently long period to make it impossible for the Allies to hold together. It may be pointed out, however, that even if it were as likely as it is unlikely that German hopes on this head would ever be gratified, Britain would still be in a position to maintain the war single-handed, and to deprive Germany of her mercantile marine and of the greater part of her commerce.

We Need not Raise the Siege

It is not merely that Britain could continue to deny German commerce access to the valuable markets of the Empire. Our ships could, at comparatively small cost, continue to ride the seas year after year, forbidding the German flag to appear upon the oceans, and compelling Germany to trade through neutrals. In these circumstances, whatever trade Germany could do would go to enrich the neutral countries through which it would have to be transacted, while those neutrals, in common with Britain, would enjoy such tremendous advantages in competition with her as to keep Germany very poor.

All this makes for optimism, but it does not make for the relaxing of any present effort. The departure of Lord Kitchener for the eastern theatre of war, in which his prestige is justly so high, opens a new chapter in the history of our great ordeal. The powers of the nation and of the Empire are growing, and will grow. They will presently be employed more fully than has hitherto been possible, and with a determination that has grown with our losses. That we have the time and the power thus to exert increased strength we owe to the Navy.

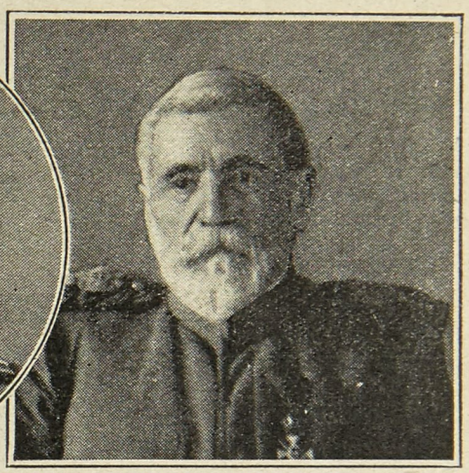
The "Prisoners of War Orchestra." British, French, Belgian, and Russian soldier-musicians, prisoners interned at Quidlenburg, Germany, who have formed themselves into an orchestra. The British 'cellist, Private F. V. Neal, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, writes all the music for this unique and cosmopolitan orchestra.

Men who are Shaping the Destiny of the Balkans

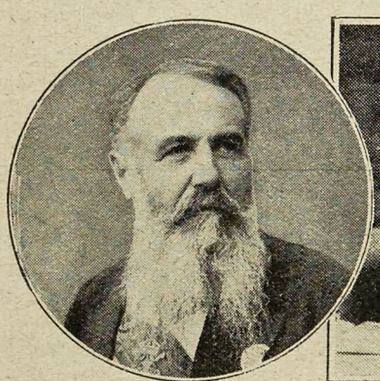
THE attitude of Greece towards the European War, although professedly friendly to the Allies, has all along been enigmatical. The Greek Court is strongly under Hohenzollern influence, and certainly has failed to stand by its treaty obligations with Serbia. In allowing the allied troops to land at Salonika, doubtless the Hellenic Power was influenced by consideration of the allied fleets. A glance at the Greek coast will show exactly how vulnerable to naval bombardment is the birthplace of civilisation in Europe. The Greek Army is a well-organised fighting machine of between 300,000 and 400,000 effectives, remodelled, within recent years, under the impetus of the German Military League. The opening message of the new Greek Premier, M. Skouloudis to M. Cambon, the French Foreign Secretary, in which the former expressed belief in the continuance of Greece's friendly relations with the Entente Powers, seemed a hopeful augury that if Helles moved it would be on the side of the Allies.

King Peter of Serbia the soldier monarch of a Spartan race.

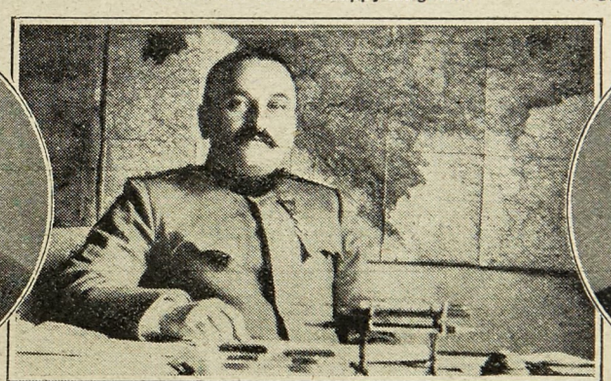
Crown Prince Paul of Serbia, the valiant heir to an unhappy kingdom.



General Putnik, the indefatigable Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army.



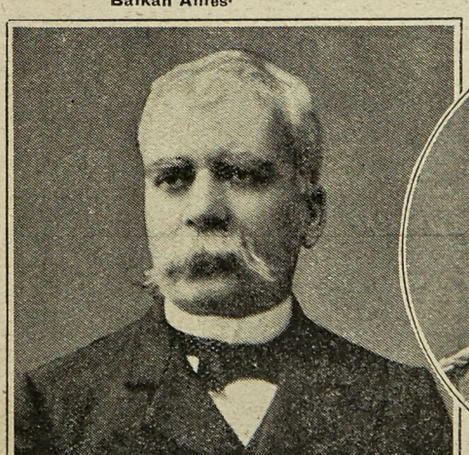
M. Pasitch, the Serbian Premier, one of the great men of our heroic Balkan Allies.



Col. Tivko Pavlovitch, the new Serbian Military Chief, in charge during the illness of General Putnik.

[Barnett

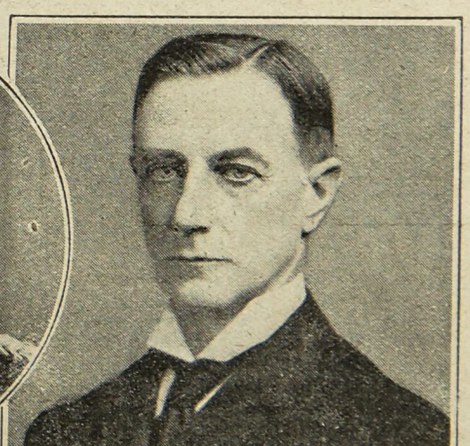
His Excellency C. L. des Graz, British Minister in Serbia.



M. Zaimis, ex-Greek Premier in succession to M. Venizelos. M. Zaimis was succeeded in turn by M. Skouloudis.

[Russell

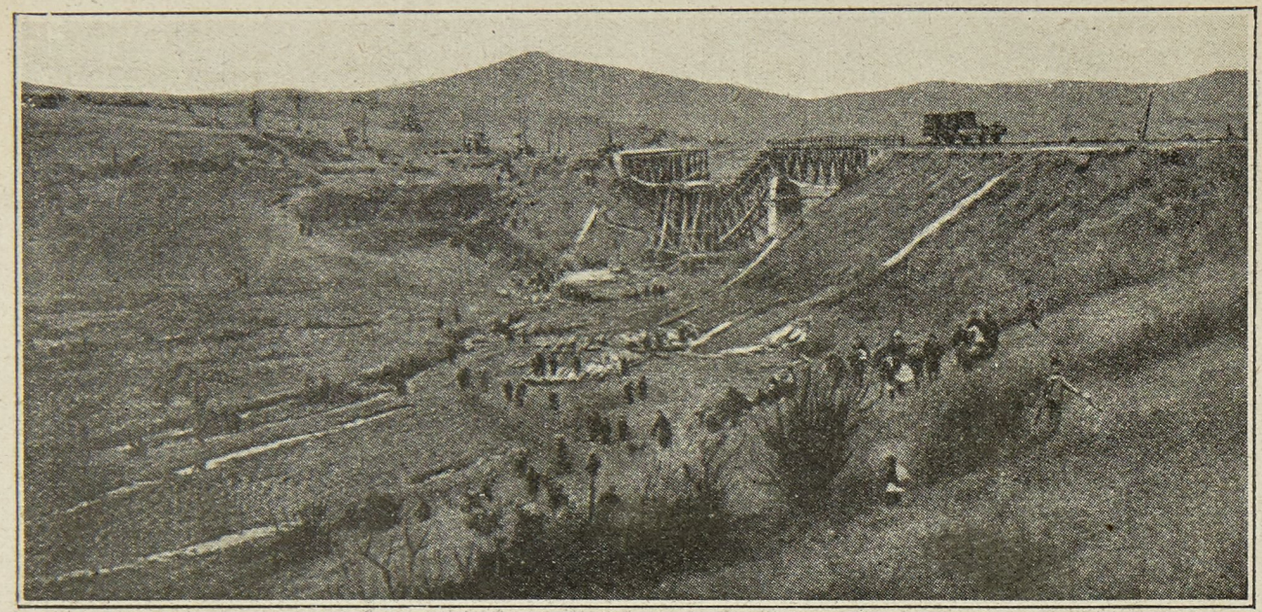
King Constantine of Greece, otherwise known as "Tino," the Kaiser's brother-in-law.



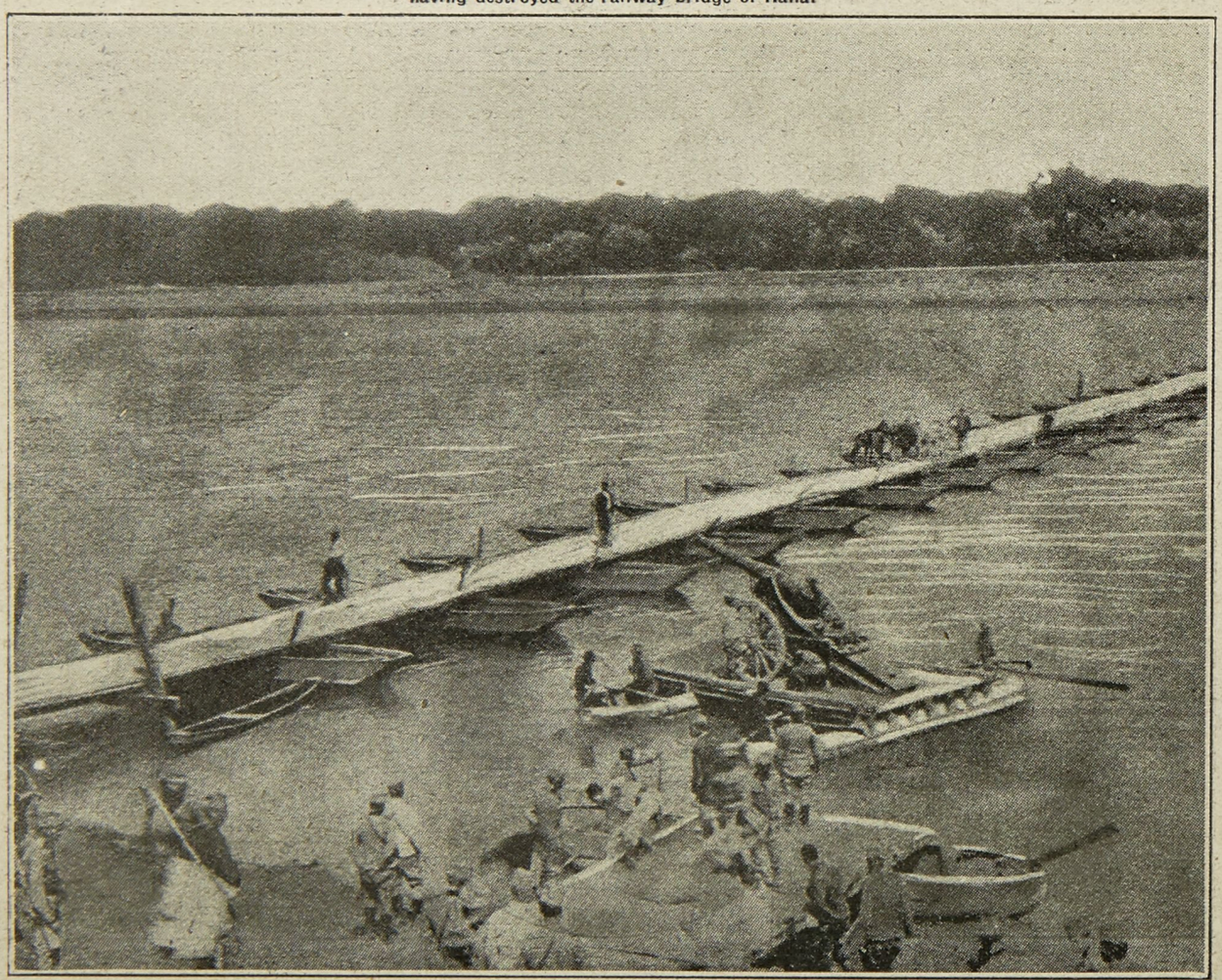
[Elliott & Fry

Sir Francis Elliot, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., British Minister at Athens, where he has been in office since 1903.

Serbia's Retreat before the Teutonic Onslaught



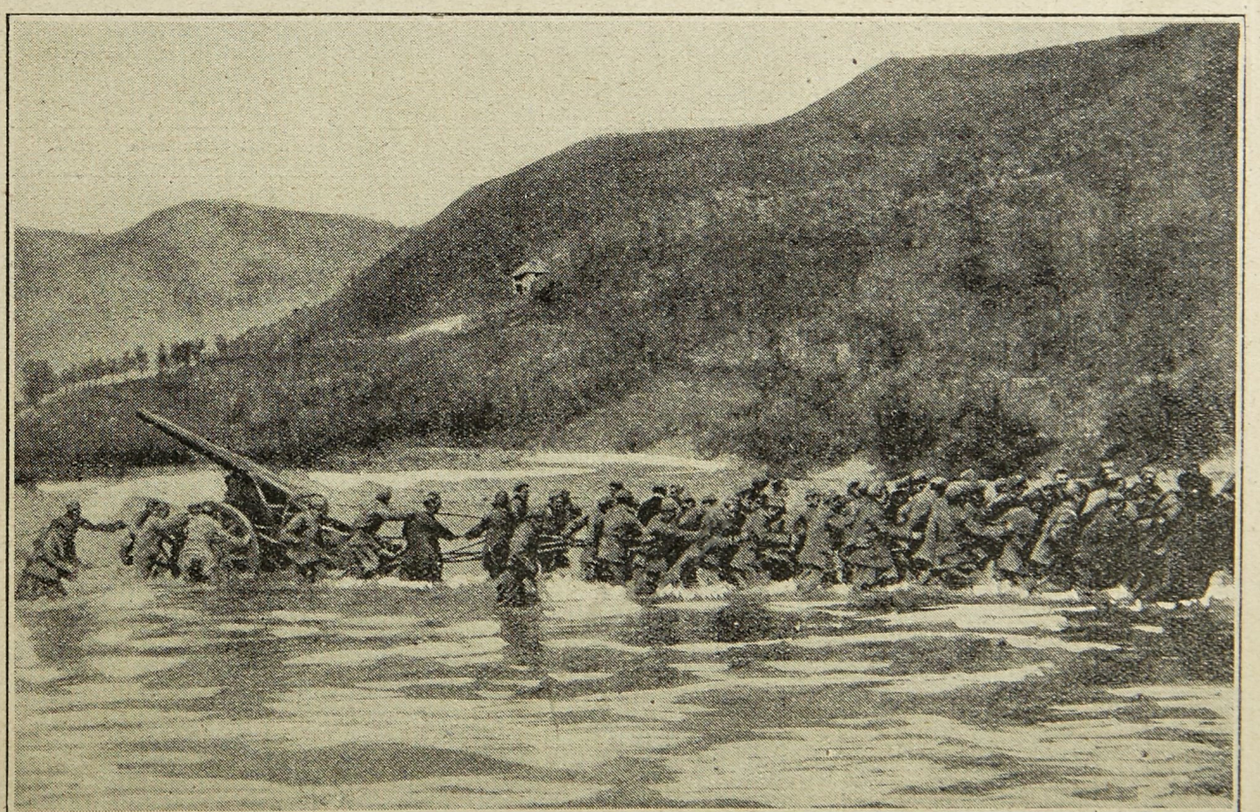
Surrounded by two great enemy Empires and a fratricidal kingdom, the Homeric stand of Serbia, fighting with the courage of despair, is the grandest episode in the story of Armageddon. This photograph shows Serbians retreating to the south of Semendria, after having destroyed the railway bridge of Ralia.



Serbian 120 mm. gun being rowed across the Lechnitza at Dobriz, on the eastern front, by means of a pontoon raft. A light pontoon bridge for the passage of retreating troops has also been constructed. Although Serbia's position as a nation is now critical, the Austro-Germans, with all their weight of numbers and artillery, might easily have failed without the aid of Bulgarian treachery.

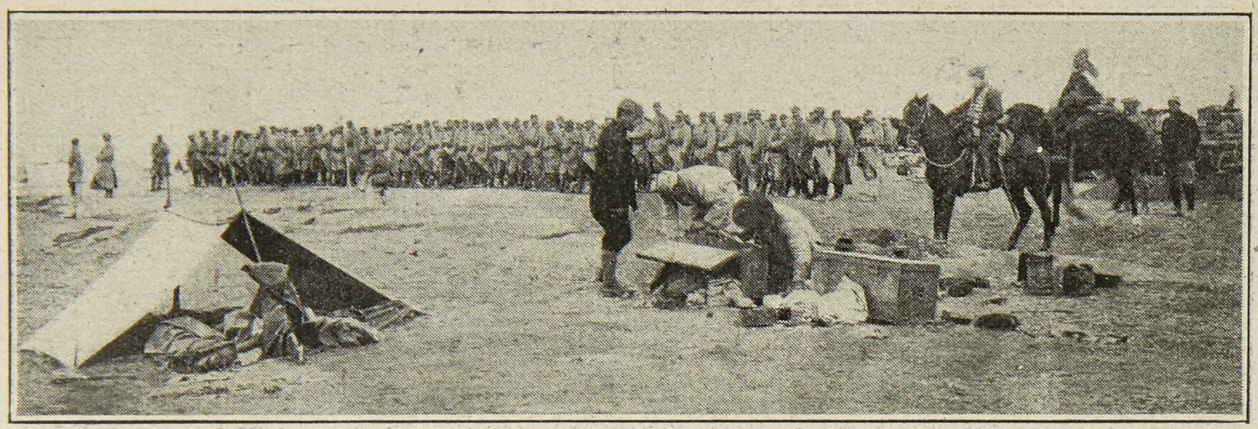
Valiant Montenegro Stands or Falls with Serbia

Little is heard of Montenegro's part in the war, but since the beginning this little race of born warriors has ranged itself by Serbia's side, and played a considerable and glorious part. The Montenegrin Army under King Nicholas numbers 30,000 men, well trained and equipped. This photograph shows a troop of Montenegrins going into action.

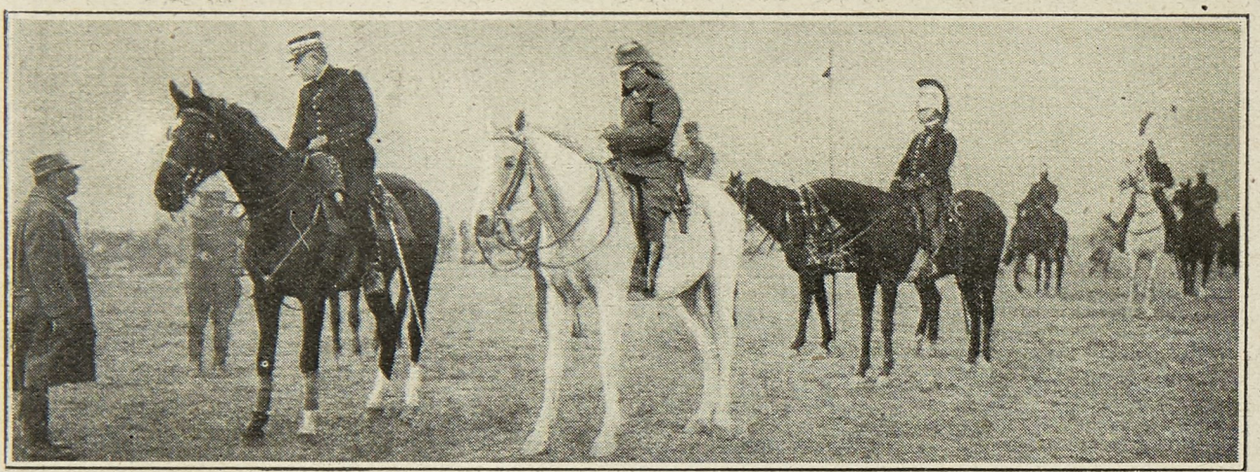


King Nicholas has decided to combat the Austrians until the end, as he is well aware that the existence of Montenegro has ever been threatened by the Dual Monarchy. His Army is mainly officered by Serbians. An idea of the operations in this remote corner of Europe may be gathered from this striking photograph.

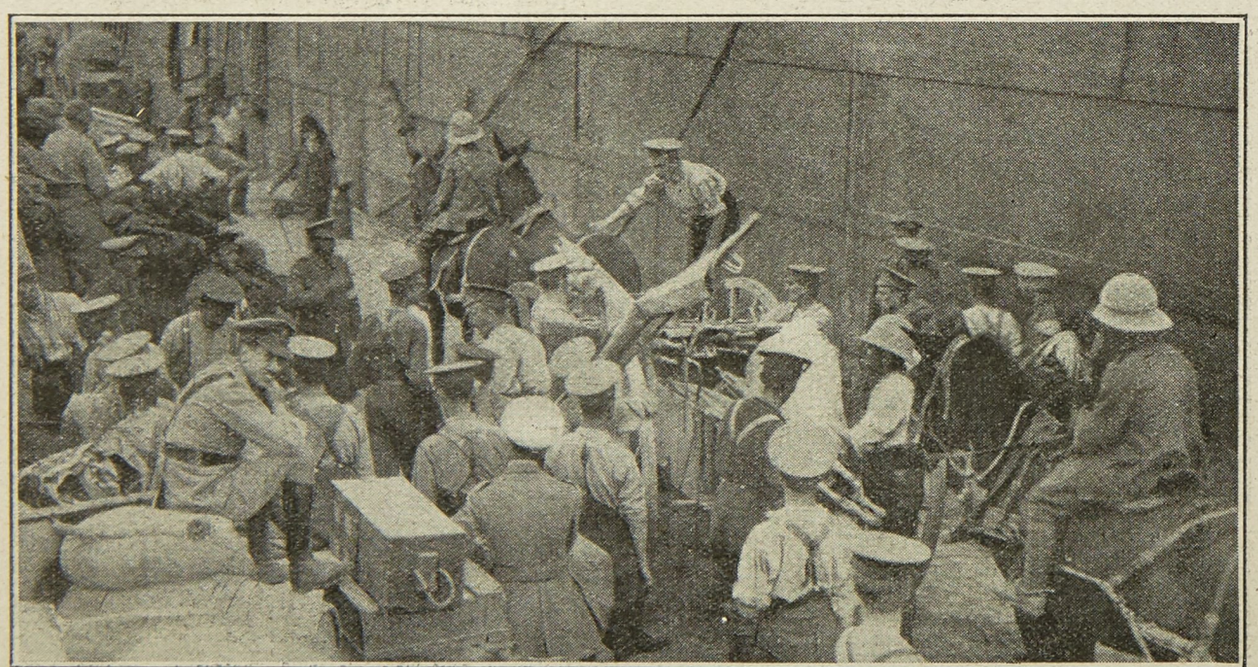
The Allies Move on the Balkan Chess-board



French troops breaking camp at Salonika before leaving for the Serbian frontier to stem the Bulgarian invasion. A junction between the French and British forces was effected at Phares; and the allied line extended through Prilep to Strumnitza.

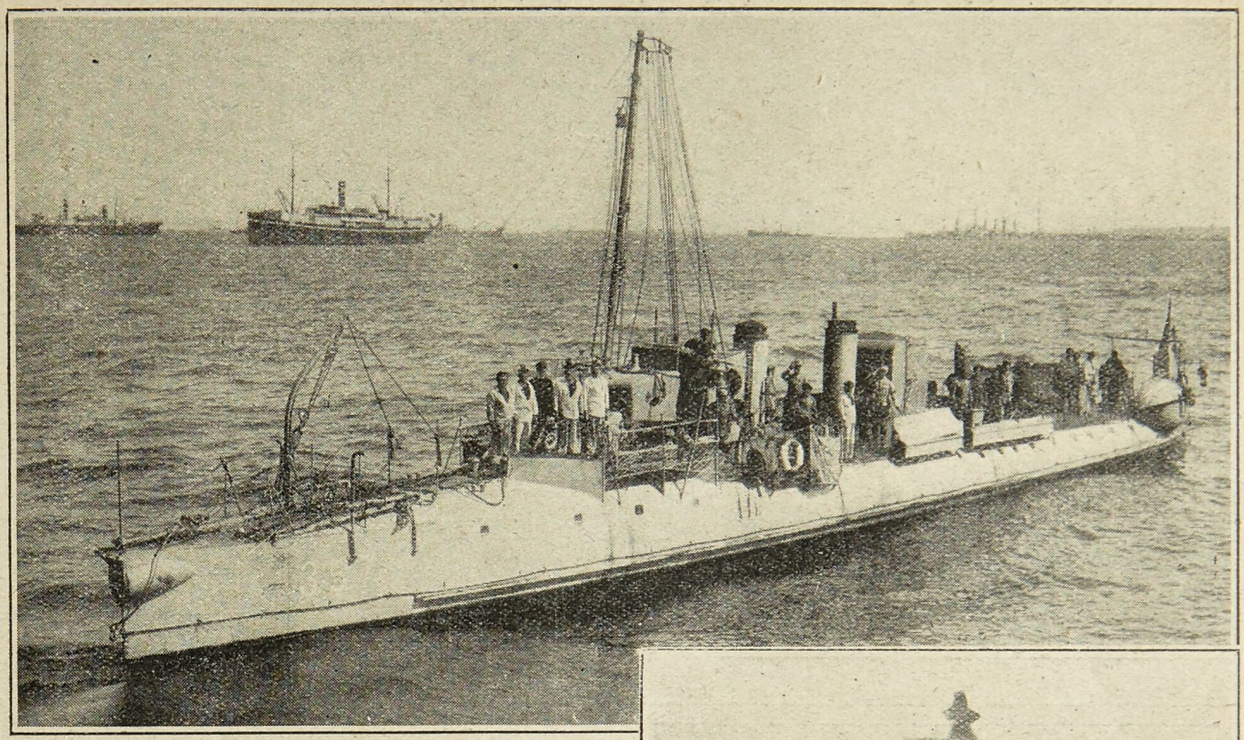


General Sarrail, in command of the French Expeditionary Force, with General Bailloud, leaving the camp at Salonika for Serbia.



Busy scene at the quayside at Salonika, showing British troops and horses immediately after disembarking from a troopship. Salonika, these days, is like a military camp, for, in addition to the allied troops, most of the male population are under arms. The British camps are on the hill-sides outside the town.

Diverse Glimpses of the War in the Levant

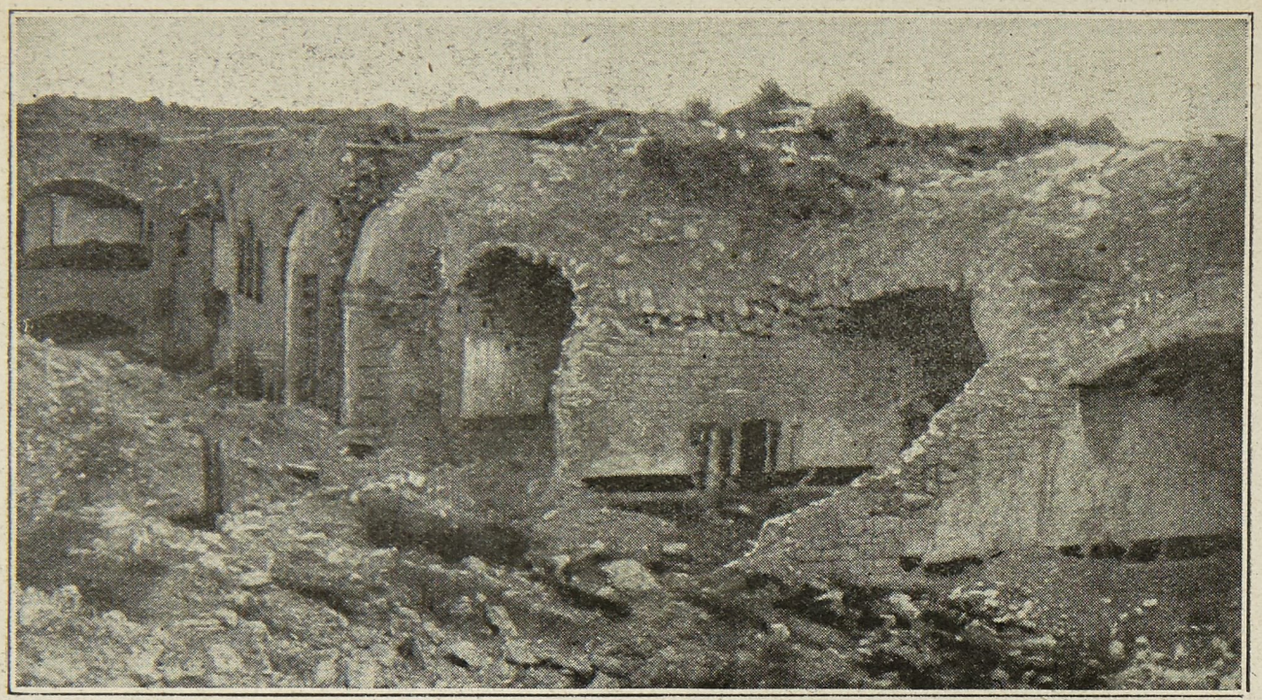


French torpedo-boat which has assisted in the landing of the allied forces at Salonika. At the moment this photograph was taken she was saluting a British warship.

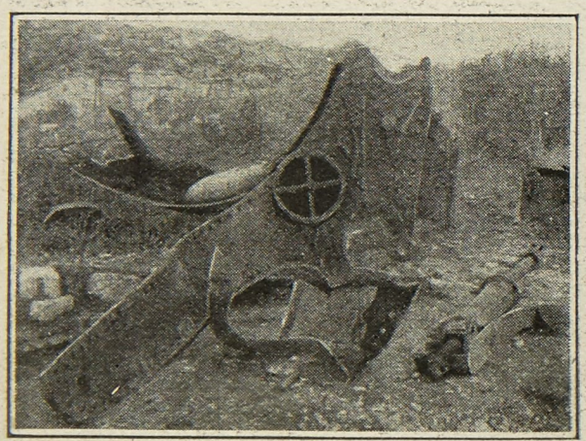
Serbian soldiers bathing their tired feet. In order to counter the Bulgarian move, infantrymen were compelled to make long forced marches over difficult territory.

In memory of Bulgaria's first act of aggression. Monument to Serbian outpost at Strumenitza who were massacred by Bulgarian brigands on Good Friday last.

Chaos of a German Position in Eastern France:



Impression of the interior of a fort in Eastern France which has been retaken from the Germans by our ally. The casemates have been torn out and all the subterranean shelters have been disclosed to view by mine explosives.



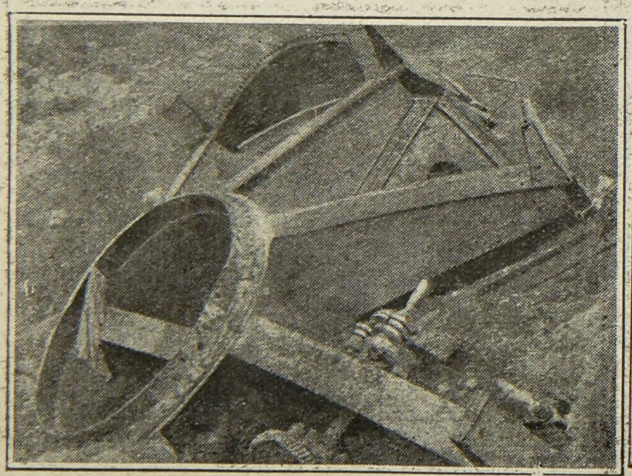
The amazing destruction wrought on the emplacement of a huge German gun. The solitary shell indicates the size of the cannon.

SAVE in the case of Verdun, Toul, and one or two such instances, the siege-gun shell and other devilish inventions of the chemist have levelled fortifications before them as hailstones level a field of corn. Few forts, unless uniquely placed and protected by a large army miles in advance, are able to withstand modern machinery.

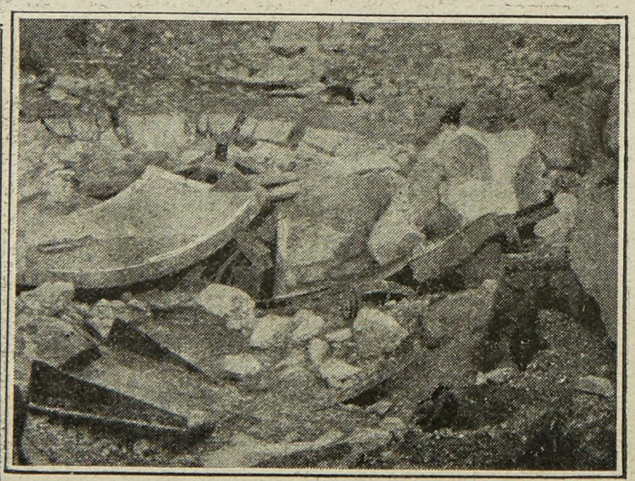
The noteworthy photographs on this page show exactly what destruction can be wrought on the most elaborately constructed defence work by mine and shell explosion.

The scene of this chaos is a fort on the eastern frontier of France, which has changed hands more than once to the accompaniment of sanguinary strife beyond description.

Huge concrete blocks have been displaced and thrown many yards from their original position by the force of several explosions. Part of the havoc was, however, wrought by the Germans before they were compelled to retreat, but in the main the damage was done by French shells and mines.

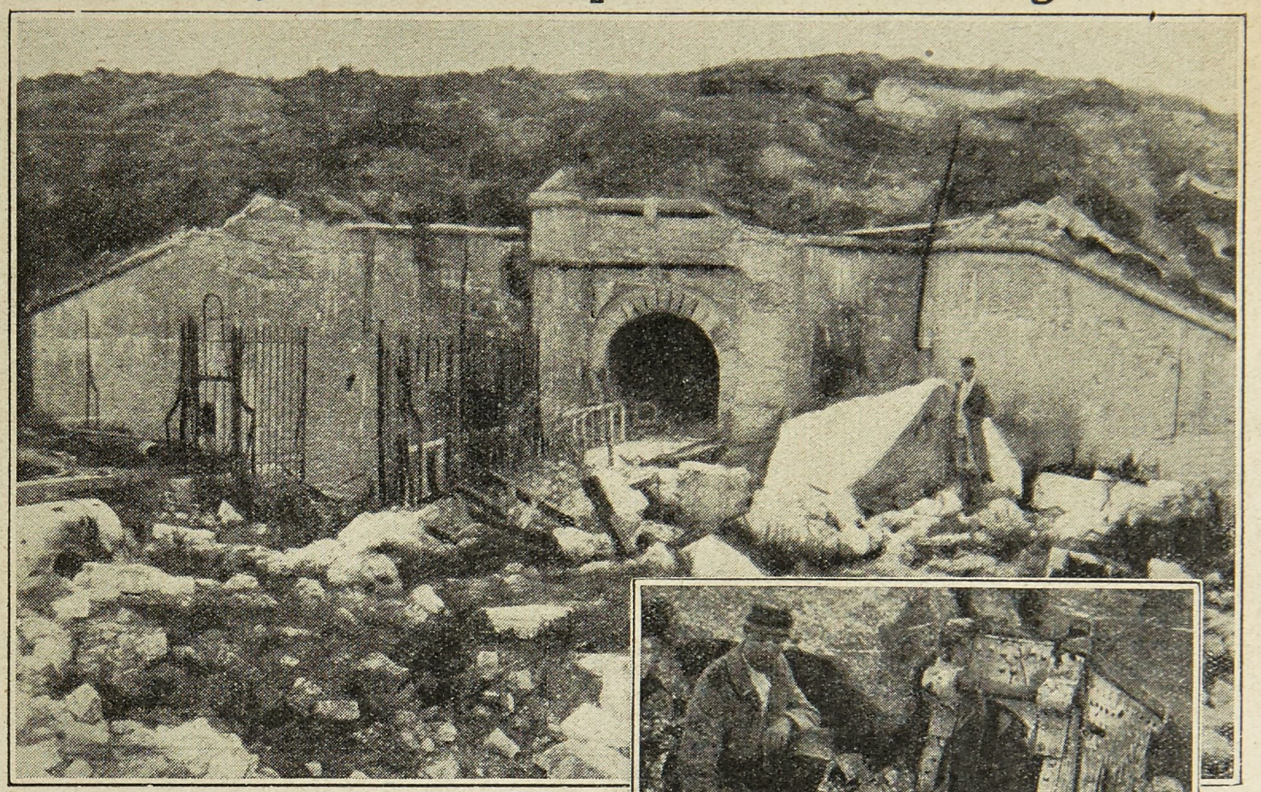


The remains of a cupola axle. The entire pivot has been turned upside down like so much matchboarding.

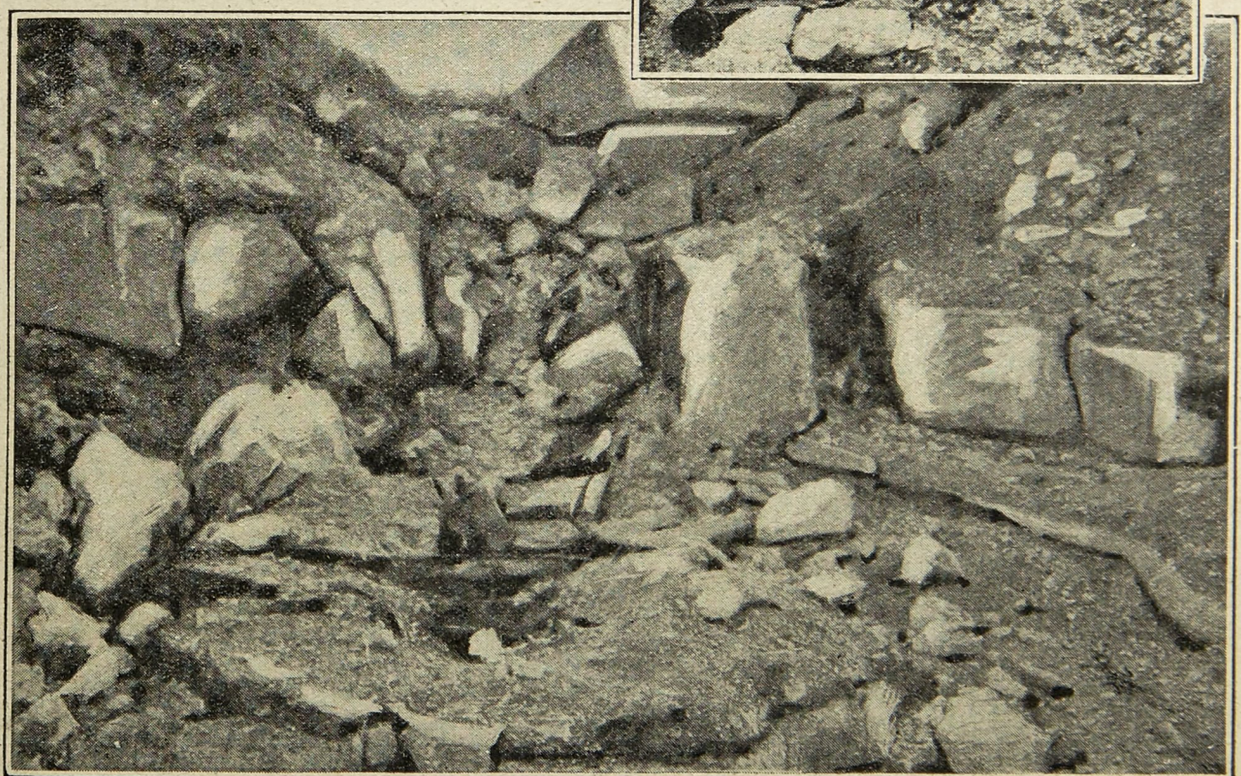


Like a coconut shell, the cupola steel emplacement was shattered into small fragments.

Our Ally Batters Cupola Fort to Fragments



Once a mighty French fort in German hands, mining operations have reduced it to chaos. One can gather the power of the dynamite by the huge size of the stones hurled into the air, contrasted with the figure of the French soldier.



This war more than any other has proved that elaborate defensive work is practically obsolete against modern explosives. The 11 in. shell, the charge of dynamite can obliterate anything. The second photograph on this page shows the scrap-iron of a heavy cannon, actually buried beneath the debris of the fallen fort. The last snapshot gives a general impression of the wrecked cupola emplacement.

Serbian Boy Fighters in the Forefront of Battle

When the complete history of the war is written, the magnificent valour of every individual Serbian—man, woman, and child—will be one of its outstanding features. A remarkable story is told of an incident which took place during a recent German attack on Palanka. All the inhabitants had fled before the hordes of invaders, save a number of Serbian boys of about fifteen years of age, who, barricaded behind a waggon in the main street, continued to throw hand-grenades on the advancing enemy.

A Critical Moment: Mules hold up Munitions

The proverbial obstinacy of mules was well illustrated in the British lines recently. During an action the reserve of ammunition packed on the backs of two mules was needed. Though nine men pulled, coaxed, and hit the mules in order to get them to cross a bridge over a trench, they stubbornly refused to move. Enemy shrapnel shells were bursting around, for the German gunners had marked the mules. The position became so perilous that the soldiers unloaded the boxes and carried them into the firing-line.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

VI.—The Lancashire Fusiliers

ON April 25th, 1915, the 1st Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers, being in the frontiers of Turkey, did deeds of arms which neither Froissart nor any other writer could praise too highly, and which, we are quite sure, were finer than any done by Christian knights in the fourteenth century. "It is my firm conviction," said Sir Ian Hamilton—and he was referring to these Lancashire Fusiliers—"that no finer feat of arms has ever been achieved by the British soldier—or any other soldier."

The beach in Gallipoli marked W on the map was, of the five at which our men landed, perhaps the most difficult to take. It was just a stretch of sand about three hundred and fifty yards long, and from fifteen to forty yards wide, and behind it were precipitous rocks, except in the middle, where there were some sand-dunes. Anyone who has been on the coasts of Devon or Kent can picture the place quite easily. In the ordinary way one could scramble up to the top of the cliffs without much difficulty, but the diabolical ingenuity of the German and the Turk had turned the place into a veritable death-trap for anyone trying to do this in April, 1915.

Thrilling Gallipoli Landing

First of all a lot of barbed-wire was cunningly arranged along the water's edge, and hidden by the shallow water there was some more, for the wily Turk had been hard at work when the tide was low. Both on the beach itself and under the water his German teacher had shown him how to lay mines, and in holes in the cliffs machine-guns had been cleverly hidden away, all arranged so that they could concentrate their fire on the wire entanglements down below. On the top of the cliffs trenches had been dug, and in these were men with machine-guns and rifles, while still higher up the whole position was commanded by some more guns. In front of these was plenty of barbed-wire, and to complete the situation the slope leading up to them was quite free from cover.

A position of this kind was surely impregnable, if this word has any meaning, and most people would have left it at that. Not so Sir Ian Hamilton. To carry out the impossible task, for it really seemed nothing else, of landing on the beach and seizing the cliffs above, he chose the Lancashire Fusiliers. Let us see how they went to work.

Overnight the battalion, led by Major H. O. Bishop, had jumped from their transports into thirty-two little boats, which were tied together, one behind the other in fours. Each four was fastened to a picket-boat. At sea in the morning the eight picket-boats steamed hard towards the shore, five miles away, and as soon as they reached shallow water they let go the chains and turned back. The sailors in the boats then took to their oars, and pulled madly for the beach. Once there three companies of the Fusiliers leapt out and

"When the Christian men were all over and nothing tarried behind, and men in the frontiers of Turkey, they greatly rejoiced and desired greatly to do deeds of arms."—FROISSART.

raced ashore, while another made for a ledge of rock away to the left.

So far the Turks had made no sign, but as soon as the men were on shore and were tearing at the wire entanglements, they were fired on from all sides, and one long line of them was mown down just as if a scythe had passed through them. However, others came up, the warships turned their guns on the Turks, the company on the left got to work with their rifles, and the Fusiliers, having hacked their way through the wire, formed up on the beach—at least, those who were left of them did—and then went for the trenches above. Under their feet the Turks exploded several mines, but this only made the Lancashire men more anxious than ever to get at them with the bayonet.

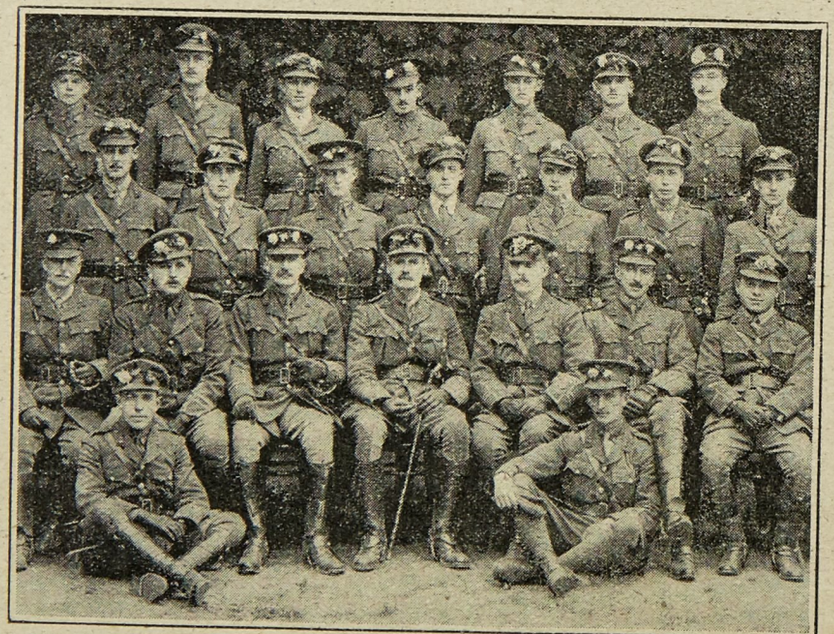
Well, to cut a long story short, the Fusiliers did the seemingly impossible. By ten o'clock they had captured three lines of Turkish trenches, and a little later they joined hands with the men who had landed on V Beach away to the right. More infantry came ashore to back them up, and the beach and the cliffs were British soil. No wonder that Sir Ian Hamilton said: "It was to the complete lack of the senses of danger or of fear of this daring battalion that we owed our astonishing success." Of the officers, Captains Mainsell and Thomas, and several subalterns were killed.

Voting Three V.C.'s

No doubt Sir Ian Hamilton thought, as most of us do, that he ought to recommend the whole battalion for the Victoria Cross, and certainly every officer and man in the three companies deserved it. But this he could not do, so it was decided that three crosses should be awarded to them, and that the men themselves should decide who should have them. They selected Captain R. R. Willis, Sergeant A. Richards, and Private W. Keneally, and these three men have the proud distinction of having signally distinguished themselves among heroes. Their honour is one of no ordinary kind. In addition to these honours, one or two others were given for gallantry on this day. Captain Richard Haworth led fifty men against some wire entanglements, and although wounded, continued to encourage them on until fresh troops arrived; and Lieutenant L. B. L. Seekham behaved in somewhat similar fashion. The former was awarded the D.S.O.; the latter the Military Cross.

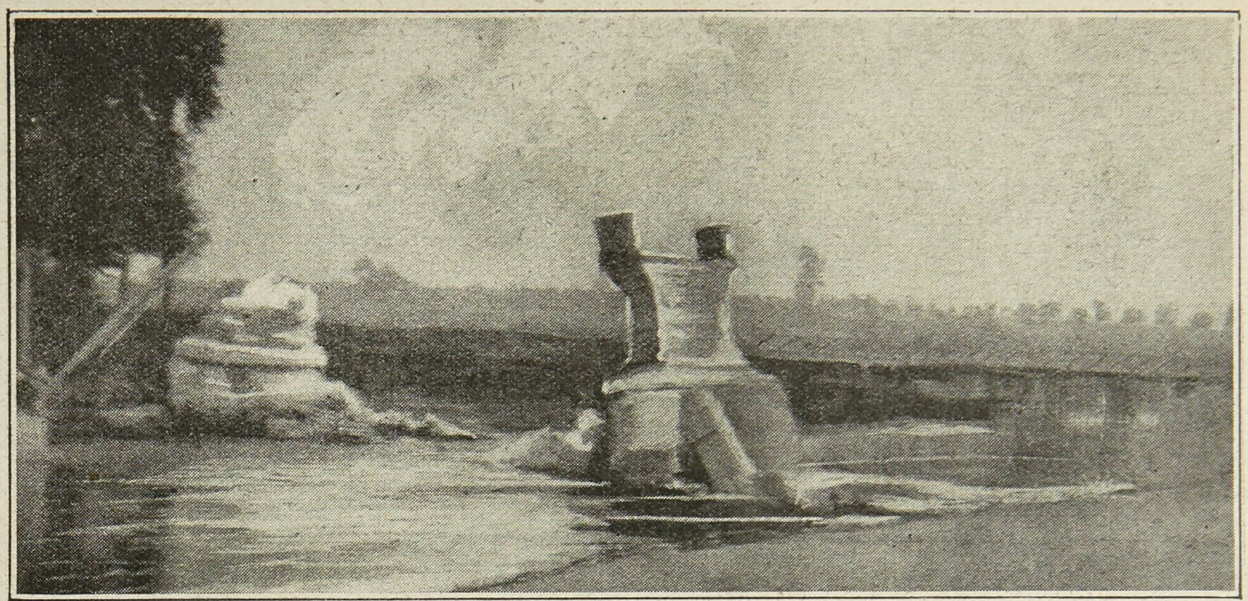
The regiment to which these heroes belong was raised in 1688, and first saw service in Ireland and Portugal. In 1726 it helped to defend Gibraltar, and it fought at Dettingen and at Fontenoy, and assisted to defeat the Highlanders at

[Continued on page 329



OFFICERS OF THE 12th BATTALION LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.—Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. E. B. Lord, Sec.-Lieut. W. N. Settle, Sec.-Lieut. W. J. C. Kendall, Sec.-Lieut. E. A. Lunt, Sec.-Lieut. S. Warburton, Sec.-Lieut. S. V. Sutton, Lieut. J. G. K. Farrar. Centre row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. E. E. Watson, Sec.-Lieut. T. Newton, Lieut. R. W. Morris, Sec.-Lieut. H. L. Billinton, Lieut. R. A. V. White, Lieut. S. M. W. Sheppard, Sec.-Lieut. D. H. W. Rodda. Front row (left to right): Capt. C. K. Milbourne, Capt. D. E. Wilson, Major R. P. M. Nickols, Col. E. J. P. F. Macartney-Filgate, Capt. and Adjutant J. F. E. Bowring, Capt. B. L. Farmer, Lieut. H. Caplan, R.A.M.C. Seated on ground: Sec.-Lieut. H. C. B. Brundle, and Sec.-Lieut. R. Ramsbottom.

Beauty Survives in Spite of "Frightfulness"



Bridge completely wrecked by retreating Germans. Only the two piers, in a very dilapidated condition, are left standing. In the far background is seen a wooden structure, hastily erected by the pursuing French for the passage of troops.

The reign of brute force sometimes completely fails to stop the tranquil beauty of French pastoral scenes. This photograph is evidence of the singular charm of a scene somewhere in Eastern France, in spite of German deviltry. The Huns destroyed the ancient bridge; the force of the explosion broke the windows of the adjacent church, and set the bells clanging a funereal discord. When the French troops arrived, the bells, still intact, echoed over the countryside as if happy to be restored again to France.

"ALLONS, ENFANTS DE LA PATRIE!"—This amazing photograph gives a better idea of the nature of siege warfare than any yet published. Taken during a French attack in Champagne, it shows the immense preparations involved in an assault on the enemy's position. In the far background a body of French infantry have left the trenches, and are racing towards the German lines. Behind them the communication trench is alive with reserve troops ready to advance in support of their comrades. In the immediate foreground are other steel-helmeted French soldiers awaiting their turn, while in the centre ambulances stand in readiness to convey the inevitable load of wounded to the rear, and return with provisions.

"No Finer Feat of Arms has ever been Achieved"

The splendid assault made by the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers on the shores of Gallipoli on April 25th, 1915. In face of shrapnel, machine-gun, and rifle fire the Fusiliers waded ashore, surmounted the wire entanglements, and then stormed the Turks on the heights, and captured three lines of trenches. This wonderful attack won for the 1st Lancashires three V.C.'s, which were awarded by vote.

(*Continued from page* 326.)

Culloden. For eight years the gallant Wolfe was one of its officers. At Minden the Fusiliers were one of the six immortal regiments which advanced to meet the French cavalry, and so saved the day, but at the cost of over three hundred killed and wounded. Two days later, "at their own request," the survivors returned to duty, and they fought through the rest of the Seven Years' War, and in America.

The Glory Won at Minden

With "Remember Minden," the Lancashire men routed the French in Holland, and in 1800 they served under Abercromby in Egypt. For nine years they fought in the Peninsular War, winning special glory at Maida and at Corunna, where they covered the retreat. Twelve grenadiers from this regiment carried the body of Napoleon to its tomb at St. Helena, and in 1838 the Duke of Wellington declared it to be "the best and most distinguished" of the many distinguished British regiments "which I have had the honour to command." The Fusiliers fought in the Crimean War, raising their "Minden yell" at Inkerman, and were at Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny. In 1864 they were sent to protect the foreign interests in Japan, and in 1899 they went, as part of the famous Lancashire Brigade, to South Africa. They were at the Tugela, and took a leading part in storming Spion Kop, their gallantry there winning high praise from Sir Redvers Buller.

At the beginning of the Great War the 2nd Battalion left for the front as part of the 12th Brigade and the 4th Division. This division, then commanded by General Snow, was not at Mons, but on the morning of Tuesday, August 25th, 1914, it reached Le Cateau by train, and at once marched out to protect the British retreat. This it did with conspicuous success, but for some reason or other its work has not received the attention it deserved. The Lancashire Fusiliers and their comrades then fell back with the rest of the army to the Meuse, and turned and fought their way on the left of the line across the Aisne.

When, in October, the British troops were transferred nearer the sea, the 4th Division advanced from St. Omer towards the River Lys, which the men reached about the 16th, but they were still ten or more miles from Lille when the first Battle of Ypres began.

Heroism of Private Lynn

In this battle the 12th Brigade was not far from Armentières, and there it was heavily attacked on the 20th. Its advanced posts were driven in, Le Gheir was occupied by the Germans, and the cavalry were in danger of being surrounded. A counter-attack was planned, and this was led by the Fusiliers, whose "staunchness" was commended by Sir John French. The lost trenches were regained, and many prisoners taken. Without adequate reserves the Fusiliers and the rest of the corps presented a bold front to the enemy, drove back constant attacks, and gave valuable help to the cavalry who were holding the line on their left during the remaining days of this most critical battle.

Throughout January and February the Fusiliers kept to their trenches in the mud of Flanders, and on February 15th the billets at Le Bizet belonging to one of their companies were set on fire by shells. However, led by Sergeant-Major Ashworth, a party of them put out the fire, although the glare enabled the Germans to see them and to shell them all the time.

In the Battle of Neuve Chapelle the Fusiliers, being in the Second Army, only took a subsidiary part.

In the second Battle of Ypres the Fusiliers were heavily engaged, although not at first. On April 30th their brigade was brought up to relieve another on the left of our line, and two days later they had their first taste of gas, being driven back by its fumes a little way. Then it was that Private John Lynn of this battalion won the V.C. for one of the great deeds of the Great War. Lynn, who had already gained the D.C.M., was in charge of a machine-gun when the Germans were advancing behind their poison cloud. Although partly overcome, he worked the gun for all he was worth, and when he was unable to see the enemy he lifted it to a higher position on the parapet, where it continued to spit fire. Eventually the attack was checked, but Lynn died the next day.

Fierce Assaults at Krithia

To return to the 1st Battalion in Gallipoli. As soon as a landing had been secured, the 29th Division attacked the village of Krithia, and did their part gallantly, and at great cost won here and there a few yards of ground.

This does not end the story of the doings of the Fusiliers either in Gallipoli or in Flanders; far from it. We do not yet know how the expedition to the Dardanelles will end, whether the Peninsula will remain in British or Turkish hands, but we do know that the name "Lancashire Landing," given to the blood-stained beach by Cape Helles, will perpetuate for ever one of the most glorious deeds, not merely in the history of the British Army, but in the longer history of war.

A. W. Holland

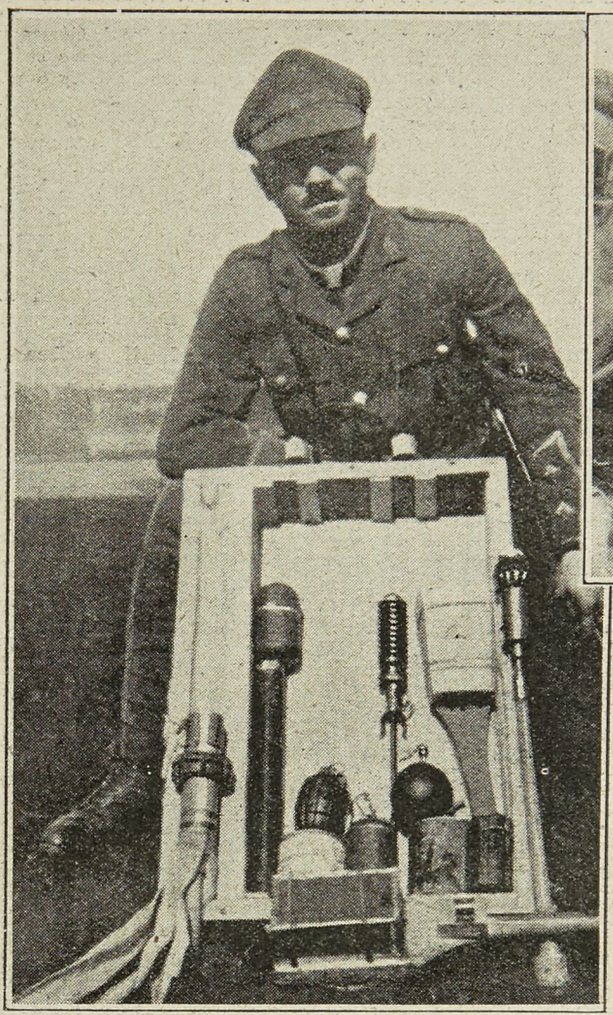
Rapid Recruiting: Khaki & Kilts within an Hour

Eighteen men who presented themselves at the headquarters of the London Scottish and were examined, passed, and in uniform within an hour. Inset: The recruits being measured for their kilts.

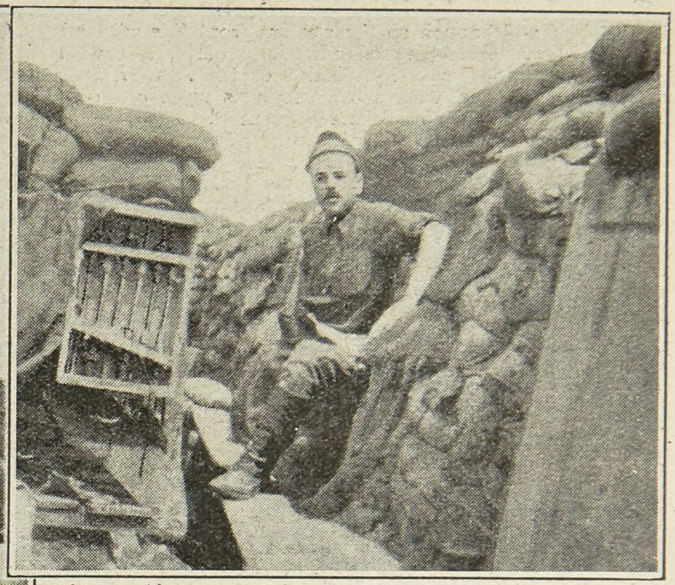
New type of physical drill devised by an instructor at Budbrooke Barracks. The exercise compels deep breathing, and tends to strengthen and expand the chest.

The eighteen recruits, shown in the top photograph, in khaki and kilts an hour after applying at the London Scottish headquarters. Every officer in this regiment has to be promoted from the ranks.

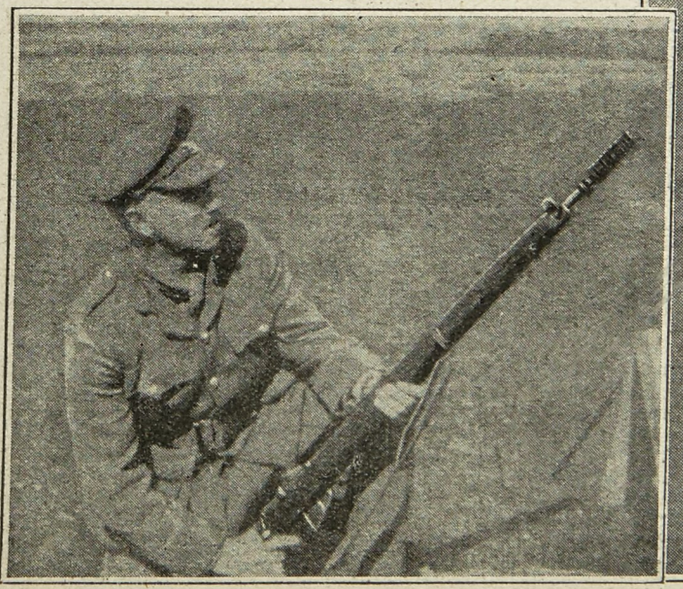
Canada's Expert Bomb-throwers in France



Canadian bombing officer with a case of hand-grenades in a first-line trench within a few yards of the Germans.



Lieutenant in command of a grenade company of one of the Canadian regiments at the front, with an assortment of bombs and grenades.



An officer in charge of a Canadian bombing party firing a rifle-grenade in France. Right: Canadian officer about to hurl a hand-grenade. In his belt are three bombs of a different type, with "streamers" by which the aim is steadied.

Hammering the Huns in the West

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

WHAT will happen on the western front this winter? Winter has come on unusually early, and with exceptional severity. Parts of the fighting zone are already covered with snow. Reports from our own trenches tell of heavy rains and deep mud. There seems every promise of a hard winter. Happily for us, our troops are really prepared for bad weather this year. They will have proper foot covering and ample shelter. There has been time to drain trenches. We have learned by adversity. Winter at the front is not the most enjoyable experience, under the happiest conditions, and the soldier there deserves all the comforts we can send him. But we have good reason to expect that last year's experiences of frost-bite, misery, and illness from exposure will not be repeated.

Our own army in the west numbers about a million men. France has several million men, finely organised and equipped, in her fighting-line. The little Belgian force, freshly armed and reorganised, holds its section. What are all these armies doing now?

Our army has successfully repulsed the great German counter-attacks which followed our advance at Loos. The general public at home have little idea of the severity of these counter-attacks, or of the splendid stand all branches of our army have made against them. Our losses in the autumn operations have been considerable, if viewed by themselves, but not considerable in relation to the nature of the fighting. They leave our strength unaffected. The British army of the west is still the finest fighting force our Empire has ever put in the field.

German Discontent Our New Ally

There is something to be said for the policy of quietly holding our own during the winter, and much to be said in favour of a continued and repeated offensive.

The main argument for a further pause until the spring is that every week now strengthens the economic factors in our favour. Germany is more and more feeling the pinch. The scarcity of food is general; there have been riots or attempts at riots in different places, and the internal difficulties of the German and Austrian peoples must grow worse. Why not, it may be asked, give these troubles time to develop, and leave the Germans, shut in as they are on our side, to stew in their own juice?

This policy would for the time save many lives. But the military and political arguments against it will be found, I believe, conclusive.

In the first case, an idle army always tends to become a demoralised army. I have on more than one occasion borne the strongest testimony I can to the discipline and splendid spirit of our men. If I could find more emphatic language in which to praise them, I would use it. But even the best soldiers do not improve when massed together for months, waiting. A regiment suffers in discipline as the result of a few weeks in a troopship. An army suffers even more from a long-continued pause. Discipline has been marvellously maintained in our ranks in Flanders. But we must not test even the best soldier too much.

France for a Great Offensive

A slack winter on the west would enable the enemy to concentrate very strong forces in the Mediterranean, and to push through the Balkans in such numbers that our position in the Dardanelles might well become impossible. Activity on our part would, on the other hand, keep a large German force, including the pick of the German Army, on the defensive. And even if we thought of a wholly quiet winter, our French allies have no such plan.

France is maintaining to-day perhaps the most splendid offensive movement of the whole war in Champagne. The great advance there was made after tremendous preparations, and was splendidly carried out. It is one of the misfortunes of a world war that the extent of the operations makes it difficult to bear adequately in mind all sides of the campaigns. We are always apt, and naturally so, to allow what our own armies are doing to occupy the main place in our attention.

Over a million and a half Frenchmen and Germans fought. Close on three thousand heavy French guns cleared the way for the advance. The Germans held their ground stubbornly. They used every possible means of slaughter. One of their defensive plans was the building of steel turrets at vital points, where a French forward movement could be flanked and enfiladed. Each turret held a machine-gun, worked by three men, and the men in some at least of the turrets were locked in from the outside so that they could not retreat and must fight until the end. The French artillery overcame all these plans. Six million shells were hurled on the enemy from a fifteen-mile front. Hundreds of Germans subsequently taken prisoners were found to have been driven insane by the fury of the gun fire.

A Matter of Life or Death

Mr. Alexander Powell, the famous American war correspondent, who was over the field of battle, described it as "barring the Marne, doubtless the greatest battle ever fought, and the bloodiest." He is loud in his praise of the French artillery and the new French army. "I was with the German army during its march through Belgium into France," he writes. "I assert with all the emphasis that I can put into the assertion, that I consider the machine which the French have so painstakingly built up during the past year, better than the German war machine ever has been. The destruction wrought by the French artillery fire is beyond imagining."

The fighting around Champagne continues. Not many days ago over a thousand German shells fell in Rheims. France and Germany are locked in the deadliest embrace on that field. Glory be to France and to her people! Every new fact that I learn, every fresh visit to French shores increases my pride and my affection for our ally.

France is not going to remain passive on the western front this winter. Her policy now is one of steady, unceasing offensive. She cannot do otherwise. It is a matter of life or death for her to recover her own territory, and to drive the invader out. Her industries are largely arrested and her manhood absorbed. War has touched her far more than Britain. She is bound by every argument of prudence and common-sense to push on, at whatever cost. It is not conceivable that while our ally is advancing we should be sitting still. For all these reasons I forecast an active winter campaign.

Beware a Premature Peace

There is yet another thing that must be kept in mind. A peace forced on Germany solely by economic pressure, with the German armies undefeated, would be disastrous for us, however good the terms we secured. We have to prove ourselves, without question, the better fighting men, and we have to prove it by routing the Germans in the field, by driving them back, and by capturing or destroying the remnants of some of their main army corps.

It is easy to imagine how German militarism would feel were it obliged to give way before hunger strikes, riots, and internal troubles in Germany and Austria. "We showed ourselves supreme in the field," the soldiers would say. "Our enemies could not touch us there. They could only beat us by cutting off the food supplies of our people." The German military spirit would be stronger than ever, and would only wait to regather the economic forces of the land before reasserting itself.

In discussing the developments for the winter, we cannot altogether overlook the possibility of a fresh German offensive in Flanders. The German plans up to two months ago were to drive the Russian armies back on a narrower front, hold them there with comparatively small forces, and concentrate large armies on the west. That plan has been upset by the obstinacy of the Russians, who do not know when they are beaten, and who will persist in fighting when the enemy think they ought to lay down their arms. Every day now adds to the renewed Russian strength.

The Last Phase in the Chapter of Patriotism

The aftermath, tragic yet glorious, of a deed of deliberate self-sacrifice. Though reputed to be stolid and slow-thinking, when roused to action the Russian soldier, reckless of consequences, will face any odds and perform thrilling deeds of magnificent valour. The fallen Russians in this wonderful photograph (taken under fire) gave their lives in a desperate charge against German barbed-wire.

After the battle. A grim scene in Champagne, suggestive of the many stricken fields of conflict throughout all the fighting areas of the Great War. This "corner of a foreign field" over which the wave of war has passed, tells its tale of death and destruction. The debris of arms and accoutrements, the bodies of the fallen soldiers, lie helter-skelter over the stricken landscape.

More About the Baltic Blockade

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE worst defect of the inferior Russian Baltic Fleet, especially for the raiding tactics which it has so skilfully practised, is the absence of small fast cruisers. With the torpedoing of the German cruiser Undine by a submarine in the Baltic we are reminded that Germany has paid so heavy a toll in fast small cruisers during fifteen months of war that the attempt to monopolise commerce in the Baltic must necessarily use up all her cruisers in the effort; and this of itself would leave a battle-fleet in her North Sea harbours shorn of its necessary scouting ships, which are to it more than whiskers are to a cat. There would, therefore, be no purpose whatsoever served in keeping the battle-fleet in Wilhelmshaven save only to prevent an invasion of Schleswig. It was probably calculated that a new offensive in Serbia, with Bulgaria thrown into the scales, would require from Britain all her effectives not needed for drafts in France.

Consequently, and unfortunately, the possible chance of an invasion of Schleswig is held to be negligible, and not only is that region, in all probability, very lightly garrisoned, but the "High Sea" Fleet itself has moved to Kiel.

Our Absent Submarines

This is confirmed by Mr. Asquith's reference to Germany's Fleet as "locked up in the Baltic, it dare not show its face upon any sea where it can be met with and dealt with." That Germany would have to move some of her Dreadnoughts to the Baltic at once was a forecast I ventured in the article appearing in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED on May 15th, whereas in 1914 Germany only used seven old battleships there. To sum up, the targets are all in the Baltic, and the greatest maritime Power has only got a few submarines there. The mischief of it all is that we could declare a blockade to-morrow on orthodox lines to satisfy the most juridical of American diplomatic scribes if only we had a sufficiency of submarines in the Baltic.

A Capital Error

It is openly seen both by the Agadir crisis and by the course of the diplomatic negotiations with Berlin in the early part of 1912 that we should have to range ourselves on the side of our present Allies. How then did it come about that we did not make our plans beforehand and send at least thirty of our submarines while we had the opportunity during the fortnight's crisis before war? One answer is that we never think things out unless we are forced to, as we were in regard to the transport of an army to France by the Agadir crisis. When we do think things out we can do as well as any nation on earth.

"The Might Have Been"

Surely the problem was not a very intricate one for a War Staff. A combination of the United Kingdom and France presented an overwhelming number of surface vessels as against Germany and Austria. Consequently, it was highly improbable that Germany would give our submarines, of which we had roughly a hundred, any chance of a target. Germany's commerce in the North Sea would also be at an end. Her one chance of getting supplies and essential war materials, such as Swedish iron ores, lay in the Baltic.

If the latter supplies were not in any way interfered with, our blockade of Germany would not be recognised by the great emporium of all food and raw materials—the United States. To maintain the Scandinavian trade, and to permit any reaching Russia, Germany would have her warships at sea in the Baltic. She would also do this for the strongest strategical reasons, advanced by Von der Goltz in his essays in the past, connected with the advance of German armies along the coast to Riga, and to permit similar operations on the part of the Russians. There was nothing abstruse about this, and it led but to a single conclusion that all the targets and most of the work for British submarines would lie in the Baltic. I have already pointed out the shallow depths of the channels into the Baltic and the tortuous character of two out of the three channels. This again had its obvious bearing on the issue. One conclusion, and one conclusion only, stared the War Staff in the face, and it was that of our huge submarine flotilla, at the very least, thirty ought to be passed into the Baltic during the crisis, ready for eventualities.

The Invasion Bogey

We may put it down to a concatenation of circumstances, if we like to "the England which is famous for negligence," as Marlborough had it. We may say that the Cabinet shivered round a table too long so that we only ordered the mobilisation of the Navy on August 2nd, 1914, or two days before war. But even after war there was plenty of time, for the enemy's defensive arrangements at the Sound were not very formidable for some time. For myself I refuse to believe, until evidence is furnished to the contrary, that the War Staff never considered the problem, or that they were blind to the obvious conclusion which Nelson would have come to. I hark back to the old bane of all British action, the ancient, ineradicable, and mischievous belief in invasion which has been a chimera reducing many a good statesman, soldier, and sailor to a defensive dotage. It is my belief that the submarines were retained as a defence against invasion, and one more of the great opportunities of the war was lost.

Why the German "Eagles" are Shy

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

FROM various official sources, including the reports of Sir John French, it appears that during the past few weeks the German aeroplane pilots have taken to new tactics, for in some two hundred and forty aerial combats we hear of only four machines being brought down in territory held by British troops, and of about a dozen which have been definitely seen to fall behind the German lines.

Both British and French pilots of my acquaintance confirm the fact indicated by these figures, that the German aeroplanes seldom come over the Allies' lines, except to dash in for a few miles, perhaps to spot an artillery position, or a concentration of troops which their heavy guns wish to locate, and that when attacked they promptly bolt. Now this would, at first sight, appear to indicate without further argument that, as a flaring poster informed us a few weeks ago, "The Germans are Whacked." Still, it is just as well not to halloa till you are out of the wood, and the wily Hun may be thus coy in showing himself without being quite as whacked as he looks.

There is no doubt whatever that, man for man, the average British or French pilot is more pugnacious than the average German, but the German is not lacking in pluck and he always obeys orders. Also he is, as a rule, quite as well mounted as the Allies' pilots, and frequently better. Therefore, there may be some other reason than sheer funk which keeps the Hun on his own side of the lines.

Let us consider the question. I pointed out some months ago that the absence of German aircraft on the west front was caused by the removal of Germany's best machines and pilots to the east front to control the German advance into Russia. Thereafter, new types of German aeroplanes appeared over the western front. There was the famous "Two-tails," with his twin bodies and two or three engines; there were "Hans" and "Fritz," two very big biplanes with enormous engines; and there was "Wong-wong," a big biplane with a single body, but with two engines. These chaps—whose names were given them by the Flying Corps people—used to fly up and down behind or just over the German lines and dare our people to go and "strafe" them.

Now, this was quite natural, because they were experiments and, naturally, the Germans did not want to run any risk of their newest experimental types falling into the Allies' hands. Then, probably, they found that the Allies' pilots are quite ready to take the risk of flying over the German lines, and that, in order to get at the German aeroplanes they will chance being hit by the "Archies,"—or anti-aircraft guns. Consequently, it doubtless seemed to the Germans a good game thus to entice the British and French over their lines and then pot at them. In this way they seem to have reckoned on reducing the Allies' numbers so considerably as to make it safer for their own aircraft to cross over to the Allies' territory.

After that the Germans began to realise that the Allies' aero-engines are not so reliable as the German motors, and so they took to running away from the Allies, so as to induce them to come so far behind the German lines that there is a chance of the engines giving out before they can get back; and this has certainly happened in one or two cases.

As the result of all this the little fast British and French aeroplanes have to take a triple risk—namely that of being brought down by engine failure, of being brought down by "Archie," and of being shot down by new type German machine-guns in their newer and bigger type aeroplanes. And all the while the Germans only take the risk of being shot down by hostile aeroplanes. So on the whole their scheme sounds sensible enough.

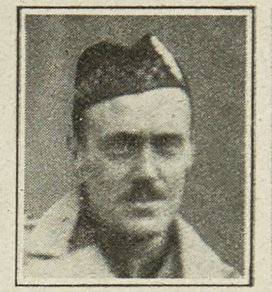
More Men who have won Heroic Fame

CAPTAIN LIONEL W. B. REES was awarded the Military Cross for bringing down three German aeroplanes although fighting at great odds. Captain Leonce Delphin, Royal Engineers, gained the Military Cross for conspicuous energy in raising a labour corps of refugees and local people at Bethune for the preparation of defences. He and his corps worked many weeks under shell fire.

Lieut. W. J. Symons, 7th Australian Imperial Force, gained the V.C. for gallantry in Lone Pine Trenches in Gallipoli. He held his trenches through several attacks, led a charge to retake a lost sap, and under heavy fire built up a barricade. Sec.-Lieut. H. V. H. Throssell, 10th Light Horse, Australian Imperial Force, was awarded the V.C. for great bravery in action in Gallipoli.

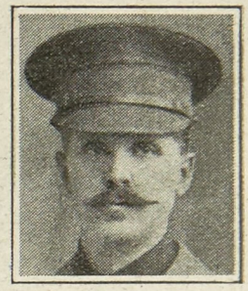
Lieut. F. H. Tubb, 7th Australian Imperial Force, gained the V.C. for bravery at Lone Pine Trenches in Gallipoli. Though twice wounded, he maintained his position under fierce bomb fire. Lieut. Geary, East Surrey Regiment, was granted the V.C. for his heroism at Hill 60. Continually rallying his men, he successfully defended his position through a night, and was badly wounded. Private G. A. Rook, 2nd Welsh Fusiliers, was awarded the Russian Medal of St. George. While endeavouring to obtain information, a hand-to-hand fight took place, and he fought four Germans, killing two and wounding one. Then, though badly injured, he carried a wounded comrade to safety under heavy fire.

Subadar **SUNDAR SINGH**, Indian Army, decorated with Indian D.S.M.



Maj. G. J. **CHRISTIE**, D.S.O., Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Capt. L. W. B. **REES**, one of the British airmen awarded the Military Cross.

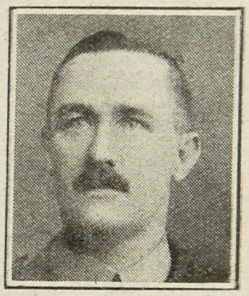


Capt. L. **DELPHIN**, Royal Engineers, awarded the Military Cross.

Capt. S. J. **ANDERSON**, 5th Canadian Infantry, awarded the D.S.O.

Lieut. W. J. **SYMONS**, 7th Australian Imperial Force, decorated with the V.C.

Sec.-Lt. H. V. H. **THROSSELL**, 10th Australian Light Horse, gained the V.C.



Lieut. F. H. **TUBB**, 7th Australian Imperial Force, awarded the V.C.

Lieut. T. E. G. **HAYWOOD**, R. West Kent Regt., granted the D.S.O.

Lieut. **GEARY**, East Surrey Regt., decorated with the V.C.

Lieut. S. H. **LONG**, Royal Flying Corps, awarded the Military Cross.

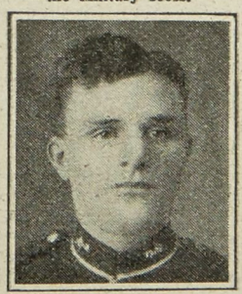
Lieut. E. H. **HOPKINSON**, 2nd Cambridge Regt., granted the Military Cross.

Lieut. B. H. **SYMNS**, Royal Naval Reserve, gained the D.S.O.

Sec.-Lieut. H. S. **SHIELD**, Royal Flying Corps, awarded the Military Cross.

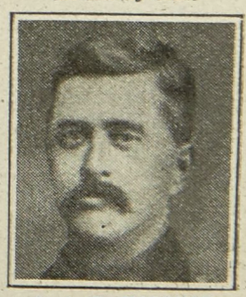
Lieut. K. G. **GILL**, 1st Cambridge Regt., granted the Military Cross.

Pte. L. **EVANS**, 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers, gained the D.C.M.



Pte. G. A. **ROOK**, 2nd Welsh Fusiliers, Russian Medal of St. George.

Lieut. D. A. C. **SYMINGTON**, Royal Flying Corps, granted the Military Cross.



Sergt. T. **HARRISON**, 115th Batt. R.F.A., awarded the D.C.M.

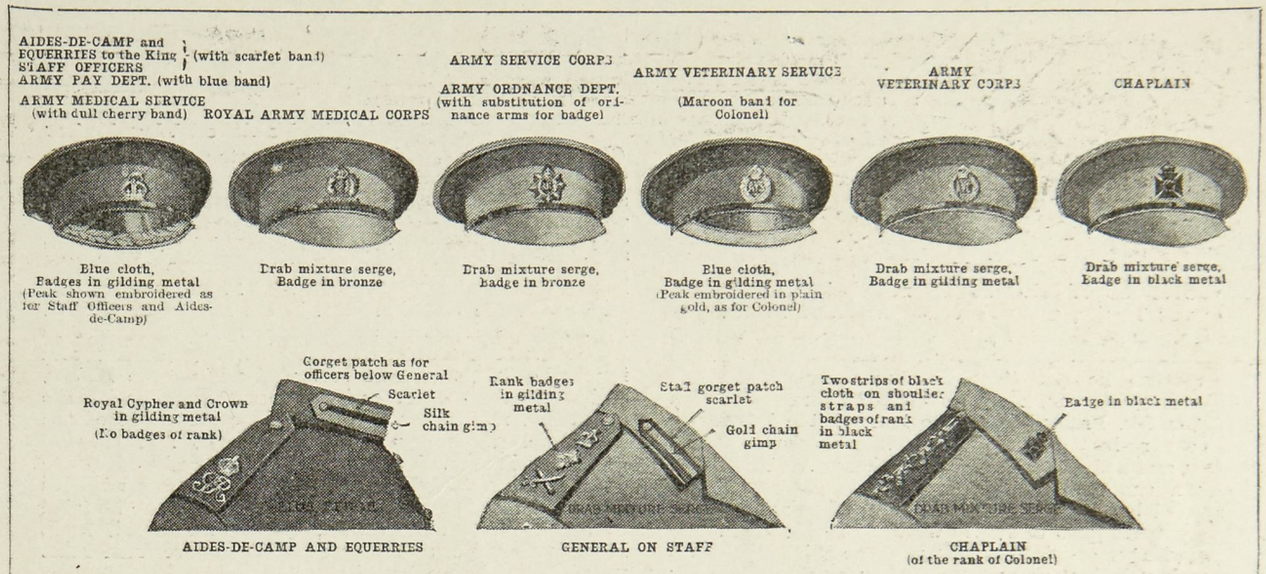
Rifleman E. G. **VINCENT**, London Irish Rifles, awarded the D.C.M.

German Lies circulated by the Cinema

This fantastic scene purports to be the timely entrance of brave Huns into an Alsatian home, where our French allies are indulging in an orgy of wine and song. The picture, widely exhibited in Germany, does not bear analysis. The alleged French soldiers are wearing epaulettes, old caps, and white gaiters, which are not used to-day in the French Army.

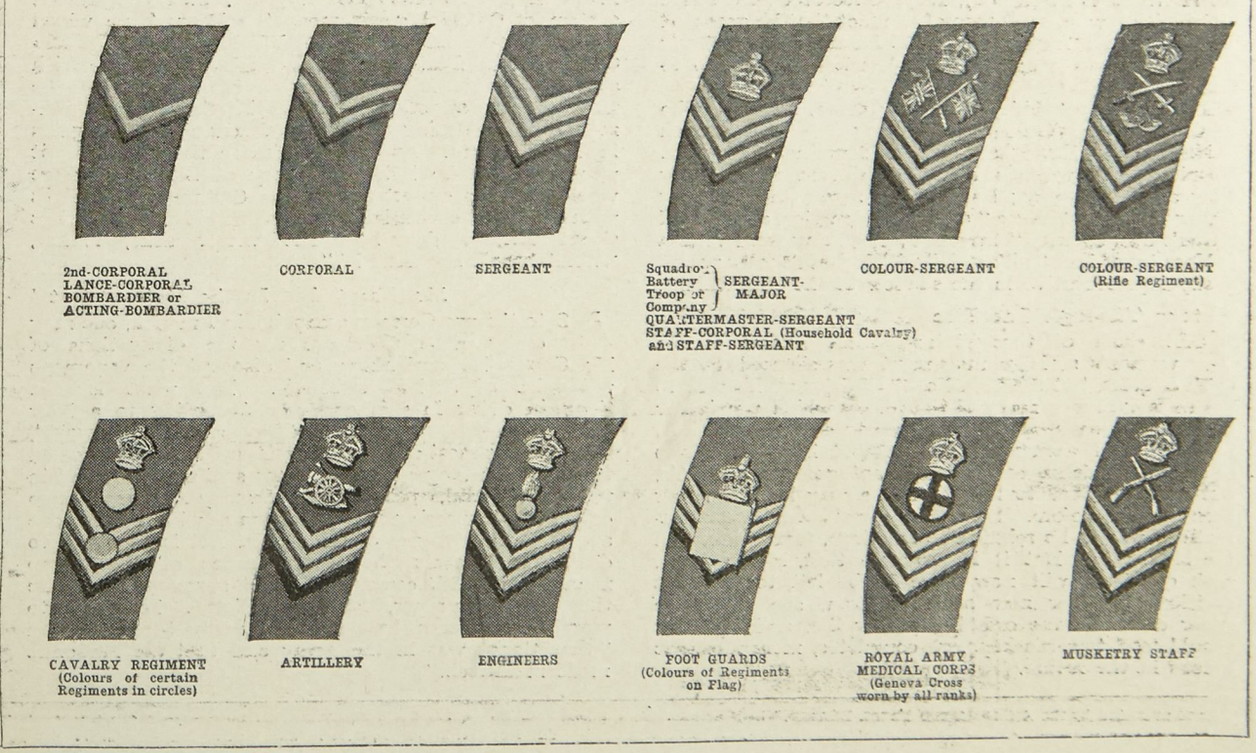
The "wicked Frenchmen" have been driven out of the Alsatian home. The beautiful girl rescued by the noble Hun is restored to her father! Her mother, attired in her best clothes for the occasion, effusively thanks the modest German knight, while all around stand the soldier-deliverers, looking rather bored—and hoping the cinematograph film will come out all right!

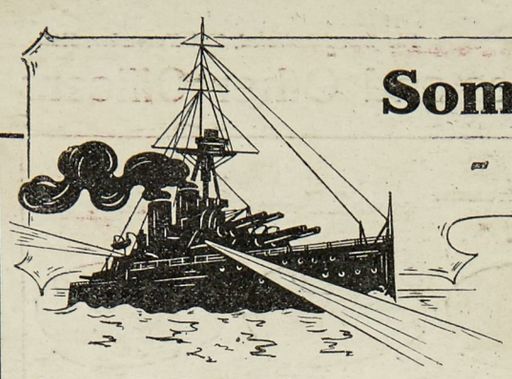
Caps of Aides-de-Camp, Equerries and Other Officers



AIDES-DE-CAMP, Equerries to the King, and Staff officers wear caps of blue cloth with badges in gilding metal and a scarlet band. Officers of the Army Pay Department and the Army Medical Service wear a similar cap—the former with a blue band and the latter with a dull cherry band. The cap worn by officers of the R.A.M.C. is of a drab mixture serge with a bronze badge. The A.S.C. and the Army Ordnance Department wear caps of drab mixture serge with a badge in bronze. The A.V.S. wear a cap of blue cloth with a badge in gilding metal; the peak is embroidered in plain gold, as for a colonel; a maroon band is also worn by a colonel. The A.V.C. wear a cap of drab mixture serge with a badge in gilding metal. A chaplain wears a similar cap, the badge being of a different design and in black metal.

The Arm-Badges of Various Ranks of British N.C.O's





Some Side-Lights on the War News

Reventlow the Relentless

COUNT REVENTLOW is the mouthpiece of Admiral von Tirpitz, and the loudest-mouthed member of the Gott-strafe-England school. He has reason to hate Englishmen, if the saying is true that a man always hates those he has injured. Some time before the outbreak of the war, Reventlow asked a famous English designer, Mr. Frank Murray, to remodel the interior of his country-house. Mr. Murray had worked for the Kaiser, and had a world-wide reputation; and Reventlow, being a snob, wanted to boast that his house was decorated by the Englishman whom Wilhelm admired. Murray spent £200 in studio work, in making complete plans, with water-colour drawings, of the finished schemes for each principal room. Reventlow appeared greatly pleased when the drawings and plans were submitted to him. He said he would study them carefully, and see if he wanted any change made before the work was begun. Nothing was heard from him for months. Then it was discovered that he had taken all the plans and drawings to a German firm, and had got them to carry out the work cheaply. He had saved the artist's commission of a thousand pounds, which, from the point of view of a Prussian nobleman, was a good stroke of business. And this man now accuses us of being a nation of pirates and thieves!

Hapless Conscript and Happy Nondescript

IN the Central Empires there are two British subjects whose predicaments are as unique as they are unenviable and pleasant respectively. One is Mr. W. H. Wells, B.A. (Oxon.), English lecturer at German Universities, who, by reason of the fact that he accepted pension rights from Munich University, unwittingly became a German subject, and has been called up to fight against the land which gave him birth.

The second notability is Sam Tomson, a negro, who rejoices in the distinction of being the only British citizen interned throughout the wide domains of Hungary. Hospitable Hungarians have taken him under their wing, and he is happy; but in accordance with the almost embarrassing "politesse" of neutral America, a citizen of "God's own country" travelled all the way from Vienna to Vacz to see that "all's well" with Britain's solitary and dusky representative in the shadow of the Carpathians.

Victory Through Sacrifice

THE clash of thought and ideal known as the woman's suffrage movement was silenced by the clash of arms, but the sword of the fighter on his way to the wars cut away many of the fetters which previously hampered woman, leaving her free to do the work that he left. And woman suddenly found herself mistress of an independence that was not antagonistic to man's, but was fashioned to help him in a way he had never been helped before. Some are considering the aftermath of war in its relation to marriage, family life, and the birth rate. But it is probable that, in the main, such questions will now have to be left to woman's decision. In her new-found freedom, she will have wider choice in the ordering of her life, and this fact should tend towards happier, completer, more idealistic unions in the future.

The Vanished War-Maker

SCARCELY anybody in this country seems to have noticed the fall of the man who actually brought about the Great War. Eighteen months ago Germany was prouder of Field-Marshal von Haeseler than Britain was of Lord Fisher. He was the real War Lord of the Teutons, and when the Kaiser wanted to please the heir to the Austrian throne he sent Haeseler to Vienna to instruct the Austrian Staff in the science of victory. Haeseler was the man who wanted a European war in which he could prove himself a greater Napoleon; and it was he in person who intrigued against the Kaiser, and won over the Crown Prince, and worked with the German Ambassador in Vienna to assassinate the Archduke, fix the guilt on the Serbs, and thereby challenge Russia. When the war he designed broke out, Haeseler was given the largest army, and with his puppet the Crown Prince in nominal command, he tried to break through by Verdun on September 1st, 1914. He was defeated, and Kluck had to swerve from Paris to reinforce the weakened German front.

"What Hasn't Great Britain Done?"

"WHAT has Great Britain done?" asks the *Wall Street Journal*, an important New York weekly, and then answers the question as follows:

"Her Navy wiped the German menace from the seas. It locked up the vaunted German Navy which, without Great Britain's participation, could have battered France into submission within a fortnight. It has removed the submarine peril far more effectively than any of the wordy admonitions of Washington. She has placed upwards of 1,000,000 men in the field, without counting the Colonial and Indian troops, and has 2,000,000 more in readiness. She is the principal guarantor for a credit here of $1,000,000,000. But she has already lent to Russia, Italy, Serbia, even Rumania, more than $2,000,000,000. By her own enlightened system of Colonial government the Boers have wiped out the German colony in South-West Africa, the French-Canadians are fighting on the Belgian frontier, the Irish are, characteristically, fighting in the thickest of the fray, and the supposed seditious Hindus and Mohammedans are cleaning up all the German political gains in Turkish Asia. And there is more than this. If it were not for the British mastery of the seas, where would our own export trade be? Can we ask ourselves with any show of consistency or plausibility, 'What has Great Britain done?' The writer asks, rather, 'What hasn't she done?'"

Mr. Zangwill "In the Melting Pot"

AS to the pro-German campaign in America, one may easily make allowance for the divagations of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and discount the venomous philippics of a Frank Harris. But what is Mr. Zangwill doing in this galley? According to a New York correspondent of the *Observer*, "Mr. Zangwill, in one of the most disgraceful articles that ever degraded the pen of an English writer," has sold and published in the widely-read, pro-German *Sunday American*, two columns of sneering at the Army, with which, one assumes, the Defence of the Realm Act is adequate to deal. He laments the disappearance of the tramp from the English countryside, and supposes that, like the criminal proper, he has enlisted. Listening to recruiting speeches, he comes away with the conviction "that Christ was in the Army and that the Madonna made munitions."

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The New Factors that Make for Victory

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3 The Council of Five—Mr. Asquith, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour **No. 67**

The Last Ten Minutes

OUR British love of sport is a characteristic which seems to puzzle and exasperate the Germans more perhaps than any other we possess. Our use of phrases drawn from that sphere of activity provokes particularly ponderous and polysyllabic denunciation from them. They are a desperately heavy, dull-witted people, utterly devoid of the sense of humour. They take all our remarks with unintelligent literalness. When, for instance, we talk about their not playing the game according to the rules, they remind us solemnly that war is not a game, and by countless other inept platitudes they display profound ignorance of the character and temper of their adversaries —by no means the only stupid blunder they habitually make.

WHAT they think of us matters very little, so long as they don't like us. To earn their approval would be black infamy. What does matter very much is that the lessons we have learned from sport have stood us in very good stead in many tight places we have been in, and they have lost none of their point and power to hearten us up in any more we may get into. Perhaps the latest instance of the truth of this was provided by an incident of which we published an illustration in a recent number of this paper: An officer leading a charge out of a trench punted a football in the direction of the enemy and urged his willing men forward with the cry, "Follow up, boys, follow up!" To a German, such an action would seem merely mad, the trifling of an insane child in the presence of death. To a British soldier it appeals irresistibly by its gay courage and sportsmanship. Between irreconcilable temperaments no agreement on the point is possible.

NATURALLY, it is from cricket—this being pre-eminently our national game—that we draw most of the phrases which we apply to our ethical code: "Playing the game," "Keeping our end up," "Making the runs off our own bat," and the like. But football has its equivalents, such as "Playing for the team," and "Getting off-side," of which the moral significance is understood by every British man and boy. How splendid a thing it is that games should have this use in the training of character does not seem to have occurred to the German mind, which regards education solely as the means to the acquisition of learning. Perhaps it will dawn upon them some day. Meantime we make them a present of the information that there is a vital relation between our games and our more serious activities, and linger for a moment on the importance of the last ten minutes.

FOR close concentration of mind and purpose, and full exertion of strength and endurance, a "Rugger" match is about the stiffest proposition that can be found in the whole range of sport. From the moment of the kick-off until the whistle blows at the end of the second half every one of the thirty men keeps his eye upon the ball, and every muscle tense. Each one knows that if he lets his attention waver for an instant, or for an instant relaxes the muscle he may need to stop some movement from the other side, he may cost his own side the game. For forty-five minutes each way he has to keep his fixity of purpose and his physical endurance at full pressure. But of all those ninety minutes the last ten are the hardest; if the game has been a ding-dong one, they are the decisive minutes, and no game can be said to have been lost until those ten minutes have sped. That is common knowledge with us; and training has developed our temperamental capacity to "stick it out" above that of any other race—another fact which is common knowledge with us.

THIS latter fact is not without its disadvantages. There is a vital relation, we have said, between our games and our other more serious activities, and the quiet confidence which experience has given us of our power to last to the finish very likely has something to do with our comparative slowness in getting away at the beginning. Even at the beginning, however, our "Rugger" has taught us not to slack. Rushes never upset our determination, though they may drive us back into our own "twenty-five," and the hotter the scrums in the first half, the better our prospects for the second; precisely because they are taking quite as much out of the other side as they are out of us, and we remember the last ten minutes. We bank on our own staying-power, and we are quietly confident that that bank will not break.

HISTORY teaches that the analogy is a reasonable and a sound one. We have good justification in applying it to this present war. We did not take the field with a full team, but every man there was fit; the other side rushed us furiously, and drove us uncommonly near to our own goal; but we cleared; and since then the game has been packed in the middle of the ground with a slow but steady pressure towards the enemy's lines. Sooner or later the scrum will break, and we shall follow up to good purpose, as strong and as inflexible as when we began. And the last ten minutes will be ours. There is only one thing that could lose us the game—that we should suddenly slack. And that won't happen. It is one of the things "we don't do."

ANOTHER immensely valuable result of the firmness with which this conviction has become rooted in our national consciousness is that reverses never have power to shake our *morale*. An uphill game seems to be the one best suited to our peculiar genius. Perhaps it is because we do not find a walk-over interesting; it is not easy to trace these things to their origin. But whatever the reason is the fact remains that we have usually given our opponents the handsomest licking when they have made the showiest start. And then, metaphorically speaking, we go home and have a bath. Our late opponents sneer afterwards—sometimes—and talk about our habits of muddling through. With really commendable restraint we hold our tongue, and refrain from reminding them too pointedly that we got through. We do not like "inquests." If it has been a hard game, fairly played, our respect for the beaten team is sincere. If they played a foul game, we prefer not to talk about it. But we do not forget. The point, after all, is that we won, which is what we "play" to do.

ON the whole it seems abundantly clear that this intimate admixture of sport and sportsmanship into our methods of waging war is a clean, wholesome, and invigorating thing—even a splendid thing. Look on this picture of a British officer punting a football from the trenches, and calling on his men to follow up—follow, mark you—and then on that picture suggested by the whips found in German trenches which we took in France—whips with which the German officers drove their men forward. And think of the significance of this excerpt from the Russian official communiqué, dated Petrograd, October 28th: "During a furious attack the Germans suffered cruel losses. The attack was undertaken by the Germans only under the threat of being fired upon by their own artillery in the rear." Can there be any question which is the finer way—to follow a football with a cheer for the Old Country, whose honour is yours to maintain, or to be whipped on by an officer you hate towards a death that you horribly fear; and, even worse, to crawl towards guns only in order to get away from guns behind you?

C. M.

THE WAR Illustrated

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27th November, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

HARD-PRESSED SERBS SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.—Unique view of a Serbian trench, in the region of the Danube, as seen through the aperture of a fort. The position is curiously elevated, thereby making an enemy assault a matter of more than usual difficulty. Each man is at his post loading and unloading his weapon as fast as is humanly possible, fighting with the courage of despair to save his Fatherland from the fate of Belgium and the ignominy of German rule.

The New Factors that Make for Victory

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

WE are beginning a new chapter in the history of the war—a chapter full of hope and promise for Great Britain. Changes have been initiated in the conduct of the fighting.

First, the recruiting of our armies is being placed upon a proper basis. The effect of Lord Derby's scheme will be to bring in the remainder of our young men. Military history shows one fact clear above all others. The ideal fighting man is between twenty and thirty years old, and unmarried. From thirty to thirty-five, the private soldier does almost, but not quite as well. After thirty-five, every year is a handicap. There are, of course, large numbers of men of forty who are more fit than other men of twenty. They are the exceptions.

Recruiting officers talk differently now from what they did a month ago. Three young men came to a recruiting office a day or two ago, looking for a soft, safe job. The officer glanced at them impatiently. "If you don't want to come when we want you, go away and play," he said. "In three weeks we will come and fetch you. You will have no choice then!"

The Man Who Was Afraid

Another young man entered a recruiting office. He had learned motor driving, and wished to be a transport driver. "We have all the motor-men we want," he was told; "but we can put you right through to a crack fighting corps." The young man hesitated. "I will be honest," he said. "I am afraid. I don't believe I could face the fighting at the front." The recruiting officer rose from his chair and shook the young fellow by the hand. "You are the bravest man I've had here to-day," he said. "A recruit who comes along and owns up that he is afraid will face anything. You take my word for it, the drill, the discipline, and the companionship will make you forget the fear when there is anything really to be afraid of. I know; I have been through it. You can take my word for it!" That young man joined the fighting regiment.

The young, unmarried men who from now on will form the overwhelming majority of our recruits will be of ideal age and circumstances. They will come into the fight when the young manhood of our enemies is exhausted.

Next, the direction of the war is being transformed. The establishment of a small War Council of the Cabinet, with actual administrative powers, is a matter of even more importance for soldiers than for politicians. About the political aspects of it I have nothing to say. But it is obvious, from a military point of view that, where decisions have to be submitted to a Cabinet of twenty-two, the war must suffer. Campaigns are not won by debating societies. The War Council affords a ready means for instant decision.

Lord Kitchener's Many Burdens

The War Council does not stand alone. The revival of the General Staff affords a means by which the whole strategy of the war can be fully and systematically worked out. I have the most profound respect for Lord Kitchener, and the greatest admiration for the work he has done. But far too much was expected of him to begin with, and far too many tasks forced into his hands. He was given the supreme direction of the military side of the war. He was expected to be the chief strategist, the champion recruiter, the organiser of supplies, the producer of munitions, the reconciler of labour, and a hundred other things as well. Incidentally, he was expected to attend Cabinet Councils, to make Parliamentary speeches and statements, to review our armies, and to decide personally a thousand things daily, from a dispute over a shell contract to the reconsideration of the sentence of a court-martial. The amazing thing is that he did and is doing so much so well.

The revival of the General Staff is one part of the process of dividing the central work of the war. The Munitions Department now sees to armaments; Lord Derby has undertaken the burden of recruiting; the General Staff will see to strategy; possibly a civilian colleague will relieve Lord Kitchener of some of his purely Parliamentary work. Then Lord Kitchener, maybe under the revived title of Commander-in-Chief, will, if I am not mistaken, carry out in the months ahead the work of supreme direction and inspiration, leaving himself free to tackle great tasks.

The next great change is the gradual formation of the Allied Council of War, which will centralise the military policy of the Allies. Those of us who advocated this step some months ago were met by a storm of ridicule. "Don't you think," we were told somewhat impatiently, "that the Governments know just as well as you do the desirability of working together? Don't you think that they have been doing this all the time?" Well, they haven't!

The Fatal Lack of Co-ordination

Nothing is more obvious to the student of the first year of the war than the fact that time after time blows on different fronts followed one another at irregular intervals solely because the allied commanders were in such imperfect touch with each other that no arrangements had been made to strike simultaneously. It has been one of the greatest sources of strength to the Central Powers that following the early Austrian defeats their entire military direction has been centralised, and the German, Austrian, and Turkish Armies have been moved as one united force. What has happened with the Central Powers will now more and more happen with our men. The Allied Council of War will form the focus where the different schemes of the different national commanders-in-chief will be centralised, co-ordinated, unified, and synchronised. Movements will be timed so that blows will be struck simultaneously on every front. It will no longer be possible for Germany to shift her armies so as to meet and repel in turns different attacks on different frontiers.

The most threatening of our prospects still continues to be from the East. I do not care to say more about the prospects of some of the Mohammedan parts of the Empire at the present time save that they are a source of potential anxiety. In the Near East we have greatly strengthened our hands by despatching large numbers of troops to Salonika. A month ago we could do nothing save temporise with Greece, for our little force of 13,000 men beyond Salonika could have been wiped out by attacks of twelve times the number of Greeks. But to-day this is no longer so.

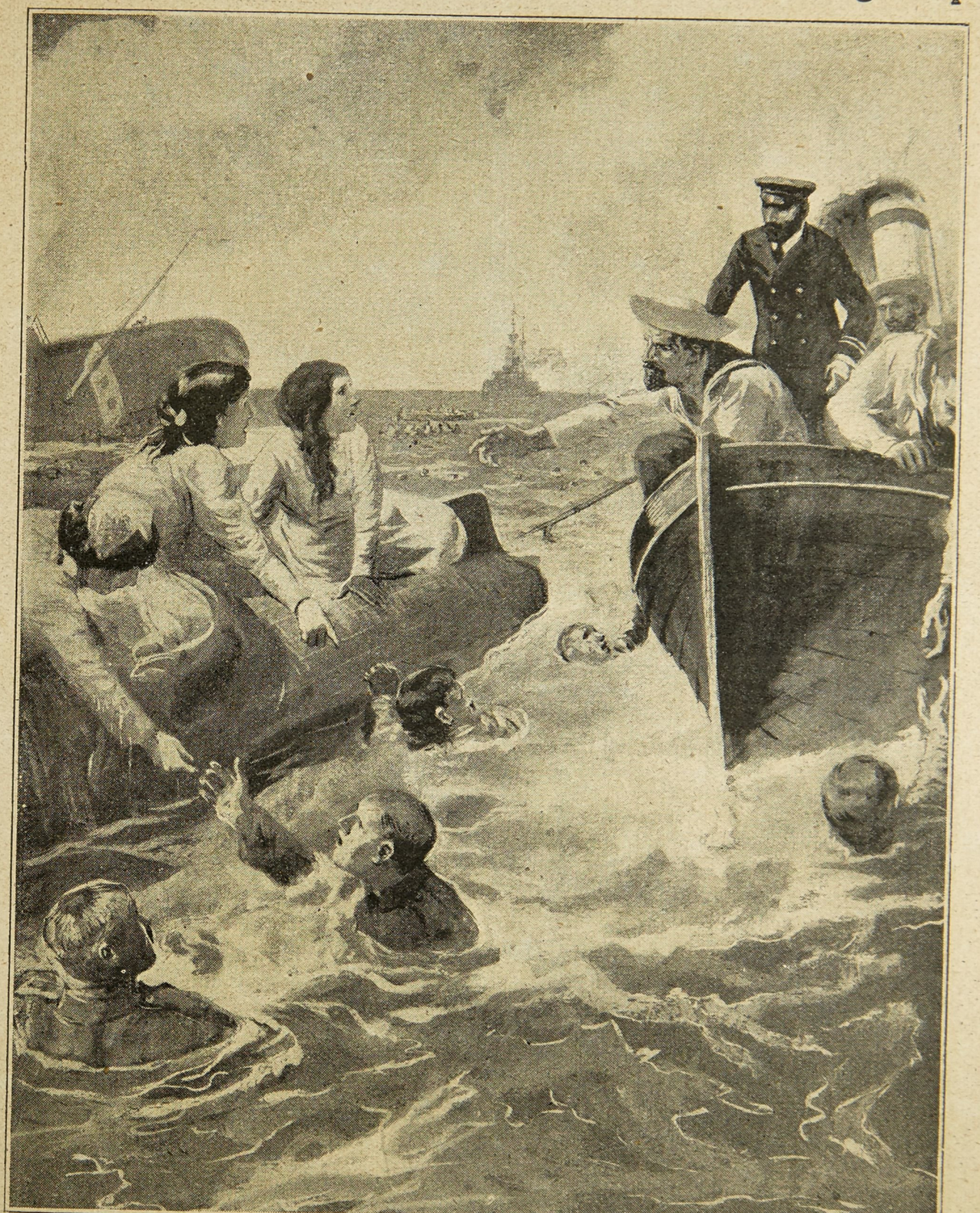
Greece Must Decide at Once

The presence of Lord Kitchener in Greece can mean only one thing. We all know that there is a party under the Hellenic King which would not merely refuse to carry out Greece's pledged troth to Serbia, but would further begin hostilities against her old ally on the slightest excuse. Honour, alliances, treaties, all count for nothing with them. Some politicians and military men in Greece have planned the most treacherous blow at the Allies. They will not have the opportunity to carry out their plans. How far the Greek Government is responsible for this course of action remains to be seen. We can only hope that the plans and plots have been hatched behind their backs, and without the knowledge of the King and his advisers. Kitchener will leave no doubt in the minds of the responsible Greek statesmen about the choice before them. Treachery will be followed by the immediate overthrow of Greece before the Central Powers can come to her help. The presence of the powerful British and French fleets in the neighbourhood of the Greek Archipelago should speak a language which even the most obtuse statesman at Athens can understand.

As I write this the fate of Serbia hangs in the balance, but the balance dips against her. Her armies have fought with a magnificent courage difficult to overpraise. Should it be too late to save her, or to save part of them at least, we will have some reason for shame.

The pages in the new chapter of the history of the war dealing with the Balkans, and even with the Dardanelles, may be dark, but the chapter as a whole will, I believe, be bright. Our strength is growing; that of our enemies is beginning to lessen. The fighting before us will, undoubtedly, be prolonged, and the different campaigns will have their ups and downs, but already the signs of ultimate triumph are appearing more and more clearly.

Soldiers First! Nurses' Devotion on Sinking Ship

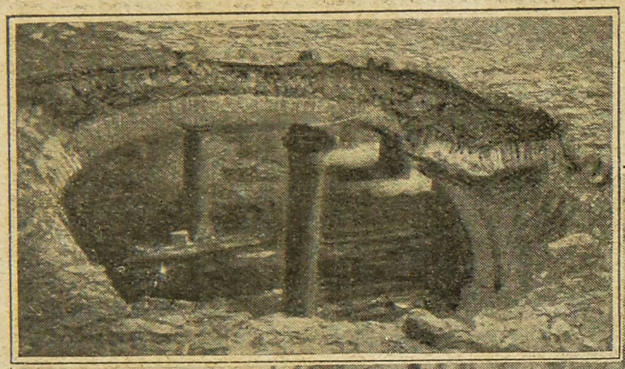


It is curious that so little publicity has been given to what is one of the most heroic episodes of the war. When a British transport was torpedoed in the Ægean Sea, the captain of a French cruiser, who was instrumental in saving a number of lives from the sinking vessel, relates that when his boats arrived on the scene, thirty-six nurses refused to leave the wrecked transport. They unanimously agreed that the fighting men should go first. Ten of these unnamed heroines were drowned.

Diverse Scenes near Britain's First-Line Trenches

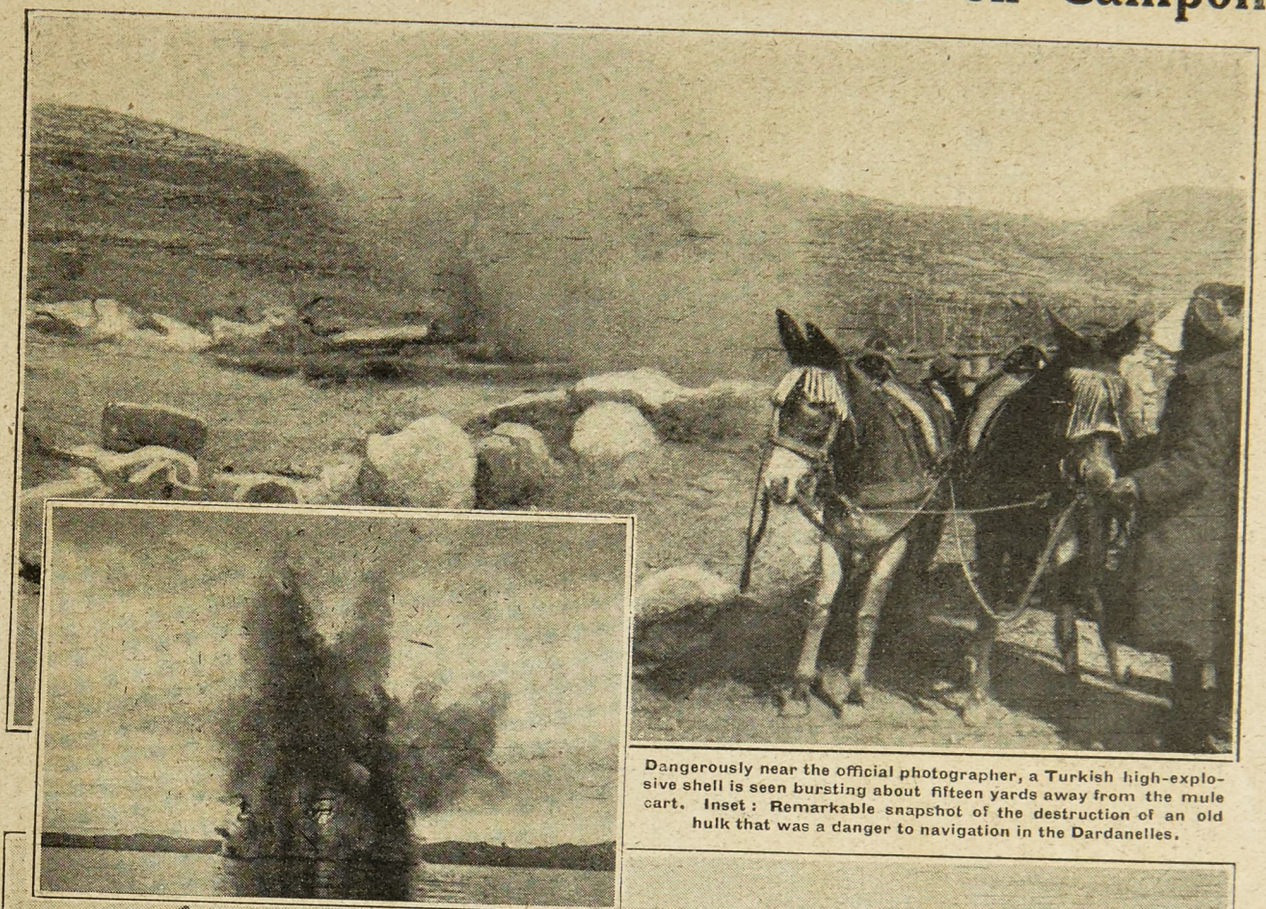
British officers at the front with the new steel helmets, and wearing the fur coats which have been served out for the winter.

Men of the London Scottish in the trenches. At lunch behind a wall of sand-bags.



British soldiers, a number of them wounded, discussing events after an attack on a German position. The wounded are on their way to the dressing station. Inset: Enormous shell-hole in the floor of the Audience Chamber of the ruined Cloth Hall, Ypres.

Stray Shocks of War in the Lull on Gallipoli



Dangerously near the official photographer, a Turkish high-explosive shell is seen bursting about fifteen yards away from the mule cart. Inset: Remarkable snapshot of the destruction of an old hulk that was a danger to navigation in the Dardanelles.

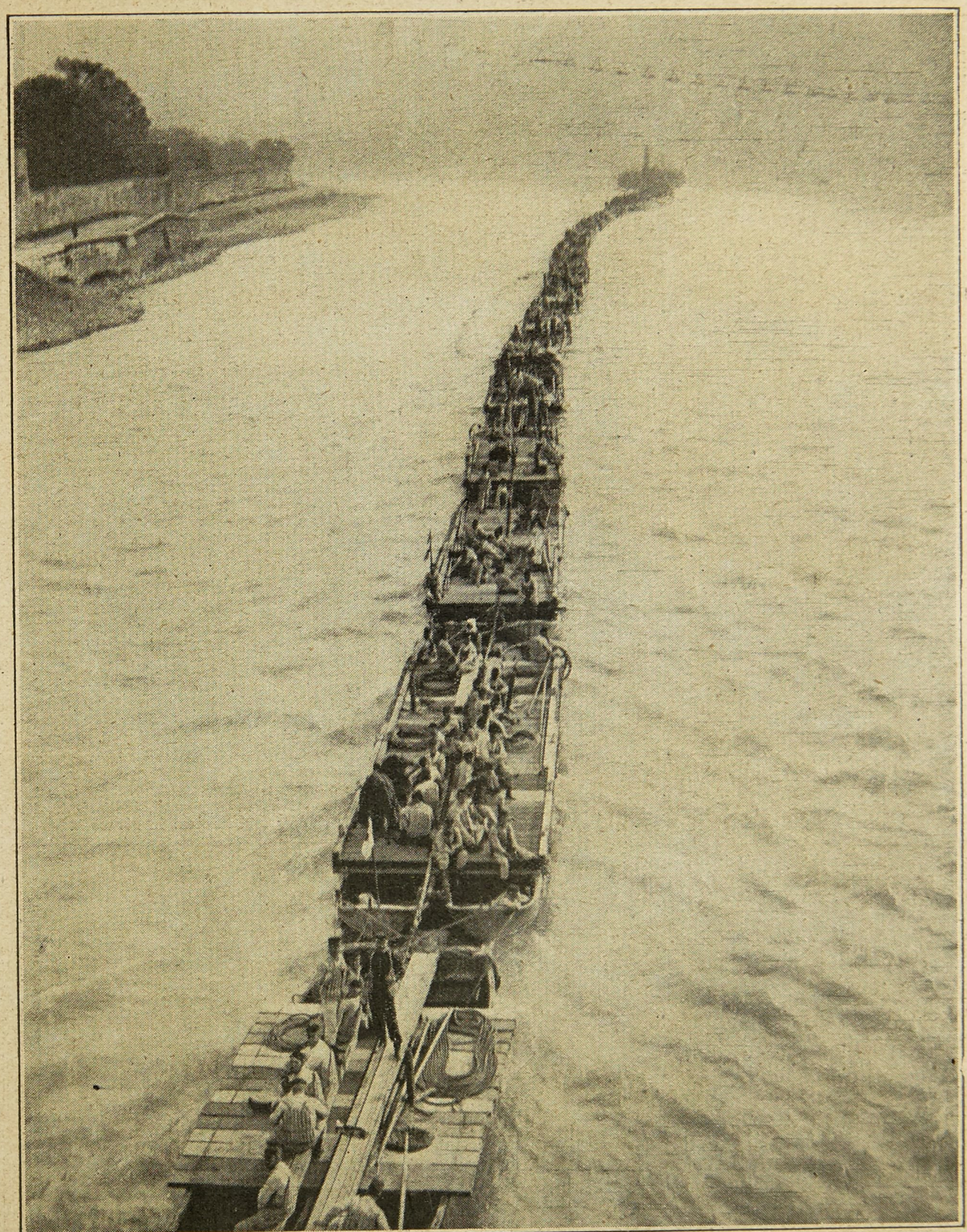
The rigours of campaigning in Gallipoli are forcibly brought home to us by this photograph of a Turkish trench. The undulating ground and the coarse brushwood, which are characteristic of the whole Peninsula, go far to explain the perils of this arduous expedition.

Blond Beasts Surrender to Bold French Attack

French infantrymen about to search a dug-out in a section of a captured German trench in Champagne.

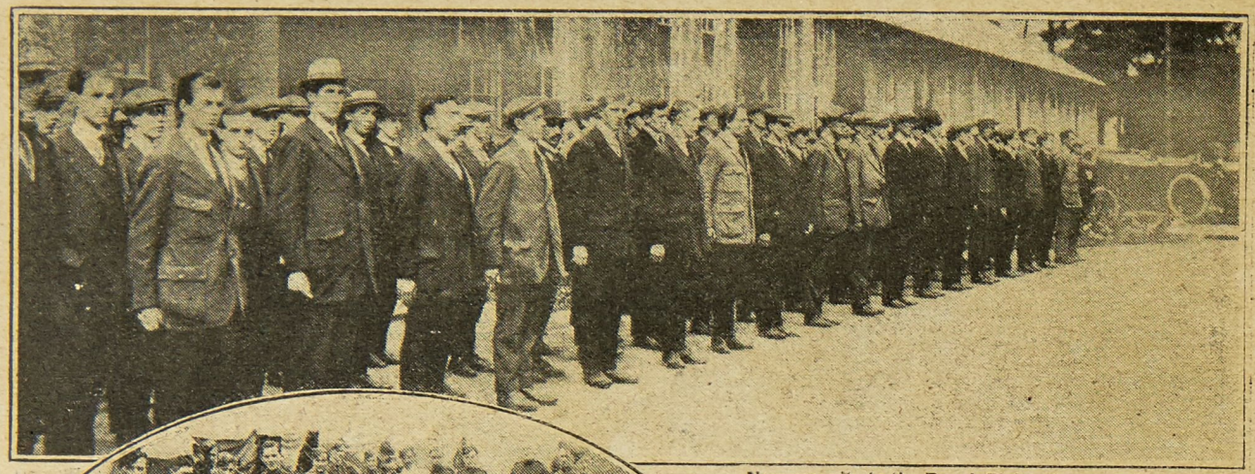
Almost daily the French add to their huge army of German prisoners, who are quite happy in the knowledge that they have missed the fate of "cannon fodder." Inset: Carcase of a horse thrown into a tree by the force of a bursting shell.

Towing a French Pontoon Bridge into Position



French military engineers on a long pontoon bridge that is being towed up a river to its position. The bridge is practically completed, but it is in sections, which are connected when they have been swung into the required position across the stream. Each section consists of two long pontoons covered with floorings of planks. When the ultimate destination is reached, the engineers make the flooring more secure, after having lashed the sections together. The men are wearing life-belts in case of accident-

Our Photographer with the Royal Flying Corps:

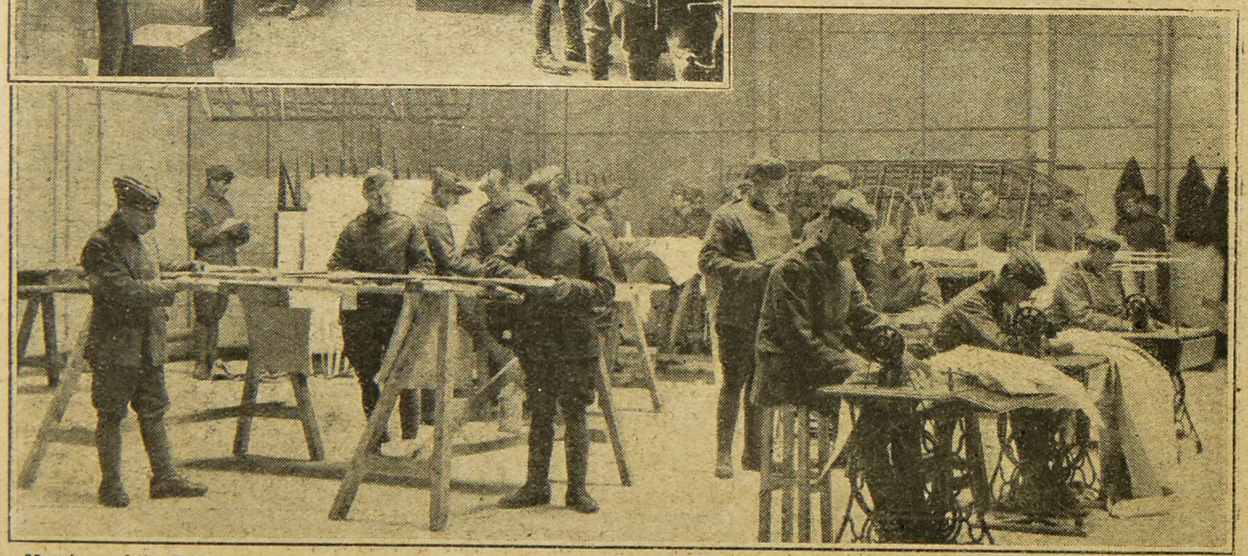


New recruits to the Royal Flying Corps going through their initial course of drill. The second photograph shows a cheery R.F.C. dinner-party in the open air.

THE record of the Royal Flying Corps, though necessarily short by reason of the comparatively recent inauguration of this service, is an admirable one. In the early days of the war, Britain's most critical hour, the pilots of the R.F.C. distinguished themselves over and over again in reconnaissance, and earned that grateful approbation of Sir John French which has figured frequently in his reports, including the latest despatches.

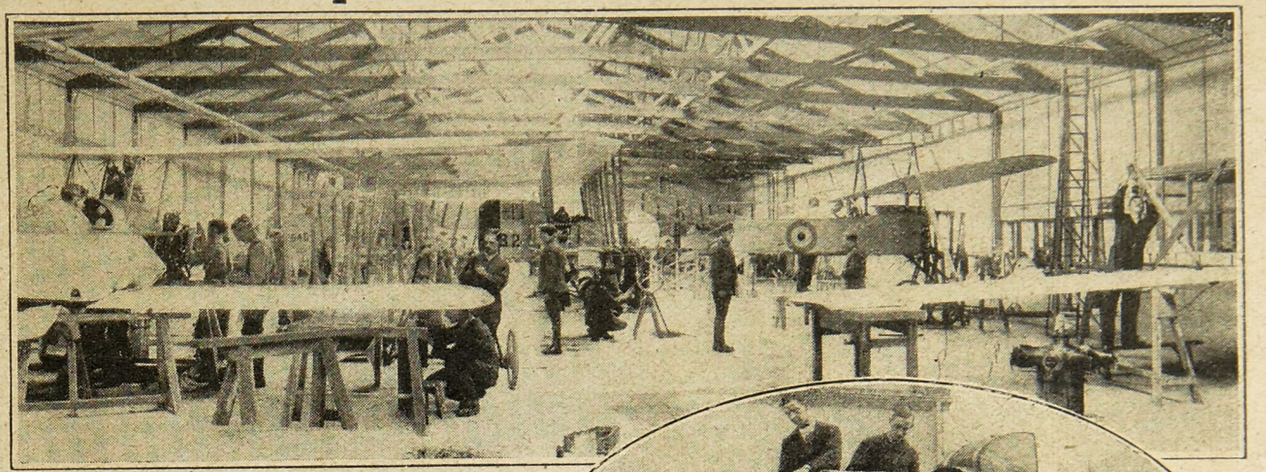
The units of this corps are almost exclusively skilled mechanics, and their work for the Empire is generally a more complete course of their trades in civilian life. The training is such that a man is made to feel self-reliant, so that any detachment, flight squadron, or wing may be able to operate on its own initiative at any distance from the base.

On joining the R.F.C. the recruit is put through a course of drill, necessary to stimulate discipline, at the headquarters, South Farnborough, and thence, after further training in reserve at Aircraft Park, he may be transferred straight away to a squadron at home or abroad, if he shows the requisite ability and interest in his work.



Members of the R.F.C. at work on plane-building and sail-making. The third photograph on this page shows the interior of an aero-engine erecting shop and a group of mechanics engaged in this engrossing work.

At the Headquarters of the Administrative Wing



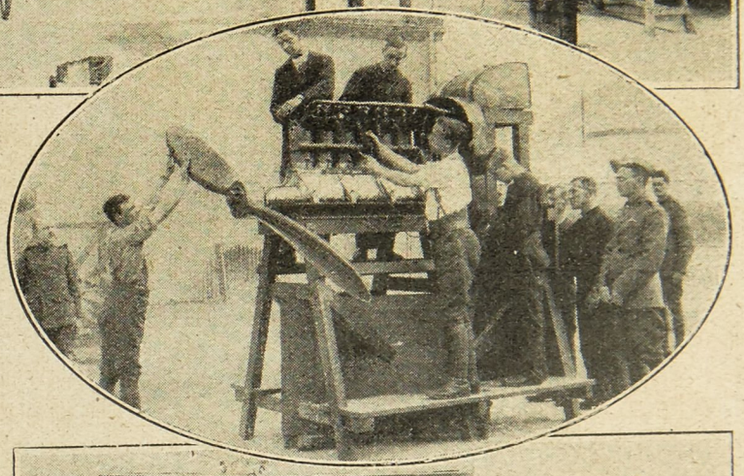
Interior of the rigging shop, showing to the left a single-seater biplane, and on the right a "parasol" Bleriot monoplane.

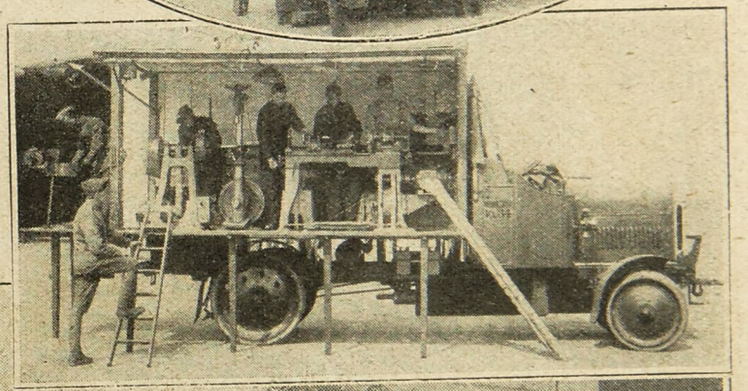
The rank and file do not fly, their duties mainly consisting in repairing aeroplanes, engines, motor-transport, and other plant, such work being of a most responsible character, on which the lives of their officers depend.

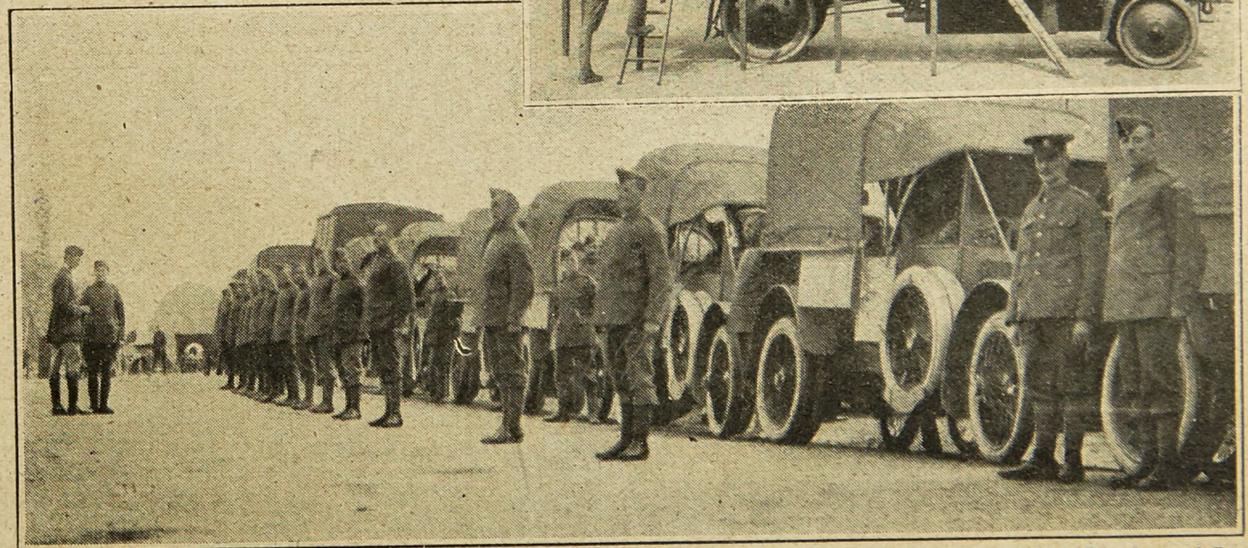
Owing to the fact that subordinate ranks of the R.F.C. are, probably more frequently than in any other unit, expected to carry out important duties on their own responsibility high standard to discipline and intelligence is demanded.

This branch of the Army is organised in what are called wings, divided into squadrons, and sub-divided into flights. An N.C.O. is made answerable for the work of keeping each machine in a flight thoroughly efficient.

A special section of the R.F.C. is rigging, which opens up an entirely new trade. Recruits for this work can be enlisted from fitters, joiners, carpenters, pianoforte and organ builders, coach-builders, turners, etc. Such recruits undergo an exhaustive course of training on the construction of aeroplanes, varied by interesting lectures on the duties and stresses to which each part of the machine is subjected.



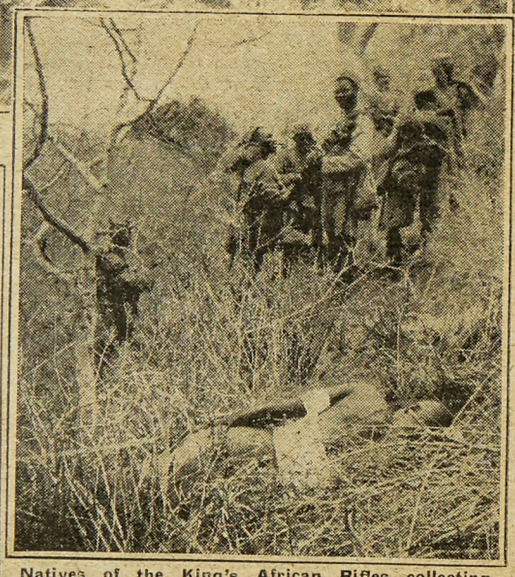




The other three photographs on this page show, respectively, engine fitters at work on a six-cylinder 120 h.-p. Beardmore A.D. aero-engine, repair lorry—carrying equipments of lathe, drill, emery tool-grinder, forge, etc., all electrically driven—and a convoy of R.F.C. light Crossley waggons, which are extensively used in this corps.

Glimpses of our Little-Known War in E. Africa

Indian troops, advancing under cover of the bush, about to engage the German forces.



Natives of the King's African Rifles collecting wounded. An injured enemy soldier is seen bandaged.

Native porters of British East Africa carrying ammunition in the rear of an advancing column. This is the only means of getting munitions into the firing-line. The thick bush makes wheeled transport an impossibility. Inset: Indian mountain gun in action on the East African veldt. These weapons, by reason of their mobility, have proved the most serviceable in this tropical environment.

Greeks on the Brink of the Arbitrament of War

The King of Greece and his Queen, who is a sister of the Kaiser, lunching on a battlefield. This photograph was taken when Greece and Serbia were fighting Bulgaria, in 1913.

General Mauschopolis, Commander-in-Chief of the Grecian Army stationed at Salonika.

Greek soldiers at the docks at Salonika, and (inset) mountain artillery. It is said that King Constantine's pro-Germanism is not due to the Queen's influence, but to his own belief in the ultimate triumph of Kaiserism. The bulk of his people are pro-Allies.

Allied Infantry and Artillery for Balkan Fields

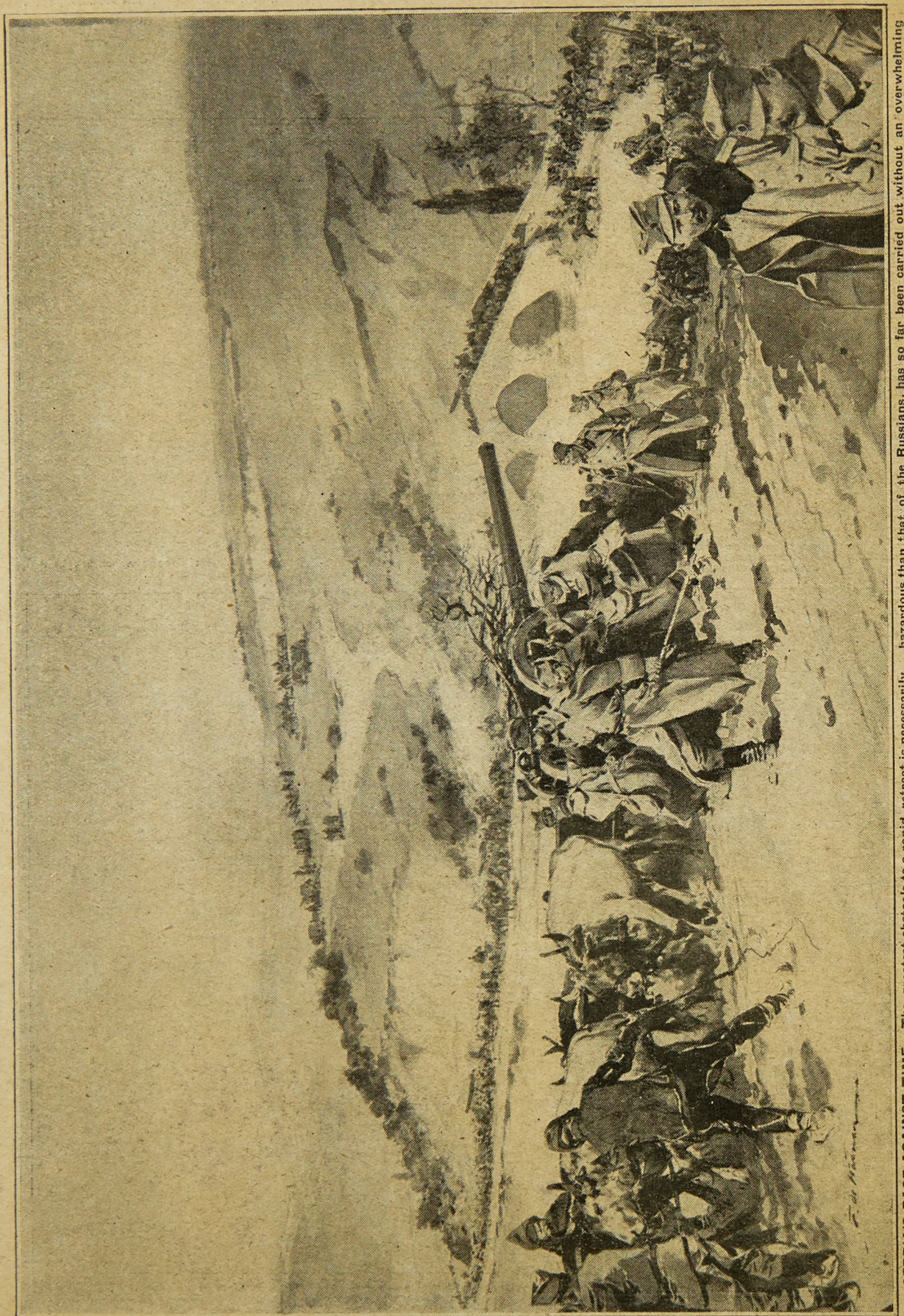
Since the Allies opened the new campaign in Balkania, the French troops have made some notable gains against the Bulgarians. France, though in need of every man to push on with her offensive in the west, realises how important it is to hold the Germans in the Near East. This photograph shows French troops en route for Serbia.

British artillery drawn by four mules on the road to a Balkan battlefield. At a leisurely trot a pair-horsed Greek carriage is about to pass the martial cortege on the right of the photographer.

Scenes at Salonika and along the Danube

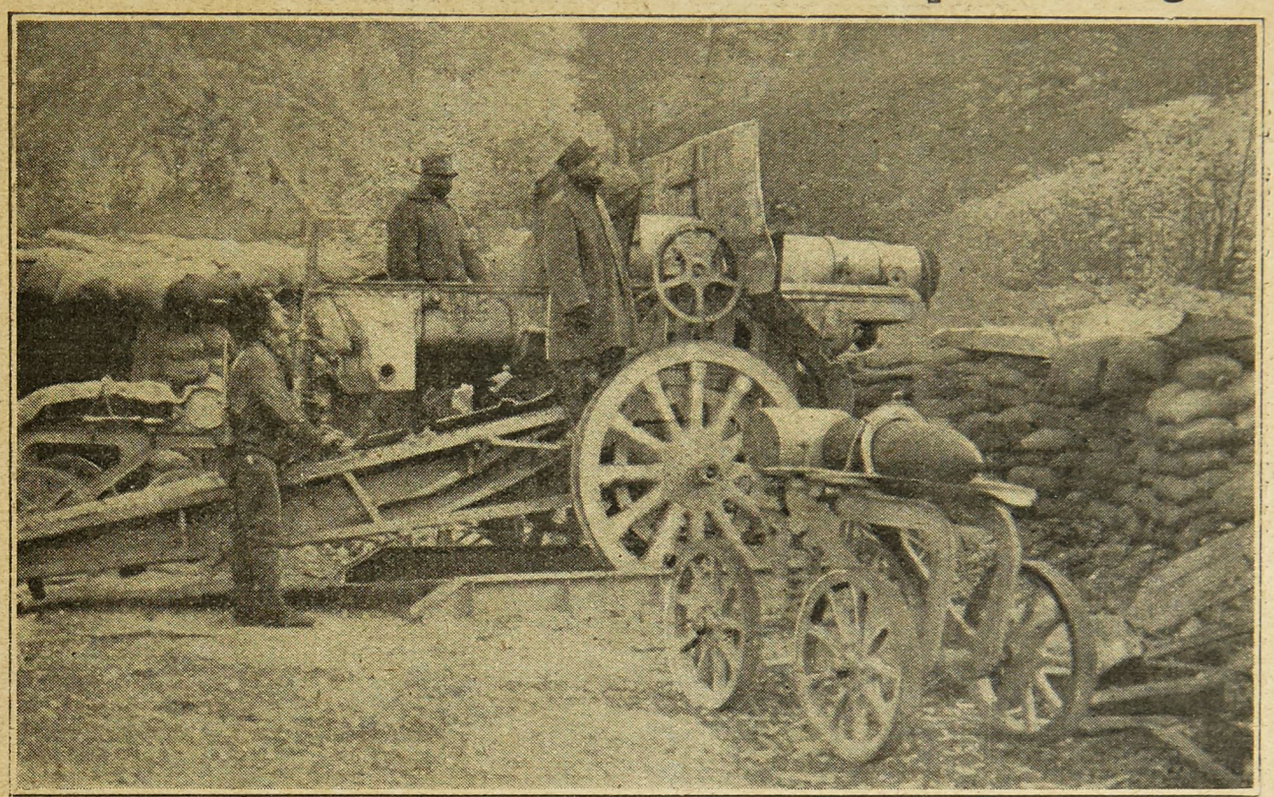
Impression of part of the immense stores of corn and hay at the French base at Salonika. The huge piles of forage which are being concentrated at this wharf give some indication of the extent of our ally's part in the Balkan campaign.

Entrenched along the Danube, these Serbian soldiers are in the act of repelling an Austro-German attempt to cross the waterway. Fittingly, the Danube, one of the greatest rivers in Europe, is likely to play the greatest part in the European War.



SERBIA'S RACE AGAINST TIME.—The greatest obstacle to a rapid retreat is necessarily heavy ordnance. One can well imagine the difficulties of the Serbians dragging their heavy guns over the undulating ground by means of oxen, the only reliable, if primitive, mode of transport in this theatre of operations. That their retreat, which was infinitely more hazardous than that of the Russians, has so far been carried out without an overwhelming disaster to the whole Army is remarkable. This illustration shows batteries of Serbian field artillery on the heights, warding off the foe ensconced across the river, while their big guns are on the way to a new position.

Extremes in Ordnance on the Alpine Heights



This monster weapon is a type of siege-gun largely used by our Italian ally in the Alpine theatre of war. It is in action against the Austrian Fort Hermann. So weighty are the shells fired from this weapon that a special trolley is used to transport them from place to place.

Italian mitrailleuse gunners in action. This position is practically unassailable, and the fate of a troop of Austrian infantry coming within range of this rapid weapon would be sealed. A member of the Red Cross sits complacently behind the two combatants.

Mr. Churchill's Apologia Examined

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL did not deal, in his speech on November 15th, with some of the main counts brought against Admiralty administration in this page. These are briefly:

1. That the Navy, which was mobilised as usual in July, 1914, was allowed to demobilise during a period of acute crisis, and only on the night of Sunday, July 26th, were steps taken to reassemble the main or First Fleet at Portland.

2. It was not until July 29th that this First Fleet put to sea, to go to its pre-arranged war base in the north, and a new admiral for the Grand Fleet arrived after war had broken out, the result being that no hunt through the North Sea took place to prevent hostile mining until after war had broken out, though the declared German policy was to mine the North Sea prior to the declaration of war. Though we ourselves were the inventors of blockade mines, and fitted many ships for them, we did not lay any until two months of war had gone by. The golden opportunity of mining the Heligoland Bight was lost for ever.

Failure to Hold the Baltic

3. The failure to call out the reserves until Germany was committed to war had the incidental result of persuading that country that we would not fight. (Vide White Paper.) On July 27th the Russian Ambassador said that in Germany and Austria it was believed that in any event we would stand aside. On July 27th Sir Edward Grey assured the Austrian Ambassador that "we should not think of calling up our reserves at this moment."

4. The failure to send a large force of submarines, during the crisis, into the Baltic lost us our best chance of scoring. No submarines went to the Baltic until war had been on some time.

5. Not a single enemy vessel abroad was "shadowed" during peace time. The Goeben and Breslau escaped through gross mismanagement, and the advent of Turkey and Bulgaria into the war is directly traceable to this cause.

The points which Mr. Churchill did attempt to deal with were Cradock's action off Coronel, the loss of the three Bacchante cruisers, Antwerp, and the Dardanelles, and in the absence of all possibility of a reply, he unquestionably presented a very clever case in which the experts were tossed about like ninepins.

Cradock's Hopeless Action

To understand Mr. Churchill's responsibility one must remember that he was very specially the author of "the defence of this island" theory, by which the foreign stations were denuded of ships.

The result was that all the German cruisers were at large, and Cradock's ships, as well as the three Bacchantes, to whom were assigned the most dangerous tasks, were manned on the outbreak of war with the rusty Royal Fleet Reserve crews of men who had left the Navy.

At Coronel it was these men, with utterly inferior weapons, who were pitted against the crack gunnery ships of the German Navy, which had been training for several years. Mr. Churchill's responsibility, however, goes much deeper. The Australia, which could have fought the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau, was conveying 1,200 men to Samoa.

He boasted in 1912 that he had broken the Imperial agreement to send two Invincibles to the Pacific, and thereby saved two ships to the building programme for the home station. In 1914 he broke the agreement to station nine Bristols in the Pacific.

It was these very ships which had ultimately to be sent out to capture the German cruisers, and which fought the Battle off the Falkland Islands.

What is Mr. Churchill's solution to satisfy the public in regard to these deplorable events and the loss of the three Bacchantes? He wants to lay papers containing a selection of accounts by the Admiralty, or "a full account from authentic telegrams by some good naval writer." This is elaborate trifling.

There are two methods by which these things have been probed in the past. By far the best is the method of naval court-martial. That is the system Mr. Churchill nearly succeeded in abolishing. The other Parliamentary inquiry.

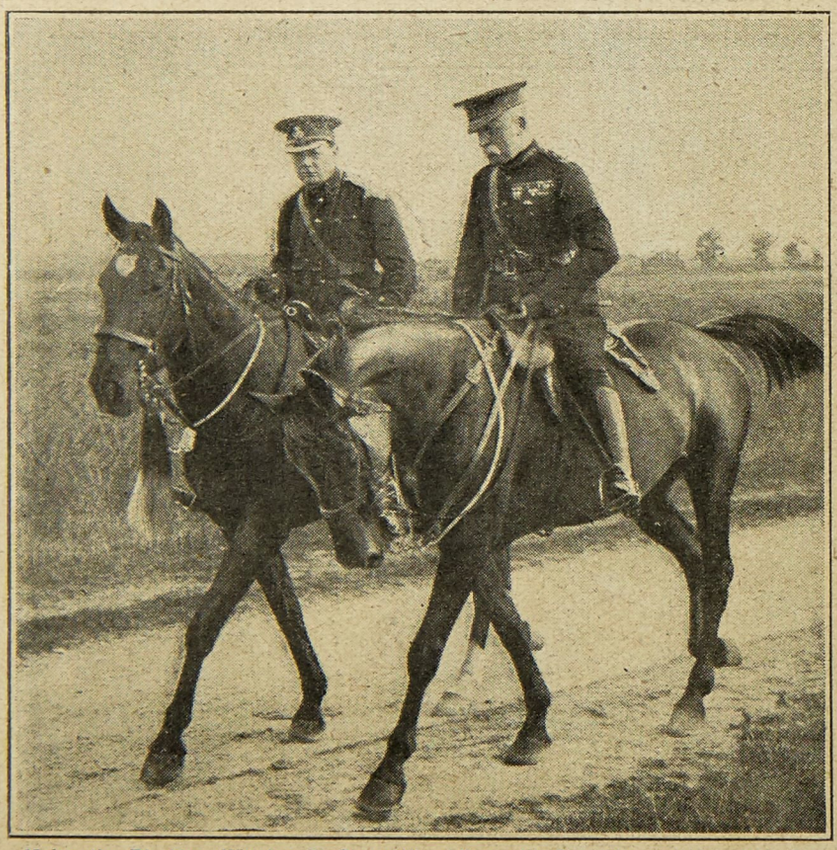
The Blunder of Antwerp—

Mr. Churchill cleverly created a confusion in the minds of his hearers by mixing up Lord Kitchener's relief army with the 2,200 Marines and civilian band he threw into Antwerp. The Belgian Commander-in-Chief mentions the 2,200 Marines' arrival on October 3rd, and ignores the rest, including Mr. Churchill, altogether. The sole Belgian appeal this distinguished general mentions was one on October 4th, to us to occupy Ghent, and this was done by Lord Kitchener's relief division (the 7th), on October 9th. He continues: "All hopes of a junction under the guns of Antwerp with the main body of the Franco-British forces had vanished (October 4th). . . . Retreat was still possible, but it was becoming urgent to execute it."

This retreat was completed on October 6th and 7th, rearguards being left "to cover the retreat of the 2nd Division and of the British contingent, which had left Antwerp on the evening of October 8th." There is not a word to show that the civilian force—many of whom might have become fine soldiers under proper training and organisation—were of the slightest use. Lord Kitchener's 7th Division did its work at Ghent, but it would puzzle any man to discover what Mr. Churchill's contingent succeeded in doing, except to cover the Royal Navy with ridicule.

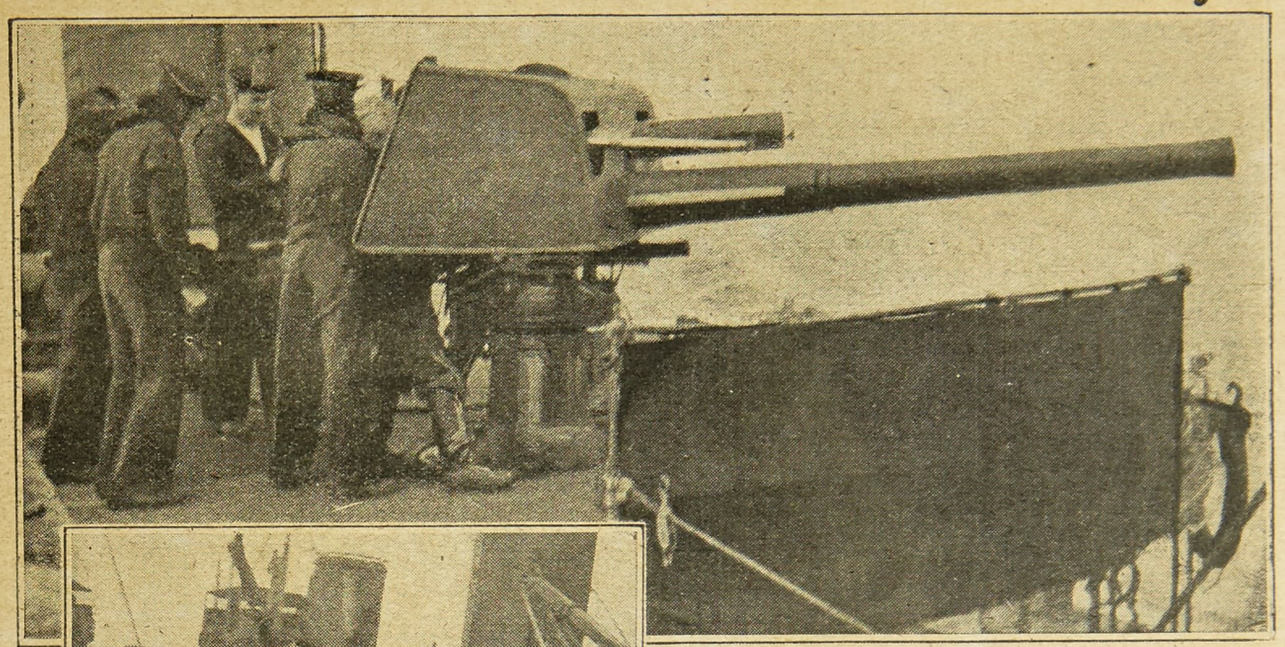
—And the Dardanelles

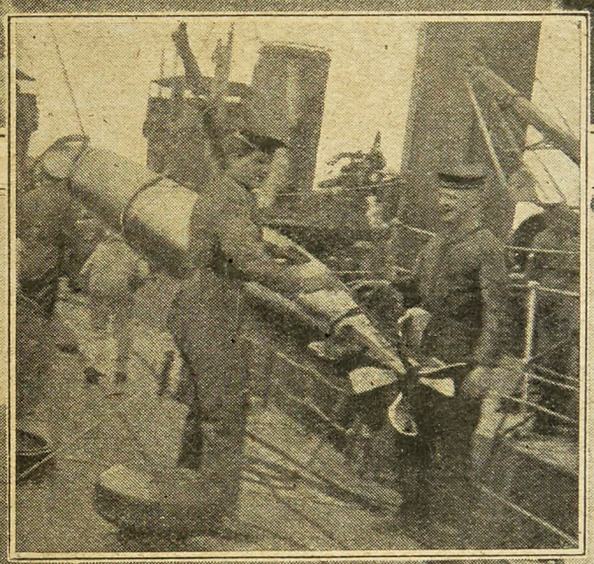
I now come to the Dardanelles, where Mr. Churchill reinforces his action by the advice of naval experts. The curious point is that it never seems to have struck either the Cabinet or Mr. Churchill that naval officers know very little indeed of operations against the shore and the effect of their own guns on earthworks and concealed positions, and that consequently the final experts must be Royal Engineers and Artillery officers.



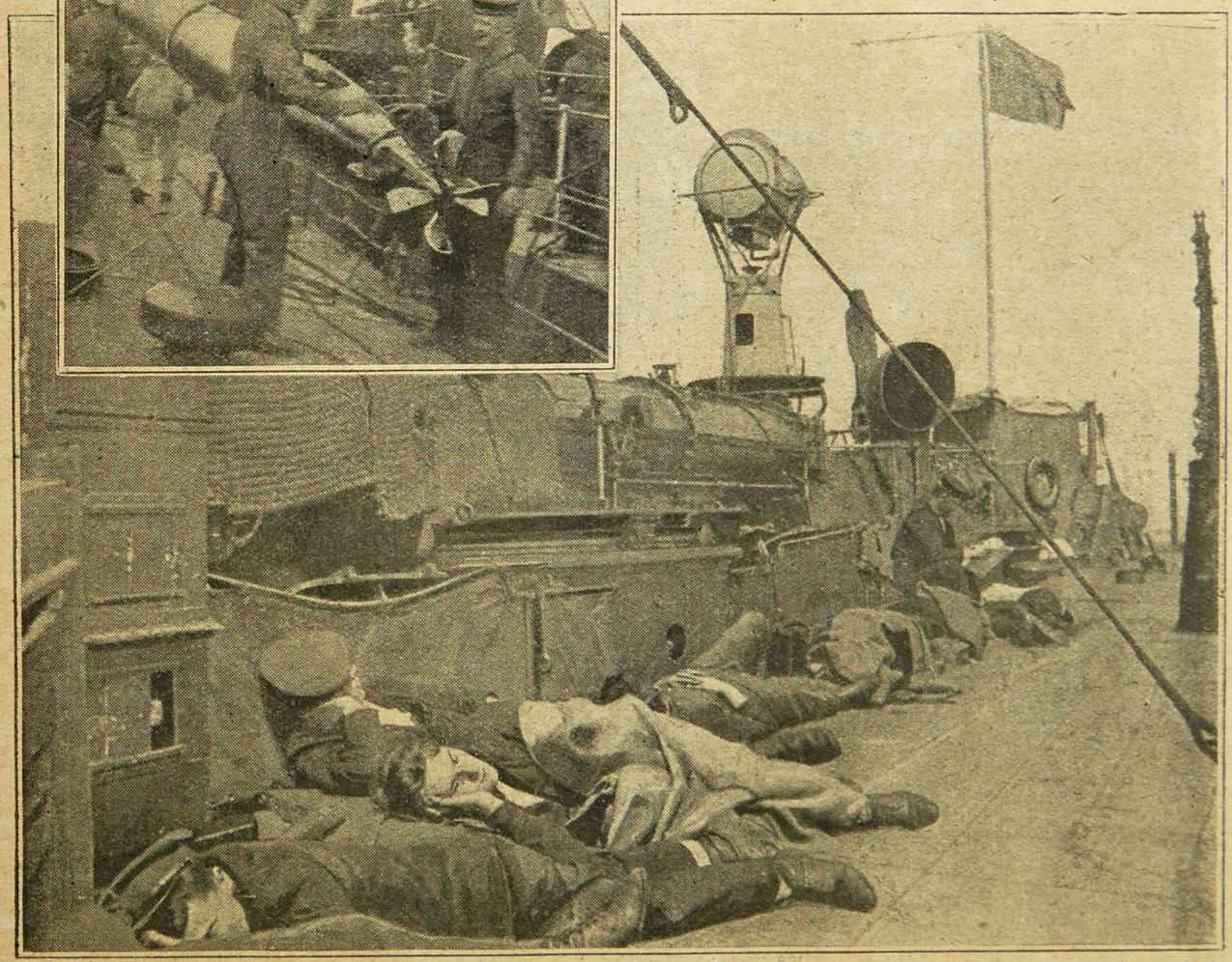
Major the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, riding with Sir John French. Entering the Army in 1895, Major Churchill served with the Malakand Field Force in 1897, in the Tirah Campaign, with the Nile Expeditionary Force, and in South Africa.

Scouts of the Fleet: Scenes aboard a Destroyer



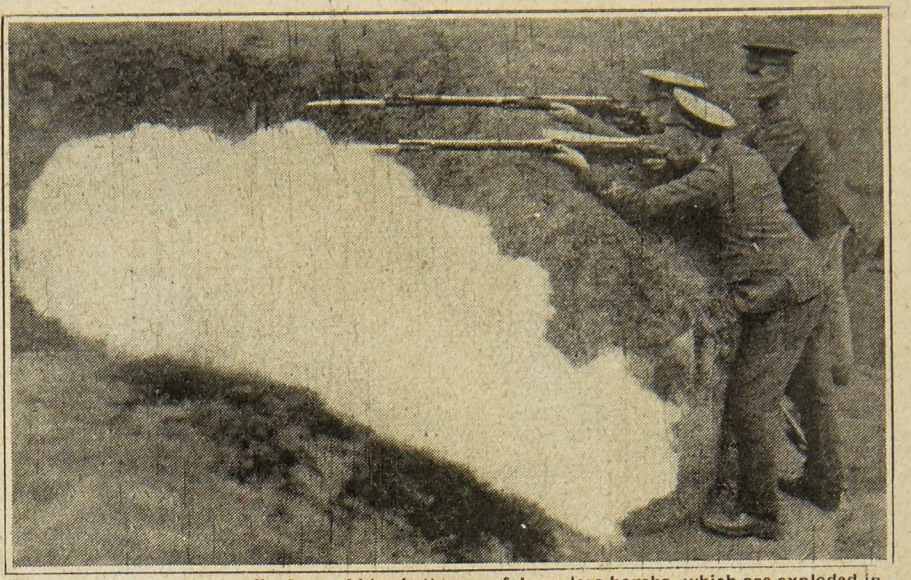


The after-gun aboard a British torpedo-boat destroyer manned and ready for action. Inset: Tars polishing a torpedo.



British bluejackets asleep within hands-reach of duty. A scene aboard a British destroyer while it was patrolling the seas in search of enemy craft. Sometimes for several days and nights the guardians of Britain's shores will not remove their clothes, snatching what sleep they can on deck.

About to charge. Men of the new Canadian Contingent in training near Lake Ontario for the battlefields of Flanders. Some are seen throwing hand-grenades.



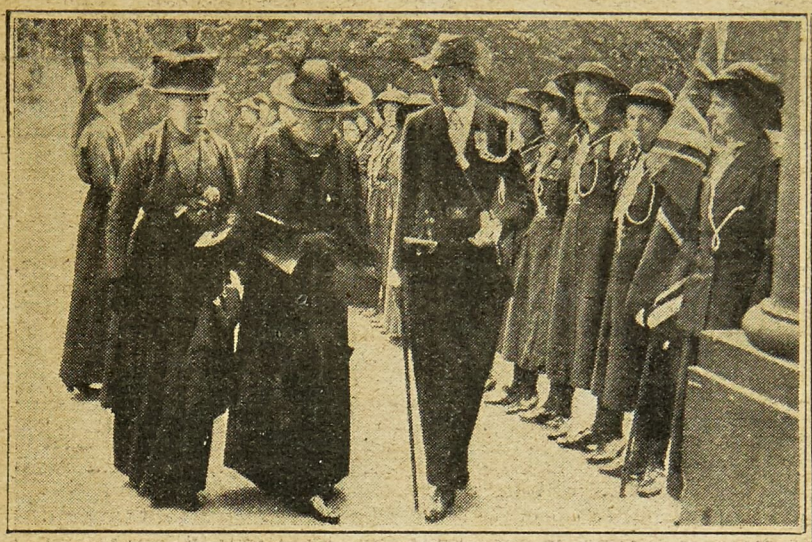
Rifle practice "under fire." A novel idea is the use of harmless bombs, which are exploded in front of the trenches to accustom the men to the nerve-racking strain of explosions.

Springing from the trenches. Canadian soldiers experience the exhilaration of a charge. These fine types of the Empire's manhood will soon be on their way to the front.

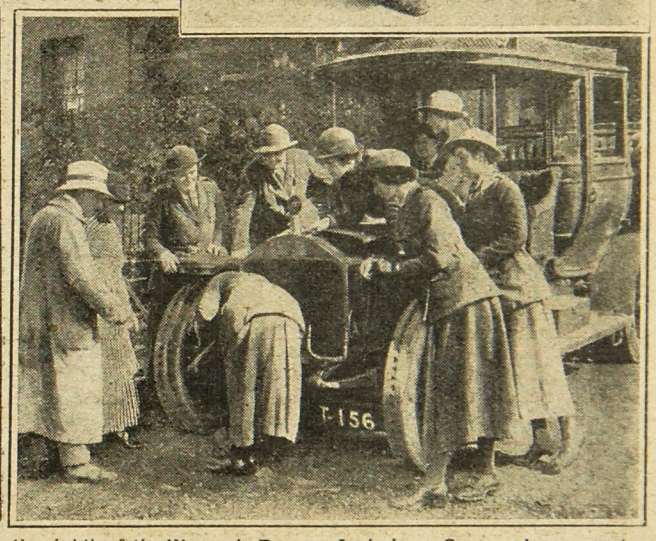
A lecture on trench-digging. Canadian officer in friendly confabulation with his men on the construction of trenches, an art much modified by the lessons of the Great War.

SONS OF THE MAPLE LEAF IN TRAINING AT THE GREAT CAMP ON THE SHORES OF LAKE ONTARIO.

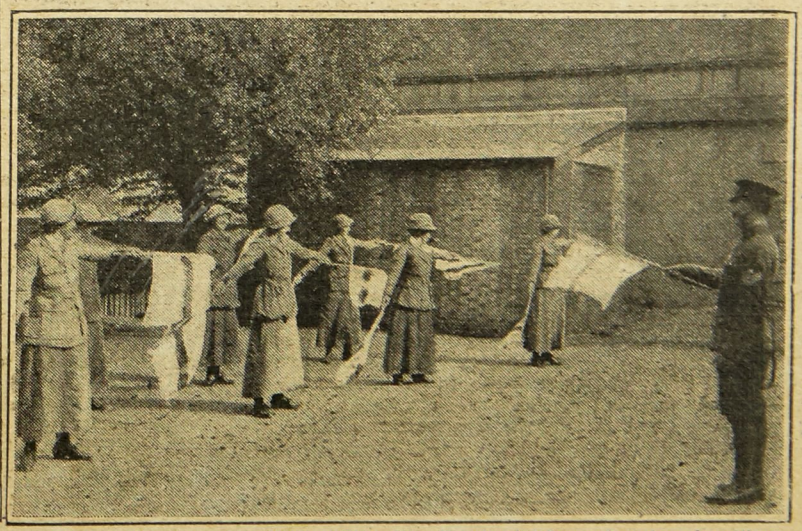
On War Service: Women of Britain Step into Line



Lord Kitchener's sister, Mrs. Frances Parker (on the extreme left), inspecting a corps of Girl Guides, who have in many ways proved useful for war-time work. Right: One of the uniformed girls employed as meter inspector by a gas company.



Lieut. Yates (on the right), of the Women's Reserve Ambulance Corps, who was sent, semi-officially, to the Dardanelles as a motor-transport driver. Right: Volunteer Corps members learning motoring so as to be of use to the Government.



The modern milkmaid clad in workmanlike uniform. Right: Members of the Women Signallers Territorial Corps learning signalling under an Army instructor. Lord Kitchener's sister is their commander-in-chief. Members of this and of the similar numerous women's corps wear different styles of khaki uniforms.

HOW THE HORSE IS CARED FOR AT THE FRONT

The Magnificent Work being Done in France for Britain's War-horses

By Colonel the Right Hon. MARK LOCKWOOD, C.V.O., M.P.

SINCE the beginning of the age of chivalry, when first knights spurred into battle, the horse has been always associated with the romantic pageantry of warfare. Until the last few months, to think of war was to conjure up stirring visions of reckless cavalry charges, of foam-flecked chargers "clothed with thunder," and to imagine the thudding of hoofs, and the fierce shouts of maddened men on no less maddened steeds. Of late the opinion seems to be held among civilians that horses are no longer a very important factor in the success of a campaign; this is a fallacy.

The Horse's Nameless Terror

Although it has been proved that motor traction can replace the horse in many ways, it must be remembered that good roads and country where the "going" is easy are essential for motor-transport; and these conveniences, of course, are not always accessible at the front. Therefore, in addition to cavalry—soon to play a greater part in this war—thousands of horses are necessary for drawing guns, ammunition waggons, ambulances, and for transporting food and other essential supplies for the troops over bad roads and broken country.

The foregoing is not written in advocacy of the use of horses at the front, or of the extension of their present spheres, for every animal lover will welcome the day—if that day ever dawns—when it will no longer be imperative to utilise and sacrifice horses on the field of battle. As circumstances are, however, horses are almost as necessary to General Joffre, Sir John French, and the other leaders as they have been to every commander since the very earliest campaigns, when horses were used to drag chariots and to carry loads, and the time of Xenophon, whose "Guide for a Cavalry Commander" provides the first detailed evidence of the existence of squadrons of horse-soldiers.

So, regrettable as it is, the war-horse must still know the nameless terror of the battlefield, and suffer, and be maimed and killed for the benefit of Man. What, one wonders, does the horse think of it all? Imagine the terror of the horse that once calmly delivered a shopman's goods in quiet suburban streets as, standing hitched to a gun-carriage amid the wreck and ruin at the back of the firing-line, he hears above and all around him the crash of bursting shells; he starts, sets his ears back, and trembles; in his wondering eyes is the light of fear. He knows nothing of duty, patriotism, glory, heroism, honour—but he does know that he is in danger. At the crack of the whip he gallops into the open, amid the smoke and fumes, nearer the din of battle. Possibly he neighs wildly; he may even go temporarily mad, for chargers have been known to fight fiercely with their teeth and hoofs. Then, a sudden sharp pain, and he falls wounded; or, a rending pang, and he is dead.

"Horse First; Man Afterwards"

Although, unhappily, the time has not yet come when horses are recognised as deserving of protection under the Red Cross flag, war-horses are at last coming into their own; for, with the splendid Army Veterinary Corps to look after them, they are within sight of being more generously treated by Authority. In all the many branches of the Army there is no department that deserves more credit, or shows more astonishing foresight in the preparation, alleviation of suffering, and general superintendence of the animal than does the A.V.C. and the Remount Department.

From the beginning of the war until October 16th only, the A.V.C. had, I believe, already treated no less than 27,000 horses, and succeeded in saving the lives of many that would, even in times of peace, have been condemned as incurable. The horses are treated with as much care and skill as are shown to wounded soldiers, and are given an anæsthetic before being operated upon by the surgeons.

High tribute is also due to that splendid organisation, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Working under the supervision and at the request of the War Office, the Society is rendering reliable relief to the suffering animals. The R.S.P.C.A. has built many hospital stables for thousands of horses at various points at the front; it has supplied motor-lorries and medicaments of all descriptions, and all are most satisfactory. In short, one who inspected the horses in France would not observe a single instance of neglect throughout the many thousands that are being used.

In one of the healthiest parts of France the Convalescent Horse Depot is established, and covers an area of no less than twenty miles. Here, under the careful supervision of officers of the A.V.C., they run to grass in well-sheltered paddocks, and so a large number of horses are saved, and soon are well enough to return to active service.

The Starting of the A.V.C.

Prior to, and during the South African War, there was no satisfactory organisation for the care of horses on active service. The experience of the South African campaign showed clearly the disadvantages of the old system, and in 1903 the Army Veterinary Corps was established. In this new corps a complete personnel was appointed. The veterinary surgeons had the assistance of trained non-commissioned officers and men to carry out, in an efficient manner, the work hitherto attempted by the farriers. The commissioned officers of the corps are qualified veterinary surgeons who have passed four years at a veterinary college or university.

At the numerous places throughout Northern France where the A.V.C. horse hospitals are situated more help of various kinds is needed. I can assure all those who have subscribed in answer to the Duke of Portland's appeal on behalf of the R.S.P.C.A. Fund that nothing could be of more benefit to horses at the front than this fund. The Society is the only one recognised and authorised by the Army Council to collect funds for our horses with the armies. Its aim is to augment the supply of horse hospitals, horse shelters, medical stores, hospital and stable requisites—such as rugs, woollen bandages, head collars, halters—and to provide horse-drawn ambulances and motor-ambulances, which are very badly wanted to convey from railway stations horses kicked and lamed en route, and horses not injured severely enough to necessitate their being destroyed, but suffering from wounds that prevent their walking from the station to the convalescent farms. Motor-lorries are needed for the rapid conveyance of fodder from the base hospitals, where the stores are kept, to the convalescent farms and hospitals miles away. With the advent of winter, the horses will be unable to graze, and so there will be more feeding to be done.

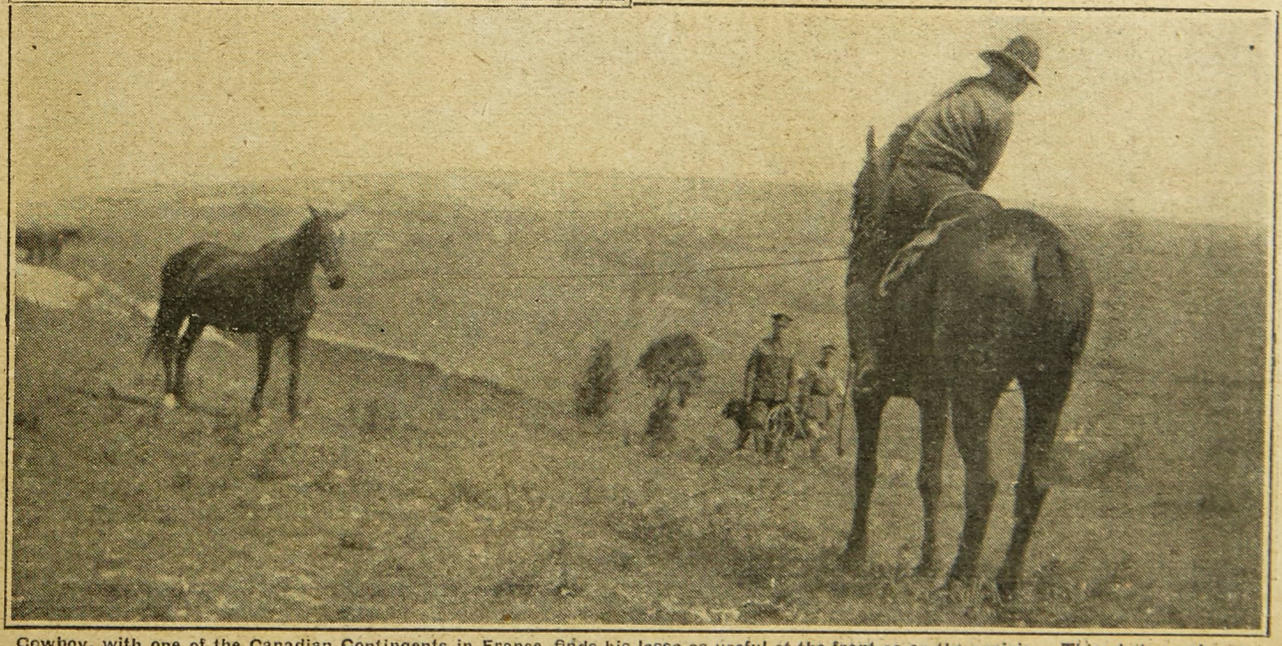
Until the time comes when the Red Cross of Geneva protects human and animal combatants alike, we, who have made laws to protect animals in peace time, must take all care to protect them also in war time. The horses of the British Army are an integral part of the British Army itself, and the care which the soldiers give to their horses shows that they value their co-operation and their friendship. We all want to help the men who are fighting for their country's honour, and, having helped them to the best of our ability, we must continue to see that their horses are not neglected.

M. Lockwood

Some Phases in a Horse's Life at the Front

Hay being collected from an abandoned forage depot to be conveyed to an advanced position. The strictest economy is practised at the base camps in France. Right: Motor mail-van collecting postal sacks at an outpost station.

Left: One of the many Army Veterinary Corps' hospitals in France that have been built by the R.S.P.C.A. Above: Horse being inoculated by an army veterinary surgeon. An operation as necessary for animals as for men.



Cowboy, with one of the Canadian Contingents in France, finds his lasso as useful at the front as on the prairie. This photograph was taken near Dieppe, where a number of the Canadians' horses were allowed to run to grass before their journey to the firing-line.

Are We Ready for the Great Air Raid?

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

A WELL-INFORMED writer in one of the daily papers sends from Holland a truly depressing story of German activity in airship building. He tells of "a score or more places in Germany" where Zeppelins are being built, and goes on to explain that "as fast as they can be built, there are being turned out also dirigibles of the classes bearing the names of Major Parseval and Professor Schütte." "Everywhere they are working with nothing less than feverish haste," he says.

It would be a good thing for this country if some of the men working on aircraft and on anti-aircraft guns would do a little more of the "feverish haste" business, for I know of a certain part of every aeroplane which is made by a first-class French workman in anything between nine and twelve hours, whereas in this country the men are forbidden by their fellow-"workers" to take less than forty hours over the same job. In another aeroplane factory the manager, who is a personal friend of mine, asked his men to speed up their work a bit, and the leader of the men objected because, as he put it, if they did so, "one man would be doing the work of three." When my friend pointed out that this was just what the Navy and Army wanted, the men's leader said, "Oh, there's no need to hurry! We're bound to win the war, anyhow!"

The Best of Every Man

A very nice comfortable belief that, and true enough, so long as every man does his best, not only as a fighting man, but as a workman. But if a man is not doing his best—as it is pretty clear the men mentioned above are not—there is no certainty of our ever winning the war at all. If we can win without doing our best, why work at all? Why not just sit with our hands in our pockets and wait for the Germans to beat themselves?

That is not the German way. The Germans, you will note, "are working with nothing less than feverish haste." They know that now is their chance to build an air fleet big enough to damage not only London, but all the big manufacturing centres where munitions are being made. All these previous Zeppelin raids have merely been little scouting operations to see what sort of reception we are ready to give aerial invaders at night. It has been admitted in the House of Commons that the reception has been rather too kind—from our point of view.

The Race Against Time

Also we have been promised by the Government that our gun and searchlight defences shall be improved, and they are certainly being improved rapidly. The Germans know this, hence their feverish haste to get a huge fleet of airships ready to attack this country before we can get our big anti-aircraft guns properly ready to receive them.

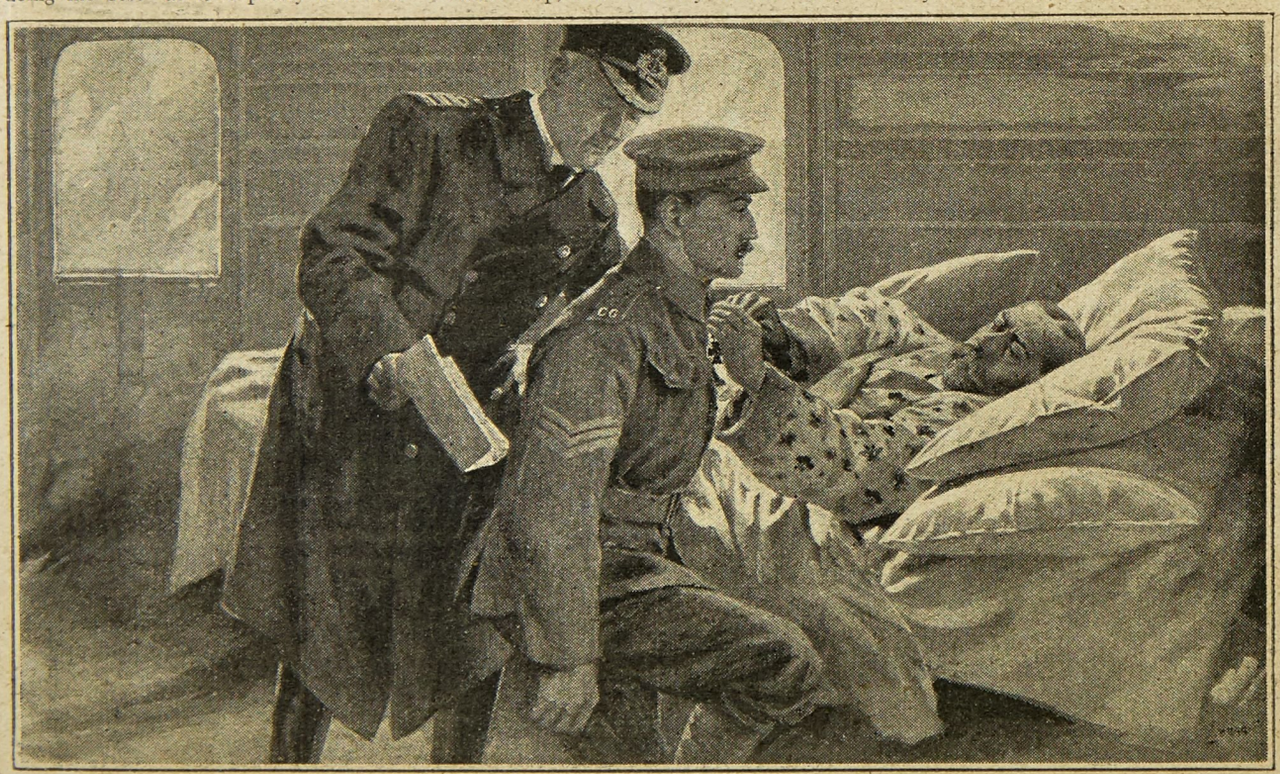
The Zeppelin, of course, everyone knows. The Schütte-Lanz is a very similar ship, but more like a cigar in shape, and made with a framework consisting chiefly of wood instead of aluminium. Each ship carries about as many bombs as a Zeppelin, and as a class are, if anything, rather faster. The Parseval is a smaller ship, but is nearly as fast as a Zeppelin, and is easily capable of journeying from Germany to England and back. Those who have seen the "Silver Queen" airship belonging to our Navy—which was bought from Germany some two years ago—know what a Parseval looks like, but the newer ships are much faster.

We Must Be Ready

In daylight a modern aeroplane can catch and destroy any of these ships, and if the Germans delay their promised big raid until the spring—as they possibly will do, so as to have a large number of ships ready—our aeroplanes may catch them in daylight before they get back across the North Sea.

That is why men in aeroplane shops, and men working on anti-aircraft guns, and on ammunition for them, and on bombs for the aeroplanes, should work with as much feverish haste as any German, if they want to save their own homes from destruction. We have seen what one Zeppelin at a time can do. Think what twenty or more at a time could accomplish! And Sir Percy Scott cannot protect London unless the men under him have the necessary materials with which to do their work.

Lieut. H. V. Bevis.—On page 287 of our issue of November 6th, included in "Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead," was the name of Lieut. H. V. Bevis, Royal Engineers. The name of this officer appeared in the official list as having been gassed. This was quite true, but he was not killed. The gallant officer is now at home in Southsea, on sick leave. We regret the error, and take the first opportunity to make this welcome correction.



His Majesty, in decorating Lance-Sergeant Brooks while lying prostrate in the hospital train after his accident at the front, accomplished an act of grace, which will further endear him to all patriots. Though the King was suffering considerably from his fall, Lance-Sergeant Brooks was ushered into the Royal presence, and His Majesty endeavoured to pin the V.C. to the heroic Coldstreamer's tunic, but was not strong enough to do so without assistance. The officer behind Lance-Sergeant Brooks is Sir Charles Cust.

Great Names of Britain on the Roll of Patriotism

Major Earl of STAIR, 2nd Scots Guards. *(Prisoner of war & mentioned in despatches.)*

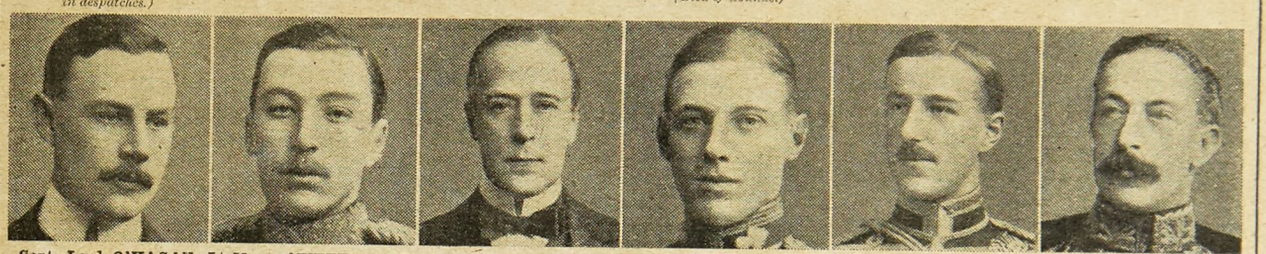
Lt.-Col. Vis. RIDLEY, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Major Earl of LEITRIM, 11th R. Innis. Fusiliers.

Lieut. Lord PETRE, Coldstream Guards. *(Died of wounds.)*

Hon. Col. Earl of SEFTON, Lancashire Hussars.

Lieut. Earl POULETT, Warwickshire R.H.A.



Capt. Lord O'HAGAN, Royal Horse Artillery.

Lt. Marq. of TWEEDDALE, 1st Life Guards.

Major Ld. WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, Yeomanry.

Capt. Vis. EBRINGTON, Royal Scots Greys.

Major Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN, Yeomanry.

Lt.-Col. Ld. KENYON, Yeomanry.

Lt.-Col. Earl of ORKNEY, Staff.

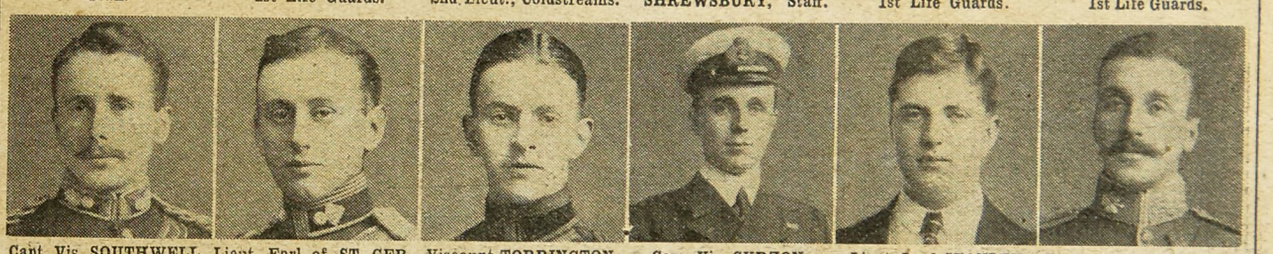
Capt. Vis. NEWRY, 1st Life Guards.

Lord LOUGHBOROUGH, 2nd Lieut., Coldstreams.

Temp. Maj. Earl of SHREWSBURY, Staff.

Lieut. Lord SOMERS, 1st Life Guards.

Temp. Maj. Ld. PENRHYN, 1st Life Guards.



Capt. Vis. SOUTHWELL, Yeomanry.

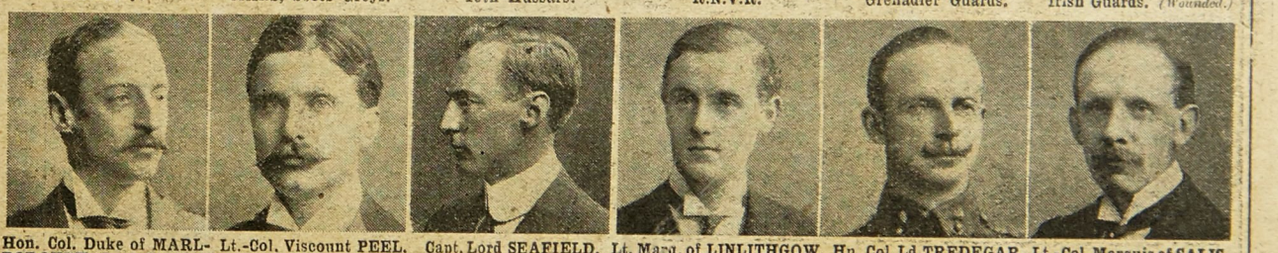
Lieut. Earl of ST. GERMANS, Scots Greys.

Viscount TORRINGTON, 19th Hussars.

Com. Vis. CURZON, R.N.V.R.

Lieut. Lord STANLEY, Grenadier Guards.

Lieut. Earl of KINGSTON, Irish Guards. *(Wounded.)*



Hon. Col. Duke of MARLBOROUGH, Ox. & Bks. L.I.

Lt.-Col. Viscount PEEL, Beds. Yeomanry.

Capt. Lord SEAFIELD, 5th Cameron Highlndrs. *(Killed in action.)*

Lt. Marq. of LINLITHGOW, Lothians & Border Horse.

Hn. Col. Ld. TREDEGAR, Monmouth Regt.

Lt.-Col. Marquis of SALISBURY, Bedfordshire Regt.

Lieut. Lord MINTO, 1st Scots Guards.

Hn. Col. Duke of SUTHERLAND, Seaforth Highlndrs.

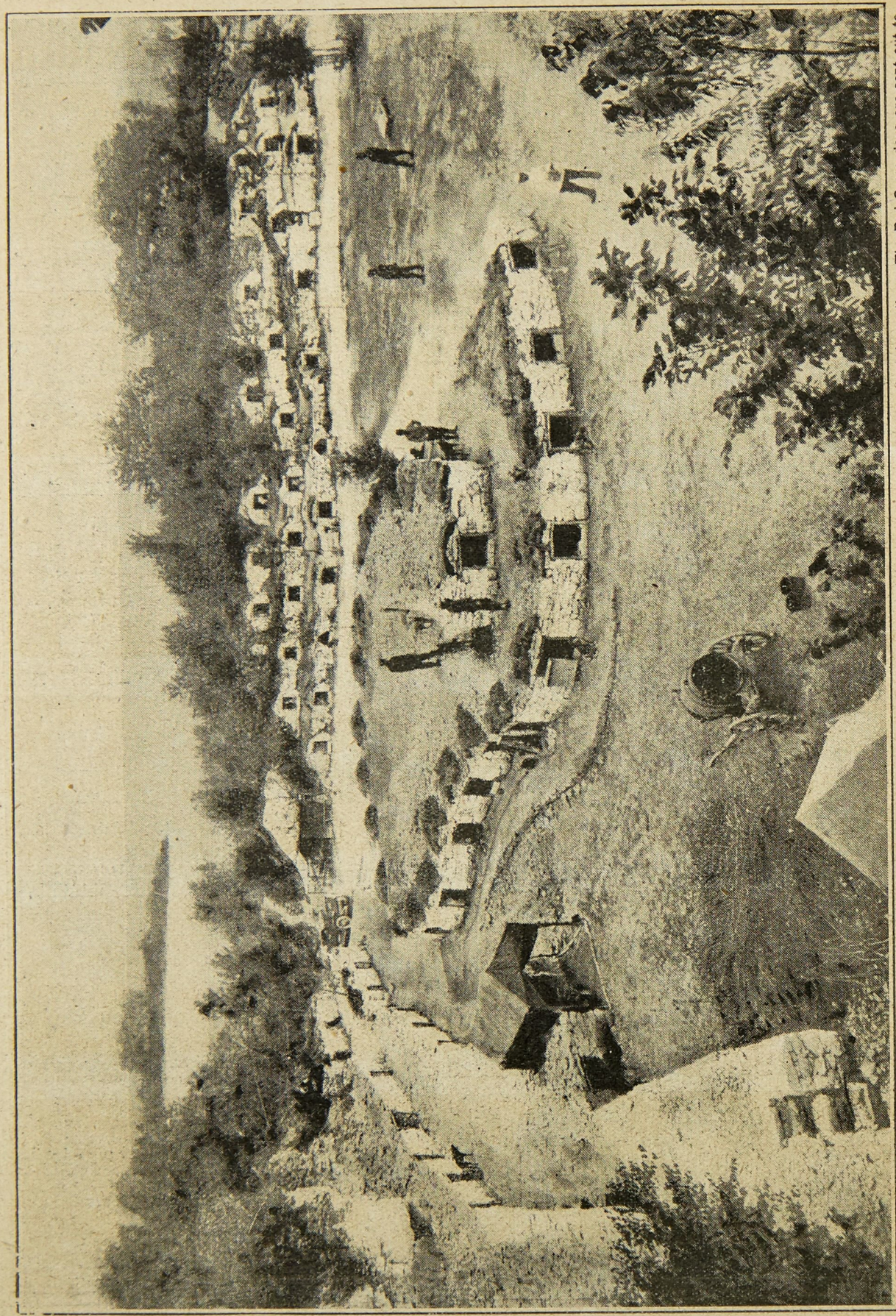
Lt. Earl of LISBURNE, Scots Guards.

Hon. Maj. Ld. WIMBORNE, 10th Irish Division.

Temp. Lieut. Lord STALBRIDGE, Staff.

Capt. the Earl of PEMBROKE, Royal Horse Gds. *(Mentioned in despatches.)*

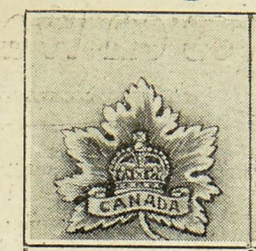
(Portraits by Lafayette.)



ARMY DOGS' HEADQUARTERS.—French military dogs' "dug-outs" near the firing-lines in the North of France. This animals' camp consists of terraced kennels cut in the rocks, the entrances being built up solidly with boulders. These army dogs are used by the French chiefly for ambulance work and scouting. The Red Cross dogs are sent out to help in finding wounded soldiers who may have crawled under cover and are unable to attract the attention of the first-aid men. The scout dogs accompany sentries on night duty.

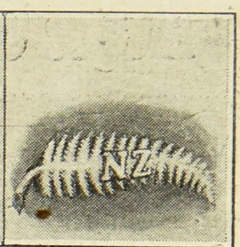
Distinguishing Badges of Colonial & Indian Regiments

THE maple leaf and crown, and the rising sun and crown are worn universally by the Expeditionary Forces from Canada and Australia. The New Zealanders of the Expeditionary Force wear their individual regimental badges; the fern leaf is worn by the permanent Staff and all not belonging to a corps, or regimentally employed. The dolphin and dragons, the crossed kukries and kattars, the quoits, and the graceful perpendicular treatment of the Prince of Wales' feathers are original decorative effects among the Indian badges. As with our own forces, many of these designs are more or less repeated, and some—those of the 11th K.E.O. Lancers and 18th K.G.O. Lancers, for instance—stand, with but slight variation, for a number of other regiments. These illustrations, therefore, form but a representative selection of Colonial and Indian badges.



The Canadian Contingents The badge design comprises a maple leaf with crown, and a scroll with "Canada."

The Australian Contingents Crown on rising sun. On scrolls, "Australian Commonwealth Military Forces."

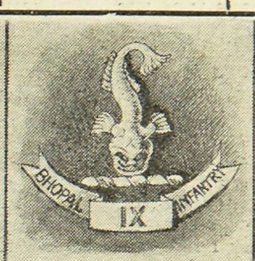


The New Zealand Contingents—Simple design consisting of a fern leaf bearing the initials "N.Z."

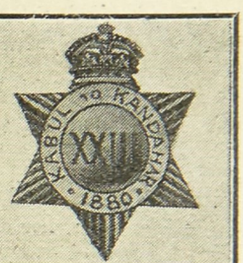
Indian Staff Badge Royal cypher, laurel and crown, worn by Staff and those not regimentally employed.

Bengal Bodyguard Officers Initials of Bodyguard of his Excellency the Governor of Bengal, over crossed lances.

Indian Ordnance Dept. Ordnance arms surmounted by a crown, with underneath the words "Ordnance, India."



9th Bhopal Infantry A dolphin with scroll beneath bearing the inscription "Bhopal IX. Infantry."

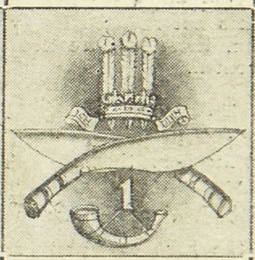


23rd Cavalry (Frontier Force) Kandahar Star in bronze with XXIII. in centre, and "Kabul to Kandahar."

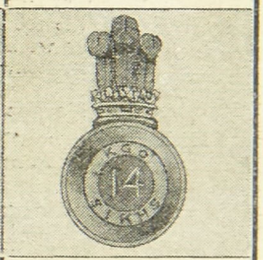
13th Rajputs Two silver crossed kattars (Rajput daggers), points upwards. Worn by officers.

62nd Punjabis Elephant in quoit and inscribed scroll over the dragon.

66th Punjabis Golden dragon wearing Imperial crown. The uniform of this regiment is scarlet.



1st K.G.O. Gurkha Rifles (The Malaun Regiment). Crossed kukries, edge downwards, horn and plumes.



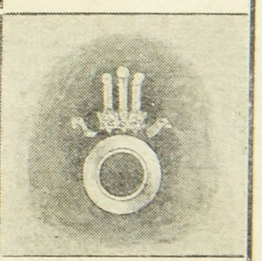
14th K.G.O. Sikhs Quoit with Prince of Wales' plumes. "14 K.G.O. Sikhs" inscribed on quoit.

18th K.G.O. Lancers Imperial cypher on crossed lances, with crown above. Inscribed scroll below.

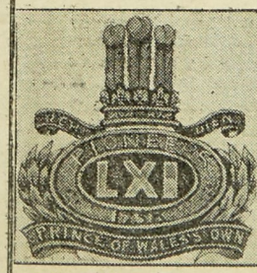
61st K.G.O. Pioneers Imperial cypher and crown, with garter and laurel wreath, Prince of Wales' plumes.

130th K.G.O. Baluchis Prince of Wales' plumes and motto, "Ich dien," with an inscribed scroll beneath.

1st P.W.O. Gurkha Rifles Crossed kukries, edges downwards, on circular plate. Prince of Wales' plumes.

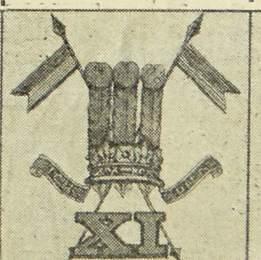


14th P.W. Sikhs On the death of King Edward the regiment became the 14th K.G.O. Sikhs.



61st P.W.O. Pioneers Laurel wreath and Prince of Wales' plumes and motto, with inscribed scrolls below.

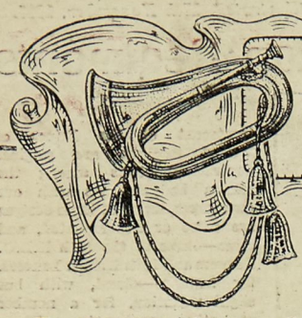
6th K.E.O. Cavalry Field cap of British officers. The late King Edward's Imperial cypher and crown.



11th K.E.O. Lancers Probyn's Horse. Prince of Wales' plumes over crossed lances. XI. between lances.

2nd K.E.O. Grenadiers A grenade in gilt metal, sphinx and plumes in silver on flames.

3rd Gurkha Rifles Queen Alexandra's cypher, crossed kukries, edge upwards, crown above.



Bugle Calls: Notes on War News

The Spartan Women of France

A FRIEND of mine, a Scotswoman, has just returned from France, and having come into intimate personal contact with some mothers and wives of French soldiers, she is now indignant with many of her own countrywomen. She says that she was chatting in an ordinary way in Paris with a French lady, and in the course of the conversation she learned that her new acquaintance had had two sons killed at the front. "I have only my youngest boy left," said the Frenchwoman, "and he is lying in hospital wounded." The Scotswoman thought to comfort her by saying, "Well, now that he is wounded, he will not have to fight any more. So you will have one son left to you in this terrible war." The Frenchwoman rose from her chair, her face stern, her eyes passionate. "All my sons are for my country. If only I had more than three boys, I would send them all out to fight to the death. My boy will go back when he is cured!" Being a man, I cannot say if our women generally are as ready to sacrifice their grown-up sons as was this Frenchwoman. Perhaps my Scottish friend has good grounds for her indignation; but, after all, the foe has not ravaged any part of our islands, and our women, therefore, are not moved so deeply as are Frenchwomen.

Naming Our Heroes

THERE is a growing feeling among soldiers' and sailors' wives and mothers that they are entitled to more details in the war news. They bitterly resent the type of report that describes a battle but omits the names of regiments; that lauds deeds of individual heroism, but compels the hero to remain anonymous. While not insensible to the great need for secrecy as to the movements of troops, and other campaigning matters likely to assist the enemy, the women of Britain would seem not to be asking too much in wishing to know something more of what has happened to their men after the last farewell at the railway station.

The Woman Who Sent Her Man Back

I HEARD of an English sergeant's wife, whose husband came home rather badly wounded after the retreat from Mons. "Don't go back, Bill," she pleaded. "You've done your full share. Let the others have a turn!" The sergeant told his wife what he had seen done to Belgian women and girls near the firing-line, among the colliery villages around Mons. The Englishwoman kept silence, breathing heavily. Bill merely stated what he had seen, and did not say what his own feelings were, and what he intended to do when he had completely recovered. He had no need to say anything. "You'll go back, Bill. You'll go back and shoot and stab the devilish brutes till they finish you off. Me and the children will manage to get along somehow!" said the woman, with some more violent language. Bill returned to France months ago, and I believe he is now dead. I saw him at the sergeants' mess at the depot on his way out, and I learned from his comrades that he had the reputation of being a cool and deadly fighter. So I take it that the great sacrifice which his wife passionately made has cost the Germans something.

An Officers' Grievance

IN the campaign for economy, about which we hear so much and see so little, there is room for one very obvious reform which would mean a very considerable saving, not only to the public purse, but to private purses as well. The obligation on officers of the Army and Navy to travel first-class, whatever may be said for it under the old régime, is quite indefensible nowadays, when officers are drawn from the nation as a whole, and no longer from a particular class. If officers can travel the same class as their men on lines where there are no first-class, such as the Tubes, surely they can do the same on other lines. None would welcome a relaxation of the rule more heartily than officers themselves. It is a continual grievance to officers stationed on one of the suburban lines that a return ticket to London costs them 2s.—no inconsiderable fraction of their day's pay.

The Future Generation

AS far as one can tell, the only step taken to curtail national expenditure has been in the direction of education. Does it not seem a scandal that the younger generation, who have the future of the Empire in their keeping, must be stinted, while there is so much room for economy in administration, civil and military, but in civil most of all?

Lord Derby and King Constantine

THAT Sir Philip Sidney was offered the throne of Poland is a legend that, after centuries have passed since Sidney's death, still gains credence. There is no doubt, however, that the fifteenth Earl of Derby, uncle of the present Earl, was offered in 1863 the Crown of Greece. If the offer had been accepted, the seventeenth Earl of Derby, instead of being Director-General of Recruiting, might have been sitting in the place of King Constantine.

Mr. Zangwill's Disclaimer

MR. ZANGWILL has very promptly denied the allegation of a New York correspondent of the *Observer* to the effect that he had written in an American paper "two columns of sneering at the (British) Army." The quotations from his article—"a humorous account of 'Walking in War-Time'"—were, he says, "not only garbled, but miscoloured by being divorced from their context." Mr. Zangwill declares that the total effect of his impressions of England in war-time "should be to cow and dishearten the Germans, and if any have extracted 'nutriment' from my article," he adds, "it can only be because, like the correspondent of the *Observer*, they have no sense of humour." But for its appearance in so responsible a paper as the *Observer*, I should not have noticed the statements, the flat contradiction of which by Mr. Zangwill will be welcomed by his many friends.

Premature Peacemakers

THOSE (perhaps) well-meaning, but (certainly) ill-advised people on the other side of the Atlantic who every now and then express their eagerness to act as peace-mediators between Germany and the Allies, labour under a fundamental misconception of the whole situation. They appear to think that the present war is more or less similar to the wars of the past, differing in degree but not in kind. The truth is that we regard ourselves as engaged in the task of bringing a criminal to justice, just in the same way as the police bring to justice murderers, burglars, or other pests of civilisation. To suggest a peace, therefore, which would leave Germany where she is, is about as reasonable as it would be to ask a policeman to leave off in the midst of his pursuit of a burglar.

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America's Roaring War Trade, by Sir Leo Chiozza Money

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3 One against Many : How Corporal Pollock won the V.C. near the Hohenzollern Redoubt **No. 68**

Germany's Roll of Dishonour

WE ought, no doubt, to be getting used by this time to the peculiarity of the German order of intelligence which renders it possible for Germans sincerely to believe that cruelty to non-combatants is a permissible policy in war, and further, that it is a wise one. Bernhardi's views upon the subject are generally known in this country. They have been carried several steps further in the course of this war by Von Bissing in Belgium and Von Tirpitz from the safe waters of the Kiel Canal, and they have entailed the execration of the whole civilised world, without resulting in the military success which was pleaded as their justification. But now Bernhardi and his disciples have been outdone by an Austrian deputy, who belongs to the German Progressive Party, Rudolph Keller by name. He has just issued a brochure, entitled "War against Civilians," which carries the Bernhardi policy a good deal farther along the road of "frightfulness," and which really is a surprising document, even though emanating from a German journalist.

THIS gentleman is anxious—and who is not?—to bring the war to a speedy conclusion, and, of course, to a conclusion successful for his side. He proposes to do it by exploiting the present position of things in the several areas of war. Germany and Austria are in present occupation of vast stretches of territory belonging to the Allies—ten departments of France, practically the whole of Belgium, Poland, and Lithuania, and a large portion of Serbia. They are thus "in a position to practise the most rigorous cruelties" on their enemies on all sides.

HERR RUDOLPH KELLER'S suggestion is that those occupied territories shall now be deprived of all food supplies, and that any other supplies from outside shall be prevented from reaching their inhabitants. If this deprivation of internal supplies was complete and the blockade was effective, the early result would be the death by starvation of the entire population within the ring. Herr Rudolph Keller argues that Britain and France would feel that they could not expose millions of Belgians and French and other Allies to such a death, and would consent, however reluctantly, to enter into negotiations with the Germans and Austrians, whose command over the fate of so many civilians would give them the upper hand.

SURPRISING as the proposal is in its "whole-hogging" nature, we believe it to be made in all gravity, and it is really interesting in one or two of its points. There is an ingenuous simplicity, for instance, in the admission that Germany, the home of "Kultur," could conceive a policy so barbarous that her enemies would throw up the fight rather than allow it to be carried into effect. Herr Rudolph Keller says, "Of course there would be a tremendous outcry against German barbarity," but he asks, "What of that? Our Germanic skins are sufficiently thick to bear the abuse of our enemies." His point is that it would end the war.

AND that is another interesting issue raised by his proposal; for he obviously is satisfied that "frightfulness" is sound warfare, whereas all the facts so far support our view that it is not. One need say but a very few words to British, French, and Belgian soldiers who actually have seen some of its fruits to ascertain what the effect of the policy of rigorous cruelty to civilians has been upon them—it has been to stiffen them into iron resolution that the murderers and ravishers and mutilators shall die by the sword they have drawn on women and children; it has not caused them one qualm of fear. And on ourselves in England, civilians who have no idea approximating to the ghastly truth of what these "excesses" and "outrages" mean, the effect of the policy is the same. Each more or less successful Zeppelin raid means a fresh regiment, and Edith Cavell's death must have brought an army corps into being. No; Herr Rudolph Keller is wrong in his premisses, as Bernhardi was wrong, and he will find himself as wrong in his conclusions as Bernhardi has been proved wrong. But that does not make him any less odious, or his policy any less of an outrage against civilisation.

WHILE it is quite easy to put a bullet into a German's head, it seems impossible to let into his thick brain the faintest glimmer of perception of the temper and determination of the Allies, and of the fact that, whatever he does, we will not stop this war until we have him at our feet, beaten. The Allies are as indifferent to his threats of fresh "frightfulness" as he is insensitive to their scorn and disgust at his past performances. Herr Rudolph Keller is wrong in his statement of the Allies' estimate of values. Britain and France would greatly deplore several millions of Belgians and French being exposed to death by starvation; but they are agreed in thinking that that would be a much less deplorable state than being compelled to live under German domination.

THE Germans can commit no atrocities worse in kind than they have committed already in Belgium and France, and if they proceed to repeat them on a wholesale scale, they will not commit an atrocity greater in magnitude than they have committed already in Poland and Armenia. Herr Rudolph Keller is wholly ignorant of the psychology of any nation other than his own. All the Allies would infinitely prefer all their women to die of starvation rather than that they should be sold into shame at the rate of three-and-twopence a brace, as Armenian girls are being sold to-day, or be subjected to nameless infamies by Hun soldiers.

HERR RUDOLPH KELLER is wrong about the effect that the policy of "frightfulness" will have. It will not compel the Allies to "consent reluctantly to enter into negotiations" with the perpetrators of these unspeakable crimes in order to prevent other atrocities. The Allies propose to put an end to those by the one method of beating the Germans to the dust, and putting it out of their power for ever to repeat a single one of their hellish deeds. If it takes them seven years, or thirty years, or a hundred years, they will carry on this war until Prussian militarism, that engineered it, is dead, and Prussian "frightfulness," that disgraced it, is impossible.

SOME day a list of names shall be compiled, and published to the entire world, of those German officers and gentlemen who have particularly distinguished themselves as exponents of German "Kultur"—Germany's Roll of Dishonour. It will include the naval officers who torpedoed the Lusitania and the Ancona, and jeered at the drowning passengers and crews; it will include the military officer who blew out Edith Cavell's brains, and the one who sentenced a Red Cross nurse to exposure naked for a fortnight in a German trench. Von Bissing, of course, will figure in it, and that recklessly daring Admiral von Tirpitz must not be omitted. Many great names will be inscribed upon it. Room must certainly be found for the publicists and professors and ministers of German religion who have taught the moral and political propriety of practising "the most rigorous cruelties" upon non-combatants in occupied territory. And among these will figure Herr Rudolph Keller, editor of the *Prager Tagebtatt* and member of the Austrian House of Deputies.

C. M.

THE WAR Illustrated

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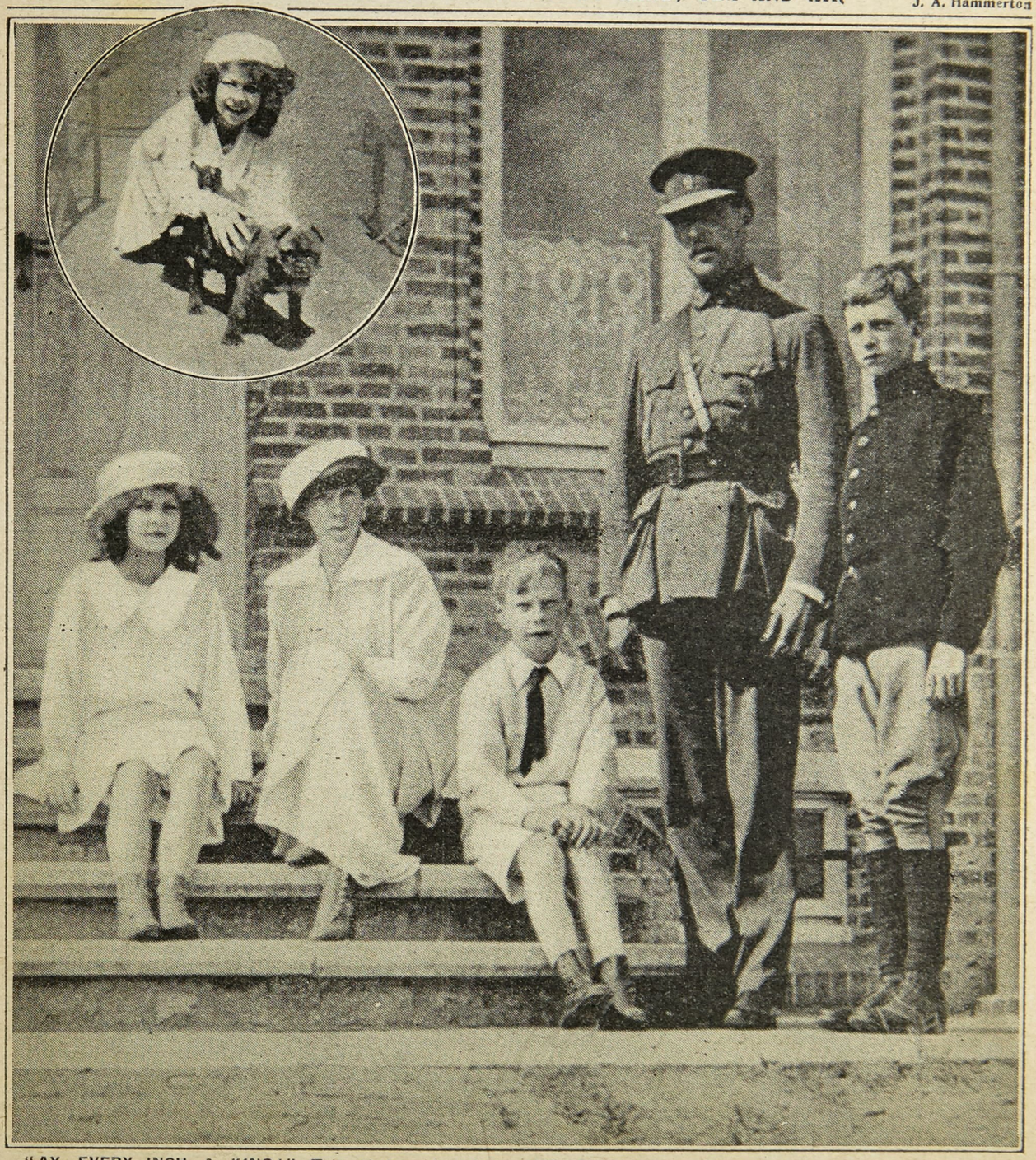
4th December, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton



"AY, EVERY INCH A KING!"—This photograph, taken recently, commemorates the reunion of this Royal Family for the first time in eleven months. King Albert married Elizabeth, Duchess of Bavaria (which country her Majesty has now renounced), in October, 1900. Their Majesties' three children are Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant, who was born on November 3rd, 1901; Prince Charles, Count of Flanders, born on October 10th, 1903; and Princess Marie Jose, born on August 4th, 1906. Prince Leopold is now at Eton, but he served with the Belgian Army. Inset: Princess Marie Jose, with her pet bulldog, aboard the boat that brought her to England. She is staying with Lord Curzon of Kedleston, at Basingstoke.

AMERICA'S ROARING WAR TRADE

"Too proud to fight" for the Cause of Freedom, but happy to make Dollars out of Europe's Difficulties

By SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.

That the United States, in the course of the war year ending June, 1915, increased their export trade by £81,000,000 does not suggest that Great Britain's maritime blockade has affected America's commerce to any great extent. In fact, although American trade has been somewhat restricted in the interests of the Allies, there is every indication that our Transatlantic cousins are "making real good" out of the great calamity; and, furthermore, without the loss of a single citizen, for what is, after all, America's cause as well as that of the Allies—the cause of democratic liberty.

A VISITOR from Mars, reading the American Note to Great Britain on the subject of our sea blockade of Germany, would imagine that the great American nation was in sore straits because of our maritime policy. The American diplomatic protest speaks of:

> The disastrous effect of the methods of the Allied Governments upon the general right of the United States to enjoy its international trade free from unusual and arbitrary limitations imposed by belligerent nations,

and it goes on to say that:

> unwarranted delay and expense in bringing vessels into port for search and investigation upon mere suspicion has a deterrent effect upon trade ventures, however lawful they may be, which cannot be adequately measured in damages. The menace of interference with legal commerce causes vessels to be withdrawn from their usual trade routes and insurance on vessels and cargoes to be refused, while exporters for the same reason are unable or unwilling to send their goods to foreign markets, and importers dare not buy commodities abroad because of fear of their illegal seizure or because they are unable to procure transportation.

Uncle Sam's Corner in Commerce

So runs paragraph 28 of this portentous declaration.

Now, as a matter of fact, it is a great comfort to us to know that although, as I have already shown in these pages, we are inflicting enormous economic injury upon the enemy, our friends in the United States are *not* suffering through the war. Although it would hardly be imagined from a perusal of the American official utterance above quoted, American exporters are having the time of their lives. They are making hay while the European sun is under a cloud.

As long ago as 1907 the United States exports had reached 376 millions. By 1914 they had risen to 473 millions, an increase of 97 millions in seven years. Comparing 1915 with 1914, however (the periods compared are the American fiscal years which end in June), we find that in a single year American exports have leapt up through the war by 81 millions, to 554 millions. Thus, in a single year of war, American exports have risen nearly as much as in the previous seven years. One would hardly gather that from the American official Note.

Mammon Worship in "God's Own Country"

But even that does less than justice to the remarkable effects of the war upon American exports. Just before war broke out, American exports were down. In July, 1914, they had fallen to 31 millions for the month, or at the rate of 372 millions a year. The following comparison is of remarkable interest:

American Exports in July, 1914	£31,000,000
American Exports in July, 1915	54,000,000
Increase through the war	£23,000,000

The explanation is a simple one. Whereas in July, 1914, the month before the war, Britain and her Allies bought £10,500,000 worth of American goods, in July, 1915, their American purchases had risen to £32,100,000.

Not only so, but as a result of the war America has leapt to an easy trade supremacy. The British Fleet has ruled out German commerce. Britain herself, although in one sense she has maintained her exports remarkably, has necessarily been unable to accept all the business that has offered. Many a British firm has contracts in hand which it cannot fill, or is compelled to refuse new export business. If we take the six months ended June, 1915, we get the following remarkable comparison:

EXPORTS (OWN PRODUCE) OF VARIOUS NATIONS, JANUARY TO JUNE. (In Millions of £.)

	1913.	1914.	1915.
United States	238	214	348
Britain	257	255	183
France	134	135	58
Italy	48	50	50

[*Continued on page 364.*

From Mars to Mammon. Procession of the "almighty dollar" in New York. $52,000,000 worth of English gold being conveyed in twenty-five automobiles, under heavy police guard, to the sub-treasury, New York, ostensibly to strengthen British financial interests on Wall Street.

Vigilant Britons Observe the Unwary Foe

British officer and sniper on the look-out for enemy heads from the thatched roof of a ruined farm building near a German first-line trench in France. Their position—also that of the photographer—was one of extreme peril. In the trench warfare of the modern battlefield, when days may pass without the combatants seeing each other, it is necessary that certain daring spirits should leave the trenches and endeavour to gain glimpses of happenings in the enemy trenches. In this case the officer is looking through his glasses at a German trench, while the sniper is intent on "bagging" any Boche careless enough to put his head out of cover.

AMERICA'S ROARING WAR TRADE

(Continued from page 362.)

It will be seen that, in the first six months of this year, the war has added 134 millions to American exports as compared with the first six peaceful months of 1914.

What would have happened to American commerce if Germany had occupied our position in the war, and if a German Navy had had the command of the seas that we possess?

The answer to that question any American may gather from what Germany has actually done in this war. The "New York Herald," in its comments upon President Wilson's Note, said: "It is pertinent to ask, was not there once a steamship known as the Lusitania?"

Sea-Power Champions Neutral Rights

If Germany, powerless at sea save in the use of the submarine, has shown so little regard for the rights of neutral nations, to say nothing of the common instincts of humanity, what would she have done—or, rather, what would she not have done—if she had possessed the absolute command of the oceans that is ours at this moment? President Wilson's Note speaks of America as the champion of the rights of neutrals. He cannot forget that the British Navy is in a very real sense at this moment the main safeguard of neutral shipping.

At the Guildhall banquet the Lord Chief Justice, newly returned from America, told a story which is full of significance for America:

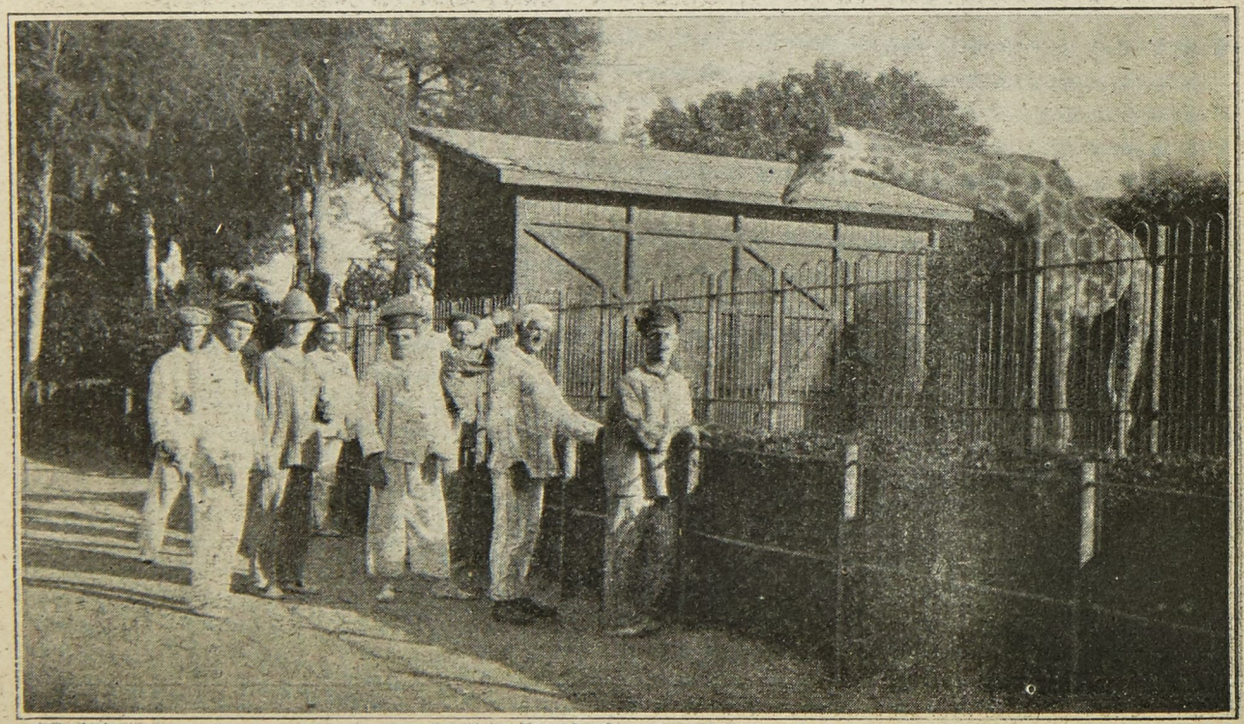
"We are not likely to forget the return from America. I will tell you the story how, on the voyage, approaching the danger zone, there were looks of some anxiety which one could detect on the faces of women and men on board the liner on which I was travelling. She was an American vessel. . . . There was a place agreed at which I was told by telegram . . . I should be met. We approached that place and . . . I went for'ard to see whether any signs were to be descried of a British ship. I saw nothing. Such was my confidence in the Navy that it did not cause me even the slightest trepidation. Within a moment or two I saw on the horizon far away two little specks appearing. Somehow in the distance I could detect, I cannot tell you why, they were warships. I shall not easily forget the scene on board that liner when men, women, and children, recognising they were warships, rejoiced and congratulated each other, never doubting for one moment that on that vast expanse of sea the warships approaching were British warships. And so they were."

The very day after that anecdote was told to a distinguished audience, the news arrived in London that a number of American subjects had perished in the dastardly sinking of the Ancona by a submarine which may have been Austrian, which was probably German, and which was in any case prosecuting a policy of murder conceived by the German Admiralty.

"*I should have acted*," said ex-President Roosevelt, speaking of the Lusitania. It is not for us to dictate to America, or even to suggest to her, what action she should take for defence of her own honour or in vindication of her espousal of the rights of neutrals. We may, however, in view of paragraph 28 of the American Note, be permitted to point out to her, as is done in this article, that most certainly she has not suffered loss of trade through this war, and that British sea-power, although in absolute and unchallenged supremacy has been exercised with every regard for the commerce of neutral nations which the conditions of this unprecedented war have permitted. Nay, we may go further and point out that there are many amongst us who hold that we have carried regard for neutrals so far as to endanger our own safety.

When Lancashire Starved for the U.S.A.

In the terrible American internecine strife of 1861-65, British sympathy for the cause of the North never faltered, in spite of the effect of the Federal blockade upon our great staple, the cotton industry. We endured the cotton famine which reduced Lancashire to misery and starvation, although the British Fleet could at any time have removed the American warships which stood between Lancashire and the cotton supply. There is no such war-created misery now in the United States as existed in the eighteen-sixties in this country because of the American Civil War. If there were, we could well believe that the American Government, the champions of liberty, would consent to suffer as we suffered in the black year 1862, when Lancashire was starving, and when the repercussion of Lancashire's distress was felt throughout British industry. Fortunately, America is exposed to no such trial. She is in the heyday of a war-created prosperity, and she is in a position, without shedding the blood of one of her sons, to play a great part in the determination of a war waged to end a remorseless tyranny.

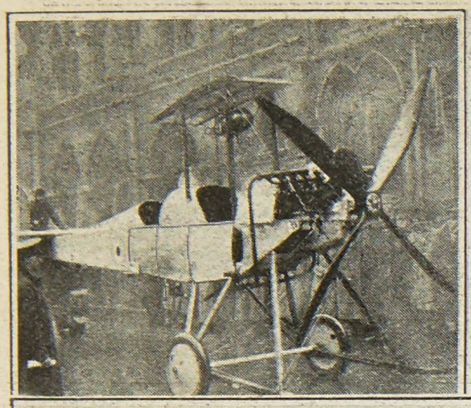


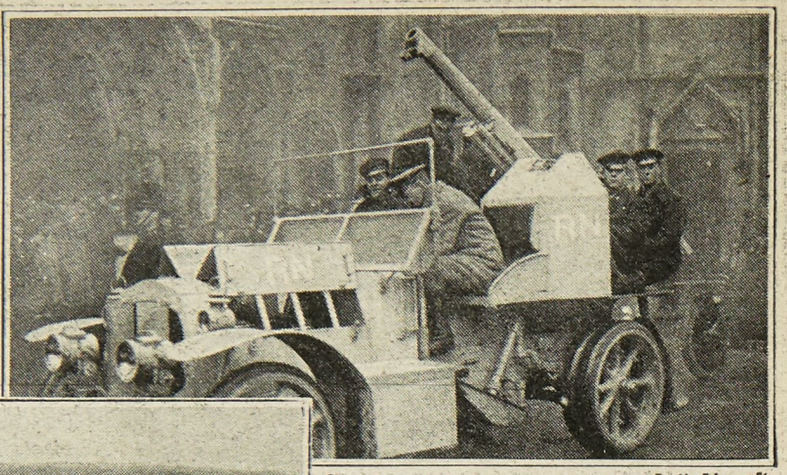
As the guests of the European inhabitants of Cairo, who vie with one another in their keenness to do their utmost for British wounded soldiers, the convalescents are being continually taken to see the sights of Egypt. Here, clad in pyjamas, some British soldiers are seen strolling through the Cairo Zoo.

A Joan of Arc in the British Lines at Loos

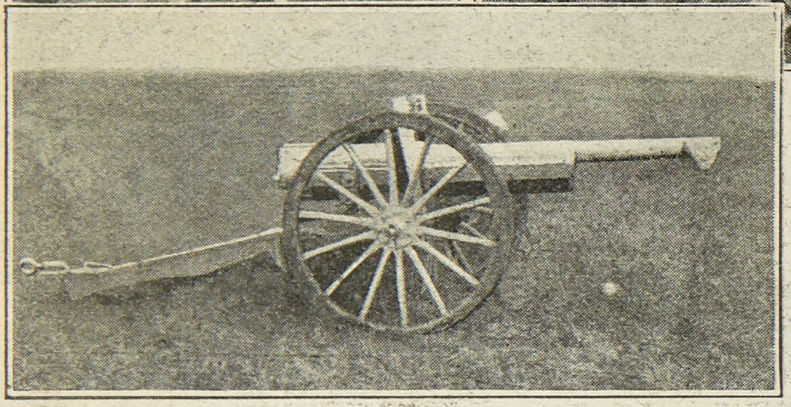
The authentic cases on record where women have taken an active part in the war are many and various. The most recent is that of a seventeen-year-old heroine of Loos, who has been honoured by the French Army order of the day for tending British wounded, and killing five Germans with a revolver and grenades. In a German attack on Loos she fought side by side with Highlanders and other British soldiers. General Sir Douglas Haig has expressed his gratitude and admiration for her courage and assistance.

Signs of Efficiency in London's Aerial Defence





New type of gun being used by our Anti-Aircraft Service. On the left is a powerful aeroplane in vogue at the front for reconnaissance work.



Detailed photograph of a French "75." Several of these guns have been installed round Paris to combat possible Zeppelin raids.

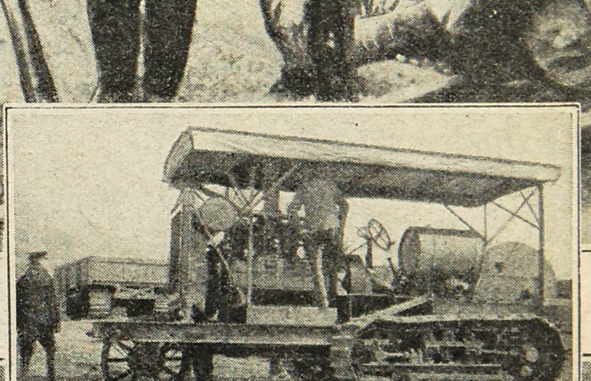
IN a criticism of the Air Services, Mr. Joynson-Hicks on November 11th passed some severe comments on London's anti-aircraft guns. He instanced the Paris defences as being so superior to those of London that the Zeppelin never ventured a raid on our ally's capital.

A number of "75's," having a range of 19,000 feet, are stationed in certain parts of Paris, as these weapons, used against the enemy of the skies, have proved themselves as formidable as on the field.

It is hoped preparations to combat the Zeppelins have proceeded with speed and thoroughness since the last raid showed how London was at the mercy of the aerial corsairs.

Detachment of anti-aircraft gunners and their weapons passing the Law Courts in the Lord Mayor's Procession.

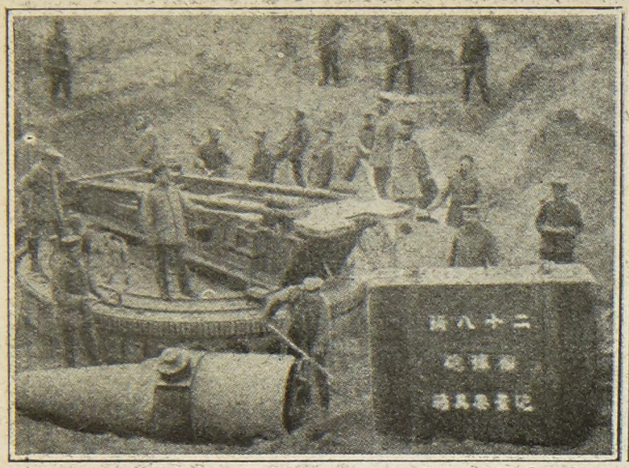
Moments of Ease in the Endless Hour of Strife



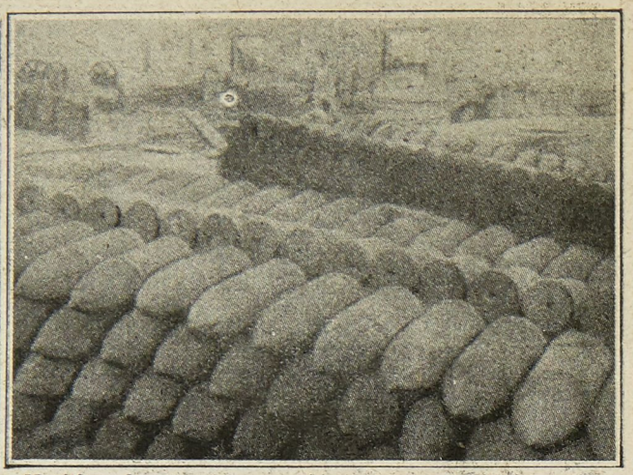
Scene in Northern France showing some jolly Highlanders resting awhile along the rails. Inset: Type of Holt transport waggon constructed with one steering wheel and two travelling wheels, after the caterpillar principle, used by the Mechanical Transport Section.

Men of the 7th West Yorks with limber waggon which has been used for transport of food. All look particularly fit and well; the invariable condition of men who carry their lives in their hands.

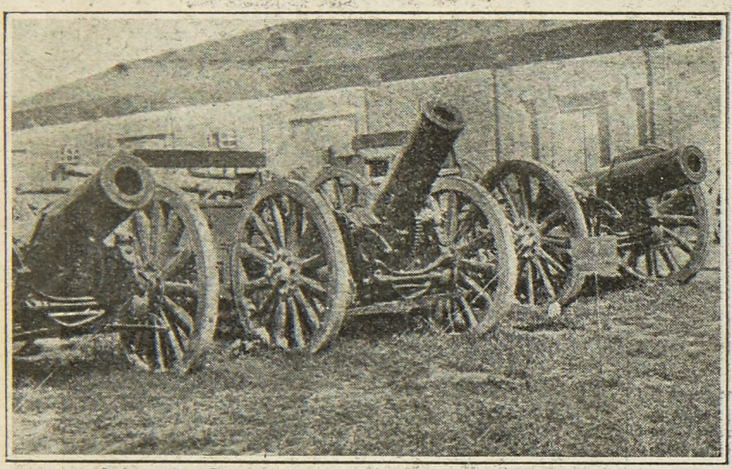
Japanese Guns at Grodno fall into German Hands



Unearthing a Japanese 28 cm. howitzer buried by the Russians prior to their retreat from Grodno. The case of ammunition bears the Japanese characters.



Munitions for the Japanes siege-gun seen in the preceding photograph. Huge stacks of them were found at Grodno, and were adapted to German requirements.



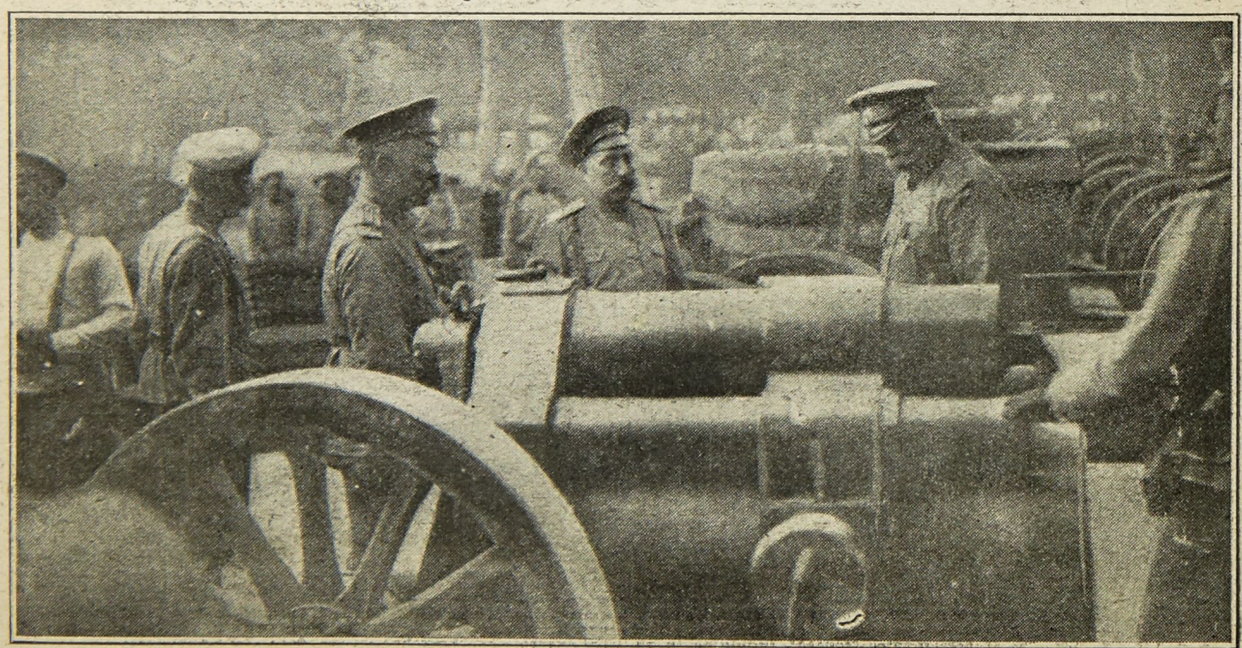
Battery of Japanese field howitzers captured by the Germans and transported to the fortress of Novo Georgievsk.

THE question of active Japanese co-operation with the Allies in Europe is a delicate one, and though the presence of a Japanese army on the western front might help to bring about a speedier triumph, there are several obvious arguments against such a move.

Without actually fighting for the Allies in the field, except at Kiao-Chau, Japan is a great safeguard to their interests in the Orient, and she has furthermore supplied the Russians with indispensable ordnance and munitions.

Only after the war will it be known how much Russia is indebted to her old adversary, and how the problem of the Dardanelles was to some extent mitigated by our ally's communication between Moscow and Tokio.

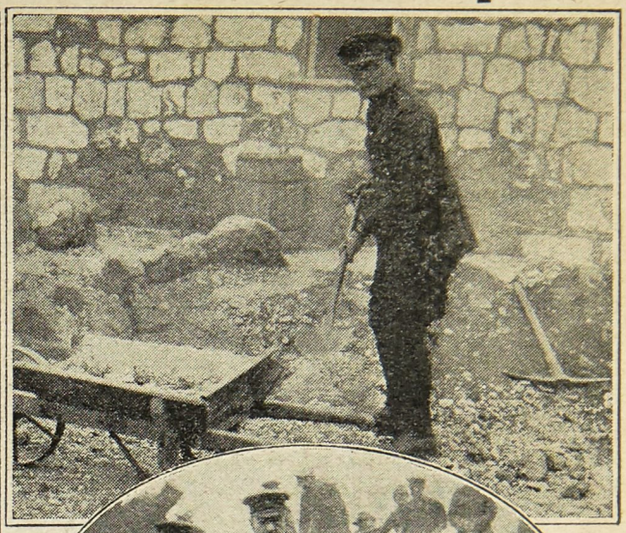
As an indication of Japanese sympathy with the Allies may be cited the speech of Baron Ishii, Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, at Tokio recently. He expressed his confidence in the determination of France, Great Britain, and Russia to secure an ultimate result on terms favourable to themselves.

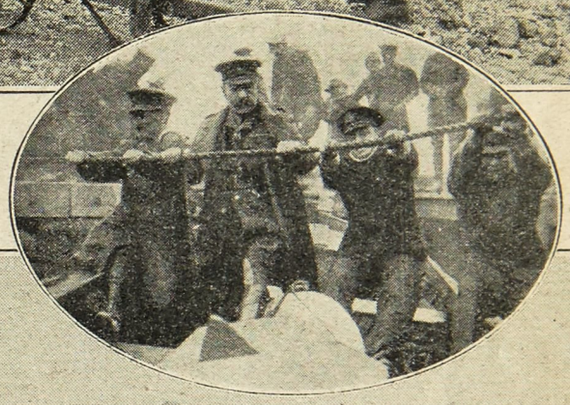


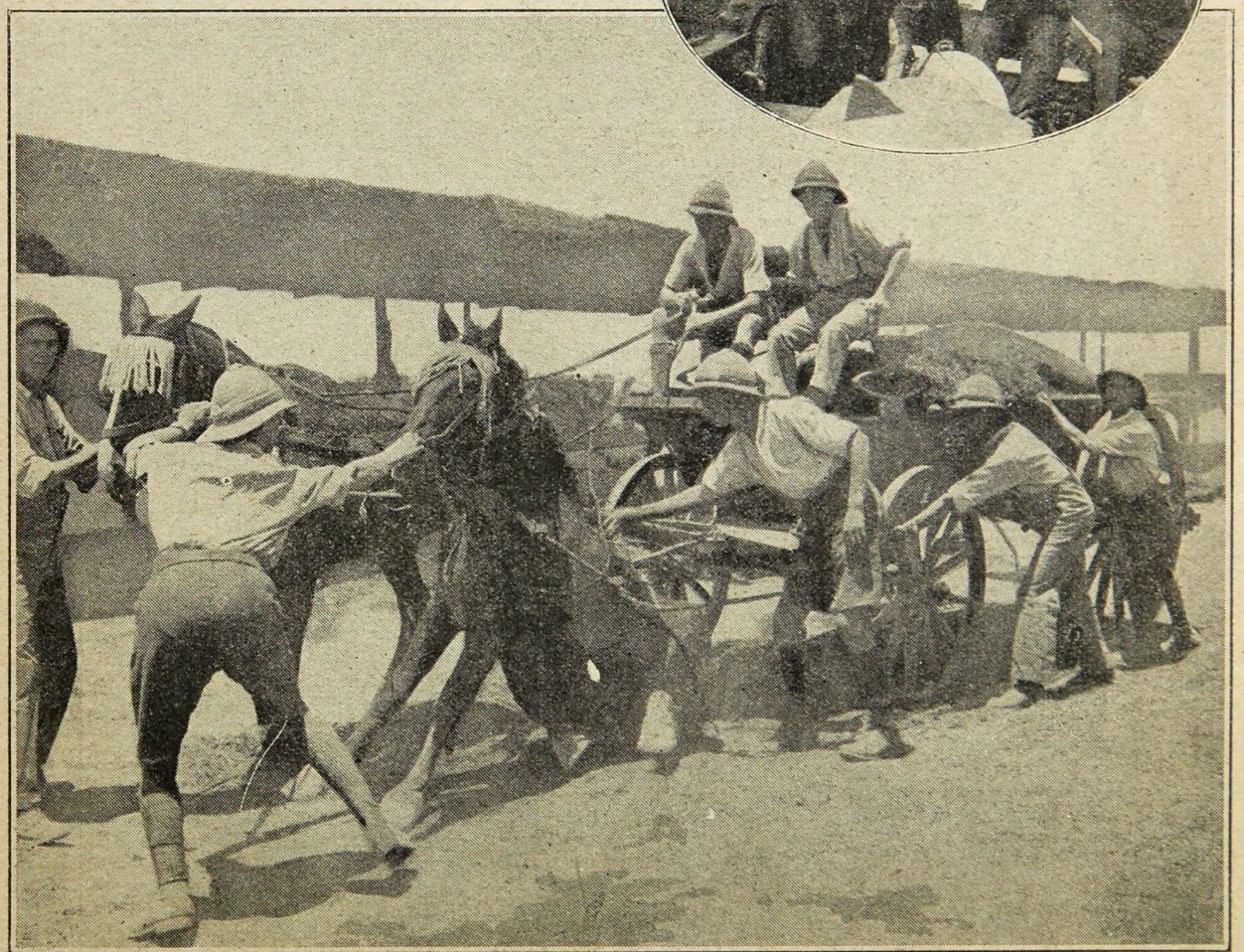
Russian officer inspecting one of the Japanese guns, which have been placed at the disposal of the Russians by our Far Eastern ally. That Japan has been supplying her old adversary with weapons and munitions is now fairly generally known.

British Generals at Spade Work in Gallipoli

Major-General W. Douglas, C.B., D.S.O., on the tree near the firing-line in Gallipoli in which he spent many hours watching the movements of our own and enemy troops and directing operations.



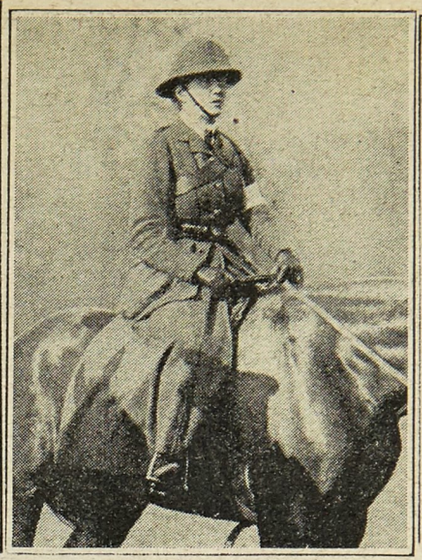




Transport mule that refuses to move as soon as it is harnessed in the shafts. Inset, oval: General E. A. Altham, C.M.G., C.B., Inspector-General of Communications, helping to get his motor-boat afloat after it had run aground. The second photograph shows General G. F. Ellison, C.B., the Quartermaster-General, indulging in physical exercise by shovelling heavy stones into a barrow.

SERBIAN ARTILLERY TREKKING SOUTHWARD.—This photograph of Serbian artillerymen bringing their gun up a steep incline during the great fighting retreat gives a vivid idea of the difficult nature of the country in the mountain regions of Serbia. But, fighting fierce rear-guard actions by day and retreating in good order by night, our gallant ally's soldiers displayed indomitable courage in the face of misfortunes such as cannot be realised in Britain. The overwhelming advance of the Teuton forces, the ravages of fever and famine, the floods that hampered the movements of troops, the pitiable plight of their women and children, failed to break their fighting spirit or to cause them to cower before the "mailed fist" of Kaiserism.

British Heroines' Devotion to Suffering Serbians



Madame Grouitch (wearing furs), wife of the Serbian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who has inaugurated a home and hospital for orphaned Serbian children. Centre: Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, the British nurse-heroine, who was tireless in her care for wounded Serbians during the great retreat from Nish. Right: Two of Lady Ralph Paget's heroic nurses wearing specially designed hygienic garments.

CONSPICUOUS among that company of heroic British women who, without thought to personal danger, are braving shell fire and disease in Serbia, are Lady Ralph Paget and Mrs. St. Clair Stobart.

The indefatigable and heroic devotion of these women, and their many helpers, to Serbia's sick and wounded will be remembered as outstanding examples of the unprecedented parts played by women in the Great War.

Lady Ralph Paget, who recently had the Grand Cordon of the Order of St. Sava conferred upon her by King Peter, went to Serbia twelve months ago as superintendent of the first unit of the Serbian Relief Fund; in March last she was stricken by typhus; now she is a prisoner in the hands of the Bulgarians. Despite the pleadings of her husband, who made a dash by motor-car to effect her rescue, three hours before the capture of Uskub, Lady Paget said: "I am going to stay here to take care of these poor men. It is useless to try to make me leave." Her staff remained with her.

Among that tragic mass of Serbians who retreated from Nish was an Englishwoman mounted on a black horse, who was unremitting in her solicitude for the wounded. She was Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, worshipped by the Serbians for the self-sacrificing heroism she has displayed on their behalf.

With the overwhelmed yet stubbornly fighting Serbians there are many more nurse-heroines, sharing with the soldiers their terrible privations with admirable fortitude and unshaken courage. Harassed from place to place by the enemy, they are keeping to their posts, tending the fever-stricken and the wounded in temporary hospitals, often little more than cattle-sheds, amid the floods and knee-deep mud.

Some of the nurses from Scotland who are risking death and disease in Serbia on behalf of the soldiers of that stricken nation. Inset: Lady Ralph Paget who has displayed heroic devotion on behalf of the sick and wounded Serbians at Uskub.

Doctor's Indefatigable Heroism Gains the V.C.

With unflinching courage and zeal during the heavy fighting near Mauquissart on September 25-26th, Lieut. G. A. Maling, M.B., R.A.M.C., tended over three hundred wounded men under fierce shell fire, and saved many lives. He worked incessantly for nearly fourteen hours, collecting and treating the fallen in the open. Once he was flung down and temporarily stunned by the bursting of a high-explosive shell, which wounded his only assistant and killed several of his patients. A second shell covered him with debris, but with conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty, Lieut. Maling continued his gallant work single-handed.

Brave Gurkha Saves the Life of British Soldier

The story of Rifleman Kulbir Thapa, 3rd Queen Alexandra's Own Gurkha Rifles, is conspicuous among those of the latest roll of V.C.'s. Although himself wounded in operations near Mauquissart, on September 25th, he discovered a sorely injured soldier of the 2nd Leicesters behind the first-line German trench, and stayed by his side the whole day and night. Mist falling on September 26th, Kulbir Thapa carried his comrade out of immediate danger, and returned to bring in two wounded Gurkhas. Finally he went back to his first charge and carried him to a place of safety, under heavy fire for the greater part of the way.

ARMOUR FOR MAN AND TRENCH.—French soldiers, wearing their new steel helmets, holding an armoured trench during a violent bombardment by German artillery. On the western front the old-style trench, with its barricades of sandbags and piles of earth, has been largely abandoned in favour of substantial steel-plated redoubts, heavy earthen and wooden defence works, and also metal shields. The revolving steel cupola seen above was captured from the Germans, who led the way in introducing these small portable "fortresses" into the firing-lines. In trench defence the aim has been to prevent the many head wounds caused by shrapnel and high-explosives shells bursting directly over the earthworks.

Keep Your Eye on Russia

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

THE entire attention of students of the war is directed at the present moment to the eastern and not to the western field of operations. In the west there is general confidence that we have recovered the power of initiative, and that we can resist enemy attacks and choose our own time for a vigorous offensive. If we find it better to wait for a few weeks, we can wait; if we find it better to strike hard at once, we are in the position to strike. Mr. Redmond's views, expressed with great enthusiasm immediately after his return from the front, repeat the general impression of almost all those who have been to Flanders: "From the Commander-in-Chief down to all ranks of the Army, there was the one feeling—absolute confidence in the result of this war."

But on the eastern front we are faced with a different situation. I have no desire at this critical hour to discuss the position in the Dardanelles, for this is not the moment to deal with it. Great harm has undoubtedly been done by the indiscreet question and statement of Lord Ribblesdale in the House of Lords. How this peer's assertion about the nature of General Monro's report on the Dardanelles situation came to be asked, I cannot understand. It is equally difficult to learn how he came to know what he did. General Monro's report would obviously be a highly confidential document. The only way it could be known would be by a betrayal of confidence—an unintentional, careless betrayal—by Staff officers or Cabinet Ministers. Staff officers connected with the War Office do not chatter about these things. Do Cabinet Ministers? Are any of them in the habit of talking freely in mixed week-end parties at country houses? It seems to me that some men in high places would do better to guard their own tongues than to be so busy over the supposed sins of the Press.

Balkan Hopes and Fears

As I write this the Serbian situation is such that it may radically change in any hour, but all the known facts point to certain conclusions. Lord Kitchener's mission to the Balkans has been a success in that Greece will not now try to take a hostile attitude against us, although so far there is little evidence that she will actively support us. The Allies, by showing a strong hand and by demonstrating that they can strike as well as plead, have momentarily overwhelmed the pro-German section in Greece. So at least it appears as far as we can judge here. The Serbian Army continues in the most desperate straits, fighting with the utmost fierceness. The French Expeditionary Force failed to reach and relieve it. Apparently there is now no way in which munitions can be taken up to it from the Salonika front. Whether relief is possible through Montenegro and Albania yet remains to be seen. It would be as well to recognise that, in adopting the military policy we have done on the Salonika front, the Allies have taken great risks. The French and British forces there have occupied, and still to some extent occupy, positions not without peril; but in war great risks are sometimes inevitable. The strengthening of our forces which is now going on all the time here, should daily make this danger less.

Russia Stands Firm

Meanwhile Russia is becoming more and more a dominating factor on the eastern front. The entire German plan of winter campaign was built up on the supposition that Russia would be virtually defeated by September, and would be practically out of the game. The German strategists had much reason for this expectation. Russia was confronted by troubles within and troubles without. Her armies were in some cases betrayed by traitors in controlling positions on the Staff. There were guns without shells, and armies without munitions. The most desperate bravery and the most stubborn courage were in some cases squandered because of the sheer stupidity of minor officials. The German spy propaganda had tampered with highly-placed directors who might well have been thought beyond suspicion. Artillerymen found at times that what supplies of shells they had were dummies filled with non-explosive compounds. Internal unrest seethed in the cities, and for some weeks there seemed a danger of revolution.

The wonder is not that Russia had to retire from Warsaw, but that her armies, hampered as they were, put up the fight they did. To-day, the situation is radically changed. Vast quantities of arms and munitions have been poured into Russia from the Far East; Japan has become her arsenal, and untold American munitions have arrived also. Traitors have been weeded out. Internal unrest has been momentarily stilled, and Russia is presenting all along her front a vigorous offensive. The great campaign of Von Hindenburg has failed. Riga is still in Russian hands. The Baltic is now being more and more dominated by British submarines.

Let us not forget that the Germans possess remarkable powers of adjusting themselves to new requirements. Their whole theory of the war at the beginning was built on the supposition that they would rush through to Paris, occupy the French capital within six weeks, at whatever cost, break down the Allies' powers of resistance at the beginning, and become masters of Continental Europe at a bound. When this plan failed, thanks to the fighting qualities of the British and French troops at the Battle of the Marne, the German Great General Staff instantly brought out a fresh dossier of plans for prolonged war.

Germany's Legions of White

So it is with the Germans in Russia. Having failed to accomplish their main purpose in the summer, they are now preparing for a great winter campaign there. It has long been a moot point whether summer or winter is the best season for the invasion of Russia. German military writers in olden years fought out this paper battle time after time. The advantages of the winter for invasion are that the country roads are solid, the rivers are frozen over, that an army has a vast track over which it can go. The disadvantages of a winter campaign are, of course, the great cold and the exposure.

The Germans are now buying wherever they can in the world large quantities of white material. This material is required to cover the uniforms of troops so that they can advance in the snow almost unseen. This plan was adopted by the Germans last winter to some extent in their Russian campaign. It is going to be adopted on a much larger scale this year.

The Struggle Against Time

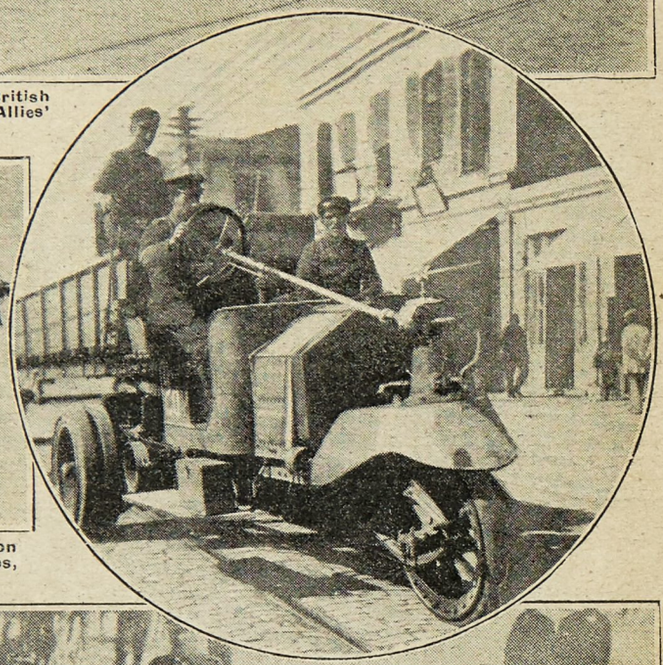
The Germans will tax their resources to bring about a decision with Russia. They anticipated occupying Petrograd in September. They still hope to occupy it in January. The very fact that such a campaign will be made means enormous expenditure of German energy and manhood in that direction. It means continued delays by the Germans on the western side. Now we have more and more reason to believe that Germany cannot afford to wait long. Quick decisions are desirable for us. They are practically indispensable for the Germans. Unless Germany can produce some new plan, there is no reason why the adventure that failed in September should succeed in December or January.

The reports of Russian offensive on a considerable scale in the Balkans are as yet too fugitive to discuss them in detail. If Russia succeeds on her Polish front in keeping the Germans and Austrians actively engaged this winter, she will have secured a tremendous victory, even though she does not regain a yard of her own territory. By the spring she will have armies greater than ever ready to launch on the enemy.

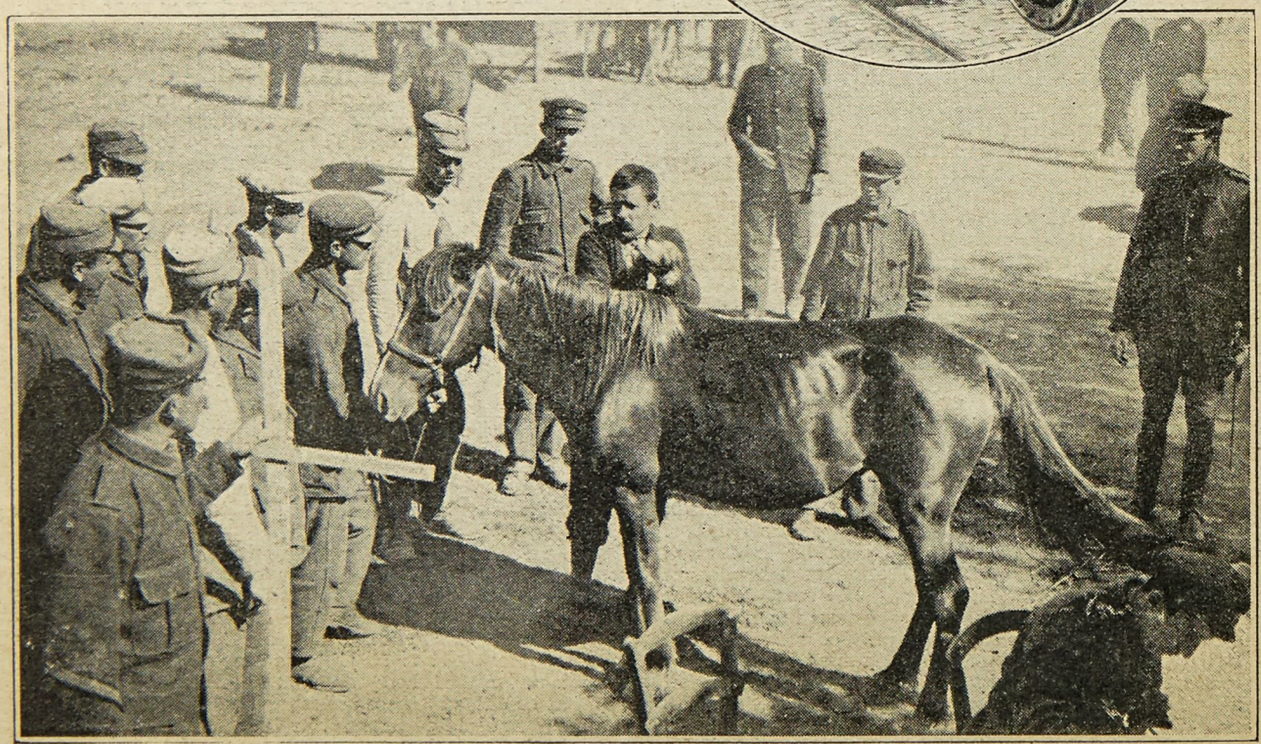
While discussing the Russian position, I should like to recommend my readers to obtain one of the most extraordinary books yet written on this war, "An Englishman in the Russian Ranks," by John Morse. This book is an account of the experiences of an English volunteer with the Russian forces. It is both fascinating and informing. I cannot understand how Mr. Morse came to occupy the position he did, and there are many parts of the book both in its matter and its literary style which causes me considerable wonder. Mr. Morse has given us the best inside view of life in the fighting ranks of the Russians.

War's Alarms in the Land of Classic Combats

Greek infantrymen marching through Salonika. The Franco-British troops occupying the districts of Salonika are guarding the Allies' Mediterranean interests

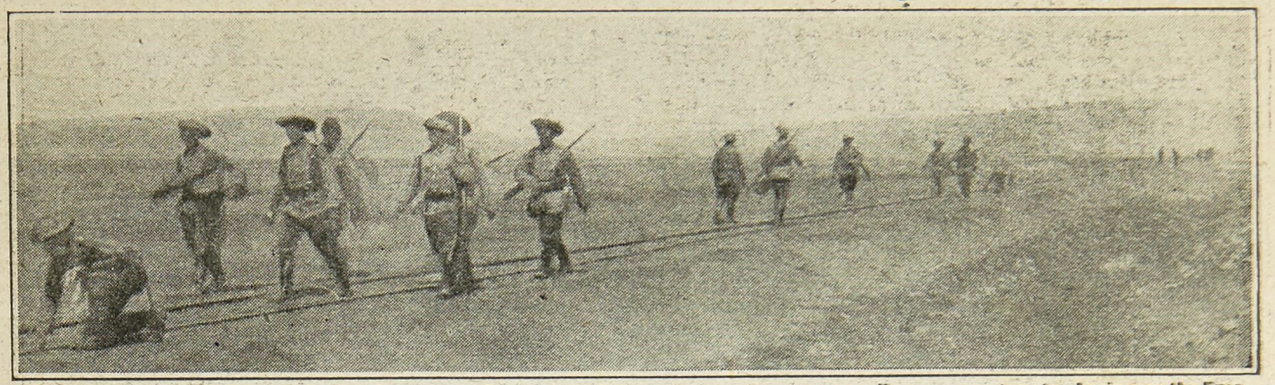


Greece has for many months been fully prepared for either decision of the Skouloudis Cabinet. Above are Grecian Red Cross supplies, packed on mules, being conveyed through Salonika.

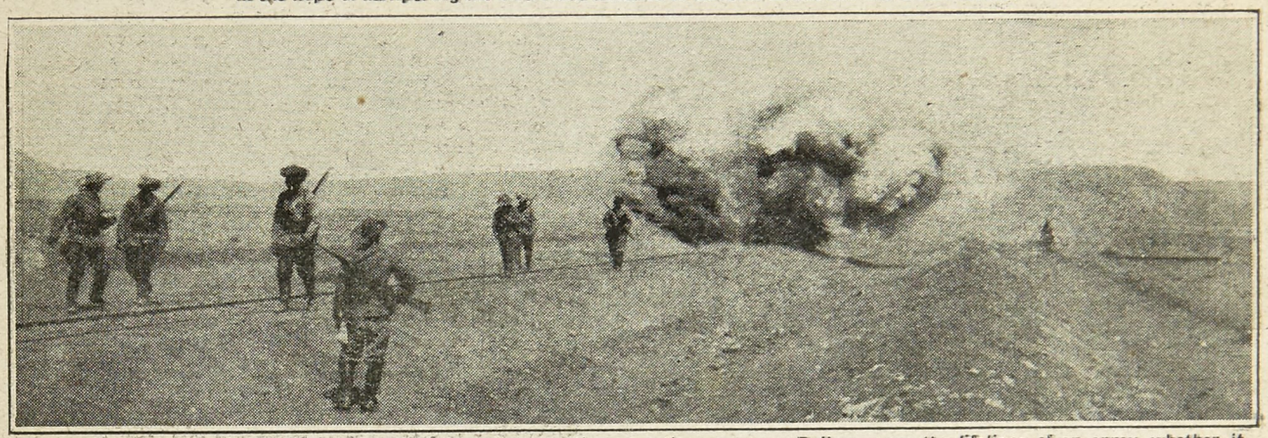


The Greek military authorities requisitioned all the horses in Salonika, with the exception of those used for drawing public vehicles. A peasant is seen delivering his horse at a military depot. Inset: Peculiar type of motor transport waggon used by the Greek Army.

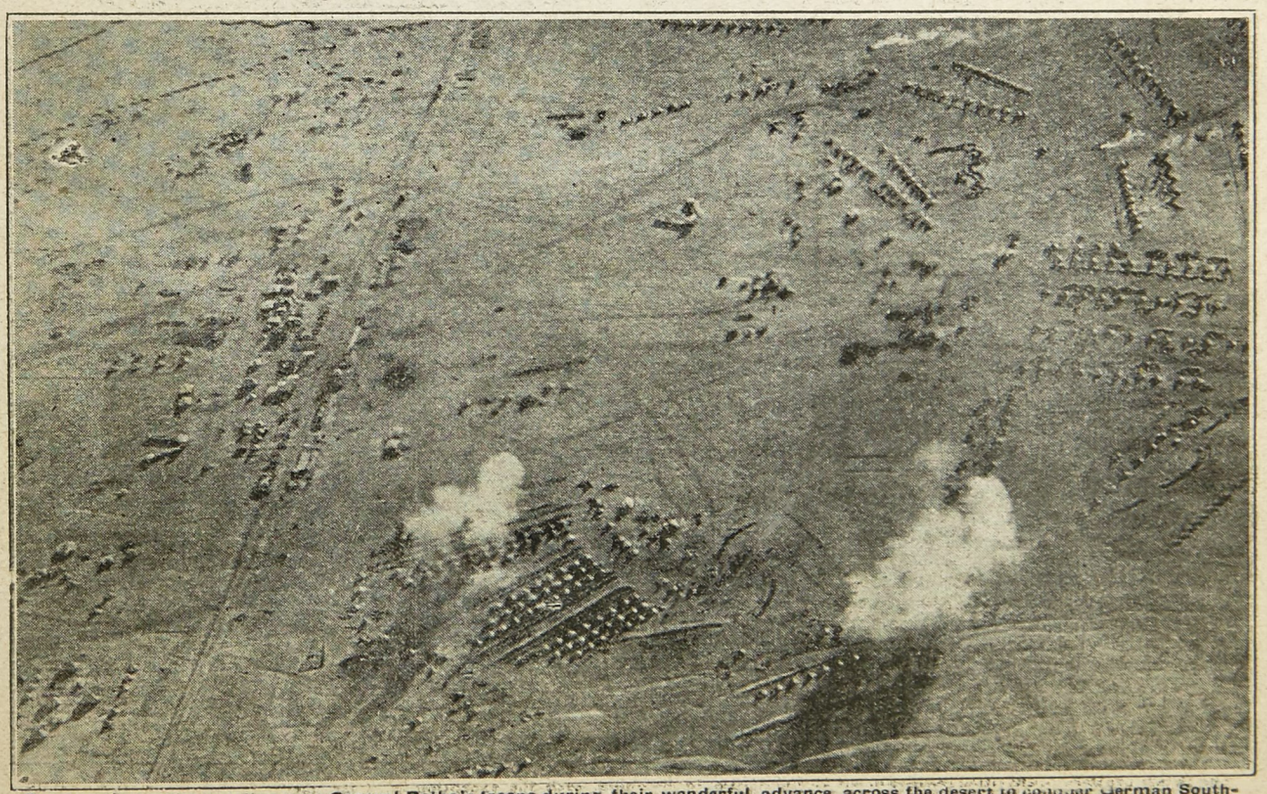
Fall of South-West Africa in Enemy Photographs



Men of the rearguard of the retreating Germans in South-West Africa placing charges on a railway preparatory to blowing up the lines in the hope of hampering the victorious advance of General Botha and the Union forces.

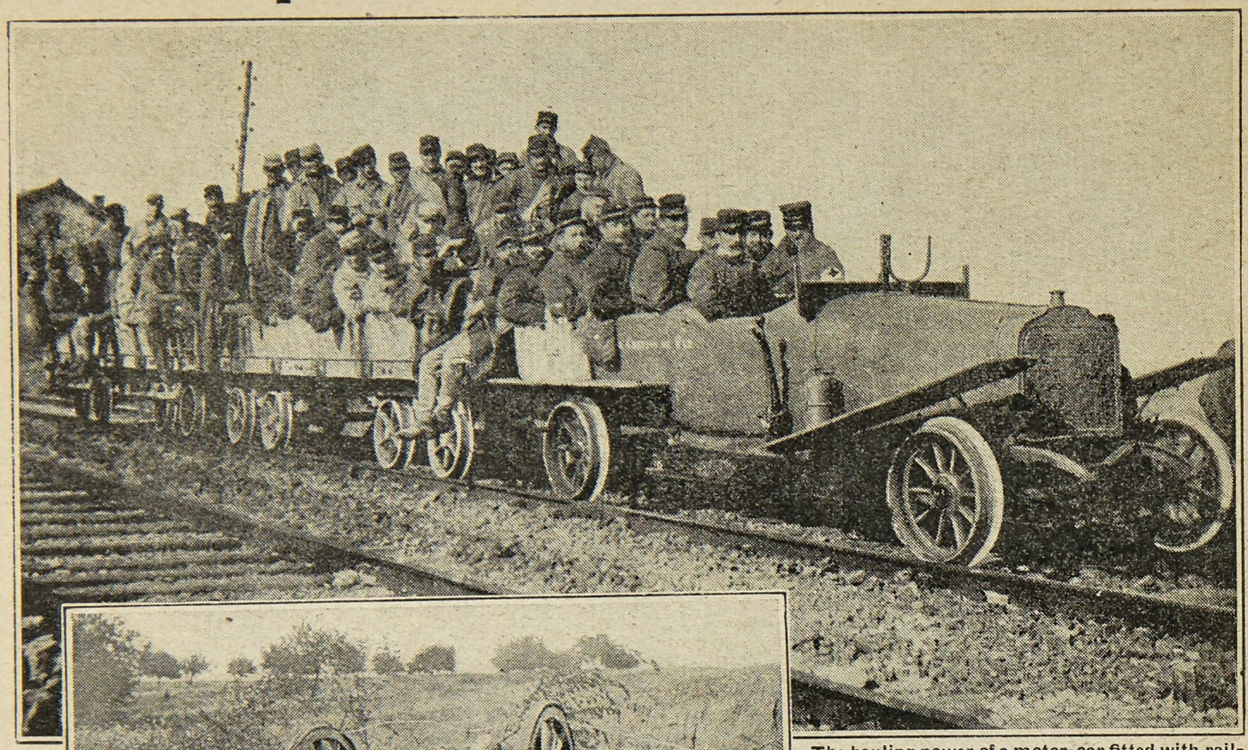


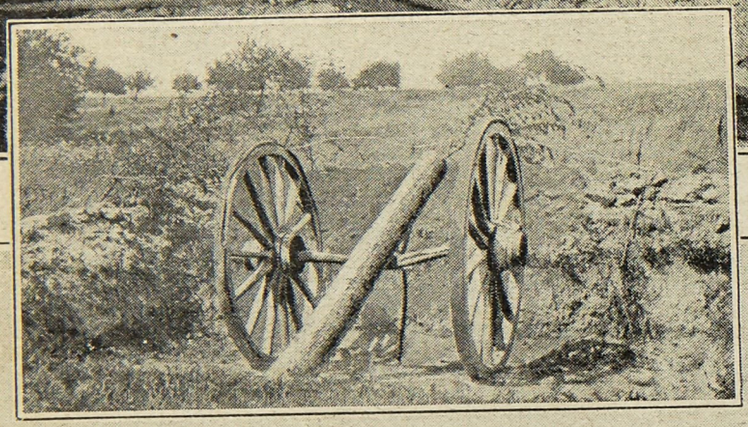
The explosion of one of the charges placed on the railway by the retreating enemy. Railways are the lifelines of an army, whether it be operating in the deserts of Africa or on the battle-grounds of Europe.



German air-bombs bursting over General Botha's troops during their wonderful advance across the desert to conquer German South-West Africa. Airmen flew out to meet the advancing Union forces, and this remarkable photograph was taken from a German aeroplane.

Ruse & Requisite to Further the Progress of War

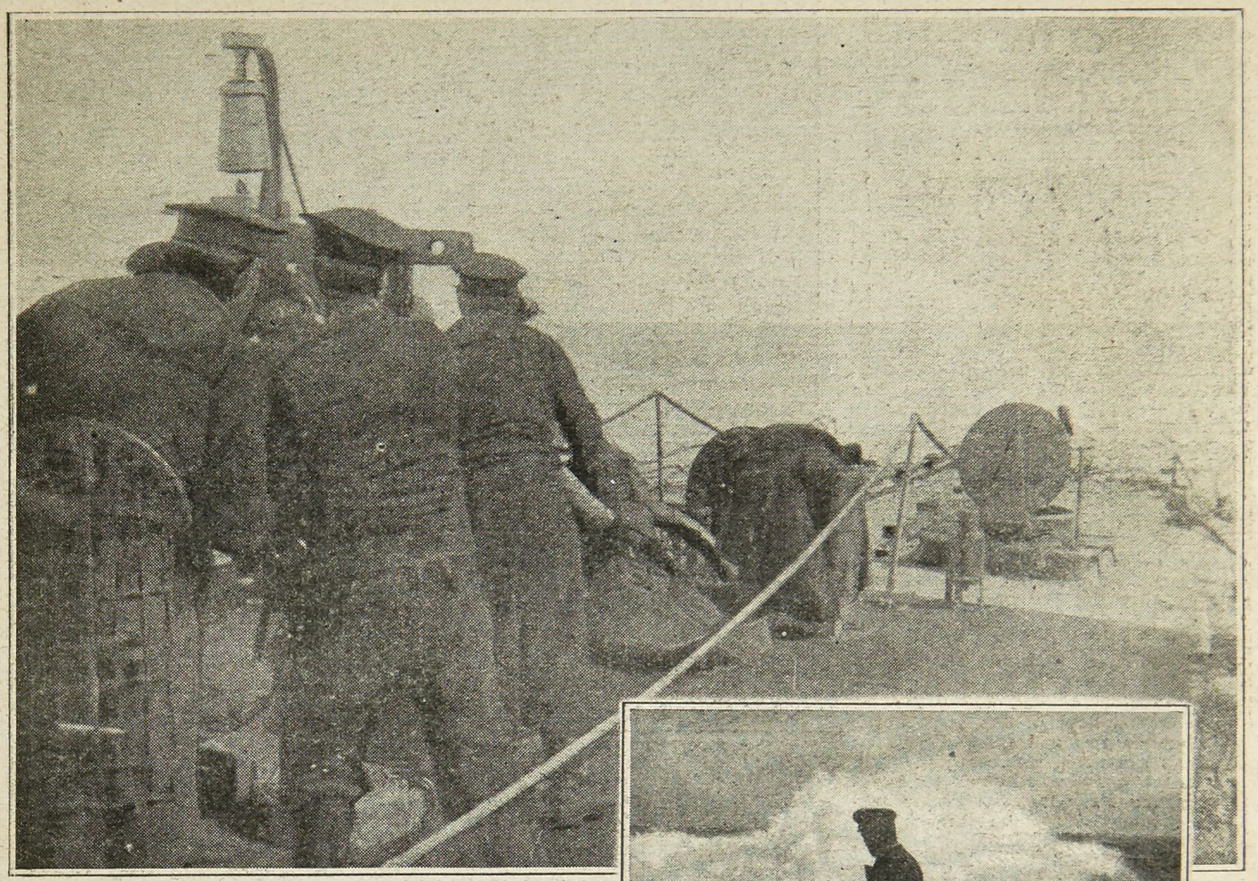




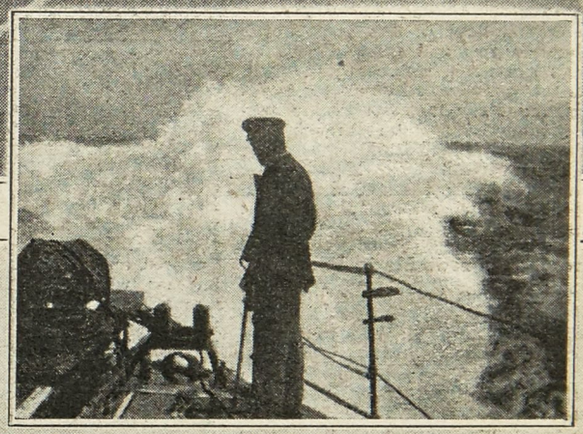
The hauling power of a motor-car fitted with railway wheels and run on rails is, as this photo from the French front shows, very considerable. Inset: A "dummy" gun to beguile the hovering Taube.

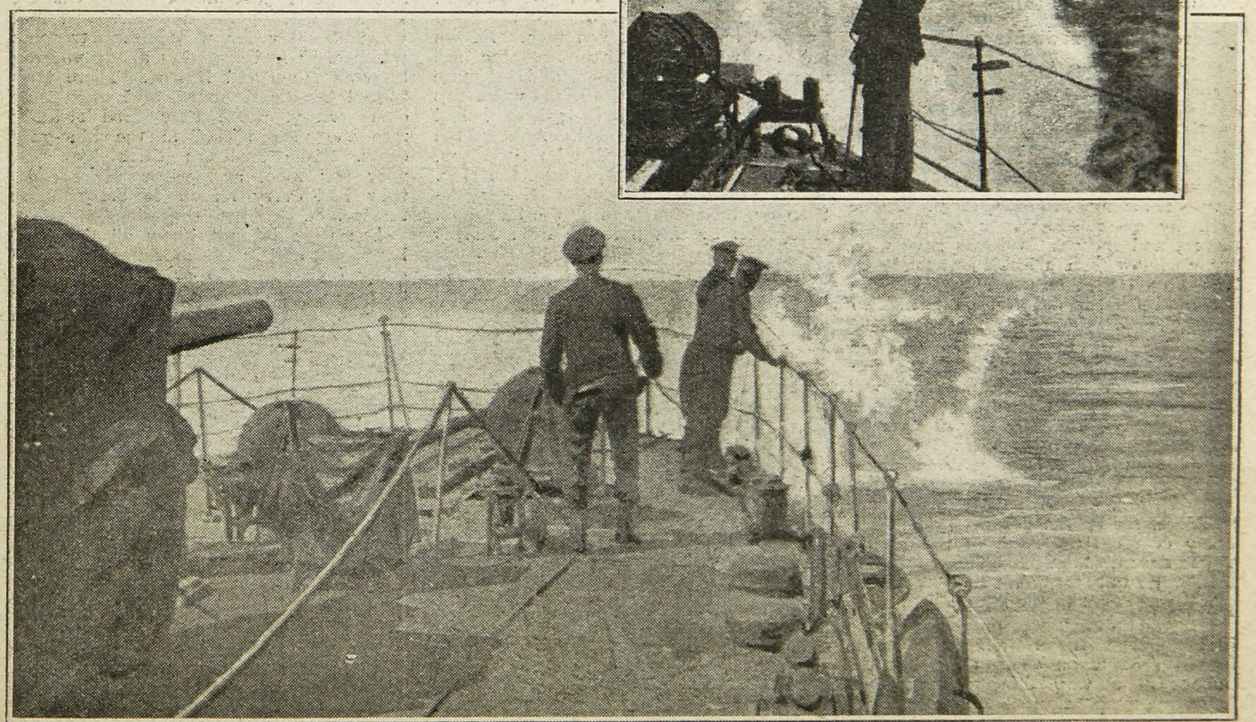
French farm retaken from the Germans in a recent attack. The destruction to the buildings looks more serious than it really is. Although the farm has been actually struck by one or two shells, the tiles in reality have been shaken off by the vibration of continual fire.

Fishers of Mines: Deadliest Harvest of the Sea



Cleared for action aboard a British destroyer. The gun-layers are at the after-gun, and about to fire at a mine.

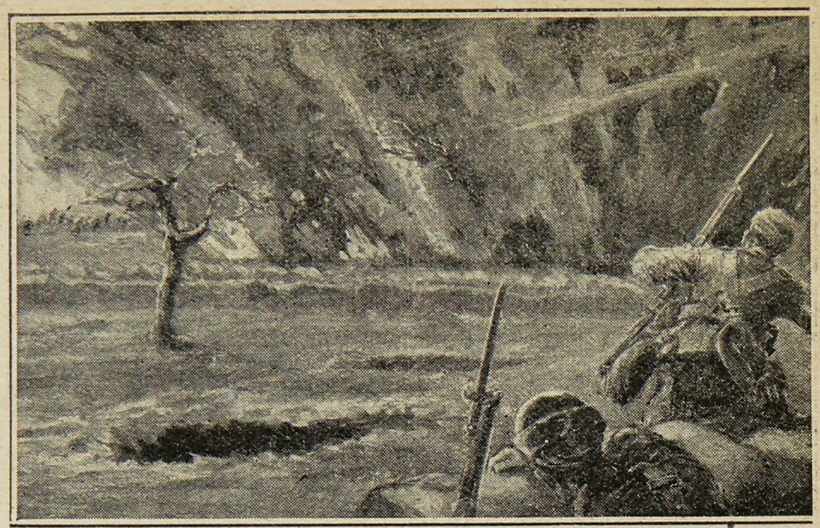




Exploding a German mine by electric current. The sailor nearest the camera is seen holding the wires that have exploded the mine which, owing to a trick of the camera, seems much nearer to the destroyer than it really is. Inset: The rush of the water thrown up by the propellers of a British destroyer travelling at full speed.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

VII.—The Irish Guards



Heroic episode at Festubert. At the moment a German mine exploded under the

"THOSE of them that were left have made history." So Lord Cavan, the general in charge of the Guards Brigade, wrote to Colonel Proby, the commander of the 1st Battalion Irish Guards, after the first Battle of Ypres; and we will venture to add something to his lordship's words and to say that those who, alas! were not left also did their share in making history on those tremendous and unforgettable days.

The critical hour of this great battle was between two and three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, October 31st, 1914, just as the workpeople in our big towns were getting home for their weekly half-holiday; and Sir John French has described how he and Sir Douglas Haig, standing on a hill near Hooge, were watching anxiously through their field-glasses the slow retreat of our 1st Division.

Where the Guards Made History

On the previous evening Sir John had brought up the Irish Guards and the rest of the Guards Brigade to relieve some cavalry regiments which were holding a very perilous position near Klein Zillebeke, and there they remained, although the Germans made the most desperate attempts to move them. Borne back by sheer superiority of numbers the 1st and the 7th Divisions gave way, but we know from a statement made by Lord Cavan that in three fierce attacks the Irish Guards did not go back two hundred yards.

The first of these attacks was on October 31st, and the second on the next day, Sunday. The same story will do for both. The Germans came on in great numbers, but were beaten back by the steady fire of our men. On the second of these days a platoon under Lieutenant Woodroffe especially distinguished itself, but so, indeed, did all the Irishmen, for as the general said, "The safety of the right flank of the British section depended entirely on their staunchness." Happily for Calais that "staunchness" was equal to the strain.

The third attack was on the following Friday, when the retirement of some French soldiers on their right left the Guards in a very dangerous position. But again their "staunchness" prevailed, and not only so, but before it was light on the next morning the Irishmen and

"Yet sure they (i.e., the Irish) are very valiaunt and hardie, for the most part great indurers of colde, labour, hunger, and all hardnesse, very active and strong of hand, very swift of foot, very vigilant and circumspect in their enterprises, very present in perils, very great scorners of death."
—SPENSER, "VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND."

the other Guards leapt blithely forward and paid the astonished Germans a small instalment of what they owed them.

But by this time the Irish Guards were only a tattered remnant of their former selves. In these desperate encounters their losses had been terrible. In disputing two hundred yards of ground with superior forces, said the general, they had lost sixteen officers and five hundred and ninety-seven men. Put in another way, more than half the full strength of their battalion, and far more than half of those in the ranks when this particular spell of fighting began, had been killed or wounded. Among the officers killed were Lord John Hamilton, a son of the Duke of Abercorn, the Hon. A. E. Mulholland, and Major H. Herbert-Stepney, then commanding the battalion. Altogether by this time the Irish Guards had had sixteen officers and one hundred and twenty-three men killed, and twenty officers and five hundred and seventy-one men wounded and ill. It speaks volumes for their *morale* to know that, in spite of the hardships of the retreat from Mons, only twelve were prisoners of war and only twenty-seven were missing.

Colonel the Hon. G. H. Morris, commanding 1st Irish Guards. He was killed while leading his men in a bayonet charge near Compiegne.

The Irish Guards, henceforward immortal in our military annals, have no history. They were first raised in 1902 as a tribute to the gallantry shown by the Irish regiments during the Boer War, and on August 23rd, 1914, they stood for the first time in the line of battle. They had a name to make, and in less than a year they had made it, and a glorious one it is.

A Weary, Fighting Retreat

The Irish Guards crossed over to France in August as part of the 4th, or Guards, Brigade and of the 2nd Division, and on the Sunday they were in some trenches which they had just dug about midway between Mons and Binche. There they waited for the Germans, and when they came within range they fired steadily into the masses clad in the blue-grey coats. The Irishmen themselves lost very few men, and when night came they had every reason to congratulate themselves.

But they did not know all that had happened, and in the morning they were ordered to stand to arms and then to march—away from the enemy. They obeyed, and throughout Monday and Tuesday they trudged steadily onwards, they knew not where. On Tuesday afternoon, footsore and weary, they reached Landrecies, just as the rain began to fall, but they had only just got to rest when they were awakened and ordered out again. The Germans were pouring into the town, and in the darkness and the wet the Irishmen had their first experience of street fighting. Some turned houses into miniature fortresses and fired their rifles through loopholes, some worked machine-guns in dark and protected corners and byways, and some rushed with the bayonet to drive the Germans from the black and narrow streets. All did their part well and bravely, and before morning the enemy had disappeared, leaving only the dead behind.

For a few days the Guards were allowed to retreat in peace, but on September 1st they had another fight. They were

Irish Guards' advanced trench, the Guardsmen rushed forward to reach the mine crater before the enemy could capture it.

marching through some woods near Compiègne and Villars-Cotterets, enjoying the shade and coolness, which they were able to appreciate after the dust and heat of the past few days, when the sound of firing told them that the Germans were again close behind. Our battalions turned to fight, and a battle as big as Agincourt was fought in those woods. Of this the Irish Guards bore the brunt. Time and again they rushed forward, bayonet in hand, and during one of these charges they lost their gallant colonel, the Hon. G. H. Morris, who was killed while leading them. Amid the trees the fighting was very confused and difficult, and it cost the battalion the lives of Majors H. E. Crichton, the second-in-command, C. A. Tisdall, and several junior officers, as well as a number of men.

Irish Guards "Make Good"

A few days more and the weary retreat ended. On September 6th the allied armies turned, and the boot was on the other leg, for the Germans began to retire. The Irish Guards crossed the Marne, hurried after the enemy to the Aisne, and then went forward to "make good" that river. After some difficulty, and a certain amount of loss, they crossed it near Chavonne in boats, and on the 14th they advanced slowly up the wet and grassy slopes at the top of which the Germans were entrenched. They made some progress during the morning, and then, after a rest, they got on to the plateau above—a distinct success. In this fighting Lord Guernsey and Lord Arthur Hay were killed.

In the middle of October the Guards were transferred to the neighbourhood of Ypres, and were ordered to advance towards Bruges. On the 21st they made some progress, but the Germans were swarming all round them, and Sir John French, seeing the danger, told them just to hold on to their ground near Zonnebeke for two or three days when some French troops would arrive to support them.

Four Commanders in Three Months

For three days they held grimly on, and then the Frenchmen arrived, and the Guards were moved a little to the south. But not to rest, by any means. On the 25th they advanced again, and took some prisoners and guns from the Germans. On this day and the next there was fierce fighting near Reutel, after which, so desperate was the position elsewhere, that the Guards were again moved, this time to Klein Zillebeke. Then came the three days of combat which revealed the worth and staunchness of the Irishmen.

In spite of its very heavy losses the battalion was soon reorganised, and after a rest it became once more a fighting unit, Major the Hon. J. F. Hepburn-Stuart-Forbes-Trefusis taking over the command in succession to Lord Ardee, who had been wounded. Thus the battalion had had four commanding officers in three months. Major Trefusis, who received the D.S.O. in February, and later became a brigadier-general, was killed on October 24th, 1915, just a year afterwards.

In January the Irish Guards were once more in the firing-line, this time in the brickfields at Cuinchy. On February 1st the Germans broke in the British line here, and the Irishmen and the Coldstreams failed to drive them out. But they soon tried again, and this time they succeeded. After the Germans had been well peppered by our artillery, a chosen party of Guards, followed by some Engineers, rushed forward with the bayonet. All the Irish officers were killed or wounded, so devastating was the German fire, and Lieutenant A. C. W. Innes went forward to take command. With fourteen men he captured one barricade, and then, dashing over another sixty yards of ground, he took another. One of the men with Innes was Michael O'Leary, whose superb heroism on this occasion was fittingly rewarded with the Victoria Cross.

Bandsman of the Irish Guards with the regimental mascot.

Private Hennigan's Heroism

Five days later the Irish and the Coldstreams gave the Germans another taste of steel. Close to them there was another brickfield in which parties of the enemy were entrenched, and it was decided to turn them out. This was done by the usual method of a bombardment, followed by a bayonet charge, and the Distinguished Conduct Medal was given to Sergeant-Major H. McVeigh for taking over the leadership of a section of the attackers when the officer in command had been killed. Another individual action on this day may be mentioned, for it shows that the Irish are still as "strong of hand" as they were when Spenser wrote about them. Private P. Hennigan—a real Irish name—threw bombs into the enemy's position *for six hours continuously*.

Ireland's "Scorners of Death"

The Irish Guards did not take a leading part in the spring battles—Neuve Chapelle, Ypres, Festubert, and the rest—but they were continually in dangerous spots. One instance may be cited. From May 17th to 19th they were continuously in the fighting-line at Rue du Bois, and there Lance-Sergeant T. McMullen gained the Distinguished Conduct Medal for bringing in wounded men, and so saving many lives.

To turn back to the beginning. The poet Spenser had never heard of the Irish Guards, but could anyone describe them better than he did? "Very present in perils, very great scorners of death," is the history of the Irish Guards during the Great War.

A. W. Holland

Men of Action versus Men of Words

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

PUBLIC opinion in war has come to be of far-reaching importance in its effect, not only on the confidence soldiers and sailors possess in their leaders, but in the freedom of action and determination of those leaders themselves. The far-reaching influence of the Press is a new factor, and the same may be said of the reports of Parliamentary debates.

If only men better understood that intangible quality called prestige, I think some speeches which have been made in the Lords, as well as Commons, would never have been delivered. A soldier or a sailor, responsible for the success of our war plans, should be able to feel that he has unqualified public support behind him, and so devote his whole mind to what is in front of him. Otherwise, much of his action may be the result of

" A thought which quartered hath but one
part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward."

Public Opinion Dangers

This failure to recognise how infinitely precious the right sort of public opinion is to our arms in the field is responsible for all the mischievous secrecy which concealed naval and military losses, and at the same time led to suspicions which were most unjust. It cannot be too strongly recognised that British officers from the highest to the lowest cannot be regarded as a race apart, such as the Prussian officers, who depend upon an educated slavery and driving powers rather than leading and prestige. Knowing this, from their everyday experience of democracy, one would have thought that the leading politicians, at any rate, would jealously protect officers from public attack. Instead of this happening, I have listened to the most vicious attacks in Parliament to which Ministers made no reply; to another in which Mr. Churchill flung officers' names about like ninepins. Both in Parliament and in the Press, not only were attacks on Lord Kitchener made the moment his back was turned to go and render his country a service largely dependent on his personal prestige, but a set campaign began, attributing all want of success to the absence of an adequate General Staff.

Justice of Courts-Martial

It is not public opinion which should punish incompetence in officers, but court-martial. It is the function of public opinion to support the fighting leaders with a wave of enthusiasm behind them, and if the orator is worth his salt he will ponder and act on what Napoleon, the greatest master of war, said: " You can only govern men by imagination. Without imagination they are brutes . . . 'Tis by speaking to the soul that you electrify men." The statesman's function is to wage the war with unrelenting energy and to carry the people with him, and not to undermine the position of the sailor and the soldier whose appointment rested in his hands. We have by no means a perfect reputation in this respect. Rodney was intrigued against, and orders of recall sent before the news of his great victory reached England. Hawke, at the moment of his splendid fight at Quiberon Bay, was being burnt in effigy in England for letting the French fleet out!

The Government, and not the commanders in the field, should bear the brunt of all criticism. It is their right to choose the leaders and then to give them all the support in their power. One has only to go back to the days of Hawke and Wolfe, and study the ill-success under Newcastle and the glorious victories under Chatham, to appreciate the difference between half-hearted and unstinted support.

The greatest contrast between two extremes of administrators in war is to be found between Walpole and Chatham. The former's defence in 1741 against the vote of censure will live for ever as a model of ineptitude and misconception as to a Prime Minister's duty: " As to the conduct of the war, as I am neither admiral nor general, as I have nothing to do with either our Navy or Army, I am sure I am not answerable for the prosecution of it."

Napoleon's Rejoinder

During the Siege of Toulon in 1794, one of those civilian agents of the Convention whose position had become established, and of whose excursions Mr. Churchill's advent to Antwerp was but a repetition, ventured on a criticism to Napoleon, then an artillery officer winning his spurs. " Do you," was the curt reply, " attend to your duty as national commissioner, and I will be answerable for mine with my head." It is the immemorial answer of the man versed in war. It was given by Paulus Emilius to the people of Rome: " If they judged they could manage the war to more advantage by any other, he would willingly yield his charge; but if they confided in him, they were not to make themselves his colleagues in his office, or raise reports, or criticise his actions, but without talking, supply him with means and assistance necessary to the carrying on of the war, for, if they proposed to command their own commander, they would render the expedition more ridiculous than the former."

All about Duels of the Upper Air

By C. G. Grey, Editor of " The Aeroplane "

ONE reads so much in these days about fights in the air that naturally some interest attaches to the way in which these battles are fought. In the early days of the war fighting in the air was not regarded as part of an aviator's regular job. There were so few aeroplanes available that they and their pilots were thoroughly well occupied in scouting, without having time to bother about what the enemy's aviators were doing.

The French and British were the first to produce something approaching the battle-aeroplane, these being the Voisin and Vicker's biplanes respectively, the former having an engine of about 130 h.-p. and the latter one of 100 h.-p. In each the engine was behind and the pilot and passenger in front.

In the Voisin the pilot sat in front, and behind him sat a man with a machine-gun, or mitrailleuse as the French call it, fixed on a tripod over the pilot's head and firing over him. This arrangement gave a good field of fire upwards and to each side, but not downwards. In these the pilot went where he wished and pointed out to the gunner what he wanted him to fire at

In the Vicker's the gunner sat in front, about on a level with the pilot, and directed him where he wanted to go; though on occasion, when the gunner was an air-mechanic or an N.C.O., and the pilot was an officer, the pilot, of course, commanded the machine.

The Germans do not seem to have produced a " pusher " battle-plane with a gun clear of everything in front, but appear to use huge " tractor " biplanes, with the engine and propeller in front, and carrying two machine-guns, one just behind the engine and one just behind the pilot, who sits between the two gunners and manœuvres the machine so as to give them the least chance of bringing their guns to bear on their target. With guns arranged thus, it is possible to fire upwards at a machine which is being chased, but not downwards and forwards; so the favourite method of attack of these machines is to trust to their speed to catch the enemy, and then to fly alongside him on the same level, or thereabouts, and to bring the broadside of two guns to bear on him. This has certainly proved very effective on occasion, but many of the newest French machines quite outclimb the Germans and get away above them, or else they dive so fast that the Germans cannot get close enough to make sure of their aim.

Lately, I hear, one of the crack German pilots, Lieutenant Immelmann, who is reported in the German communiqués to have shot down six or seven of the Allies' aeroplanes, has taken to the old French trick of using a very small, fast aeroplane fitted with a machine-gun which he operates himself. The gun is fixed in front of him on a " tractor " biplane, and he fires straight through his propeller. The propeller probably runs at about 1,200 revolutions per minute, and as it has two blades there is a propeller-blade in front of the muzzle of the gun 2,400 times a minute, for a very small fraction of a second. The gun probably fires at the rate of between five hundred and six hundred shots a minute, so unless the pilot has the bad luck to start firing just when a propeller-blade—which is only three or four inches wide—is exactly opposite the gun, he will probably miss it nearly all the time, and will fire during the moment when both propeller-blades are clear of the barrel. It has been worked out carefully that in this way only about four shots out of a hundred are likely to hit the propeller, and as the bullets punch a clean hole through it and do not cause it to splinter, it is thought to be the best way of working the gun.

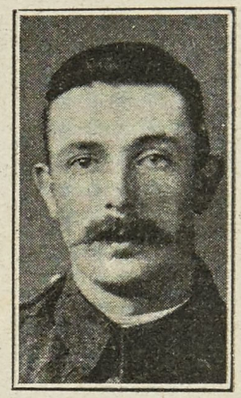
New Heroes of the Victoria Cross

SEC.-LIEUT. A. B. TURNER gained his V.C. for driving the Germans back by incessant bombing, practically single-handed. This gallant officer later died of wounds. Sergt. J. C. Raynes was awarded the V.C. for going out into the open, while his battery was being heavily bombarded, to carry in wounded men. Capt. A. M. Read, V.C., although partially gassed, went out several times to rally different parties, and led them back into the firing-line. He was mortally wounded.

Sec.-Lieut. F. H. Johnson, V.C., although wounded, led several charges, and practically saved the situation. Sec.-Lieut. A. J. T. Fleming-Sandes, V.C., was sent to command a company in a very critical position. He jumped on to the parapet in full view of the Germans, only twenty yards away, and threw several bombs. Capt. C. G. Vickers, V.C., held a barrier for some hours, with only two men, against heavy German attacks from front and flank. He was severely wounded, though not before he had saved a critical situation.

Lance-Corpl. G. H. Wyatt gained the V.C. for his extreme bravery at Landrecies. Twice he dashed out of the line under fierce fire from the enemy, who were only twenty-five yards distant, and extinguished burning stacks of straw which the Germans had set alight with incendiary bombs. Sec.-Lieut. R. P. Hallowes, V.C., was mortally wounded after the heroic actions that gained him the cross, yet even then he continued to cheer his men. Corpl. J. D. Pollock, V.C., gained the decoration for his daring bombing exploits under heavy fire. Pte. S. Harvey was awarded the V.C. for his great devotion to duty under intense fire. Pte. A. Vickers gained the V.C. for his courage under fierce fire. Pte. G. Peachment, V.C., gave his life to save an officer. Piper D. Laidlaw won the V.C. for inspiring his company by piping while marching up and down under fire.

Sec.-Lieut. A. B. TURNER, V.C., 1st R. Berks Regt. For great bravery near Vermelles.



Sergt. J. C. RAYNES, V.C., 71st Brig. R.F.A. For heroism on two occasions.

Pte. J. HAMILTON, V.C., 1st Australian Force. For extreme bravery in Gallipoli.

Capt. A. M. READ, V.C., 1st Northamptons. For bravery near Hulluch.

Sec.-Lieut. F. H. JOHNSON, V.C., 73rd R.E. For his heroism at Hill 70.

Sec.-Lieut. A. J. T. F.-SANDES, V.C., 2nd E. Surrey Regt. For bravery near Vermelles.

Capt. C. G. VICKERS, V.C., 1/7th Sherwoods. For bravery at Hohenzollern Redoubt.

L.-Cpl. G. H. WYATT, V.C., 3rd Coldstream Guards. For heroism at Landrecies.

Sec.-Lieut. R. P. HALLOWES, V.C., 4th Middlesex Regt. For conspicuous bravery at Hooge.

Corpl. J. D POLLOCK, V.C., 5th Cameron Highlanders. For heroism near Vermelles.

Pte. S. HARVEY, V.C., 1st Yorks & Lancs Regt. For heroism near Fosse 8.

Pte. A. VICKERS, V.C., 2nd R. Warwick Regt. For great bravery near Hulluch.

Pte. G. PEACHMENT, V.C., 2nd K.R.R.C. For conspicuous heroism near Hulluch.

Piper D. LAIDLAW, V.C., 7th K.O Scottish Borderers. For his bravery near Loos.

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART."—Where is the language that can do justice to the beauty of this casual snapshot from the battle-front? In this venerable pile, desecrated by the horrors of war, profaned by the blatant song of shell and bullet, a group of British and French fighting men, each holding a little Prayer Book, are bent in pious supplication. A French priest conducts the service before the shattered altar. One Tommy has brought his rifle into God's house, and placed it against the broken column on the right.

Bonnets and Badges of the Scottish Regiments

BADGES instead of numbers have been worn on forage-caps since the year 1881, when the territorial scheme came into force, and battalions commenced to bear the designation of the shire or county in which the corps had been raised.

Previous to this change, and as far back as July 1st, 1751, when a Royal Warrant on the subject was published, regiments then composing the British Army were known by numerical titles. Beginning with the 1st Regiment of Foot, the Army at that date had forty-nine regiments of infantry. The Order of 1881 abolished the number on the forage-caps, and badges were in most cases substituted, the badges of all regiments having a distinction of their own. This war is the first in which our troops have fought with the forage-cap and glengarry.

The distinctive badges of Scottish regiments are as follows:

The Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), a specially-designed badge, a star of the Thistle and oval inscribed, "Nemo me impune lacessit"; within the oval St. Andrew and cross; above this a crown; under it the Sphinx. On either side of the crown two half scrolls with the designation, "Royal Highlanders"; on each side of the Sphinx the words, "Black Watch."

Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Princess Louise's), a thistle wreath; within the wreath a circle inscribed with name of the regiment; within the circle the cypher of H.R.H. the Princess Louise. To the left of the cypher the boar's head; to the right the cat; and above the cypher and on the circle the Princess's coronet with the motto, "Ne obliviscaris," and "Sans Peur."

The Royal Scots Fusiliers wear the grenade with a thistle embroidered on the ball.

The King's Own Scottish Borderers wear the castle of Edinburgh on the regulation headdress, and for the glengarry have adopted the Imperial crown, surmounted by a lion with a scroll on each side bearing the words, "The King's Own Scottish Borderers."

The Seaforth Highlanders bear the head of a stag with a scroll on which is the motto, "Cuidich'n Righ."

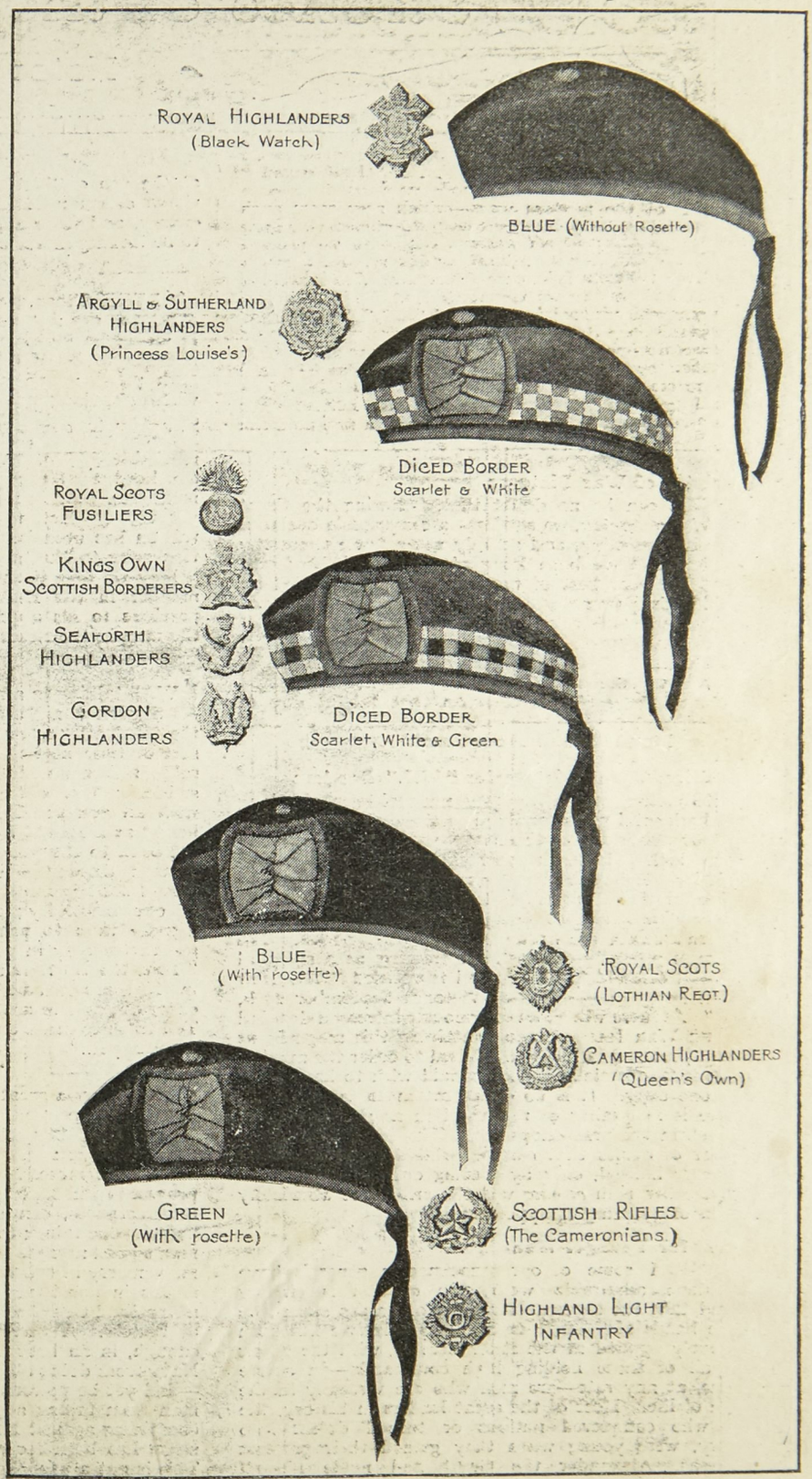
The Gordon Highlanders have the stag's head with ten antlers, and the motto on the scroll, "Bydand."

The Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment), is supposed to be the oldest in the Army. The glengarry bears the star of the Order of the Thistle, inscribed "Nemo me impune lacessit," and the words "Royal Scots" with the crown above.

The Cameron Highlanders (Queen's Own) have the figure of St. Andrew and cross within a thistle wreath.

The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) wear a star within a thistle wreath, with a bugle and cords at the base.

The Highland Light Infantry have the star of the Thistle with a horn and monogram, "H.L.I."; above the horn an Imperial crown; underneath an elephant with the battle-name, "Assaye."



VARIOUS SCOTTISH REGIMENTAL BONNETS AND BADGES.

Distinguishing badges and bonnets of the various Scottish regiments. The glengarries worn by the Seaforth Highlanders and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders both have diced borders—in the first case of scarlet, white, and green; and in the other of scarlet and white.

Strokes of the Sword

Notes on War News

Famous Pictures of War

MOST of the modern wars—which now seem such small affairs by contrast with the gigantic struggle of to-day—have inspired notable paintings by famous artists. We can scarcely think of the Crimea without calling to mind those magnificent works of art that brought fame to Lady Butler—her "Roll-Call" and "The Thin Red Line" are as familiar to all people of the British race as the dome of St. Paul's to Londoners. The most picturesque episodes of the Franco-Prussian War are still vividly alive in the splendid pictures of Detaille, and the lesser wars which the British have waged in Africa and the East have many a fine pictorial record in the public art galleries of our country.

A Painter of War Pictures

THERE can be no doubt that, following the Great War of to-day, we shall see a remarkable outburst of military painting, and already not a few noteworthy war pictures have been hung at the Royal Academy. One of the very best of our war painters, excelled by none in his power to depict with graphic directness the movement of great companies of men on the battle-field, is Mr. Stanley L. Wood. Readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will be interested to know that the Editor has arranged with Mr. Wood to paint a fine spirited picture of the British charge on that fateful day of last September when the wonderful Battle of Loos was added to the laurels of our Army.

Magnificent War Picture for "W.I." Readers

THIS picture, which takes the unusual form of a long horizontal panel, and will measure about 25 inches wide [or about three times the width of this page] by 10 inches high, is now being carefully reproduced by the beautiful process of rotary photogravure on special tinted paper, and will be presented as an *absolutely free gift* to every purchaser of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED for the week ending December 18th. The picture is specially designed for framing as a splendid memorial of an historic day, and is entitled "The New British Army in the Day of Victory: September 25th, 1915." As there will be an enormously increased demand for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED containing this magnificent free gift, readers will be well advised to order the number in advance, especially if they should wish to have more than one copy. It is no exaggeration to say that the picture is in quality of reproduction as good as many that sell in the print-shops for half-a-crown, and as the number of copies that can be printed and distributed is strictly limited, only by placing orders for the issue of December 18th *at once* will subscribers be absolutely certain of avoiding disappointment.

A Call for Younger Men

THOUGH some of our sexagenarian generals have done admirable work, the opinion is gaining ground that the supreme direction of armies should be in the hands of younger men. This principle has been rigorously applied in the sister Service, with the result that all of those holding high commands—on active service, at any rate—are men who are virtually in the prime of life. Most of the great leaders in history, the men who conquered nations or turned defeat into victory, were young when they gained their greatest triumphs. Alexander the Great had made himself master of the known world before he was thirty; Hannibal led his army across the Alps when he was twenty-nine; Cortés started on the conquest of Mexico at the age of thirty-three. Age has certain attributes which command respect, but youth has initiative and energy, and these are the qualities which so often seem to be lacking in our conduct of the war.

"The Bubble Reputation"

AFTER fifteen months of war one is almost tempted to say: "Beware of men with reputations." It would be invidious to mention names, but it is impossible to blink the fact that many of our failures, both political and military, can be attributed to men whose popular reputations led us to expect great things of them. On the other hand, we have instances of hitherto unknown men rising to the occasion in a remarkable degree. A case in point is that of the First Sea Lord, Sir Henry Jackson. Previous to his appointment, few outside naval circles had ever heard of him, yet the conduct of naval affairs during his administration has been beyond praise. (For further information refer to the arch-pirate, Von Tirpitz.)

May we take it as a good augury that our new commander in the Balkan area, Sir Charles Monro, was, previous to his appointment, about as well known to the man in the street as Sir Henry Jackson?

Where to be Cheerful

I WAS talking to a non-commissioned officer at Victoria Station a night or two ago. He was returning to the front after a few days' leave, and I asked him what sort of time he had had at home. "Oh, all right," he said, rather unenthusiastically, and after a pause he suddenly burst out: "I can't think what's the matter with all you people in London. You're as merry and bright as mutes at a funeral. I shall be quite glad to get back to the trenches and see a cheerful face." The remark disconcerted me, but after a minute I suggested that perhaps we were oppressed by some sense of our inactivity; it is always more amusing to play a game than to pay for it. "Then a lot of you have got the remedy in your own hands," he retorted drily. "Pass the tip round from me. London's always dull in November, and for change and excitement and cheerfulness I've never struck anything like trench life. Tell them to come out and see. We can do with plenty more of you."

"The Hun by any other Name"

ONE hears a great deal about the millions of German gold in this country which our high-minded Government is preserving in a species of faithful stewardship. I offer no criticism. The matter is one of superlative morality designed to shame the devil, or a proposition in super-politics that no ordinary man, in the circumstances, can understand. To scorn the Teuton purse is one thing; to be privy to the theft of an Englishman's good name is another. Yet a British Minister can make merry at this outrage. Some of the most honoured names in our island story have been appropriated by naturalised Germans—and there appears to be no means of redress. A Government, it seems, may be strong enough, in an hour of grave national peril, to keep the Navy from doing all the Navy's work—or so it is alleged—and yet be powerless to hinder a hyphenated Englishman from taking a plain Englishman's name, and even competing against him in a home industry wherein that name has been for a long time a kind of trade-mark. This is not a party question. But it is nothing short of a scandal, and the official attitude towards it is likely to cost the Government's own good name more than it dreams of.

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The Hun of To-day and his Shameful Past

See pages 386 - 388

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3

Allied Leaders in the Balkans : Gen. Sir Charles Monro and Gen. Sarrail confer on the field

No. 69

The Solace of Literature in the Trenches

OF all the side-issues of this ever-more-surprising war few have been so unexpected as the immense demand for trench literature. We at home are not greatly to be blamed for having been found so unprepared for it, because it is sixty years since a British Army last had experience of trench warfare, and we could not have been expected to foresee that for weeks and months together our men would be living in caves and holes of the earth. We knew that it was to the soldier's interest to travel light, and when seeing to his kit our thoughts were only of the irreducible minimum of weight compatible with the minimum of physical discomfort by-and-by. So we knitted him a Balaclava helmet to keep his head warm, and omitted to provide anything to supply the wants of the inside of his head. We remembered his stomach and forgot his brains. We thought long and anxiously about his food, and not at all about what used to be called mental pabulum.

THIS neglect on our part was due to ignorance of the conditions in which our Army was to find itself so soon. We were not so neglectful in the case of our Navy, for we knew that there would be many hours when our sailors would be free to amuse themselves, and we arranged to keep the Navy adequately supplied with newspapers and picture papers and illustrated magazines.

IN the case of the Army we only thought of the newspapers, and those, of course, we arranged to post as regularly as might be. We could not know what life in the trenches would be like. Even so, however, we ought, perhaps to have reflected that no such British Army had ever taken the field before, unlike all its predecessors not only in magnitude but also in composition; in the ranks of this astonishing force are highly intellectual and educated men belonging to every social class and occupation—professional, artistic, and commercial; it ought to have occurred to us that, whatever the conditions of warfare might be, there would probably be a good deal of time which they would be glad to have a book to fill.

THUS we were caught unprepared by the clamour for books that rose from the trenches almost as soon as they had been dug. No matter what officer or man was asked if there was anything he wanted, the answer was always the same: cigarettes and something to read. Those articles headed every list of requirements however long it might be, and frequently they were the only things asked for. That the demand has been adequately and even generously met may be believed, but "something to read" is a very comprehensive phrase, and it has been interesting to inquire a little more closely into the question what Tommy does read in the trenches.

THE first fact that emerges clearly is that he wants books that will distract his mind completely from his immediate environment. What he does not want is fiction about war; almost any other class of fiction he will look at, but it by no means follows that any other class will satisfy him. He will thank you for pure, unadulterated humour, and W. W. Jacobs has brought joy into many a trench. He likes tales of strong domestic interest, and it is worth noting that Jane Austen has taken her fragrant way into a surprising number of dug-outs. With regard to modern fiction, he requires it to be sound, wholesome stuff. He is face to face with elemental things—life, death, pain, heroism—and he has no use for artificiality and morbid imaginings, however brilliantly presented by meretricious cleverness. The men who come back from this war will do so with a very different idea of the values of things from that which they had when they marched out to it, and not a few authors will find it to their interest to take to heart the advice which Kingsley gave to the little maid, to be "good" and let who will be "clever."

TOMMY in the trenches has a good deal of time to think about things that matter, and he is so interested in them that he does not much care for novels that don't matter; he will not thank you for sex problems, and studies of temperament, and "poppycock like that," nor will he be over much grateful for tales of adventure. His own present life is a most tremendously-exciting, real adventure, and the fiction seems mild in comparison. Romance, of course, is quite another matter, and Stevenson is free of the trenches. But the answer in respect of fiction is fairly clear: good humour, good domestic interest, good romance, are welcomed by the Army; they must be good, because the men have time and occasion to think.

THE word takes one on to books that are not fiction, and it is found that essays, on life as distinct from literature, are passed from hand to hand. Bacon's "Essays" may be taken as typical—not least welcome, by the way, because they are all so short. There are plenty of writing men in the trenches, but they would not care just now for literary essays by literary men about literary subjects—Bagehot, say, or More, or Santayana; but Gissing's "Henry Ryecroft" is out there, no doubt because of its human interest and redolence of England. Sir Oliver Lodge is somewhere in France, too, and, one can well believe, taking thought in good direction. Of poetry and drama, Shakespeare, Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," and volumes by Alfred Noyes appear to be popular.

THE facts and the names given here have been gathered from conversation with a considerable number of men who have been in the trenches, and one conclusion can be drawn from them: a desirable quality in a book that is to be sent out is that it is available for the spare five minutes. Jacobs, Stevenson, Bacon, Gissing, Lodge, Shakespeare, Palgrave's anthology, and Noyes, all satisfy this condition; so, too, does Jane Austen, though not so completely. And the five minutes' test goes to prove the eminent suitability of *The Times* "Broadsheets," that have been edited and published expressly for the men in the trenches—short selections from the best literature issued in leaflet form. For another necessary feature of a book for the trenches is that its format is small enough to go into a pocket. Truly the sevenpenny is justified to-day.

WE have heard, but not at first hand, of men reading the classics, apparently in the original, in the trenches, and among the hundreds of thousands of soldiers at the Front it is not surprising that there should be some who occupy their leisure this way, or even in taking up a subject such as some branch of mathematics or learning a language. But it is rather to the internment camps that one must look for this kind of reading, to Ruhleben, for instance, where Francis Gribble, just released from that uncomfortable place, says classes were provided for the study of nearly every language—except German. In the trenches there is not time for the continuous concentration of mind that actual study requires; what is wanted there is the friendly companionship of some good and kindly book to take the mind away from the contemplation of the terrible environment, away from the sick longing for home, to the really vital things that comfort and sustain.

C. M.

11th December, 1915. No. 69. Vol. 3

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

AFTER BIG GAME.—A British outpost in France on the alert for "blond beasts" approaching in ignorance of the rifles covering them. The men are wearing the fur coats served out in anticipation of the rigours of winter.

IT ALL HAPPENED BEFORE!

New Light on Olden History proves the Hun of To-day True to His Shameful Past

In all the flood of war literature, no more interesting or valuable contribution has been made to our understanding of the German character than Mr. Ian D. Colvin's remarkable work, "The Germans in England (1066-1598)." *The author explores a curiously neglected by-path of Anglo-German history, and the result is little short of amazing; for the German as we now know him, most hatefully selfish of humans, is proved the natural descendant of the earlier Germans, who, before the reign of Elizabeth, had secured a diabolical grip on England.*

When that energetic sovereign cleared out the Teutonic vampires, she took the first step to enable the British genius for commerce to expand. There will have to be another riddance after this war, and it is the duty of every citizen to help in ejecting this infamous race of interlopers from these islands, for few Germans are here except as enemies and self-seekers. The article which we print on this page will give our readers some idea of Mr. Colvin's notable work, which is published from the office of "The National Review," but the study of the book itself is recommended to all who wish to be well informed on this important subject.

CARLYLE said we were a race of fools; and he proved it. For he fastened on us a German plaster saint which is only now beginning to crumble. He taught us that the German was an idyllic, sentimental, poetic philosopher, entirely lost in beautiful vague dreams; and he sardonically contrasted this lovely, innocent soul with the hard, practical, Philistine Briton. Then the disciples of Carlyle took to writing English history from the pro-German standpoint, until even the Germans were so deceived by all the false, fulsome praise that they began to think themselves the supermen of the earth.

The result is that in none of our modern history books will you find an explanation of the fact that our first great sea-fight was a victory over the Germans, and that in the age of Shakespeare there was not a single German alive in England. We all know about Drake and the Armada, but who has heard of the earlier Devon seaman, Robert Wenington, who won the Battle of Guernsey? Wenington had only a few small ships on May 25th, 1449, and off Guernsey he met with a German fleet of a hundred great ships, bore down upon them with his cannon charged and his linstocks lighted, and bade them strike their flag in the name of the King of England. But the ships of Prussia, Lubeck, Rostock, and other German cities shouted to the Devon captain, and told him to "skyte" in the name of the King of England. But Wenington oversailed them, and beat them ship by ship, with the odds of more than ten to one against him, and, capturing the whole great German fleet, brought it into the Solent. It is a fine, glorious tale, which every English schoolboy should know by heart in Bob Wenington's own words, but there is none of our school histories that will tell him anything about it.

Britain's False Prophets of "Kultur"

All this is part of one of the most extraordinary conspiracies of silence that ever were engineered. Had we possessed, in the age of the Prince Consort, a Star Chamber for falsifying our history in the interests of the Germans, the thing could not have been done better. It was really brought about by the fashion in thought introduced by Thomas Carlyle and continued by Matthew Arnold, Seeley, Freeman and other writers of the same school. We were sternly taught by all these mentors that the Englishman and the Scottish Lowlander were degenerate members of the noble, beautiful, Germanic family in whom were embodied all the chief virtues of humanity. As for the French, did not Tennyson, the friend of Carlyle, teach us to contemn

> The fool-red fury of the Seine,
> The blind hysterics of the Celt?

And so the great game went on; and nobody told us why Queen Elizabeth did not let a German live in England. This was a terrible family scandal, which had to be hushed up—so the pro-German party thought—at any expense of truth. Carlyle himself wrote a big book to show us that the German king Frederick the Great was the kind of man we wanted in our country. He received from Berlin the Order of the Black Eagle as a recompense for his work. This son of a race of independent Scottish peasants, who pretended to stand for the fine democratic quality of Scottish life, refused all British Court honours, but took the Black Eagle as a reward for whitewashing Frederick the Great, who was more given to unnatural vice than any man since Nero.

So it comes about that we have to go to German historians to know the truth about the old, long, terrible fight for empire between the Briton and the Teuton. During the last twenty years the German writers have been exceedingly frank about this ancient matter. It was, indeed, one of their main sources of inspiration for a renewed attack on our country. And with that curious tendency—which the German shares with the dog, to lick the hand of a master who knows how to use the whip—the Teuton historians have become admirers of Queen Elizabeth. For Elizabeth, like Napoleon I., won the deep admiration of the servile hucksters of Germany by giving them a good thrashing. We are now engaged in winning the admiration of our eternal enemy in the same manner. So it may be well for us to know at last something about our former great victorious conflict with our enemy.

Time-honoured Method of the German Vampire

At the time when Robert Wenington captured the Grand Fleet of Germany, the Germans were the practical masters of the whole world. And, strange as it may seem, they won this position with but little fighting. It was mainly achieved by the worming, underways method that is now known as pacific penetration. The cheap German clerk, the cheap German technical expert, and the affable German bank manager have taught us what pacific penetration means, by stealing customers' names from the books of our merchants, spying on our processes of manufacture, and buying up British firms as cover for attacking our markets.

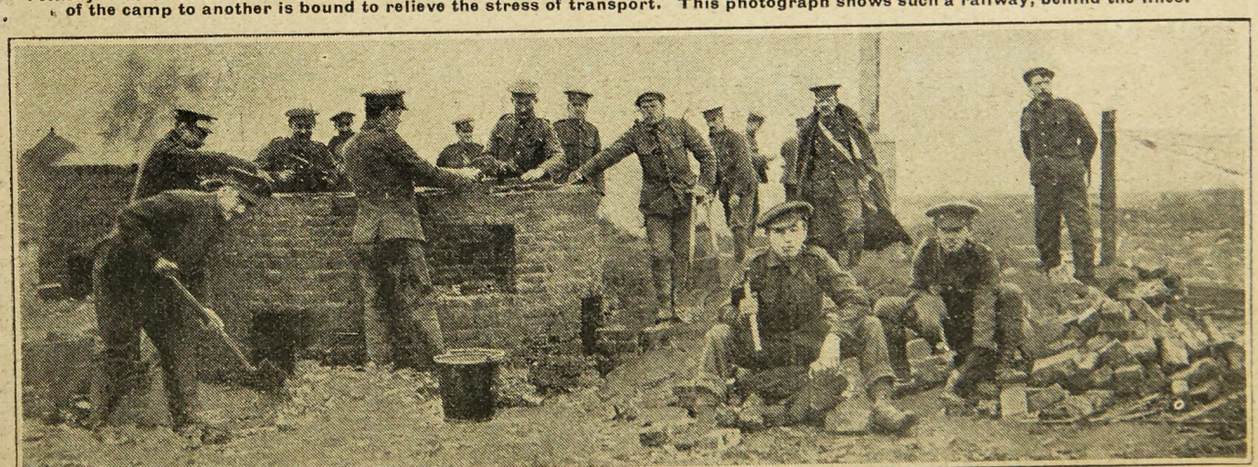
In all these things the modern German was merely following the practice of the ancient German; and if he had gone on with his undermining work he might have won what he wanted without war. The modern German financed our later Free Trade movement; backed both sides, the Roman Catholic and the Presbyterian, when civil war seemed likely to occur in Ireland; got a considerable control of our money market and our Stock Exchange, and tried by personal influence to sway members of our Government. These were exactly the methods by which the older school of Germany won the mastery of Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. For a considerable part of that period England, Denmark, Sweden, Flanders, Holland, and Poland were practically in a condition of economic servitude to the German Hanse. The Hanse consisted of a federation of some ninety German cities, headed by Lubeck, Hamburg, Bremen, Cologne, and Dantric. They had a monopoly of the Baltic trade, the staple articles of which were pine masts, hemp, and

[*Continued on page* 388

Domestic Scenes with Britons on Foreign Service

The most popular rendezvous behind the firing-front. British soldiers line up for their rations in a muddy environment, the result of inclement weather and incessant transport.

Tommy is ever on the alert to make his hard life on active service less irksome. The construction of a light railway from one part of the camp to another is bound to relieve the stress of transport. This photograph shows such a railway, behind the lines.



British soldiers are seen in this photograph building kilns to act as destructors of camp refuse. In the interests of hygiene every effort is made in our camps of Northern France to enable the soldiers to live up to that standard of cleanliness for which Great Britain is renowned—and at one time was ridiculed—on the Continent.

IT ALL HAPPENED BEFORE

(Continued from page 386).

tar, without which ships could not be built. They won the command of the sea by keeping all these shipbuilding materials in their hands; and they would not sell them in England until our King agreed not to let his subjects build large ships. That is why Wenington had to use vessels little larger than fishing-boats when he broke the Grand German Fleet in the middle of the fifteenth century.

The Germans also organised, by means of their overwhelming merchant marine, a series of gigantic monopolies and manufacturing industries. England was merely their wool farm; they allowed us to raise sheep and sell them the fleeces at their own price. If our wool-merchants tried—as they often did—to get a fair price for their wool, the Germans threw their last year's stock on the London market, and by what is now known as a "bear" operation brought the price down to a bankrupt rate, and then bought in. They took the wool to their agents in Flanders, there had it made into cloth, and sold the cloth at double its proper cost through their London agency. If the English tried to make cloth from their own wool at a reasonable price, the Germans resorted to their modern trick of dumping our market, and wrecking it by underselling till they had re-established their monopoly.

The Origin of Hun Piracy

The worst of it was that the Germans were then the money-lords of the world. Our pound sterling is a clipped form of the old phrase a "pound easterling"—Easterling being one of our names for the German, who was also called Dutchman (Deutchmann). Silver was then the chief medium of exchange, and the Germans controlled the principal source of European silver in the mines of Bohemia. By their command of silver the Germans were able to turn the rates of exchange in their favour, and bring our home-grown wheat down in price, until they also controlled all the chief corn markets of Europe. They also directed the metal market—a thing they were largely doing at the beginning of August, 1914. When the bolder spirits in our seaports tried to get into the Baltic to get shipbuilding material, the bland peaceful German hucksters did not make war upon them. But they kept a tame gang of pirates, known by the pleasant name of the Victualling Brothers, who bore down in a squadron on our single ships and took our seamen prisoners and tortured them to death in a terribly cruel way. For some hundreds of years our men could not even fish for herrings, for the herring trade, like most of the salt-fish-trade, was a German monopoly. The Germans starved us, impoverished us, drained us of all the life-blood of our industry, and when our people grew discontented they skilfully worked off the popular passions by financing our king to make war on France.

The seat of the German power in England was the Steelyard, London. This was a great row of fortified buildings and wharves, sometimes known as the Guildhall of the Germans, standing in Thames Street and Windgoose Alley. The garrison were armed, and were not allowed to marry English women on pain of being outcast. English Custom House officers were not permitted to enter the great fortress; and a considerable proportion of the goods brought from the Hanse Towns for sale in England was taxed at lower rates than the same articles made in England. When, for instance, Shakespeare was born, the duty on undyed cloth per piece was one shilling and twopence for English merchants and one shilling for Germans; on dyed cloth the tariff was two shillings and fourpence for English merchants, and two shillings for German merchants; while on half-dyed cloth the Englishmen paid one shilling and ninepence a piece, the men of the Hanse paying one shilling and sixpence.

How much money the modern German magnates have contributed by indirect channels, in recent years, to fight down all efforts at British Imperial trade unity, is still a matter for speculation. But it is known that in ancient days the German monopolists bribed our City authorities, our Custom House men, and, by more subtle methods of making Royal loans on hard terms, won over some of our kings, and the brothers of our kings, to sell their people into economic servitude.

Queen Elizabeth's Example

When Queen Elizabeth tried to put an end to this condition of affairs, and make England a manufacturing country, the great league of German towns financed Philip of Spain to make war upon us. They also supplied Philip with a large number of huge warships for his Grand Armada, and along the once more famous River Yser they brought sailors from Hamburg, Bremen, Emden, and other seaports, to work a great fleet of flat-bottomed boats by which an army of invasion was to be transported to England. Drake, however, not only broke the Armada, but captured the chief German merchant fleet of sixty Hanse ships near the mouth of the Tagus. Then on the memorable day of July 25th, 1598, the Lord Mayor of London seized the Steelyard and every German was expelled from England. The last of them left on August 4th, 1598—one of the happiest days in our history. It took the Germans nearly three hundred years to recover from the blow we struck them. The story is told in a vivid, telling, and interesting manner by Mr. Ian D. Colvin, in his new book, "The Germans in England." It is a work every British patriot should read in preparation for the great commercial struggle which will follow the war. If we do not want again to be pacifically penetrated after peace is made, we should do as Queen Elizabeth did.

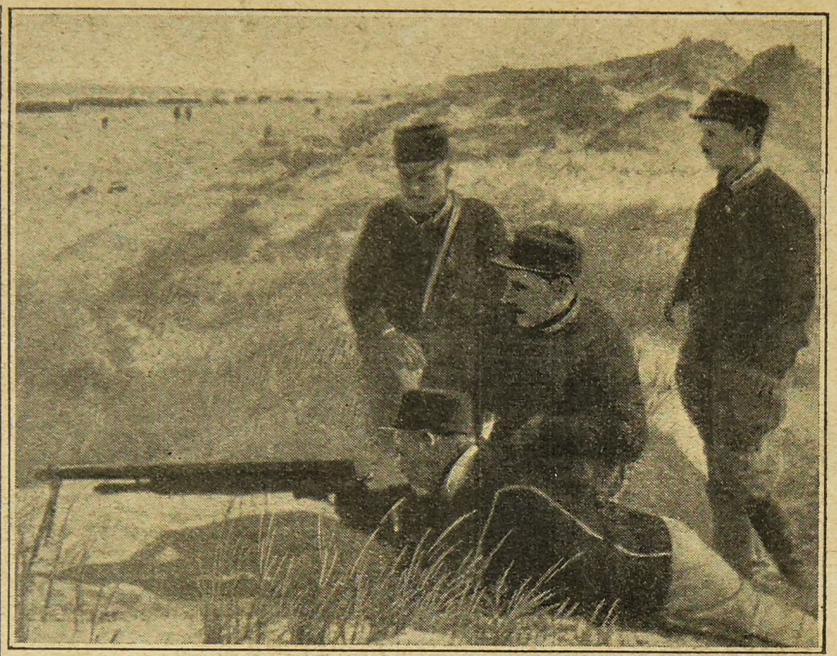
EDWARD WRIGHT

Remarkable scene in the room of a house occupied by the Germans. After a furious offensive, French soldiers retook the village and entered the house, to find that it had been converted into a concrete fort. Cement filled the establishment from the cellars to the first floor. The Germans did not even take the trouble to remove the furniture, as seen from the photograph.

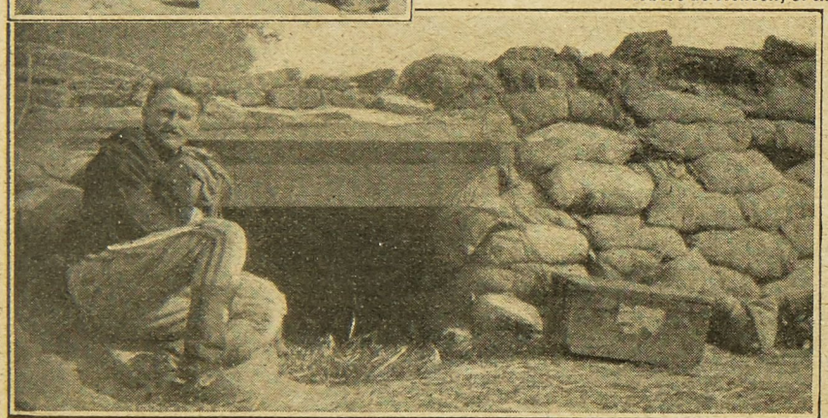
'War Illustrated' Employee on the Roll of Heroes

Private F. G. Challoner, 6th (City of London) Battalion, London Regiment (T.F.), a member of the staff of the Amalgamated Press, publishers of "The War Illustrated," gained the Distinguished Conduct Medal for his conspicuous gallantry in action at Loos, on September 25th, 1915. Far ahead of his comrades, Private Challoner charged the enemy first-line trench in face of a withering shell, machine-gun, and rifle fire. Jumping down in the midst of a crowd of Germans, he shot and bayoneted nine of them. This example of heroism so inspired the soldiers following him that they charged the remaining German trenches again and again.

Indomitable Soldiers of an Indomitable King

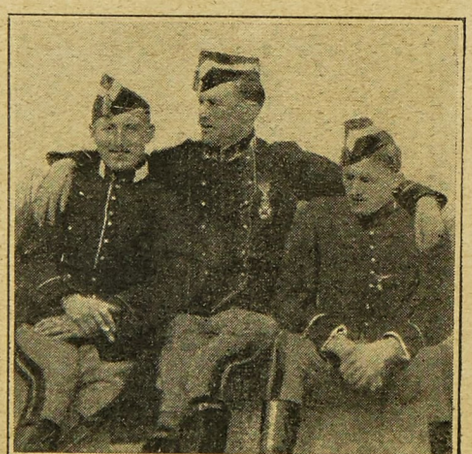


Practice with a mitrailleuse on the sand-dunes at La Panne, in Belgium. Inset: Lieut. Robert de Hensch, of the Belgian 4th Lancers.



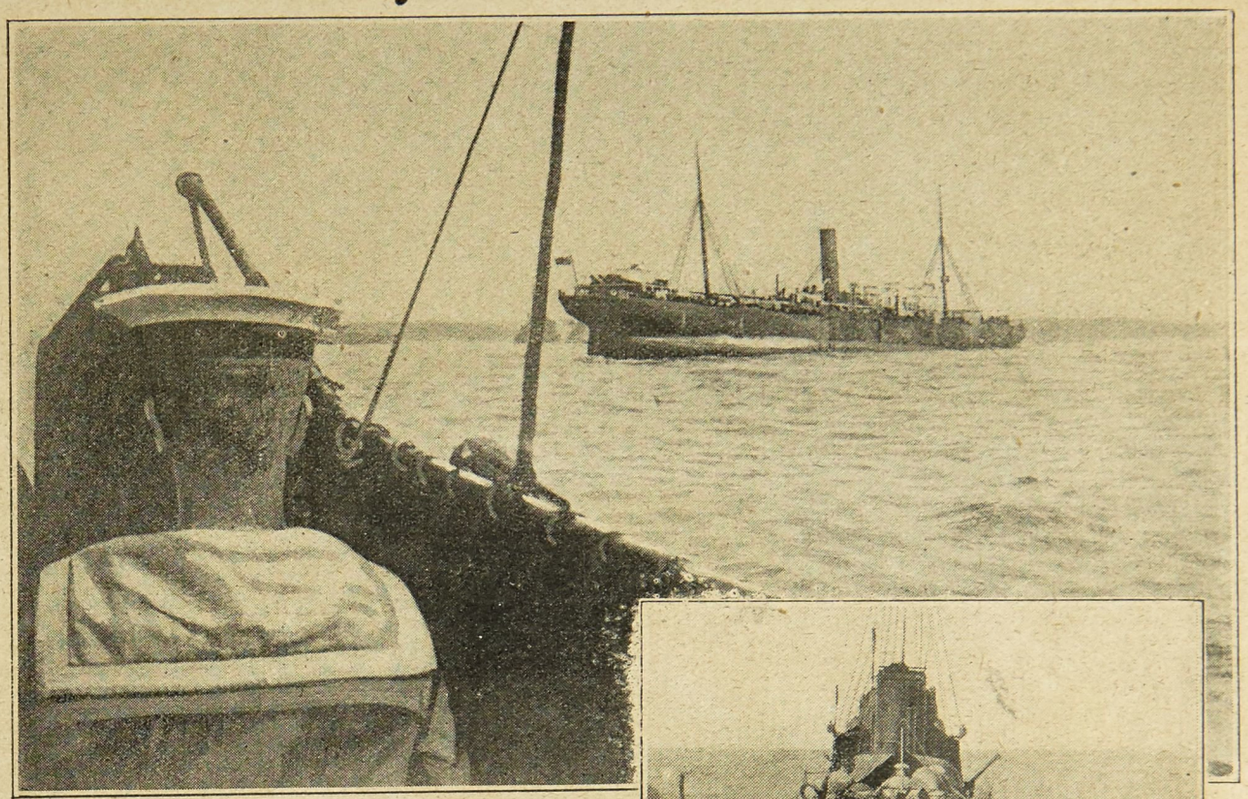
A first-line trench in Flanders. Keen-eyed and grim-jawed, the soldier looks as strong and serviceable as the trench that marks the confines of what is left to him of his country.

VERY little of his kingdom is left to King Albert now, but he is as indomitable to-day as he was when he forbade the Germans to set foot on Belgian soil. That he has succeeded in imbuing his soldiers with his own high courage is shown by these photographs taken of some of them when released temporarily from the sterner business of war. There is an expression of strength, resolution, and purposefulness on all these faces that is unmistakable. King Albert's refusal to leave the strip of his soil that alone remains unviolated by the Hun has the enthusiastic approval of his entire people. All are animated by a quiet confidence in the ultimate recovery of their country, which is justified by their resistance to overwhelming odds at the beginning, and brave endurance ever since.

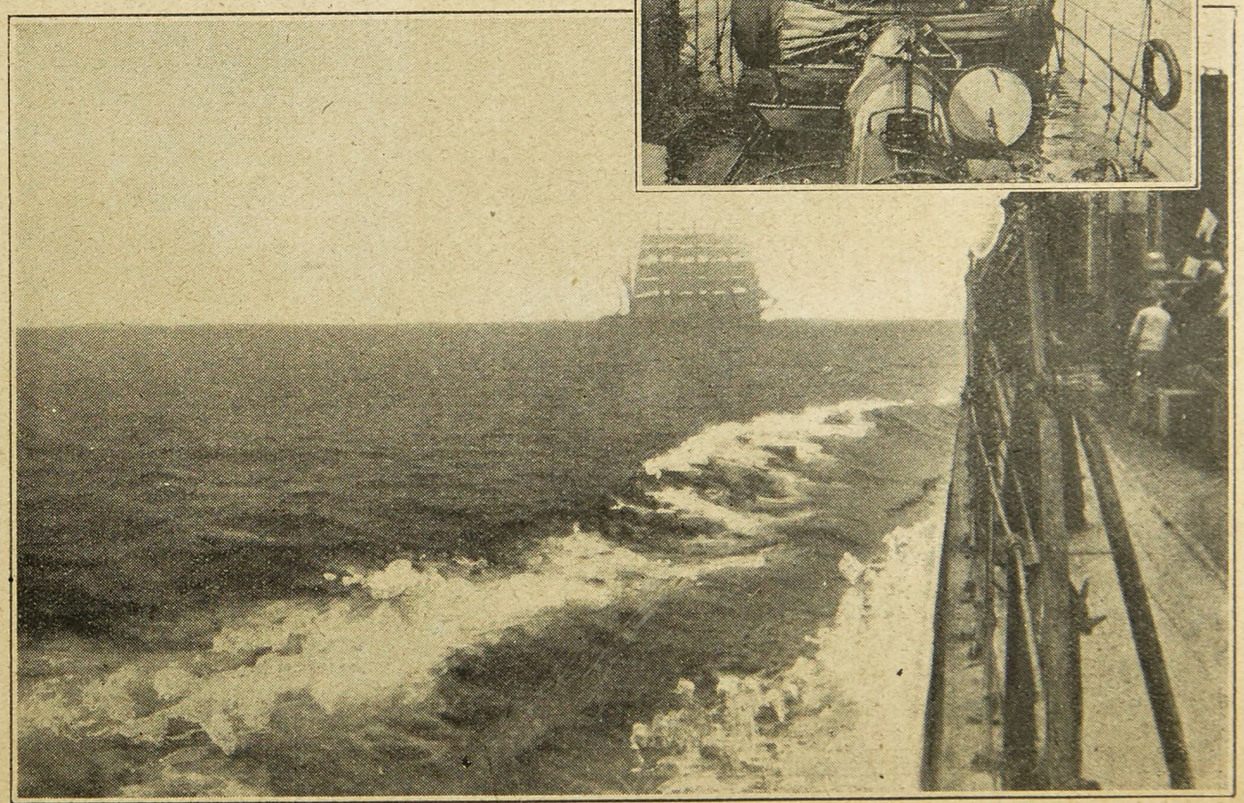


A game of cards behind the firing-line. Off duty for the time being, these well-groomed Belgian officers are as bent on their game as they are bent on victory when on duty. On the right: Three brother officers-in-arms.

British Destroyers as Life-Savers and Patrols



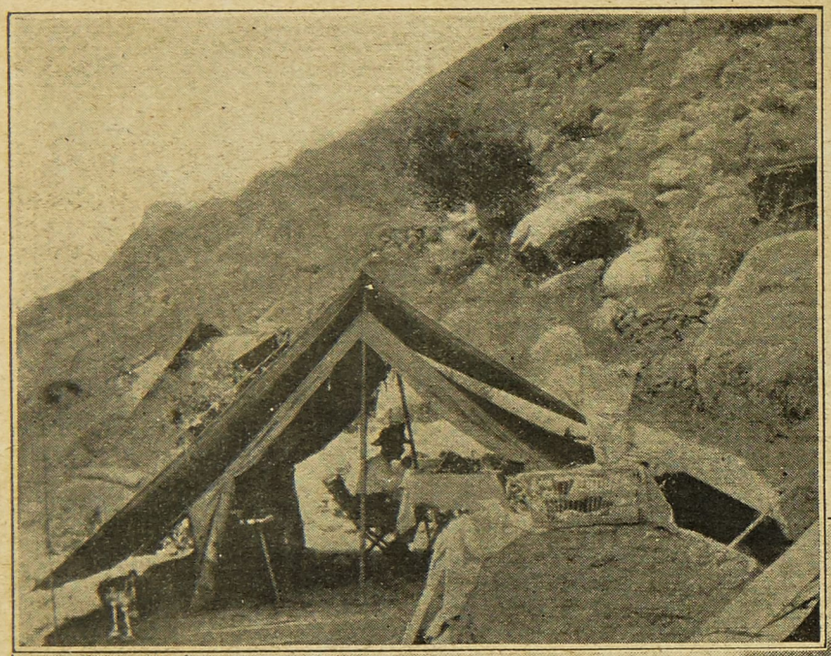
S.O.S. A British T.B.D. reaches a merchantman that is just settling down by the head. Inset: Racing to the rescue.



Besides their primary work of destruction and such incidental service as saving lives imperilled by German pirates, the British T.B.D.'s render invaluable service as patrols. This one is rapidly overhauling a sailing ship which is to be searched for possible contraband.

The Passing of a German African Possession:

General view of the British Nigerian Regiment's camp somewhere in the Cameroon. Although Garua, an important stronghold in the German line, capitulated on June 10th, severe fighting is still proceeding in the colony.



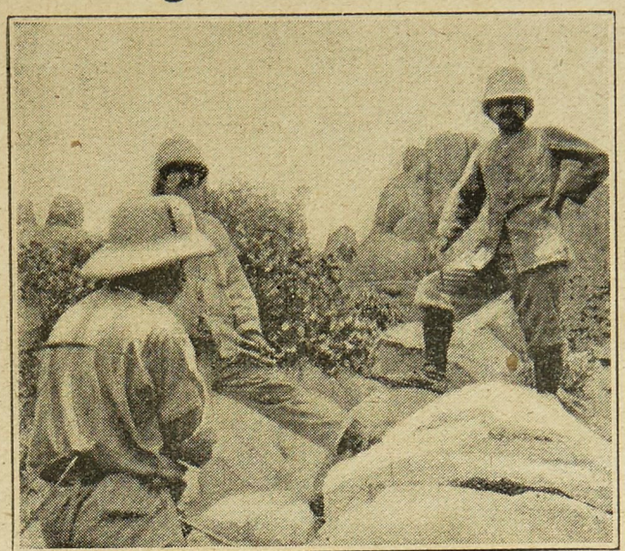
THE Germans, slowly but surely, are being banished by the Allies from the Cameroon. Only Yaunde, and a certain part of territory in the centre of the colony, are still in the hands of the enemy.

The fight for this valuable strip of Western Africa has been a stern one, and many brave Britons have perished for the great cause under circumstances even more trying than on the western front, in the Dardanelles, or Balkans. Intense heat, swamps, torrential rains, and impenetrable jungle were some of the hardships endured by the white men and natives.

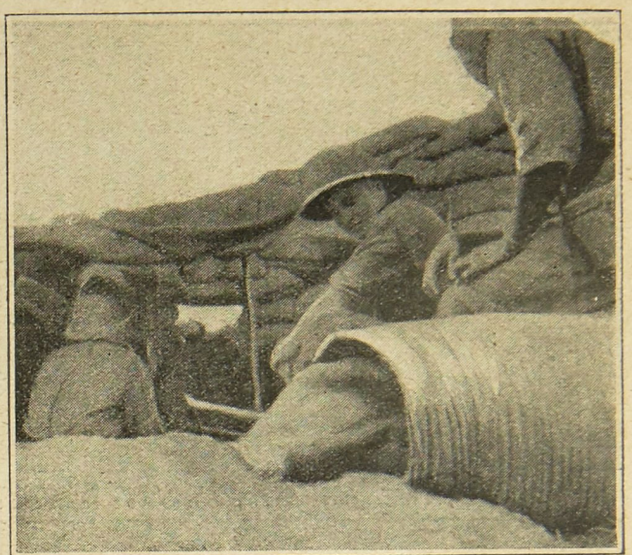
The proverbial cupidity and frightfulness of the German plans in Europe were similarly in vogue in the Cameroon. On one occasion, however, in retreating from Lomje, the enemy resorted to burning villages, thereby causing a mutiny among the native troops in German service. Every effort has been made to influence the Mohammedans against the Allies by wonderful stories of the fall of Paris, the capture of English towns, and such-like "victories."

Encampment of the British Nigerian Regiment in the Cameroon country. Some stalwart natives who are fighting for the white cause of liberty are collecting stores. Inset: Officer's tent in the zone of operations. A brilliant British success was scored recently west of Yaunde by Major-General C. M. Dobell, and in the north Brigadier-General F. H. G. Cunliffe also shattered the enemy resistance.

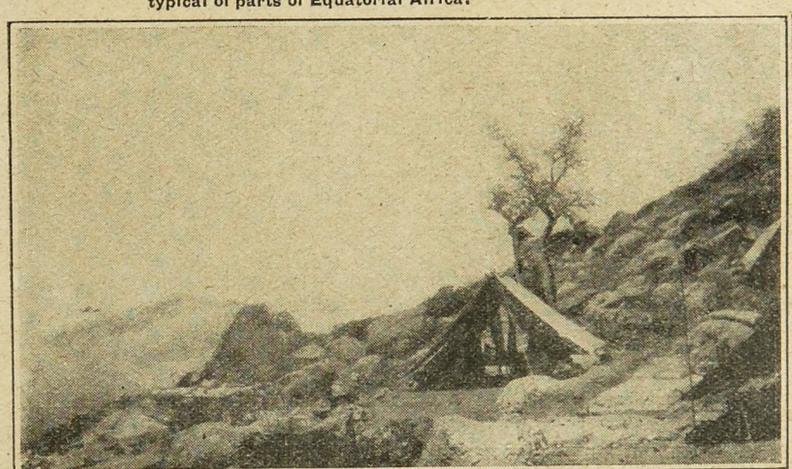
Closing Scenes in the Contest for the Cameroon



British officers snapped at leisure among the huge boulders typical of parts of Equatorial Africa.



Machine-gun in action in the British trenches in the Cameroon. Earth sacks are used here as in Europe.



nother view of an officer's tent, a haven of refuge from the scorching rays of the sun. Tropical vegetation is seen in the background.

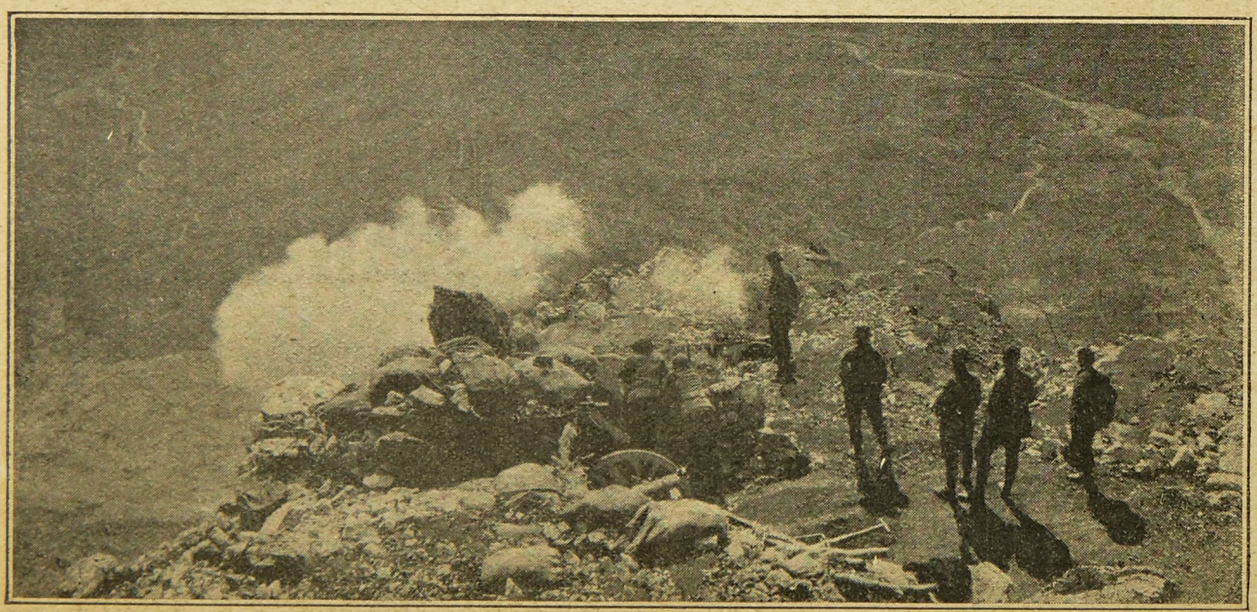
British officers photographed in the course of their work behind a barricade of stones. Inset: Major W. Wright, V.C., on the left, one of the leading men in the campaign against Kaiserism in the African Continent.

Fighting for the Freedom of the Black Mountains

A group of Turkish prisoners at Podgoritza under guard of their hereditary foes the Montenegrins, in whose chivalrous hands they are sure of good treatment.

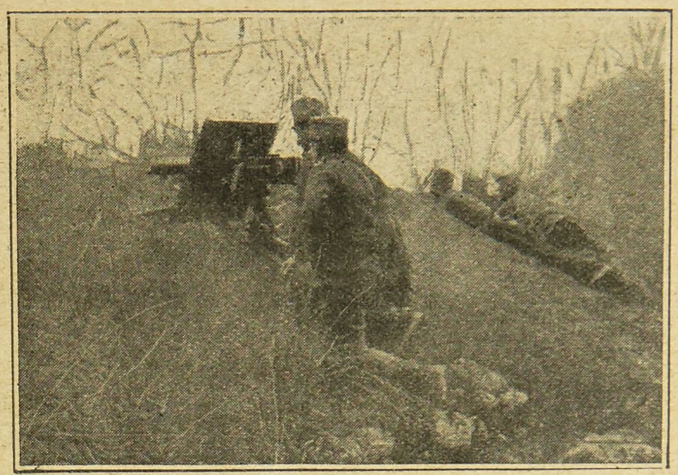
Types of Montenegrin soldiers. The Montenegrins are a wonderful and powerful race of men, perhaps the finest physical type the world can show to-day.

A Montenegrin sentry enjoying a few minutes' exchange of talk with a comrade.



A Montenegrin gun in action on the corrugated sides of a mountain. For four hundred years the Montenegrins have preserved their freedom only by the strength of their own right arm, and they are born fighting men.

Incidents from the Struggle in Balkan Cockpit

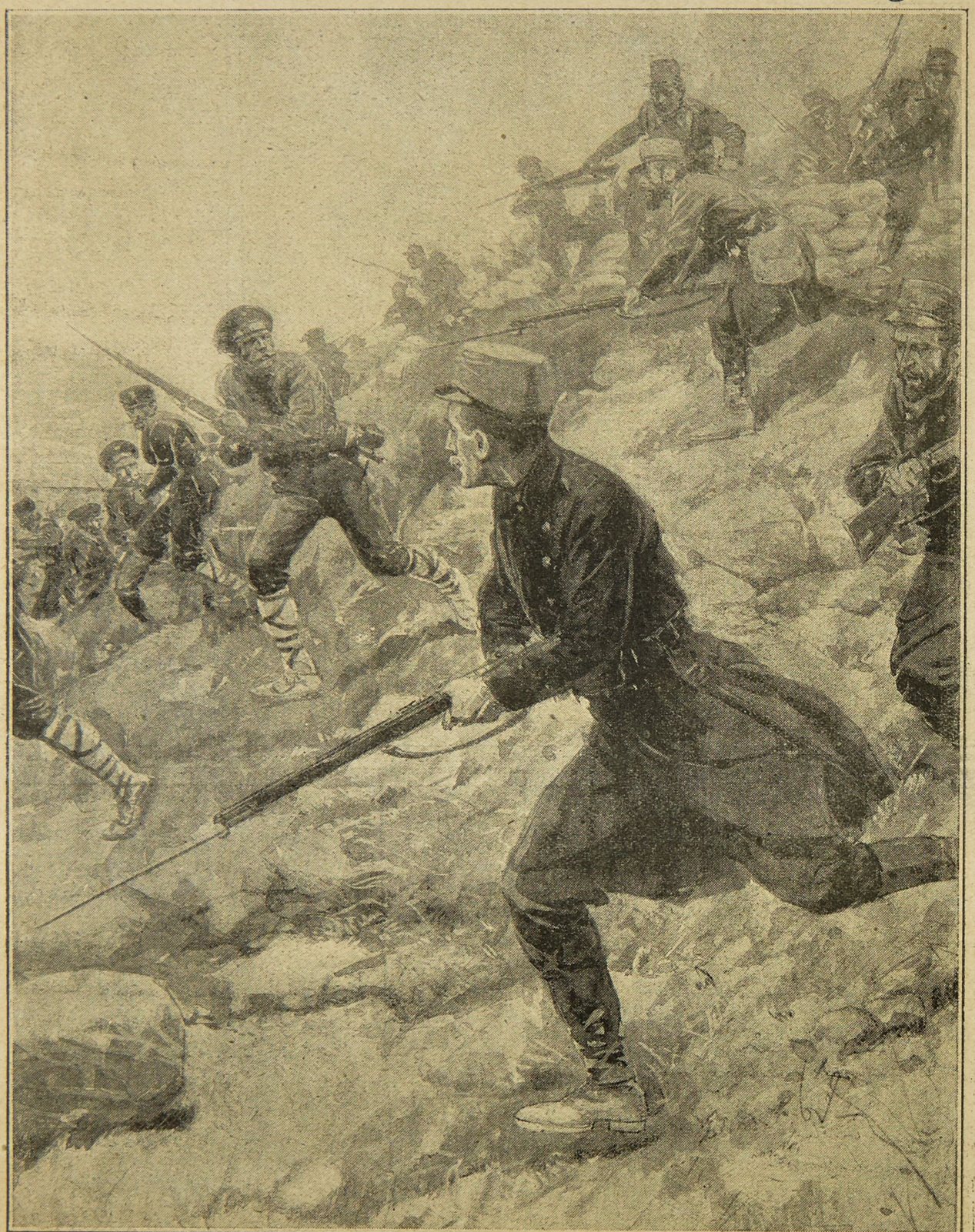


Left: Serbia's fighting monarch, King Peter, who has so inspired his troops by his presence in the field. His Majesty now resides in a small cottage near the Front. Above: Serbian machine-gun section in action. Right: General Sarrail, Commander-in-Chief at Salonika.

Serbian gun emplacement holding a commanding position over the Varda Valley. While the enemy occupies practically all the plains in East-Central Serbia, the Allied armies are making progress in the south.

French soldiers resting on the road to their camp near Salonika. Although Greece has not given a definite undertaking to the Entente Powers not to interfere with Allied troops on Hellenic territory, a satisfactory solution to the problem is expected soon.

What a Moment's Hesitation Cost the Bulgars



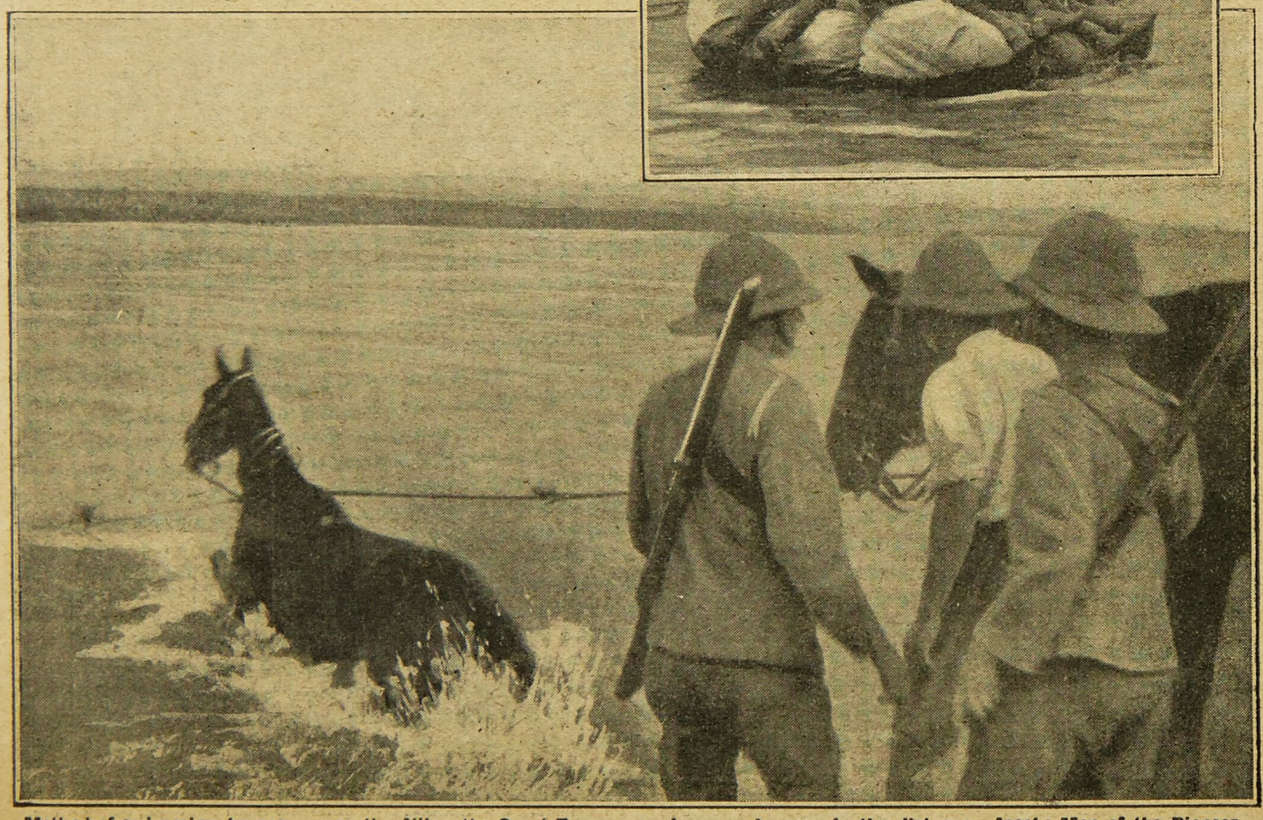
In the course of attacks on the French forces in Serbia on November 12th to 14th, the Bulgarians, during the stern fighting on the slopes of Mount Arkangel, charged to within a few yards of some trenches held by a famous French regiment. But then the Bulgarians hesitated. In an instant the Frenchmen with enthusiastic yells, leaped over the parapet of their trench, and, while the Bulgars were still faltering, were at them with "Rosalie," their quaint name for the bayonet. Hesitating no longer, the enemy simply turned tail and ran; but they left 3,500 dead as toll to the dashing bravery of the French.

Anzacs and Turks collide on Mission of Mercy

One day towards evening a lonely figure was observed to be making wearily towards the Anzac position, Gallipoli. A Turkish rifle shot rang out, and the man fell wounded to his knees. He endeavoured to bind up his injury, and then in despair dragged his aching limbs to the edge of the Ægean. At nightfall a party of gallant Anzacs ventured to rescue the outcast. When they arrived on the scene a patrol of Turks emerged from the dark, bent on the same errand of mercy. Shots were exchanged between the two parties of rescuers, and the Turks were compelled to retire, leaving the gallant Anzacs in sole possession of their quest.

Sons of Young Australia in the Land of Old Nile

A picturesque medley of khaki and burnouses outside Cairo, where our Australian troops rest after fighting in the Dardanelles.



Method of swimming horses across the Nile; the Great Barrage or dam can be seen in the distance. Inset: Men of the Pioneer Corps crossing the Nile on a raft that suggests the ancient British coracle.

War on the Austrian Fronts as seen by Enemy Eyes

The war in the Alpine passes. Drawing by an enemy artist showing an Italian supply column being ambushed by an Austro-Hungarian outpost. It is a pity, for the realism of this subject, that the artist's sense of perspective is so warped, as from the position in which he shows the mule team, the Italians could not have failed to have seen the enemy scouts!

The war in the Balkans, also through the eyes of an enemy artist. This drawing is supposed to illustrate Austro-Hungarian troops crossing the Danube and driving the Serbians back from their first-line trenches.

Children of the Brave on the Fringe of War

Within sound of the guns in Flanders, over three hundred little Belgian children are attending a school presided over by a major in the Belgian Army. Inset: Food is provided for those scholars who come long distances to attend the battlefield school.

Numbers of little French children who have lost both father and mother through the war are being cared for at a large house at Nice. They have been adopted by Madame Poporaska, and after their education is completed the little ones will be taught trades.

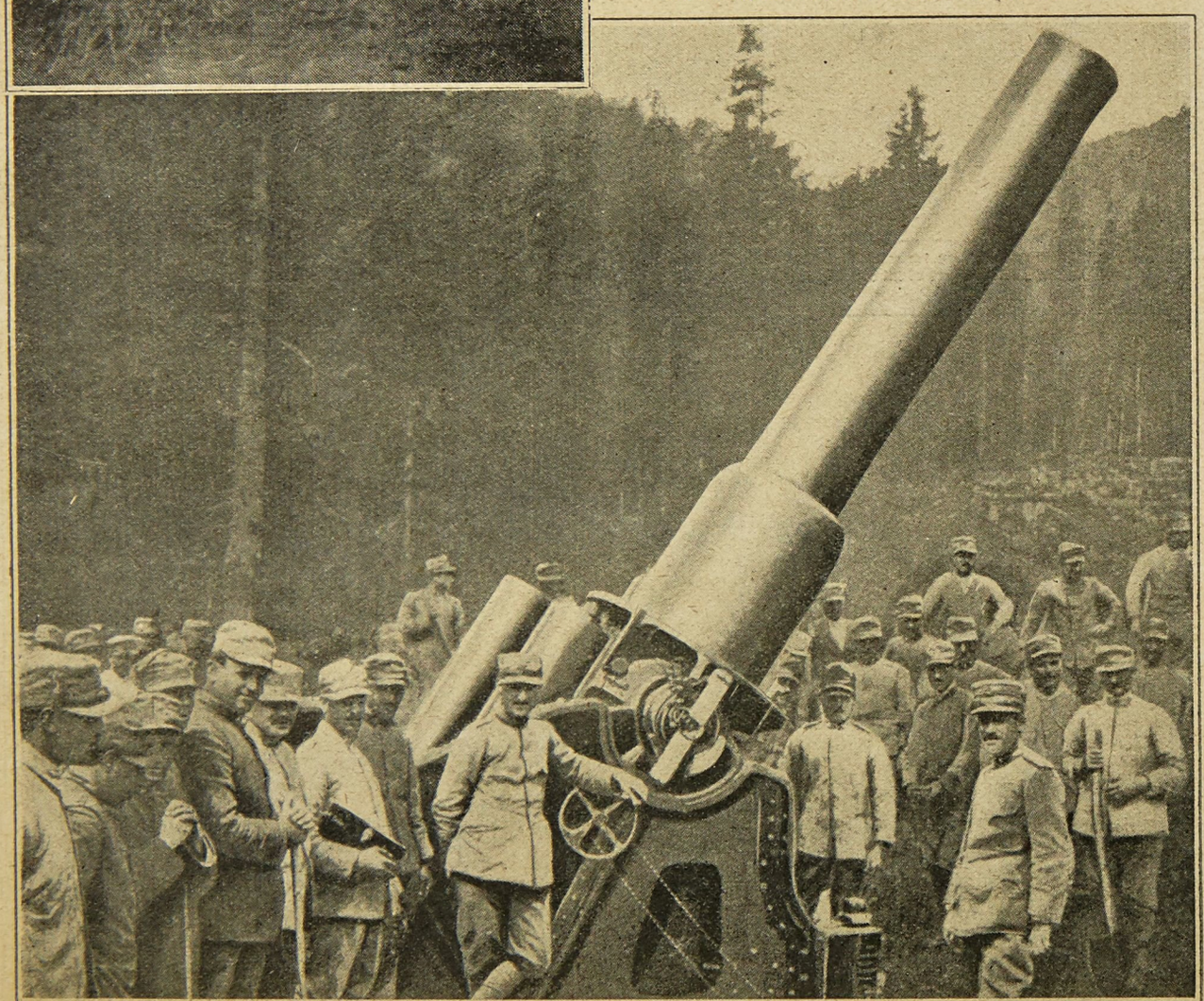
Rifles & Grenades along the First Trench Line

French infantry manning a trench they had captured in Champagne. It had been battered out of all semblance of its original form.

School of war within sound of the guns. French soldiers being taught to throw grenades by means of tiny trench cannon. Inset: Dog that followed his master into the French trenches, refused to leave him, and became the pet of the regiment.

The Winter War Game in the Alpine Playground

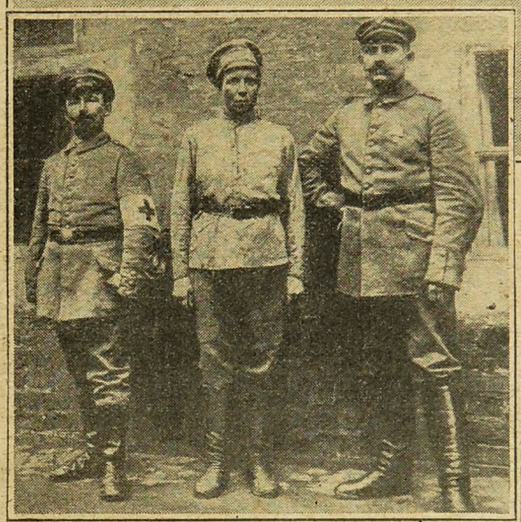
Italian Red Cross bearers conveying a wounded comrade out of the danger zone under heavy fire. Inset: The King of Italy, with his suite, including Prince Louis Napoleon, extreme left, and General Zupelli beyond the tripod of the King's binoculars.



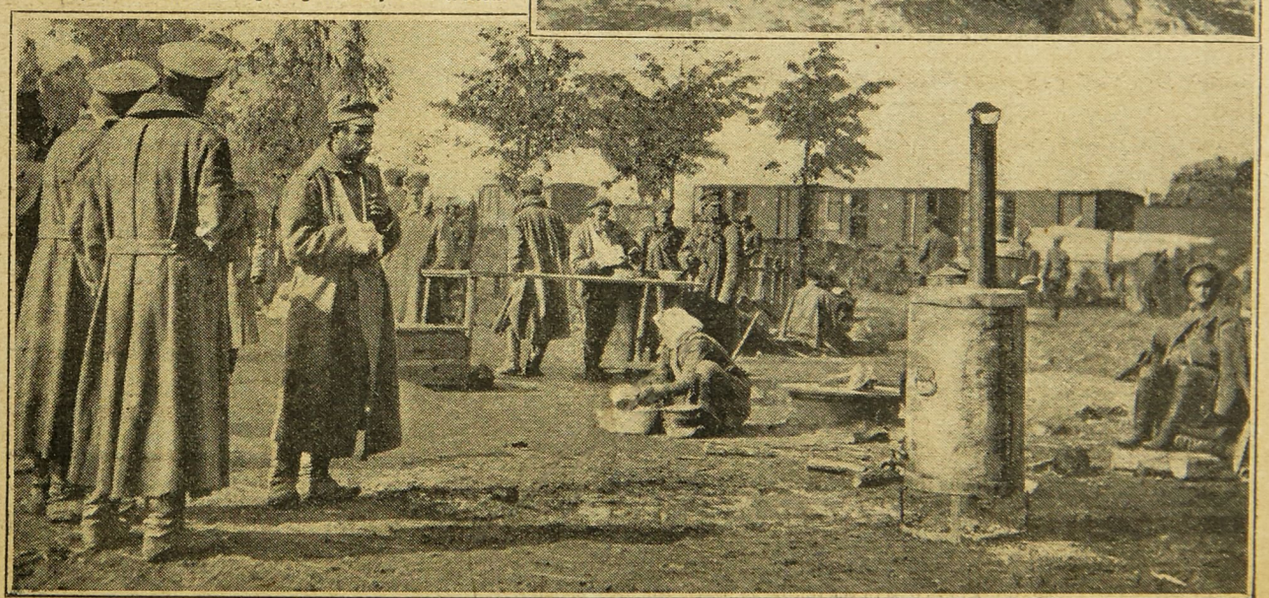
Italy has shown herself more prepared in the matter of heavy ordnance than were France and Britain at the beginning of the war. Some extraordinary machines are in use on the Alpine positions, and such a gigantic piece as is seen in this photograph is by no means an isolated example of Italy's big guns. Let us hope that they will soon be pounding for the common cause in the Balkans.

'General Winter' commands the Eastern Front

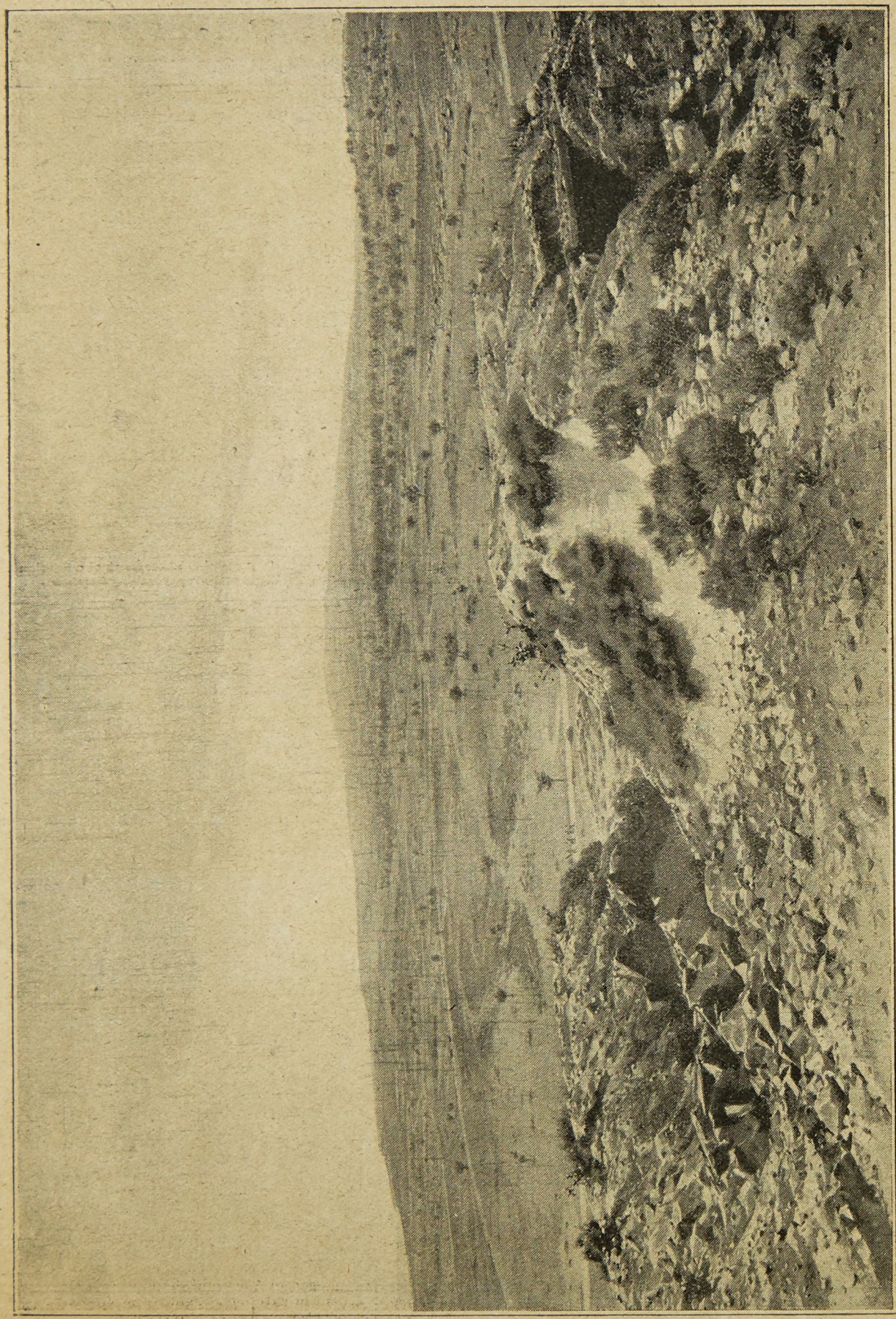
Russian soldiers about to go into action. A striking photograph of a Russian patrol leaving their camp at the double to attack approaching Germans.



Russian "Amazon" with her German captors. When taken prisoner she was fighting bravely in a trench.



Russian camp kitchen near a railway base. A refugee peasant woman is acting as a camp cook. Inset: Russian field kitchen in the midst of a dreary, snow-covered waste on the eastern front, where a Russian outpost is encamped.



ACHI BABA, THE TURKS' NATURAL STRONGHOLD.—This famous hill on one of the greatest of battlefields, Achi Baba, is the "natural bastion" defending the road to Constantinople. Whatever the future may hold for Gallipoli, many stories of bloodshed, heroism, and devotion to duty have been contributed to history since the Allies landed on the Peninsula last April. Despite the many fierce and valiant attacks made by British and French troops on the hill, the Turks still hold their natural fortress. Certain critics submit that after the failure of the final attack on May 8th, the whole campaign should have been reconsidered, and that the advances made in June and July, during which we lost from 30,000 to 40,000 men, should never have been attempted. Achi Baba is the hill in the centre background of this drawing. The foreground gives an idea of Gallipoli country.

Winter in the West

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

THE British Army in Flanders is now living under winter conditions. The severe weather and the exceptionally heavy frosts try endurance to the full. There have been intense cold—frosts sufficient to freeze deep marshes so that they can take heavy traffic—and high, bitter winds. Hard as this is, many of our men would probably prefer it to the weeks of mud which preceded it. Before the frost came on, roads were bogs and trenches the home of all discomfort. Some trenches were knee-deep in mud. "Mud is everywhere," one man wrote. "One never has a dry foot." Our men are fortunate in having an abundant supply of jack-boots, jerseys, and fur coats. I understand that rubber boots can be had, the rank and file paying for them by instalments.

If the weather is trying for us, it is equally trying for our enemy, and in this test of endurance, experience shows that the British soldier comes out well. There is very little illness in our ranks, and most of that is rheumatism. Happily, the medical treatment of rheumatism has enormously advanced. In particular, the absorption of drugs by electric massage is carried to a point of high perfection.

British Cheeriness and German Despair

It is a proof of the careful attention given to our men that this electric massage, usually a most expensive form of treatment, is provided freely for the private in the ranks. The Almeric Paget Corps, directed by the wives, daughters, and sisters of some of our most eminent soldiers, provides this treatment in the convalescent camps and military hospitals with results that are simply amazing.

Our boys are cheerfully enduring the strain. Sometimes the enemy is not. Let me quote from a letter from a soldier now in a clearing hospital, knocked out for the time with rheumatism. "I was in the trenches two days before my knees cracked up. They were in an awful state, the water well over our knees. There were no dug-outs, and the trench was continually falling in, and we were getting a lot of enfilading fire. But if we were having a bad time, the Germans were having a worse, and one night one hundred and fifty of them came over and gave themselves up. They told us they were shelled out and flooded out, and could not get any food. They were in a sorry state, and 'fed up.'"

If I dwell on the dark side of the trench life for the moment, it is because I am anxious to make my readers realise our responsibility for our men in the fighting-line. Of course, they are not in the trenches all the time. But even in the rest camps many of the roads must just now resemble Salisbury Plain in December. Anyone who knew Salisbury Plain last year, when the Canadians had their camp there, will understand what I mean.

Soldiers' Unanimous Vote for Rum

Rum rations are by now probably served out to all sections of our Flanders troops. They were started in some divisions, I know, in November. Some people at home feel very uncomfortable about the small rum ration that the troops receive. Almost every man I have met who has served during the winter is in favour of it. A few convinced teetotalers use it to rub their feet! To most men the drink comes as a glow of light and warmth.

One very innocent, if very widely read, medical authority declared recently that it would be far better to give the men in the trenches a cup of hot soup. Of course it would. But, incidentally, he forgot to say how the hot soup was to be served to the men in the lines. If ever a drink was justified, I believe it is the soldier's winter tot.

We are drawing near the close of the time for sending Christmas parcels to the front. It is surely scarcely necessary to urge on people living in the comfort of home their duty in this matter. Most of us have at least our own kith and kin to send to. Those who have not, and who do not know of any, can send to the commanding officer of some regiment at the front, and ask that their parcel may be handed to a man in the ranks who needs it. "What am I to send?" you ask. Warm underclothing, warm socks, and warm stockings are good for a start.

All the information that reaches me goes to show that the Germans are much stronger along the Belgian front than is generally realised at home. Their coast positions are guarded at many points by 15 in. guns; and they have liberally used thick armour-plates in the construction of forts to hold up an advance. The dream of some of our commanders of getting cavalry brigades behind the lines and making broad sweeping movements would seem very difficult to realise.

While German strength is beginning to weaken, and German effectives to decline, it would be foolish to imagine that we are going to have an easy task before us when we next attempt a direct advance. Our chief aid here is likely to be that our auxiliary forces are all the time improving. It is no longer a secret that our Air Service has taken an enormous step forward during the past few weeks. Our Inventions Board has been far from idle, and some of the devices it has perfected are of the highest importance. Great improvements in equipment have taken place. It would not be discreet to refer to these in more than general detail. The improvements stretch from very small things to very great.

Wanted—News from the Belgian Front

Incidentally, much curiosity is expressed in many circles why more is not heard of the fighting done by the Belgian Army. This Army has been re-equipped and re-armed. The broken, haggard ranks that I saw after the escape from Antwerp are now new-clothed, strengthened, and re-formed. In the great September advance of the Allies little was heard of what the Belgians did.

Why this silence? At the beginning, King Albert's soldiers permitted war correspondents to stay with them. Then, at the direct instigation of the British authorities, the correspondents were excluded. Yet, surely the tales they were able to spread over the world of the gallantry of the Belgian soldiers and the horrors of the German invasion were great factors in arousing the storm of pity which spread everywhere for this most unhappy nation.

Belgium would do well to have some correspondents visit her lines again, and describe in detail the deeds of her soldiers. Otherwise there may be danger of the impression spreading abroad that the new Belgian Armies are simply passively holding a small section of the front. Such an impression would be harmful all round. I, for one, am particularly anxious that it should be avoided, for I know something of the kindness of Belgian ladies to our wounded prisoners in the districts of Belgium held by the Germans. Knowing this, I wish no decline in the glory which to-day belongs to the martyr nation.

While dealing with the position of our men in the west, I would like to call attention to a very real hardship falling on many men who have been wounded and recovered. They are sent back, not to their own rank and place, but to whatever rank is vacant. Often they lose seniority. For example, one captain—the senior captain of his regiment—was badly wounded. He recovered sufficiently to be put on light home duties, and then was sent to the front again as junior captain.

Injustice to Those Who Return

I hear of sergeant-majors having to go back as lance-corporals. For the married man, there is not only the loss of prestige in going back to lower rank and the loss of pay, but also the lower allowance to his wife. It is, of course, often difficult to fit men in. If a soldier is attached to a regiment with a full complement, the men already promoted cannot lose rank to make room for them. But there ought to be some way out.

The campaign of economy in the Army is really proceeding apace. Men engaged at high wages for special service are being replaced, or are being offered their choice between renewing at a more moderate pay or taking their discharge. Food is being served out with more common-sense. The danger of the immediate future may be the coming of an era of extreme stinginess, succeeding a period of unnecessary waste. Extremes on either side are harmful.

Our War Experts: A Plea for the Men Who Know

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

IN 1903 Lord Selborne, as First Lord of the Admiralty, made a speech in which he said that "we have been shamefully unbusinesslike in the way we have treated questions of national defence." It is, to my mind, doubtful if we have advanced very much since then. The almost childish belief that a great General Staff can spring Minerva-like into being, instead of realising that it is the result of years of continuous effort, is a case in point. Again, we shall never make progress until statesmen, soldiers, and sailors enter sympathetically into understanding each other's requirements, and agree that each must be the supreme authority in his own sphere.

Experts Consulted Too Late

The revelations made by Mr. Winston Churchill of his haphazard consultations about the Dardanelles reveal, as I stated, and as Lord Sydenham has since pointed out in "The Times," no clear knowledge as to who are the experts to be consulted. The question of the effect of shell fire on concealed fortifications on shore was one for artillery and engineer officers of the Army, who do not appear to have been invited to bring their knowledge into the common stock at all. Mr. Pollen points out another question in regard to the Dardanelles—that the naval gunnery experts were the last, instead of the first, to be consulted. Not one of the officers named were gunnery experts, in touch with all the latest details of naval gunnery, to work out by the aid of maps whether "spotting" where the shell fell could be done, for otherwise it was an impossible feat to destroy the forts except by close-range fighting. This would then open up further questions of mine-fields and drifting mines, which would have to be swept up under a galling fire from the shore in the absence of a co-operating land force.

"The Might Have Been"

As matters turned out, both the attempts at spotting and the clearing of the mine-fields broke down. Whatever may have been the probabilities of the situation, even to the rushing of the Strait in the very early days of the war by night with specially prepared merchant ships ahead, and others lashed alongside the battleships, while guns and searchlights were only used for blinding the Turks, all such ideas vanished into the sunset of "the might have been" as German direction began its systematic thought-out preparation against the well-heralded plan of attack.

The fact of the matter is, such plans ought never to be arrived at as brilliant ideas, but as things thought about for twenty or more years, in which the history of past operations is kept constantly in mind, how far each new invention modifies the position, and in which the dossier should not only include the name of every naval and military officer acquainted with the problem, but the very psychology of the Turk, and of the particular men on their side whom we should be "up against," is systematically tabulated. By the merest accident, I know, for instance, that the very charts of Suvla Bay were the results of a sailor I had the honour once to serve under. Another old Army friend served all around the Bulair lines of Gallipoli, and where we are now fighting on the frontiers of Greece. Such men under our British "system" are never invited to bring their knowledge to bear.

Blunders in High Places

The mere facts as to who has served in these countries are utterly lost. Incidentally, I may say that both men would have advised strongly against the landing in the south end of the Gallipoli Peninsula. What I am concerned to point out is that we not only do not seem to know who are the experts, but we have no machinery for getting at the maximum of knowledge from the experts, so that within a few minutes all the industry of years in building this up-to-date case for a certain line of action is ready for the consideration of the people in high places.

Surely nobody can be so foolish as to think the Dardanelles is a sudden discovery of follies and blunders in high places. We come across its prototype again and again in peace as well as war. Heligoland was "an islet tumbling into the sea." "We exchanged a complete suit for a trouser-button." A sermon might be written on the dangers of phrases and metaphors in Imperial Defence. What would we not give for Heligoland to-day? The Admiralty had no case to offer, whereas the historical side alone of such a prepared case would have condemned the cession. Wei-Hai-Wei was to be some wonderful strategical key. Later on it was described as a health resort, but we were fortunately saved from spending millions on it.

The very invasion and raiding problem, which the history of this war will show to have played untold mischief to our offensive in Europe, the Baltic, and elsewhere, suffers at the very outset because statesmen have not told the soldiers in sharp set terms that the problem of the transport of troops over-sea is a purely naval problem. It is equally the business of the soldier and the sailor to know from the statesman what are the situations their professions may have to face through treaties, alliances, or national differences, and then to state their requirements during peace to meet situations which may arise in war.

While we go on as we have been in regard to the brain of war we shall always go from one surprise to another, and doubtless our great maritime power will pull us through as it used to in the past. One is reminded of the last speech Lord St. Vincent made in 1809. "The impolicy of sending British troops to Portugal I have always disapproved. . . . In fact, it would seem, my Lords, as if Ministers had not a geographic knowledge of the country through which they were to pass. . . . But one would suppose that their ignorance of that species of knowledge was become official, for 'a heaven-born Minister,' just after he came into power, asked 'whether Port Mahon was in Europe or not,' and just the same ignorance did the persons at present in power manifest. . . . If the House does its duty, it will immediately proceed to the foot of the Throne, and there will tell the Sovereign the bold truth, that if he does not remove his Ministers he will lose his country."

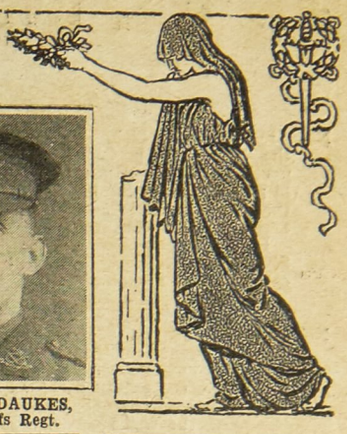
Mr. Lloyd George's Confessions

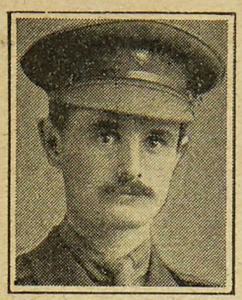
In the present day it is sufficient to say that never was a clearer problem set than the one Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey had over eight years of office to prepare for. They preferred to be ruled by phrases such as that "opinions are stronger than armies," while the Germanic Powers went on building up, scheming, co-ordinating, standardising, and so on, and now we must take the consequences. "There never was a worse organised nation than we were for this war," said Mr. Lloyd George, and he made the criticism as if he were contemplating his neighbour's landscape gardening. It shows the mischief of a Cabinet of twenty-two.

There is no bringing home real responsibility. "The Nation," on July 18th, 1908, gave the principle on which we have worked in an article headed "The Mutiny of the Expert." "Their (the experts) business is to work out the practical problems submitted to them within the limits of the expenditure which the House of Commons sanctions. For more than this, unless we are to return to government by major-generals and admirals, *they may have neither eyes nor ears.*" That is precisely why we are now paying nearly five millions a day for war. The business of the expert is to work out the problems submitted to him without regard to expenditure, and the statesman must then decide whether to change the policy, make alliances, or placate the potential enemies of his country.

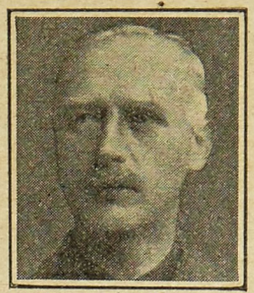
Animated scene on the landing-stage at Salonika. Part of a new contingent of French infantrymen arriving to reinforce our ally's army in the Balkans.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

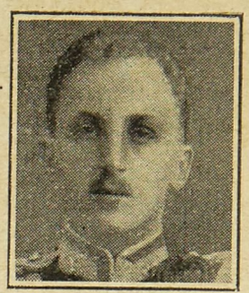




Brig.-Gen. Hon. J. F. H.-S.-F.-TREFUSIS, D.S.O., Irish Gds.



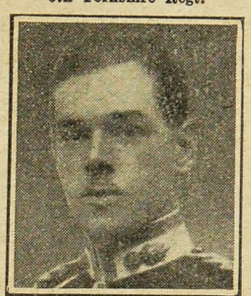
Major A. ROBERTS, 6th Yorkshire Regt.



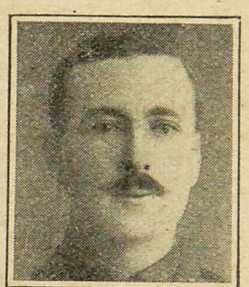
Capt. C. W. HOOPER, 2nd Highland L.I.

Lt.-Col. A. H. DAUKES, 7th South Staffs Regt.

Major A. T. W. CONSTABLE, 2nd Essex Regt.



Capt. A. J. GOODFELLOW, 8th Lancashire Fusiliers.



Capt. W. BURGESS, 2nd Royal Sussex Regt.

Capt. J. W. H. McCULLOCH, 8th Border Regt.

Capt. R. S. SCHOLEFIELD, 5th Royal Fusiliers.

Capt. C. A. COBBOLD, 7th Suffolk Regt.

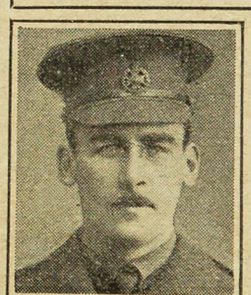
Brigadier-General the Hon. John Frederick Hepburn-Stuart-Forbes-Trefusis, D.S.O., was the third son of the Dowager Lady Clinton and the late Lord Clinton. He was gazetted to the Irish Guards in July, 1902, had been A.D.C. on the Staff at various times to the Commander of the Fourth Army Corps, to the General Officer Commanding the Eastern Command, and to General Lord Methuen, Commanding-in-Chief in South Africa in 1908-9.

Major Archibald Thomas Wynne Constable, 2nd Essex Regiment, entered the Essex Regiment from the Militia in December, 1901. He was promoted lieutenant in April, 1904, and captain in 1912, while in December, 1914, he was given temporary rank of major for service with the 9th Battalion. In the South African War he was employed in operations in Cape Colony and the Orange River Colony, and for his services he received the Queen's Medal with three clasps. Captain Arthur James Goodfellow, 8th Lancashire Fusiliers, who was killed in action in the Dardanelles, had been associated with the Fusiliers for seven years, and was gazetted captain four years ago.

Captain Walter Burgess, 2nd Royal Sussex Regiment, was the second son of Lieutenant-Colonel F. F. R. Burgess. He entered the Sussex Regiment in 1904, and was promoted in February, 1909. From July, 1909, to March, 1914, he was employed with the West African Regiment.

Capt. C. W. HAYES-NEWINGTON, 2nd Cheshire Regt.

Lieut. H. W. HILL, 6th Border Regt.

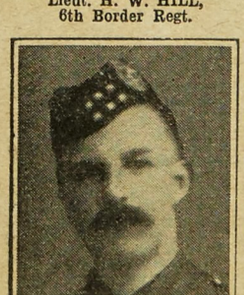


Lieut. H. M. CLARKE, 17th London Regt.

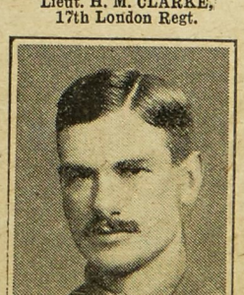
Flight Sub.-Lieut. D. A. HAY, R.N.

Lieut. P. A. C. KELSEY, 6th East Kent Regt.

Lieut. J. C. GARDOM, 1st Essex Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. J. ARTHUR, 8th Gordon Highlanders.



Sec.-Lieut. W. S. C. GRIFFITH, 6th Leinster Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. F. H. FRIEND, 2nd Wiltshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. J. U. Y. WILLINGTON, 6th Leinster Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. A. S. MACDONELL, 1st Cameron Highlanders.

(Portraits by Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Swaine, Speaight, Lafayette, Lambert Weston.)

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, November 1st to 30th, 1915

Nov. 1.—**Battle for Nish.** Bulgarians forced the Tresibaba position, twenty miles north-east of the city, and fierce fighting in progress along the heights dominating the Nishava Valley. Kragujevatz, the Serbian arsenal, captured by the Germans.

H.M. torpedo-boat No. 96 sunk in Strait of Gibraltar, after being in collision with a mercantile fleet auxiliary.

Germans made a slight advance in the direction of Riga.

Nov. 2.—**Despatch on Battle of Loos** from Sir John French published.

Serbian Campaign. On the north-west front the enemy attacked in force the south-east bank of the Lepenitza. In the centre he was repulsed with heavy losses.

Nov. 3.—**Russian Success in Galicia.** After the enemy had rushed the village of Siemikowice (on the Strypa), Russians counter-attacked. All the enemy troops who had penetrated the Siemikowice front, about 5,000 men in all, were made prisoners.

Italians pierced enemy's fourth-line trenches on the Podgora heights.

The Allies in Serbia. News to hand of British cavalry operating in Serbia. They, with the left wing of the Southern Serbian Army, were thrown across the path of the Bulgarians advancing south towards Prilep and Monastir.

The Austro-German army of invasion occupied Ushitze.

Nov. 4.—**Greek Ministry defeated** in Chamber by party of M. Venizelos. The Prime Minister, M. Zaimis, resigned.

French positions in Champagne round the Chausson Farm taken by Germans, retaken by the French, and again violently attacked by the enemy.

French communiqué announced that the landing of French troops at Salonika was continuing.

On the Russian front, fighting took place west of Dvinsk and on the Strypa. Both sides claimed successes.

Success in Cameroon announced. The British occupied Banzo on Oct. 24, and Bamenda on Oct 22.

Nov. 5.—Press Bureau announced Lord Kitchener's temporary absence from the War Office on public duty.

In Champagne fighting continued with unabated violence in the region to the north of Massiges.

Press Bureau announced that British transport Ramazan sunk by shell fire from an enemy submarine on Sept. 19 in the Ægean Sea. Of three hundred and eighty Indian troops on board, seventy-five were saved.

H.M. armed boarding-steamer Tara sunk by enemy submarine in Eastern Mediterranean.

Bulgarians entered Nish.

Nov. 6.—On the Riga front Russians successfully attacked the Germans near the village of Olai.

In Champagne a fresh German attack against French trenches in the Courtine earthworks completely failed.

Announced that Lord Kitchener has left England at request of his colleagues for a short visit to the Near Eastern theatre of the war.

Nov. 7.—**Italian liner Ancona torpedoed** off Sardinia by submarine, two hundred and twenty-two persons missing.

Between the Somme and the Oise the French carried a German post in front of Andechy.

Reported that the Bulgarians received a severe check from the Serbian force, aided by French and British troops, at Izvor, between Veles and Prilep.

German cruiser Undine sunk by submarine in Baltic.

Nov. 8.—Austro-German invaders of Serbia entered Krushevatz.

To the north of St. Mihiel French batteries demolished a German anti-aircraft gun.

Nov. 9.—Main line through Nish to Sofia and Constantinople reported almost wholly in enemy hands.

In Champagne a very violent cannonade on both sides in the region of Tahure and of the Butte de Mesnil was reported.

Nov. 10.—British transport Mercian attacked by gun fire from enemy submarine in the Mediterranean; one hundred and three casualties.

Great Russian Success. Near Kolki, on the River Styr, they broke enemy's line, and in the pursuit took fifty officers, 2,000 men, and twenty machine-guns.

Announced that H.M. torpedo-boat destroyer Louis has stranded in Eastern Mediterranean and become a total wreck. All officers and crew safe.

Nov. 11.—**New War Committee of the Cabinet** announced. During the temporary absence of Lord Kitchener it will consist of five members—Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. McKenna.

Germans reported to have abandoned part of the country west of Riga.

Nov. 12.—Bombardment very active on both sides in the sector of Loos.

The Greek Government, having failed to come to any working arrangement with the Venizelist majority, dissolved the Chamber.

Bulgarians, with force of 30,000 men, attacked the French left wing in Southern Serbia. Battle resulted in retreat of enemy.

Nov. 13.—Russian troops in the Shlock region pursued the enemy, inflicted great losses on him, and advanced west of Kemmern.

Nov. 14.—**Balkan Campaign.** French army slowly pushing up the Valley of the Vardar towards Veles. West of the river they hold the heights, where they are in touch with the Serbians defending the Babuna district.

German attack penetrated the French trenches in the Labyrinth, but the enemy was immediately dislodged by a counter-attack.

Air raid on Verona by three Austrian aeroplanes, seventy-eight persons killed and injured.

Nov. 15.—**Successful attack on Turkish trenches** in Gallipoli; one hundred and sixty yards on east of the Krithia Nullah and one hundred and twenty yards in the west gained.

Balkan Campaign. Serbians reported to be still holding the Katchanik Pass and to have retaken Kalkandelen (Tetovo) from the Bulgarians. German army under Von Gallwitz fighting in the Toplitza Valley, west of Nish.

Continuance of fighting in the Labyrinth in Artois.

Officially reported from Petrograd that during the past month Russians took 674 officers and 49,200 men prisoners, capturing 21 guns, 118 machine-guns.

Nov. 16.—Bulgarians reported to have taken Krushevo, and to be six miles east of Prilep, thus endangering Serbian Southern Army and its allies.

Despatch from Sir John French reported that, since November 10, artillery on both sides had been active, specially south of the La Bassee Canal, east of Kemmel, and east of Ypres. He also reported considerable mining activity.

Nov. 17.—**Allies' War Council.** Announced that Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Balfour have gone to Paris, accompanied by naval, military, and diplomatic advisers, for the purpose of consultation with the French Government.

Slight improvement in Serbian operations reported. Bulgarians driven back on the Babuna front, and withdrew to Mount Arkangel, after an abortive attempt to pierce the French lines on the left bank of the Tcherna. Bulgarians lost 4,000 men in the action.

Hospital ship Anglia struck a mine in the Channel and sank; four officers, one nurse, and one hundred and twenty-nine men missing.

Nov. 18.—Despatch from Sir John French reported that, south-west of Messines, our troops forced an entrance into the enemy's front trench.

Nov. 19.—Attempted enemy air raid on Luneville. Fresh German attempts to cross the Dvina north-west of Friedrichstadt failed.

Nov. 20.—**Lord Kitchener had audience of King Constantine** in Athens.

Serbians lost Novi Bazar and Rashka. Bulgarians reported to have occupied Prilep, and advancing on Monastir.

Nov. 21.—Artillery engagements in Artois (around Loos and Hulluch). In the Argonne, at Bolante, the French successfully exploded two sets of mines.

Nov. 22.—Despatch from Sir John French. He reported organised bombardment on many portions of the hostile lines during the past four days, and the capture of a German aeroplane.

The Fight for Gorizia. Italian official communiqué described the struggle during the last eight days for Gorizia. The Italian assaults on every position of defence have brought them within a few yards of the summits of Podgora, San Michele, and San Martino.

Nov. 23.—Campaign in Serbia. Capital, removed from Mitrovitza to Prizrend, former being threatened by German and Austrian columns along the roads from Rashkad and Novi Bazar.

British Victory in Mesopotamia. Big battle fought at the ruins of Ctesiphon, eighteen miles south-east of Bagdad. Turkish position captured, together with 800 prisoners and war material. Our losses were 2,000 killed and wounded.

Russians captured a first-line enemy trench in the Dvina district. Enemy offensive south-west of Dvinsk repulsed, also on east bank of the Strypa. On the left bank of the Middle Styr Russians attacked enemy west of the village of Kozlinitchi, putting him to flight.

Nov. 24.—In Serbia the plain of Kossovo carried by enemy. Serbian army retreated towards the Albanian border.

Note presented to Greece by the Entente Powers as to the security of the Allied troops in Macedonia.

Nov. 25.—Growing Turkish activity reported in an official French communiqué. Three successive attempts to retake trenches captured by the British on November 15 failed completely.

Russians reported to have concentrated important forces on the Danube.

In Galicia, near Siemikowice, on the Strypa, Russian troops attacked the enemy and drove him to the river, where many were drowned.

Nov. 26. — **Battle of Bagdad.** General Nixon reported Turks retreated from scene of battle on Nov. 23-25 to a point ten miles south of Bagdad; 1,300 prisoners taken.

Another Note presented to Greece by Allied Powers demanding assurances.

Nov. 27.—German poison-gas attack between Forges and Bethincourt, to the west of the Meuse, failed.

Nov. 28.—German submarine destroyed off Middelkerke by British aeroplane.

Nov. 29.—British forces withdrawn from Ctesiphon, owing to Turkish reinforcements.

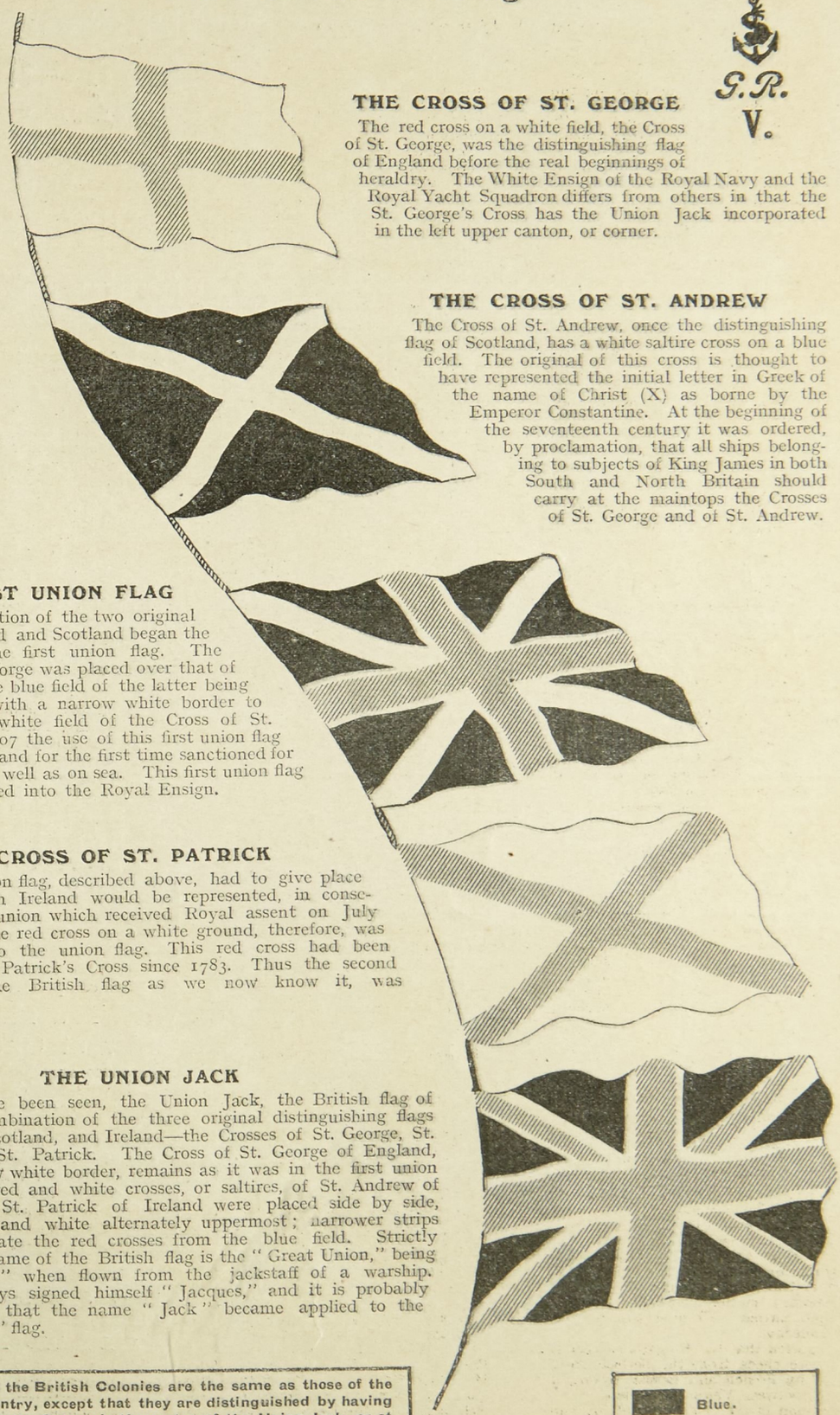
Nov. 30.—Prizrend taken by Bulgarians. Lord Kitchener returned to London.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE UNION JACK

Notes on Britain's Flag

G.R. V.

G.R. V.



THE CROSS OF ST. GEORGE

The red cross on a white field, the Cross of St. George, was the distinguishing flag of England before the real beginnings of heraldry. The White Ensign of the Royal Navy and the Royal Yacht Squadron differs from others in that the St. George's Cross has the Union Jack incorporated in the left upper canton, or corner.

THE CROSS OF ST. ANDREW

The Cross of St. Andrew, once the distinguishing flag of Scotland, has a white saltire cross on a blue field. The original of this cross is thought to have represented the initial letter in Greek of the name of Christ (X) as borne by the Emperor Constantine. At the beginning of the seventeenth century it was ordered, by proclamation, that all ships belonging to subjects of King James in both South and North Britain should carry at the maintops the Crosses of St. George and of St. Andrew.

THE FIRST UNION FLAG

The combination of the two original flags of England and Scotland began the evolution of the first union flag. The Cross of St. George was placed over that of St. Andrew, the blue field of the latter being retained, and with a narrow white border to represent the white field of the Cross of St. George. In 1707 the use of this first union flag was confirmed, and for the first time sanctioned for use on land as well as on sea. This first union flag was incorporated into the Royal Ensign.

THE CROSS OF ST. PATRICK

The first union flag, described above, had to give place to one in which Ireland would be represented, in consequence of the union which received Royal assent on July 2nd, 1801. The red cross on a white ground, therefore, was introduced into the union flag. This red cross had been known as St. Patrick's Cross since 1783. Thus the second union flag, the British flag as we now know it, was evolved.

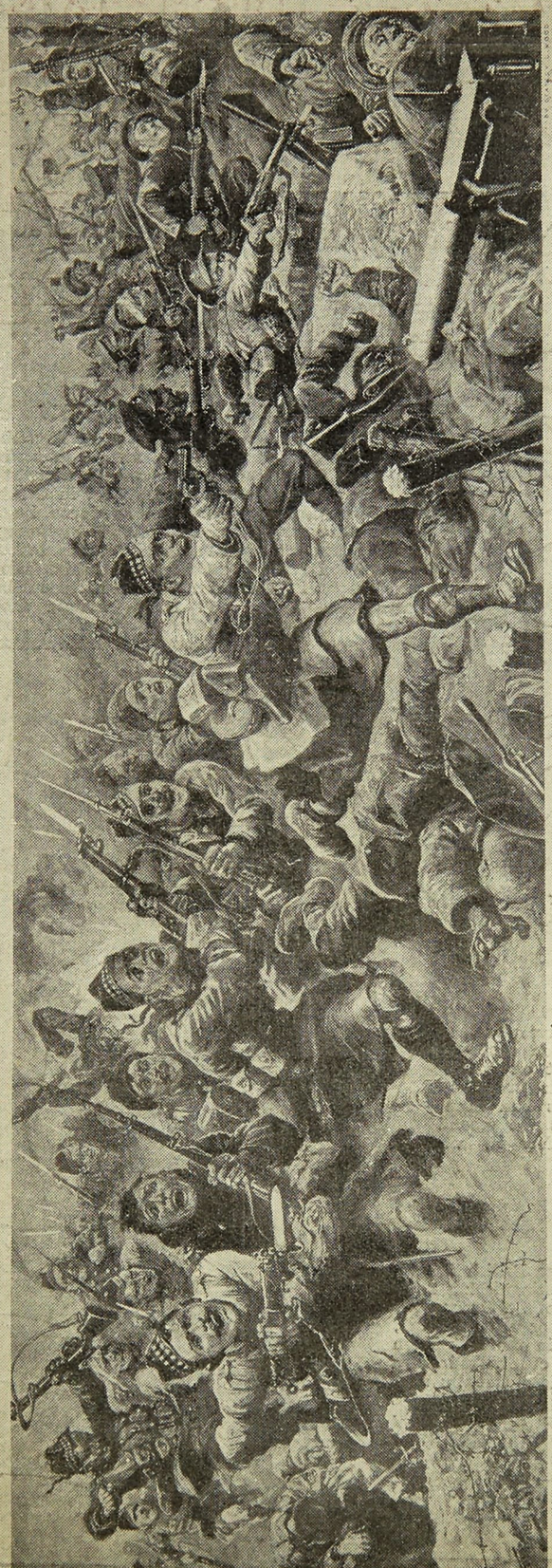
THE UNION JACK

As will have been seen, the Union Jack, the British flag of to-day, is a combination of the three original distinguishing flags of England, Scotland, and Ireland—the Crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick. The Cross of St. George of England, with the narrow white border, remains as it was in the first union flag, and the red and white crosses, or saltires, of St. Andrew of Scotland and St. Patrick of Ireland were placed side by side, with the red and white alternately uppermost; narrower strips of white separate the red crosses from the blue field. Strictly speaking, the name of the British flag is the "Great Union," being only a "Jack" when flown from the jackstaff of a warship. James I. always signed himself "Jacques," and it is probably from this fact that the name "Jack" became applied to the "Great Union" flag.

The flags of the British Colonies are the same as those of the Mother Country, except that they are distinguished by having the badge of the Colony in the centre of the Union Jack, or at the side in the case of the Blue or Red Ensign.

Blue.

Red.



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The War Illustrated, December 18th, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Large Photogravure Plate Free with this Number

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, the British Nurse-Heroine of the Balkans, tending a wounded Serbian

No. 70

"The Currency of Nations"

IT was, appropriately, while he was still Chancellor of the Exchequer that Mr. Lloyd George coined the phrase, "the currency of nations," as a definition of treaties. The phrase is a happy one, and a full one; for the prosperity of a nation is founded on the purity of its coinage, and its credit abroad is absolutely conditioned upon its bills being honoured when presented. If commercial relations are to be possible between individuals, mutual confidence must exist that their cheques will be covered; and if political relations are to be possible between nations, mutual confidence must exist that both will abide by their signed pledges and honourably fulfil their treaty obligations.

THE proposition is so self-evidently true that its restatement might have been supposed unnecessary. Yet its cynical repudiation by Germany started this war, and the operations have been complicated by its repudiation by other Powers since. There was even some uncertainty in the minds of our Allies at the outset as to whether we might not repudiate it ourselves, and, by refusing to abide by our undertaking to stand up for the inviolability of Belgium, which we had jointly guaranteed, dishonour our signature for considerations not precisely specified but little likely to prove of much worth in the end.

HAPPILY for our reputation, we were not so betrayed by our Government. Probably we would not have allowed such a betrayal. In any case, our action throughout has been such that we are entitled to restate the initial proposition of Mr. Lloyd George, and to draw renewed attention to the further, equally self-evident, proposition that although international courtesy usually refrains from specifying penalties for international breach of faith, they nevertheless follow as certainly as they follow breaches of commercial law, for which they are prescribed. Greece, although late, seems to have remembered the fact in time. Germany and Bulgaria shall have it well rubbed in before we have done with them.

BUT the magnitude of the disaster brought upon the whole world in the present case by Germany's repudiation of her own signature has been so colossal, that we desire to see her conviction as a guilty Power recorded for all time in the treaty that will be signed when the war is concluded. Our suggestion is that her offence should be recited in the preamble, and her everlasting loss of credit posted in a clause providing that any subsequent failure, or refusal, on her part to adhere to the obligations —whatever those may be—into which she may then be compelled to enter shall be made cause of war by all the Allied Powers collectively.

THE proposal is neither fantastic nor unprecedented. The indivisibility of the Allies has been shown already by the signed agreement into which they have all entered, not to conclude separate peace with the Quadruple Alliance. The material temptation to the Belgian people to do so must be very great; and Serbia, too, has done a fine thing in refusing to purchase escape from further devastation by the easy process of consenting to concede to Germany's unmolested passage for men and munitions to Turkey. It is, however, the business of statesmanship to take long views, and the responsible men of these two countries perceive that separate peace would be nothing more than temporary relief from misery and ruin, whereas peace concluded by the Allied Powers in concert, and guaranteed by their might, would have reasonable prospect of long continuance. The prospect of its longer continuance would be opened up by a provision that Germany should not be allowed to tear the new treaty up as another scrap of paper, under penalty of the Allied Powers drawing the sword again with their present unanimity and determination. It should be provided that German breach of any part of the new compact into which she may be compelled to enter shall be followed immediately, not by a new war, but by resumption of the present military operations.

IT is the necessity of taking long views that is paramount in matters of statesmanship. In the 'sixties, Denmark had reason to look to Britain to save her from having Schleswig-Holstein wrested from her, and if Britain then had fulfilled her obligations, the subsequent construction of the Kiel Canal would have been impossible. A generation later Hawaii appealed to Britain to oppose her compulsory absorption into the United States of America. In that case Hawaii based her claim for support upon a nebulous protectorate promised by Britain in the days of the third George. The appeal was unheeded; the obligation, moral or legal, was disregarded, and Hawaii lost her independence.

IF the main contention of this article is true, that penalty inevitably follows breach of good faith, Britain will surely suffer some day for having permitted the cheque drawn in favour of Hawaii to be dishonoured. And it does not require much perspicacity to see how she may be made to regret her error. Wise men, and well-informed men, like the late Archibald Colquhoun, foresaw in the future a great international struggle for the mastery of the Pacific. Great Britain's interest in that struggle will be very great, if not vital, and in the course of it Hawaii will become a vastly important place because of its geographical position. It may very well be that we shall rue the day when we acquiesced in its being absorbed by any other of the Great Powers having interests in the Far East.

FOR the moment it suffices to send the idea into the air to fructify by that curious process, something analogous to parthenogenesis, by which ideas develop into action. Of all foolish occupations, perhaps the most foolish is to draw maps of the far future, and to make an imaginary redistribution of Europe in anticipation of events that may not come to pass. It is a form of amusement which had much better be left to German professors and an inspired German Press; it really has detracted a little from the dignity of those English men of letters who have toyed with it over here.

WE are justified by facts that have happened already in contending that as Germany has not succeeded she has failed, and that methods can, and must, be devised to make a new attempt for ever impossible. A penalty clause in the international treaty would be such a method, and it is not mere counsel of perfection to suggest it. Any agreement, of course, can be varied or abrogated by consent, and the enforcement of the penalty clause might never become necessary—probably would not, indeed—for backed by the menace of myriads of guns it would not be empty thunder. It would be a most effective preventive measure, and it is pertinent to drop the reminder that the success of preventive measures is really gauged by the seeming absence of necessity for them.

SURELY, however, there is no room for question that the Allied Powers are in earnest in their determination to bring this war to such a termination that the militarism which is the root of it shall never thrust up a single shoot again. If that is conceded, any measure concerted between them would be easily practicable. What they must do is to brand the defaulting Power with an indelible stigma of discredit, and make it clear for all time that the currency of nations must be safeguarded under penalty of bankruptcy and expulsion from the community. C.M.

18th December, 1915. No. 70. Vol. 3

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD of Events by Land, Sea and Air. Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON

BRAVE BRITON CAPTURES FLAG OF KING "FOX."

OF the many expressions of courage on the field, the taking of an enemy standard, under heavy fire, is perhaps the most moving. Such an exploit has brought renown to Corporal W. H. Lappin, of the 1st/5th Yorkshire Light Infantry, as well as the D.C.M. On October 27th, Corporal Lappin crawled over 100 yards of "No Man's Land," reconnoitred the enemy's trenches, and obtained information as to the strength of their position. Two days later he again ventured out, and captured a Bulgarian flag, fixed by the Huns thirty yards from their trenches.

New Ways of Warfare

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

MEN familiar with war, men who had gone through many campaigns, felt, before the present great struggle was a month old, that all their knowledge counted for very little. Things had changed. War, said they, was being fought in a new way.

This is not altogether true. The essential principles of war are the same to-day as they were when Cæsar conducted his armies across the Alps, or when Napoleon led his triumphant legions into the rich valleys of Northern Italy. The qualities that win are initiative, daring, the power to endure, and discipline. It is the machinery of war that has been transformed.

In some ways the most revolutionary new weapon of war has been the aeroplane. The supreme value of the aeroplane to-day is not so much as for offence, but as the supreme scout. It has largely eliminated the factor of surprise in war, a factor that once ranked among the most valuable of weapons. Here is an example. In the early days, when the Germans were being driven back from the gates of Paris, the French planned a great blow in Northern France. A considerable force was hurried together there for the purpose of breaking the German right wing and cutting off large sections of the Germany army. At first it seemed that the movement, which was carried out with the utmost secrecy and expedition, must succeed. But a Taube, searching over the western countryside, noticed the unusual movement of soldiers, and enabled Germany to bring up reserves in time to check it.

The Lynx Eyes from the Skies

Photographers in aeroplanes give the Staff exact pictures of the trenches in the enemy lines. The aeroplane enables the artillery to know their targets, to find their range, and to regulate their fire with the utmost precision.

This is a new thing in war. The aeroplane was used to some little extent in the Italian campaign in North Africa, and in the earlier Balkan fighting, but even in the Russo-Japanese war the only aerial scouting was done by captive balloons. The Russians had only a few of these, while the Japanese, so far as I myself saw, had none at all. Had Russia possessed a single air scout at Port Arthur, the capture of that position would have been impossible, for the batteries would have been able to destroy each Japanese gun before it was put in its concealed position.

The use of the aeroplane in offensive work in destroying enemy positions has only begun. The new battle planes being completed for both sides will have a range and power of destructiveness undreamed of even by the very fine 85 h.-p. planes of to-day.

Germany's Long Start in Automobiles

Germany owed her ability to advance with great speed early in the war to the possession of vast supplies of military motor-cars; 2,000 cars were accumulated on the Luxembourg frontier in the first days of August. An equal quantity was on the Russo-Silesian frontier, and probably equal groups at various points higher up. When, after the capture of Brussels, it was reported that the Germans were pushing on around Northern France in the direction of Lille, military experts declared that such an advance was impossible; it was too far round and would take too long. But Germany's vast supplies of motor-cars enabled troops to be pushed forward and supplies carried up at five times the speed possible in the old days. The motor-car was one of Germany's most potent weapons in those early stages. To-day trench warfare has killed the motor as a means of advance, but it still does great work for supplies.

We, at the beginning, had barely begun to realise the possibilities of motor warfare. We had made a few experiments with motor traction for field guns. We took some hundreds of motor-buses from the streets of London for the use of our First Expeditionary Force. We had no motor ambulances. It is not too much to say that had a supply of motor ambulances been at our service at Mons, many hundreds of men to-day eating their hearts out in German prisons would still be fighting in our ranks.

Our early deficiency has now been amply made up. We have a splendid supply of motor ambulances; great traction engines, perhaps the strongest ever used, haul our big guns; and motor transport waggons, and motor transport waggons alone, make it possible to keep up the splendid supplies of food for our million odd men on the Flanders front.

When reports first came to England during the siege of Liège that the Germans were employing 42 cm. howitzers against the forts there, old artillerymen laughed. "Do you know what a 42 cm. shell would mean?" they asked. "Do you realise the size of it? Do you understand that the recoil of the weapon would smash any known system of carriage? It's a mere bit of German boasting."

Here again the apparently impossible had actually taken place. It is doubtful if the 42 cm. howitzer is not rather too big. In the opinion of many, the English 15 in. "Granny" does all that is required, and is much more mobile. But the whole tendency is towards heavier guns—heavier field-batteries, heavier horse artillery, 18-pounder guns in place of 12-pounder, 15 in. in place of 12 in., and so on.

High Explosives and Machine-guns

We have transformed our artillery equipment, and our armies to-day on the Flanders front have not only great strength in big guns but also have unlimited supplies of high-explosive shells. But it would be idle to shut our eyes to the fact that the German artillery equipment is also very fine and the German artillerymen are splendidly trained. The general public does not realise the strength of the gun positions along the Belgian coast and on the Belgian front held by the enemy.

Every experienced soldier will, I think, agree with me that terrific as the effects of heavy artillery fire may be, the real terror of modern fighting is the machine-gun. Here, in the beginning, the Germans were amply supplied and we were not. To-day we are reaching equality with the Germans in machine-gun equipment. The portable machine-gun of the Lewis type, the gun that a man can carry easily under his arm and that can pour out a steady storm of death, will be the real weapon of to-morrow.

We are only at the beginning in the revival of the use of armour. The steel caps first adopted by the French Army and now by our own, are found to possess obvious advantages. Armoured plates for the body, while proof against steel splinters, are probably more of a drawback than a gain. The use of steel shields, particularly for protecting men during advances, is being greatly developed. The Germans have found great benefit from providing little steel forts to shelter men with machine-guns. In the Labyrinth the Germans made some of their positions almost impregnable by using enormous steel plates.

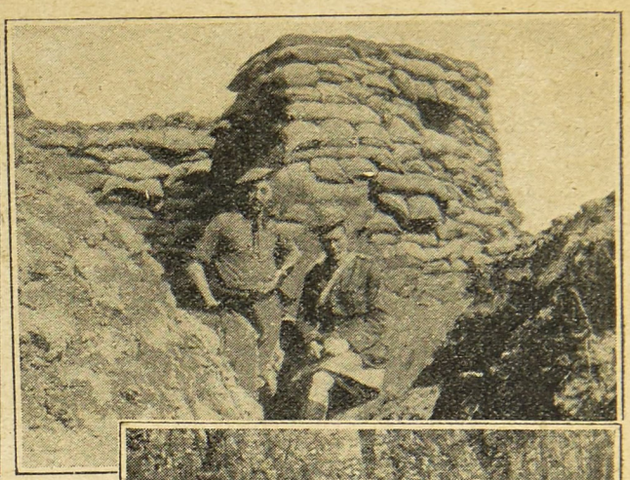
New Wonders of Science on the Stocks

When soldiers in the trenches in the closing days of 1914 worked out "Tickler's artillery," jam tins filled with explosives and fired by time-fuses, to throw in the enemy lines, they little saw how in a few weeks the hand-grenade would reach its present stage. In its different forms it is now the primary weapon for the defence of every trench and for every direct attack.

The new weapons of war are innumerable. There is poison gas, the deadly darts thrown from aeroplanes that pass clean through any man they strike, the trench mortar and the "whizbang." By this time next year new weapons, as yet scarcely dreamed of, will be freely employed. Our war factories are preparing many disagreeable surprises for the enemy, and probably he is preparing many for us.

At the beginning we had a lot of ground to make up. Germany was ready with her weapons; we were not. To-day we stand on a more equal footing. If Germany could not win when she had the advantage of superior equipment, of complete surprise, and of adequate preparation there is every reason why she will not win when her depleted armies face us with her secrets known, with her weapons equalled, and with her traps sprung.

Along the British Front when the Boches are Shy



British officers in an observation pit in front of an advanced dug-out near the trenches. Right: Outpost in a first-line British trench. The opening in the sand-bag barricade is to hold a concealed machine-gun.

British Red Cross workers cooking a hasty meal behind the first line. Right: British soldiers carrying supplies over a treacherous "bridge" spanning a ditch in rough country at the front.

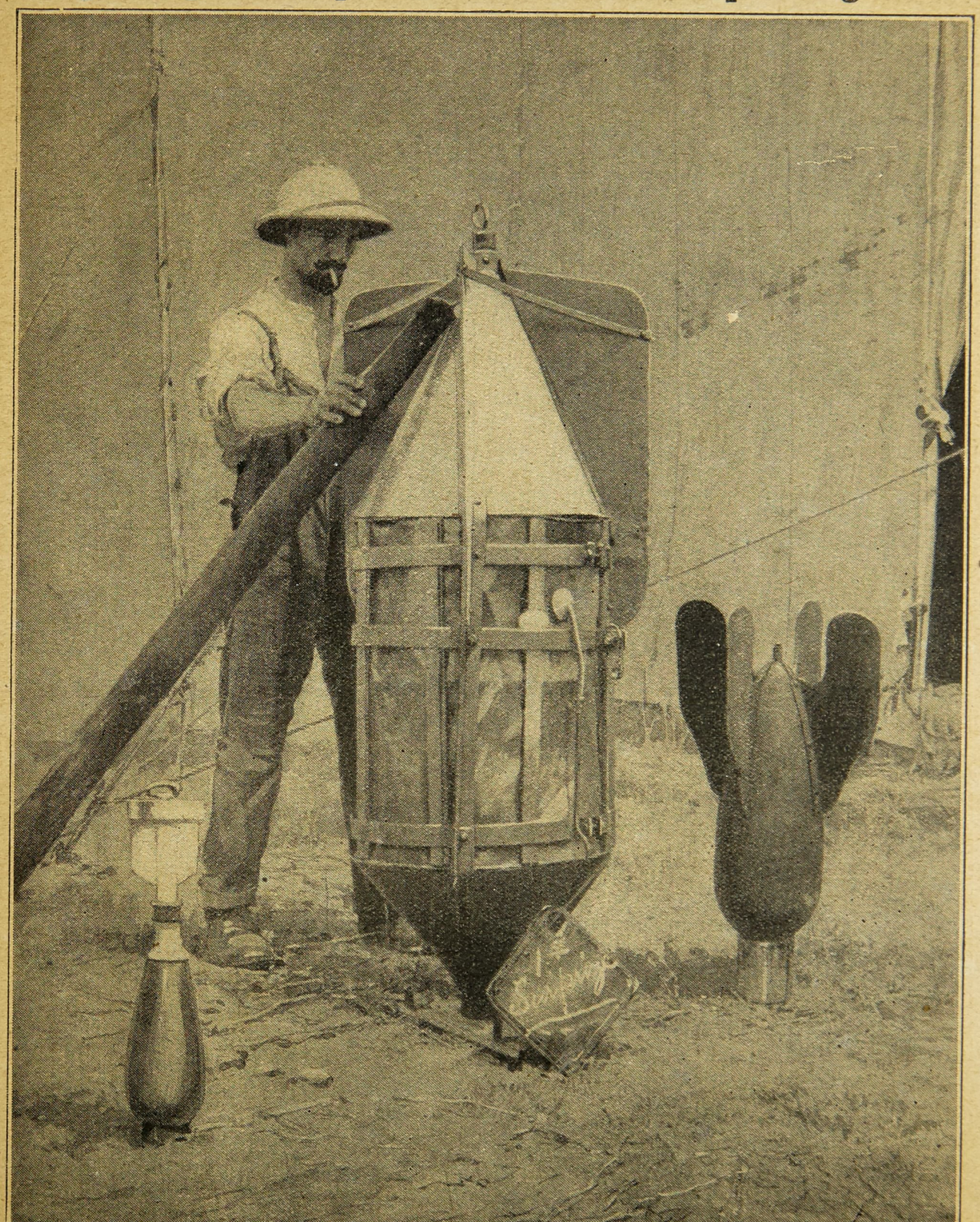
A trophy of war. One of the Krupp guns captured by British troops during the great advance on the west front. Right: Cheery bivouac at a British camp in France. Some of the soldiers are wearing their warm woollen "helmets."

Winter Preparations along the Gallipoli Shore

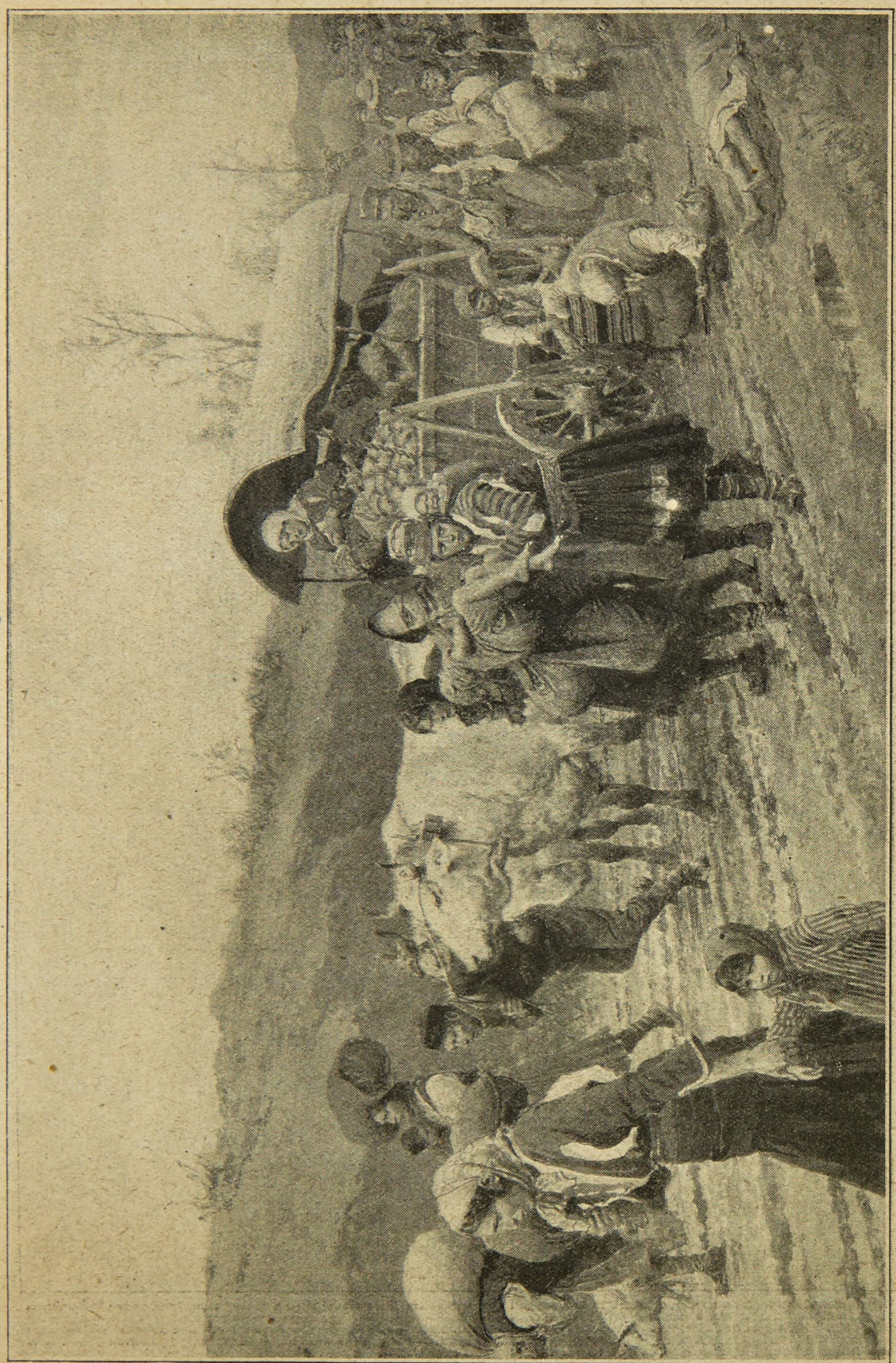
Scene at a Gallipoli landing place. Water-carts and various other vehicles of transport waiting to collect water supplies. Inset: Three naval airmen. Left to right: Sub-Flight-Lieuts. Rose, Kilner, and Bastow laying the foundations of their "domicile" in Gallipoli

Highlanders at work on the cliff side helping to construct a breakwater. Some remarkable feats of engineering have been performed by the troops in Gallipoli, under difficulties unparalleled in any other campaign.

Preparing a Surprise for the Unsuspecting Turk



Gigantic bomb, almost as high as a man, destined to be dropped by a British airman on to a Turkish position on Gallipoli. A facetious soldier has labelled it, in chalk, "1st Sur-prize." Near it are two bombs of different types, and of more usual sizes. The airmen of the Allies who are operating with the forces in the Dardanelles have established a strong superiority over the enemy. At the beginning of the campaign against the Turks they "spotted" and found ranges for the Queen Elizabeth and other ships, but now they further the progress of the land fighting by bombing the Turks and engaging in daring reconnaissances.



THE PITIFUL FLIGHT OF A NATION.—When the full tragic story of the awful plight of the people of Serbia comes to light, the horrors suffered by the hapless refugees will send a shudder throughout the entire world. This is not the flight of a few panic-stricken villagers—it is the stolid, hopeless retreat from their homes of the entire civil population of a whole nation. Almost the entire route is lined with the dead bodies of men, women, and children and the carcases of horses and mules, dead of starvation. Thousands of old men, women, and little children are lying on the rocks, and in the undergrowth beside the trail, utterly exhausted or ill, or suffering the agonies of starvation. And on these muddy roads leading southward there are continuous processions of ox-driven carts filled with those too weak to walk, herds of cattle, sheep, and pigs mingling with the silent, suffering Serbians.

Incidents in the Van of Tsardom's Forces

Russian scouts on the alert near one of their outpost positions.

Russian soldiers rescuing an Army horse from a treacherous mudbank into which it had sunk while in search of water. Pigs, temporarily attached to the regimental field-kitchen, are drinking at the edge of the mud. Inset: Russian military butcher examining an ox that a peasant woman has offered for sale.

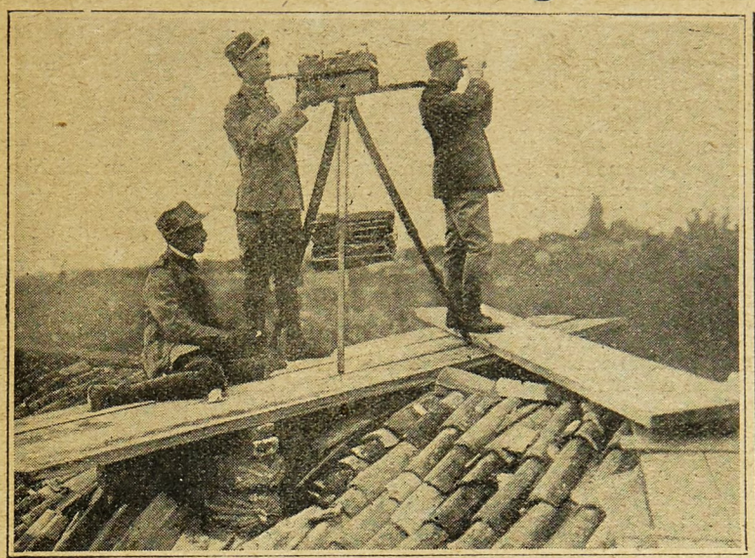
How our Lines of Communication are Defended

One of the railway-yard barracks in which live the soldiers whose duty it is to guard the railway and adjacent military positions.

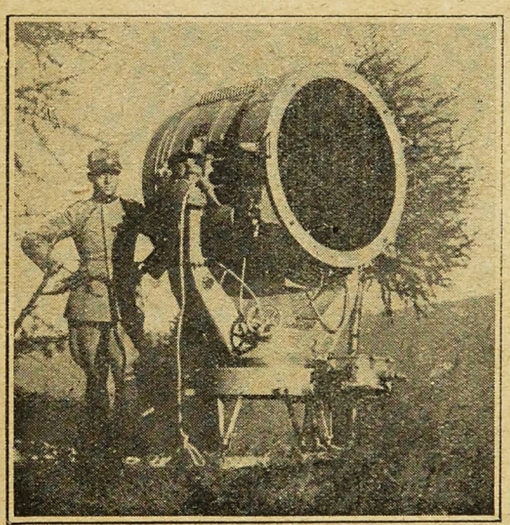
Officers in railway quarters, and another railway barracks. All over the British Empire there are soldiers guarding the "lines of communication." This term includes everything concerned with military operations.

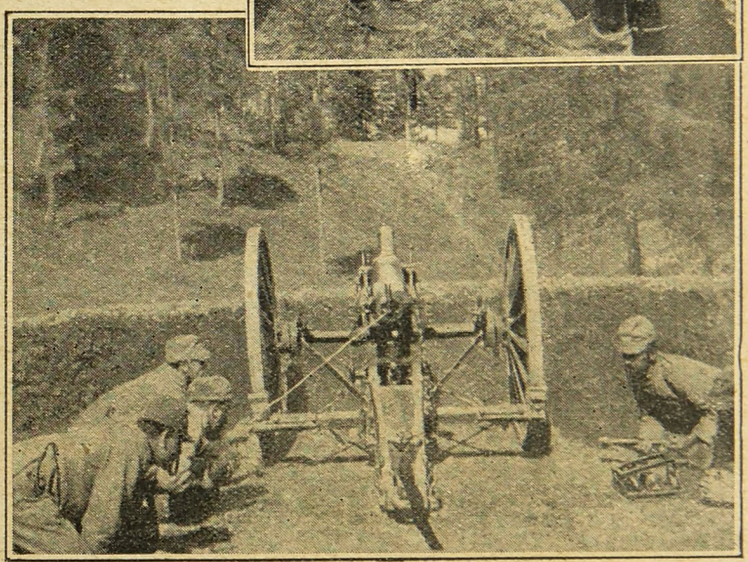
Officer and sergeant of the guard making a night-time inspection. Right: Railway compartment as orderly-room. Whereever one sees sentries on duty in this country, they are guarding the "lines of communication" as surely as if they were at the Front.

Italian Guns and Lights Seeking Austrian Foes

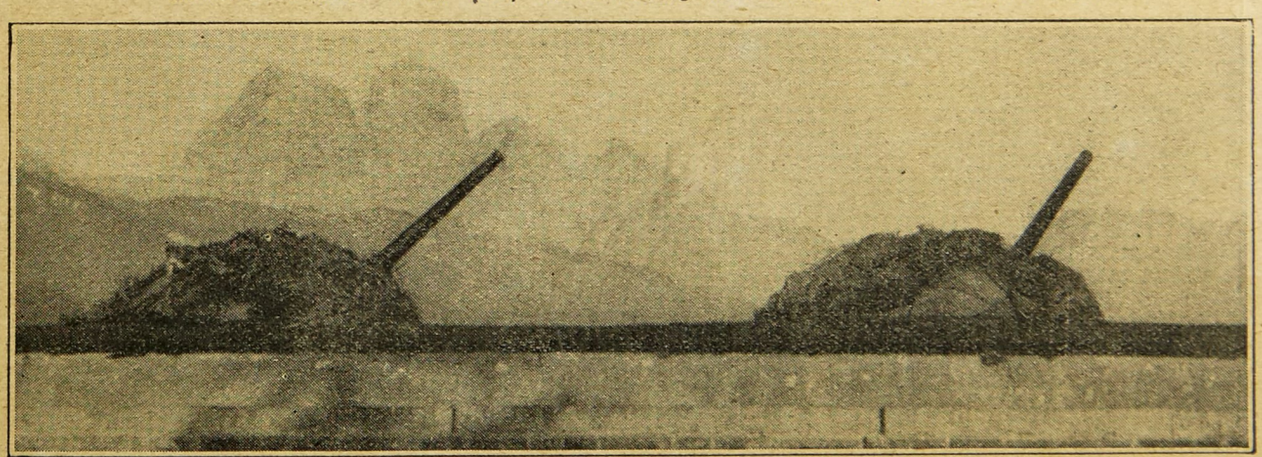


Italian officers watching the enemy guns in the distance from an observation post established on the roof of a house. On the right: Prince Napoleon (left) talking to Prince Thomas of Savoy.





An Italian searchlight of 90 cm. diametre. On the right: An Italian field-gun about to fire. These guns are hardly, if at all, inferior to the famous French "75's," and the Italian gunners have done splendid work with them.

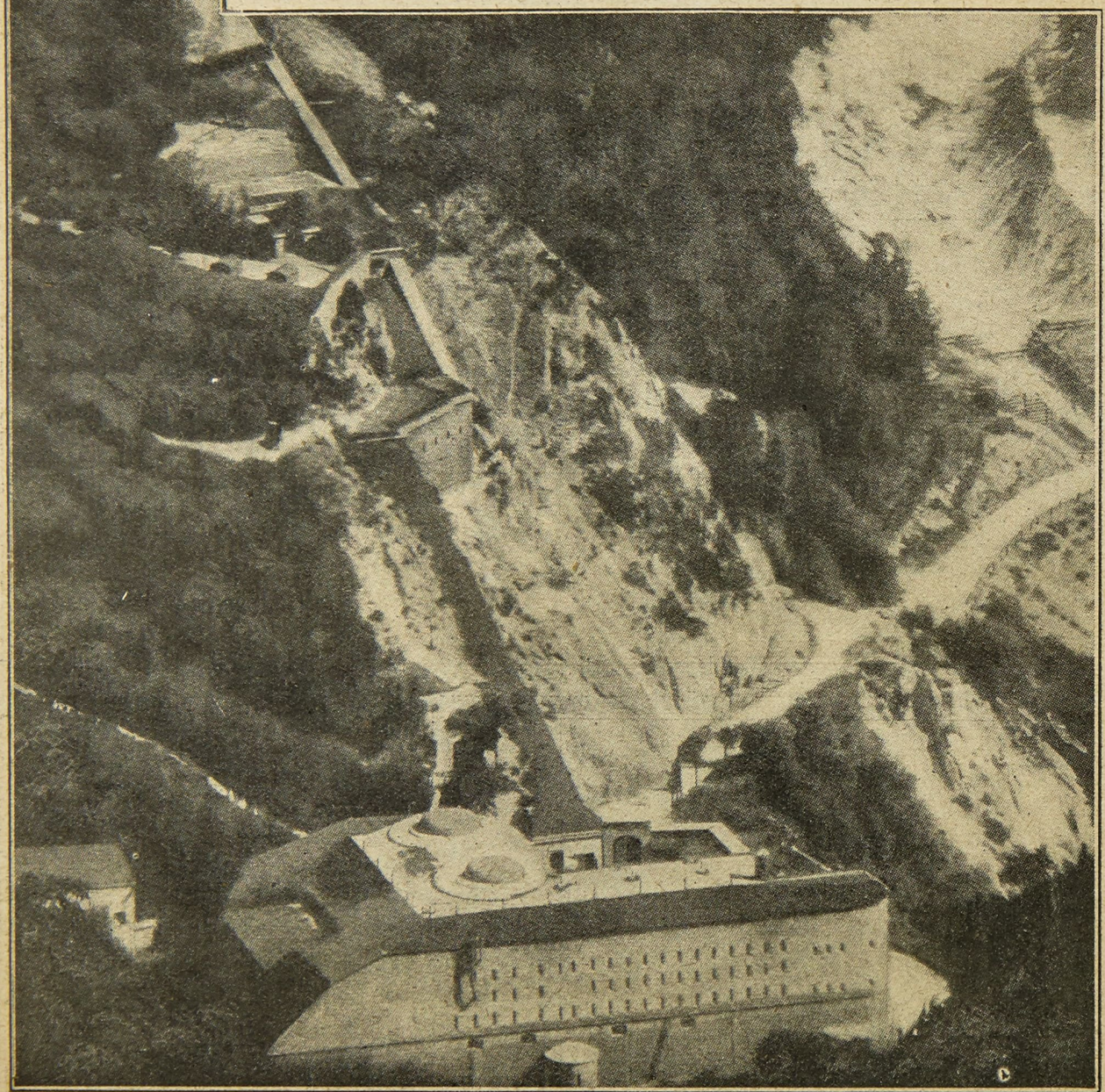


Heavy guns in position. Poking their long black muzzles above the artificial mounds of brushwood-covered earth, these deadly inventions of destroying man yet seem to be mocked by the eternal mountains behind them.

Before and after Bombardment of Austrian Fort:

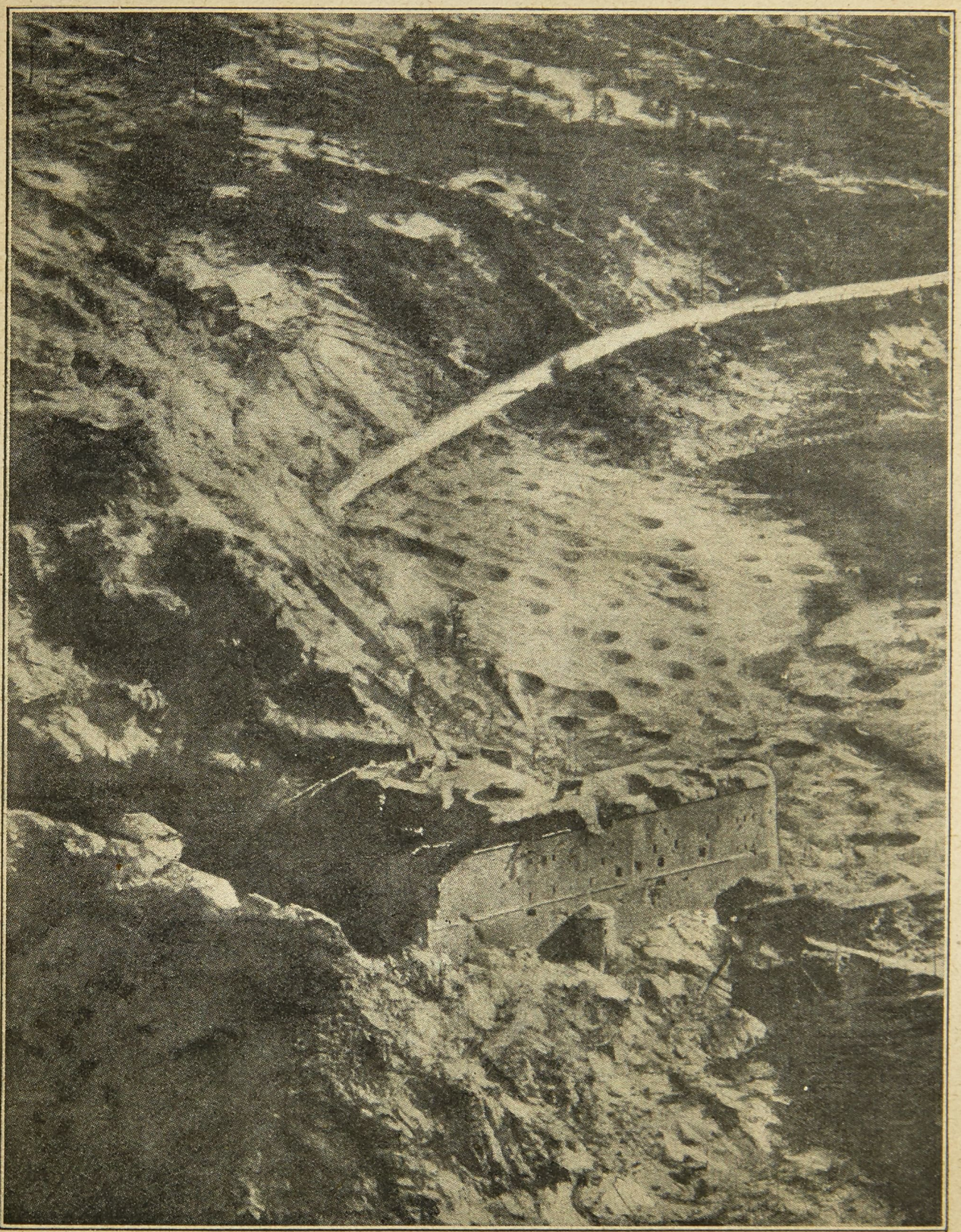
NO photographs from any of the theatres of war, so far published, illustrate in a more graphic manner the appallingly destructive power of modern heavy artillery than the two remarkable views given on this and the opposite page. The first is a portion of a tele-photograph of the Austrian fort at Malborghetto, in the Carnic Alps, taken by an Italian official photographer from the height of Mittagskofel, a little over two miles to the south, on the ridge which divides Austria from Italy.

The second view shows the same Austrian fort photographed from the Italian height of Monte Pipar, about a mile west by south of Mittagskofel, and therefore still farther distant from the fort itself. The whole neighbourhood of the principal fort has been reduced by the Italian heavy artillery to utter ruin, the surrounding forests completely obliterated, and the entire landscape changed. This fort was originally constructed in 1880-83, but had frequently undergone alteration, and was supposed to represent the last word in defensive fortification at the time that Italy declared war against Austria; but it was a matter of a few days for the Italian 11 and 12 in. guns, once they had found the range, to demolish the laborious fortifications on which years of work had been spent. We hear very little about what Italy is doing, but these two photographs will at least help to show us that her big guns are not idle, and her steady, patient, but effective pressure on the Austrian front will some day eventuate in decisive victory.



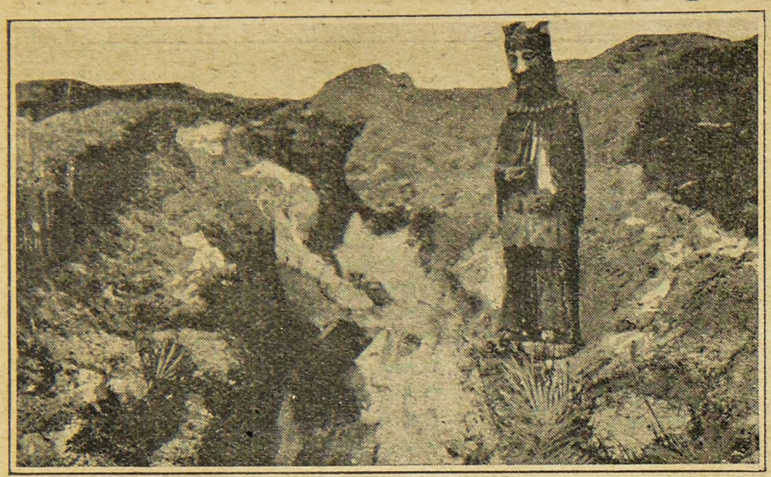
The Austrian fort at Malborghetto, in the Carnic Alps, surrounded by thick woodlands and protected by massive walls, before the Italian heavy artillery bombarded it. Note the solid steel cupolas. (This photograph and that on the opposite page were taken by tele-photography at a distance of upwards of two miles.)

Rock-girt Stronghold pounded into Dust

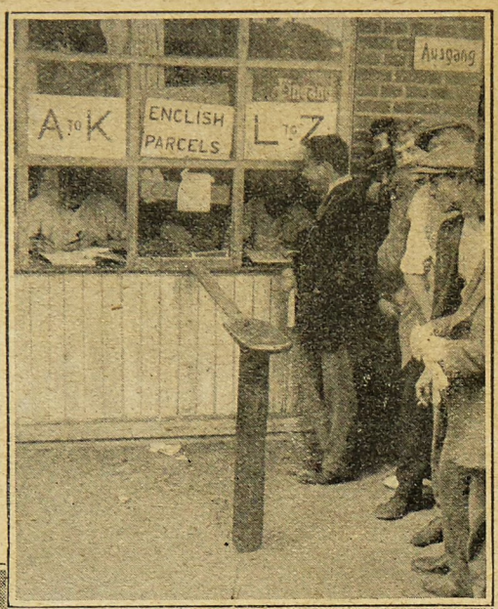


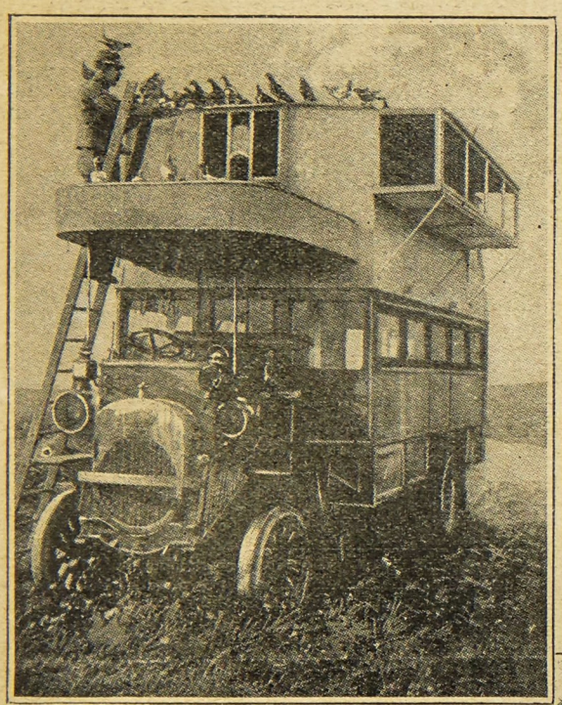
The scene of utter destruction after the bombardment. The surrounding woods have been blown away, the massive walls pounded into dust, and the main building has suffered terribly, shell after shell having penetrated the roof, while one of the steel cupolas has been shattered to pieces.

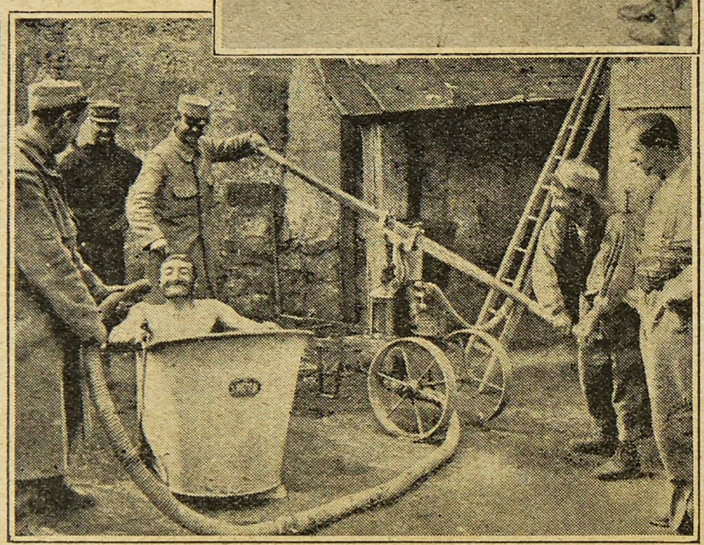
Some of the Queer Things seen in War-time



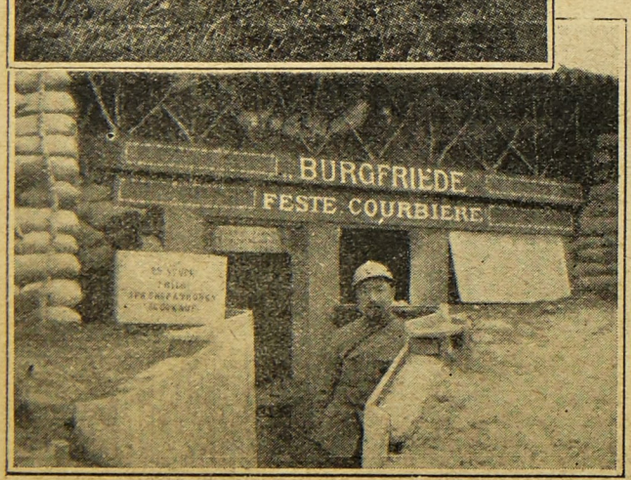
This image of a saint of the Greek Church, found by Germans in a captured Russian trench, illustrates the simple piety of Russia's soldiers. Right: Eagerly awaiting parcels from England at the civilian internment camp at Ruhleben.

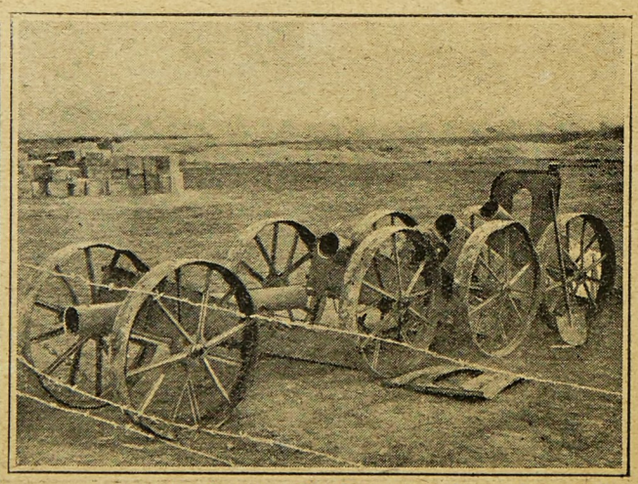






Left: Feeding the birds on a French carrier-pigeon automobile behind the firing-line. Above: French soldier about to enjoy the luxury of a rough-and-ready shower-bath behind the French lines.



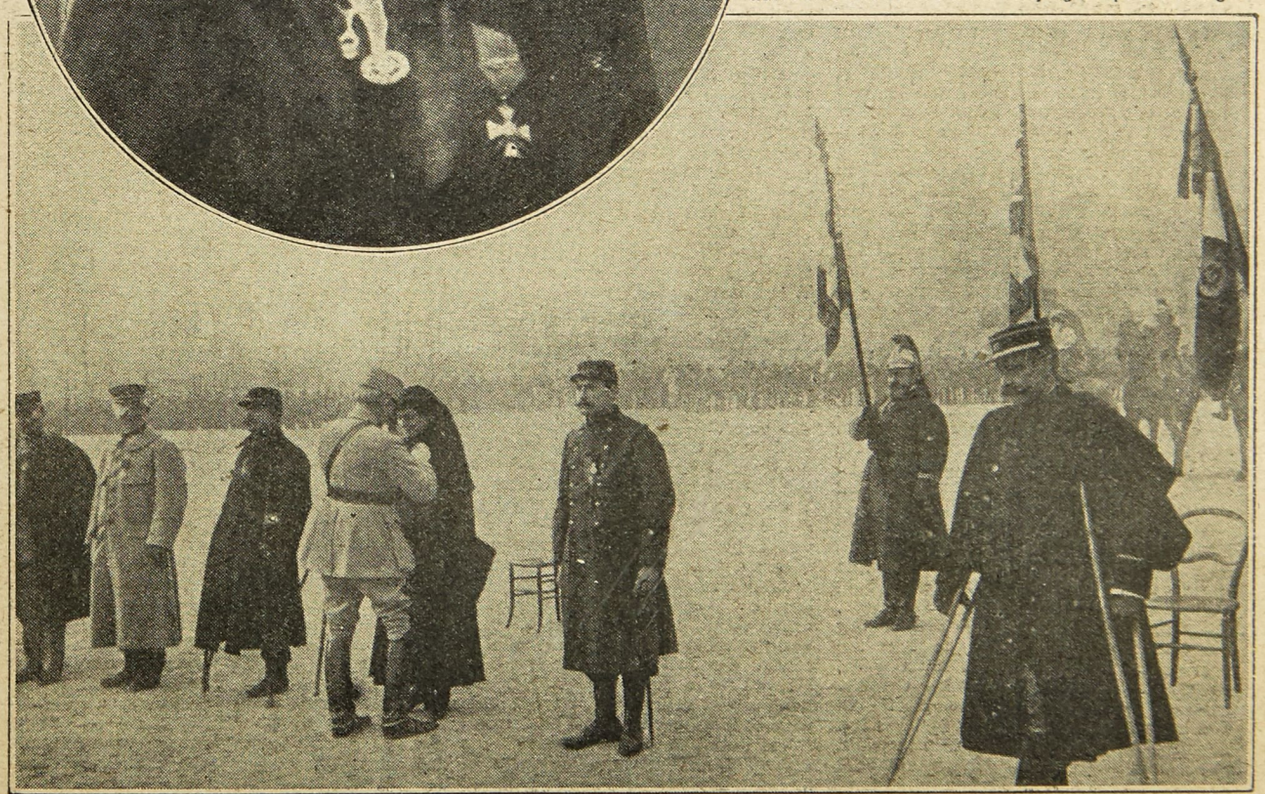


Substantial German dug-out at a camp near Troubricot, in Champagne, captured by the French. The Frenchman is wearing a steel helmet. Right: Dummy guns captured from the enemy by the French during the last great advance. These "fake" weapons were used as a "ruse de guerre" to deceive scouting airmen.

Brave War Deeds by Women of Dauntless Courage

IT is, perhaps, with the Russian Army that women have played the greatest parts as actual fighters in the ranks, and even as officers; several have been decorated by the Tsar for their courage and prowess in action. But Russia has its more typical "womanly" heroines as well—courageous "minist'ring angels" who, while engaged on their glorious work of alleviating suffering, have also proved their fearlessness when face to face with the enemy. Mira Miksailovitch Ivanoff, for instance, who, when all the officers of the company whose wounded she was tending in the firing-line were killed or injured, rushed to the head of the Russian soldiers and rallied them so splendidly that they repulsed the Germans. But Mira Ivanoff was killed in the moment of victory. In the British lines at Loos, in September, there was a real Joan of Arc—a French girl, seventeen years of age only, who, in addition to tending our wounded, fought side by side with our men, and was seen to kill five Germans with a revolver and with hand-grenades. This combatant-heroine, Mlle. Moreau, was praised by General Sir Douglas Haig.

Nurse with one of the Russian "flying" ambulances. Right: Mira Miksailovitch Ivanoff, the heroic Russian nurse who lost her life while rallying troops to a charge.



Mlle. Moreau, the French heroine of seventeen who fought side by side with British troops at Loos, killed five Germans, and tended our wounded, being decorated with the Military Cross by General de Sailly at Versailles. Inset: Mlle. Moreau wearing her medal.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXXI.—The Death and Resurrection of the Foreign Legion

IN the old days the Foreign Legion of France was the last refuge from suicide. Broken young gentlemen from foreign countries, and despairing scamps whom the police prevented from earning a dishonest living, found in the Legion a last foothold on life. Then, as writers of romance took to glorifying the hard-bitten, iron-disciplined body of foreigners who cleared Algeria, Tunis, and the Sahara of fighting Arabs, young men of an adventurous turn of mind joined the Legion for sport. It was often sport of a desperate kind, for there were a good many warlike blackguards in the corps, and the rule of the French officers could be as harsh as death. Through all the atmosphere of exotic poetry that Ouida and other writers cast over the Legion, one thing only was clear, and that was that the men were magnificent fighters.

At the outbreak of the war the fame of the Legion attracted many young fighting lovers of France from the neutral States, and by the time these recruits were fully trained the Legion was somewhat changed in character through wastage and fresh drafts, while retaining its formidable character. The men had a superb pride in themselves, and they lifted each new recruit to their own level in the great charge they made against the Vimy Ridge on May 9th, 1915. The Legion was then set to win the White Works, a great underground German fortress lying between Carency and Neuville. But this job was too small for the Legionaries.

Lost and Regained

In one great leaping movement they broke through five German lines in an hour and a half, and completely shattered an entire German division, taking two thousand prisoners, a large number of guns, and killing or wounding another ten thousand enemies. But after breaking through the German front to a depth of three miles, the two regiments of the Legion reached Vimy Ridge, on the reverse slope of which was the last German line. Between the crest and the line of entanglements, trenches, and gun-pits there was a grassy slope, four hundred yards in breadth. This the Legion could not cross. It was shattered in trying to do so; for the enemy machine-guns, quick-firers, and heavy artillery swept every yard of the ground. After losing three out of every four officers, and having its companies reduced from two hundred and fifty to fifty men, the remnant of the corps crawled into shell-holes on the slopes, and remained in these scattered covers until relieved.

When the survivors were drawn back into reserve, it seemed as if the famous Legion were for ever destroyed. But thousands of volunteers still poured in from Switzerland, America, the Peninsula, and Scandinavia, and at the end of four months the corps was able to take the field again. It was given to General Marchand as a reserve to his Colonial Division at Souain in the Battle of Champagne on September 25th, 1915. The Legion did not like this. Indeed, it regarded it as an insult. It was not used to be in reserve to any other body of men, and it was with a grudging mind that the Legionaries followed the Colonial troops up the Punch-bowl of Souain.

The men began by being angry; they ended by being in a maddened fury. In marching up the Punch-bowl on September 26th they lost two thousand men without firing a shot; for the Germans, after checking the Colonial Division near Navarin Farm, maintained a curtain of shrapnel and shell fire over the Punch-bowl to prevent the French general from moving up his supports. After being badly knocked about by their unseen enemy, the Legionaries had to lie all night on their stomachs in the pouring rain, under a pine-wood on the slopes of a down. When morning broke there was a heavy fog blanketing the country, and the French gunners and their observing airmen could not find the position of the opposing batteries. General de Castelnau was therefore in serious difficulties, for the enemy's howitzers continued to rake the valley with gun fire, while the French artillery could not see what to fire at.

The Unlucky Horse-shoe

The Germans held the chain of chalk heights, forming an immense horse-shoe, and all the main German trenches and gun-pits were on the reverse slope of the downs Nothing of them could be seen, and in many cases the French troops were allowed to top the crest before an annihilating combination of converging fires was brought to bear on them. The most formidable of these German positions was the western point of the Horse-shoe at a place called Sabot Wood. This clump of fir-trees grew on the sides of a down near Navarin Farm. The works in it were also in the form of a horse-shoe in front, while behind was a maze of trenches and great caverns, dug out of the chalk, with railway-stations into which reinforcements and munitions were brought along two light railways built by the German engineers and connected with the old French railway running along the Py River. It was against the Sabot Wood fortress that Marchand's Zouaves had broken.

Suicide for Success!

All this the Legionaries learned as they lay in the rain at night in the fir-wood and grieved over their wrongs. There was some talk of their acting as supports to Zouave, Colonial, and Moorish columns charging against the Horse-shoe. But the Legionaries could not stand this. They sent a deputation to their colonel, and asked him in a more or less polite way if he had any regard for the honour of the corps. The colonel, who was also fretting at losing thousands of men without having struck a blow, sought for his army corps commander at Souain, and put the matter before him. As a special favour the Foreign Legion begged to be allowed to attack Bois Sabot. It was pointed out in reply that the Legionaries were only asking to be allowed to commit suicide. What could two regiments do against the great fortress which needed at least an army corps to operate against it? But the Legion was sick of life. It did not care about tactics. At last it was arranged that the Legionaries should have their way, and make a frontal attack between the horns of the Horse-shoe. Then, while the enemy was engaged in repelling this assault, the French general prepared to launch another division on the flank of the fortress. Naturally, it was this flank attack which the French commander expected to succeed. From his point of view he was sacrificing the maddened Legionaries in an impossible kind of attack, which would simply draw out the enemy's forces, and enable him to deliver a more scientific blow from another direction.

But things did not fall out in this way. The angry Legionaries dislocated the plan of their general. At three-thirty in the afternoon of September 28th they were drawn up in the pine-woods in columns of two, having only eighty per cent. of their original effectives, the others having been killed by shell and shrapnel fire in a long period of waiting in the Punch-bowl. The woods in which they were sheltering were still being shelled as they started to charge. The 1st Battalion leaped over the heads of French soldiers entrenched outside the wood, and amid cheers of encouragement, the narrow columns changed into single file and, quickening their pace, swept out between the horns of the Horse-shoe.

The Lodestone for the Brave

The leading battalion was raked front and flanks with machine-gun and musketry fire, and caught in the middle and rear by shrapnel. Whole sections fell to a man, but the other men held on and reached the barbed-wire entanglements. A path was made, but only one Legionary of the 1st Battalion got through it, and he fell headlong into the enemy's fire-trenches with a bullet through his knee.

Almost immediately, however, the 2nd Battalion of the Legion arrived at the entanglements and pushed through, and jumped into the trench. Maybe a hundred out of two thousand broke into the German position, but with hand-bombs and daggers they cleared out a hundred yards of the line, then other battalions joined them with fewer losses, and the real struggle for victory then began. The Legionaries worked their way through the warren with so absolute a frenzy for slaughter that the German division, garrisoning the works and supplied with abundant hand-bombs, could not hold any barricade. No prisoners were taken, and the half-shattered Legion, fighting in sheer madness, careless of its losses, was reduced at last to a score or so of men. But when the flanking French division arrived on the scene there was no work for it. The tiny remnant of the Legion was master of the whole fortress.

The Legion had perished in its victory, but such was the power of example of its dead upon the minds of thousands of living men in neutral States, who had no call to go to war, that the Legion was re-born in Paris. Volunteers came in such numbers that by the end of November it was in training again.

Brave Trio of Anzacs Assail a Turkish Trench

An experienced scout and two young Australian soldiers made a daring night examination of a Turkish position. They crept past the Turks' outpost trench and bombed the main position. Then, crawling back to the outpost trench, the three heroes threw bombs into it from the rear—and the Turks, misled, fired in the opposite direction! Then the trio steered for home silently through the grass. They were nearly safe, when one of them caught in something, a wire twanged, there was a flash, and both the young Australian soldiers rolled over, killed by the same bullet. One of them, a boy of nineteen, had deserted before the war from the Australian Navy, but, enlisting under an assumed name, he had achieved his honour—and Australia's.

The Second Phase of the Naval War

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE present Board of Admiralty, presided over by Mr. Balfour, is handling the naval problems presented to it from Riga to Suez with such conspicuous ability that I see no reason to regret the opinion I expressed some months ago—that it is the best Board within living memory. It has one glaring difficulty as compared with the General Staff of our great military rival. The latter is able to impose German direction on all the armies, be they Austrian, Hungarian, Bulgarian, or Turk. We have no measure of control whatever over allied navies. There was, for instance, an extremely difficult problem presented in October which prudence prevented me from referring to at the time. At all hazards France and Great Britain had to move great military forces to a new theatre of war, and to do so with expedition, for time was the essence of the Serbian problem. The result was that several transports were attacked by submarines, and the natural criticism was to ask where were the escorting destroyers.

Problem of Transport Protection

Now, those who ask this question, like myself, must, in common fairness, allow that if the Admiralty had the powers of the German General Staff they would, in dealing with the very difficult problem of providing a sure defence for the comparatively great distances of the Mediterranean, have disposed of not only the French and Italian small craft, but would have brought the Japanese flotillas into the Mediterranean as well.

We can only be thankful that, as with the great landing at Gallipoli, when the Germans were still under the fatal attraction of the strategy planned by the Hamburg-Amerika line directors of attacking British commerce, so now their strategical sins follow them. The trained submarine crews are gone for ever. They might otherwise have been turned loose on our transports in the Mediterranean. We have no battalions to face now, but single spies, and they, too, will be eliminated by the methods which I indicated in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED of February 13th. The ruthless hunt I spoke of goes steadily on. Now within a few days we read of an authenticated story of an aeroplane bombing a submarine at sea, a doubtful one of Greek fishermen blowing up another, and the "New York Times" quotes the officers of a Cunard liner as having sighted three German submarines disabled off the French coast.

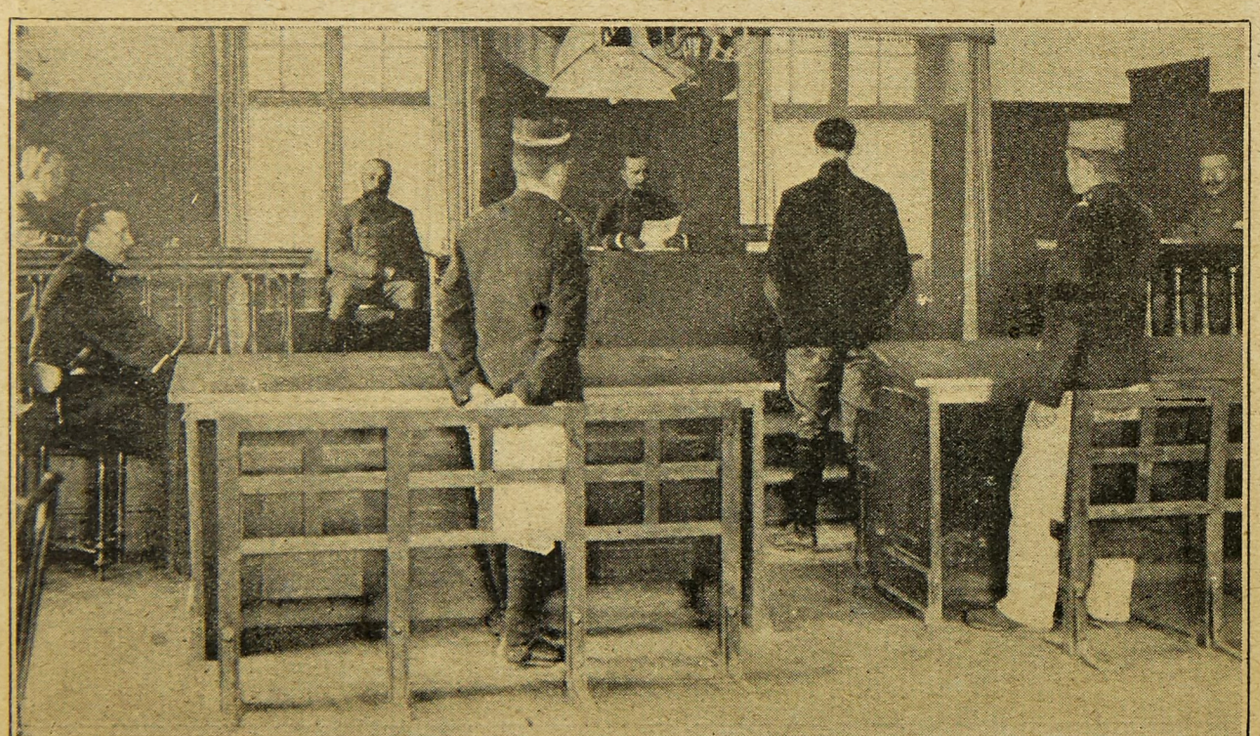
German Submarine Weakness

The fact is that, while the hunt is more ruthless, the German submarine captains are far less skilful. This last is what I have endeavoured to impress on my readers would ultimately be the case. The policy of Germany involves the old error of Napoleon in looking upon a navy as a mass of material. Napoleon could fashion an army in a short time, but no man ever did this with a navy. No naval weapon has ever demanded a higher degree of training than a submarine. The lost submarines could be replaced, but no ingenuity or organisation can replace the lost captains and crews. "Peace," said Napoleon, in the wisdom that came with war, "is necessary to restore the navy, for then only will its true training ground, the sea, be open to it." Germany must get four years of peace to restore its submarine navy.

According to a writer in the "New York World," we have captured or sunk fifty-eight submarines since February 18th, while twenty more are listed as "most probably destroyed"; and we are using as part of our submarine flotilla in the Baltic captured German submarines. These figures may be merely conjectural, but I incline to think they are not very far wrong, and our use of the captured U boats is at least conceivable. They were captured because we knew exactly where the bait was that they were after and therefore where to find them. Now that German policy has achieved this aftermath of utter failure, so that her very weapons are turned against herself, I may legitimately turn back to my forecast of last spring in which I closed with the words that "all this has been done for a mere bagatelle to minister to the clouded judgment of hate."

Success of the New Flotilla War

Sixteen months of war have passed, and sixteen months are precisely what was required by Britain to make a new navy of small craft. We have, therefore, entered upon the second phase of the war where, while the Grand Fleet maintains its silent vigil, the flotilla war becomes ever more strenuous, hunting the German submarines off the seas, harassing the coast of Flanders, penetrating deep into Mesopotamia with the British Army, and even casting a shadow over the Baltic, presaging the time when Germany will be denied the sea altogether.



Civil justice is administered by the French military authorities in occupation of Alsace. This photograph was taken in a court-room at Dannemarie, and shows a French officer seated on the bench and settling disputes between inhabitants.

The Magic Pipes in City Street and on the Field

"Pied Pipers" of the war. Enthusiastic recruits who had enlisted under Lord Derby's scheme following the inspiring skirl of the bagpipes played by Highland pipers—a recent scene in London.

Shining through all the horror of human strife, the deluge of blood, the torrent of tears, are incidents which compensate for suffering and even make war sublimely beautiful. Such an event was the conduct of Piper Laidlaw, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, on the occasion of the advance at Loos. At a critical moment when his comrades were unnerved by the effects of gas, the superb piper bounded on to the trench parapet, and swung up and down, playing "The Flowers of the Forest" under heavy fire. The magic skirl of the pipes restored the nerve to his sentimental compatriots. The effect was instantaneous, and the Scots dashed out of the trench to the assault, Laidlaw piping away until wounded, thereby gaining the V.C.

Tall Stories of Aerial Deeds

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

WHETHER by accident or by design, relying in the latter case on the lack of knowledge of most people on the subject of aircraft, certain "war correspondents" manage to get off more tall stories about aeroplanes than about anything else in the war.

A week or so ago, a yarn was going round the Press about a British aviator whose engine failed and let him down in German territory. There, so the story goes, he was captured, his engine was put in running order, and he was compelled to take up two Germans, who sat on each side of him with revolvers to force him to teach them how to work the machine. When he got into the machine he strapped himself in, went up high, looped the loop, tipped the Germans out, and flew safely home. A very pretty story, but for a few weak spots.

Slight Discrepancies

In the first place, there are no British machines which would permit two other people to sit one on either side of the pilot. In the second place, German pilots strap themselves into their seats, just as pilots of all other countries do, to prevent themselves from being pitched out in bumpy weather, so the Germans —or one German, if only one went up— would have been strapped in too. Thirdly, if they had not been strapped in they could have held on anyhow, for, when a machine is "looping" it goes over in one steady sweep, and, if it is perfectly done, the action of centrifugal force keeps the occupants pressed into their seats. Even in a badly-executed loop there is very little tendency to fall out. One is much more likely to be thrown out on a windy day by a machine dropping from under one and leaving one "sitting" in the air.

That story first appeared in "The Aeroplane," and it came to me from a reader who heard it told at a lecture on flying in a provincial town, and he sent me the yarn as a good joke. I rather fancy some of our flying people "somewhere in France" got hold of it in that way and planted it on some too-inquisitive war correspondent.

Frost-Bitten "Facts"

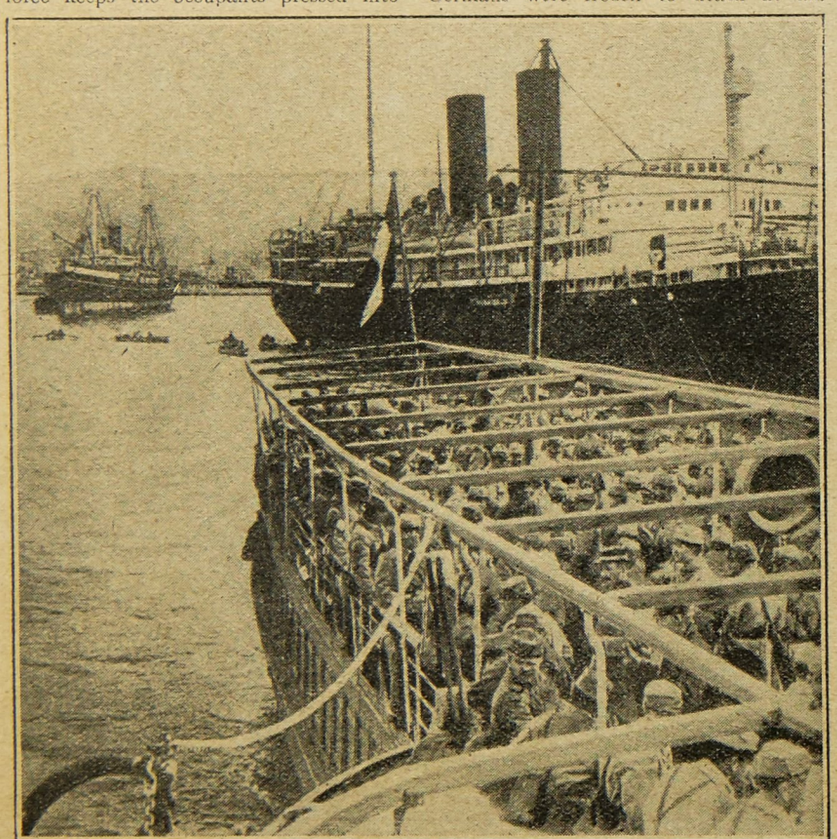
Another quaint story was the one about two German fliers who were chased by Russians, and to escape flew higher and higher, till at last they were frozen to death, after which the engine stopped—probably also "frozen to death." The machine planed down and landed undamaged behind the Russian lines, where the crew was pulled out untouched by bullets, but stone dead with the cold. The wonderful part about this story is that when deprived of all control the aeroplane should have glided down and made a perfect landing on its own account.

In such circumstances, if they were possible, it is much more probable that the descent would have become a "nose-dive," and the machine would have been smashed to splinters as it hit the ground. But it is even more doubtful whether the Germans were frozen to death at all, because the German pilots know more about flying in cold weather than we do in this country, and were not in the least likely to be frozen before their engine was stopped by the cold freezing up the water in the radiators, or choking the carburetter. The Russians have always been famous for their fertile imaginations, and it is much more probable that some Russian soldiers who found the Germans so cold that they could not get out of their machine elaborated the yarn a bit further.

Another source of improbable stories is America. We hear of one American aeroplane factory turning out a dozen aeroplanes a day for the Allies, and these are said to be of such size that they could fly across the Atlantic without a stop. It is probably enough to point out that if they were delivered in such quantities there would not be enough pilots in America to put them through their flying tests, and that there would not be enough sheds in this country to house them.

The Gas-bag Myth

Another favourite yarn from America is about the super-Zeppelins, which are being built in this country at such a rate that if the story were true every town in England would have airships floating about over it half a dozen at a time. The moral is, do not believe any of these stories from "foreign parts," and about half those told "on unimpeachable authority" at home. Most of them are about as true as the baseless rumours about famous fliers who have been shot as spies.



France has sent many men to the Balkan field, as another failure to achieve victory in the Levant might have a dangerous effect on French public opinion. This photograph shows a large body of French infantry putting ashore at Salonika.

Our Photogravure Supplement

With this issue of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is presented, *absolutely free*, a splendid photogravure art plate, reproduced direct from the original, expressly painted for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED by Mr. Stanley L. Wood, the celebrated military artist, entitled "The New British Army in the Day of Victory: September 25th, 1915." It depicts a thrilling scene on that ever-memorable day when British arms achieved one of the most notable successes of the war in the great battle for Loos. This supplement, the unusual shape of which makes it, when framed, very decorative, is so folded that those who wish to preserve it with their bound volumes of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will be able to have it pasted in when binding Volume 3.

Enlarged Christmas Number

Not only are the publishers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED making this splendid free gift with the current issue, but the next issue, appearing in Christmas week, will be enlarged and contain a number of features of a seasonable character. Most noteworthy among its contents will be a beautiful supplement giving "The Best Poems of The War," specially selected, with editorial notes, by Sir William Robertson Nicoll, LL.D., Editor of "The British Weekly."

More Men who have won Heroic Fame

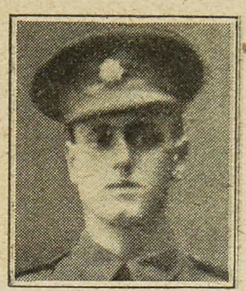
CORPORAL A. CLACK, Army Service Corps, was awarded the French Military Medal for his remarkable resourcefulness. While carrying a despatch he sighted a company of Germans. Immediately donning a German coat and helmet, he passed right by the enemy soldiers, and succeeded in reaching his destination.

Captain Robert Loraine, Royal Flying Corps, who is well known as an actor, was awarded the Military Cross for his conspicuous gallantry and skill in attacking a German Albatross biplane.

Lieutenant G. H. Wyndham-Green, Seaforth Highlanders, was awarded the Military Cross for his conspicuous gallantry in action near "Fosse 8." He set a splendid example of coolness and bravery under fire when in command, first of his platoon, and later of his company, exposing himself fearlessly.

Captain W. C. Wilson, 2nd Leicestershire Regt., who gained the D.S.O., is well known as an International Rugby footballer.

Lance-Sergeant J. Williams, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, won the Distinguished Conduct Medal for his remarkable coolness and courage after he was badly wounded. Although one of his hands was practically severed from his wrist, and he was also wounded in the shoulder, he assisted to bandage numbers of wounded near him. He also did his best to encourage the rest of his company, and finally, refusing any assistance from the R.A.M.C. men, he walked to the first-aid post.



Cpl. A. CLACK, Army Service Corps, awarded the French Military Medal for daring while carrying despatches.

Lieut.-Com. E. C. COOKSON, R.N., who, since being awarded the D.S.O., has been reported killed.

Assist.-Paymstr. H. M. FITCH, R.N., awarded the Fifth Class Order of the White Eagle.

Com. C. P. TALBOT, R.N., who has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order for his bravery.

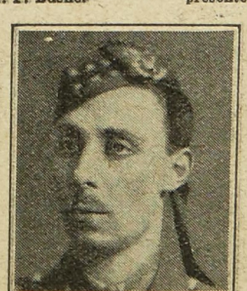
Capt. ROBERT LORAINE, Royal Flying Corps. This well-known actor-aviator has won the Military Cross.

Cpl. J. C. ALLPRESS, R.H.A., receiving the D.C.M. from Brig.-Gen. T. F. Bushe.

Lance-Corporal BEALE, Royal Engineers, being presented with D.C.M. by Gen. Sir Francis Lloyd.

Sec.-Lieut. R. RAWLINS, R.H.A., being given the D.C.M. by Brig.-Gen. T. F. Bushe.

Sec.-Lieut. N. E. WEBSTER, Sherwood Foresters, who has received the Military Cross.



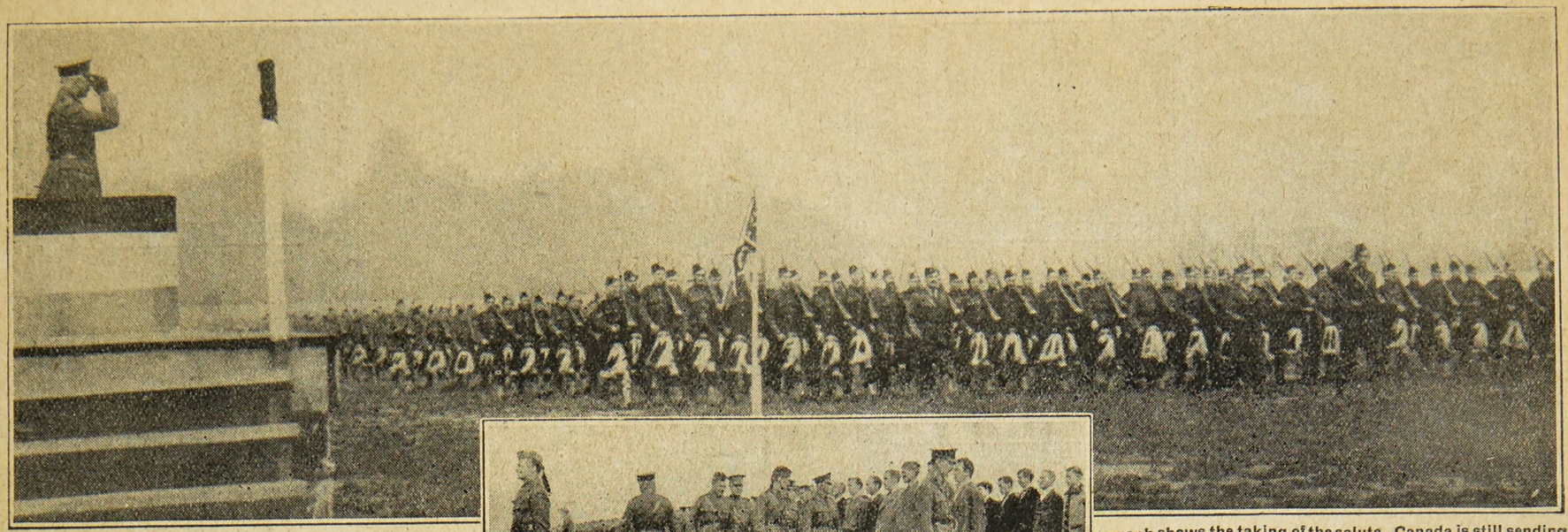
Lieut. G. H. WYNDHAM-GREEN, Seaforth Highrs., who has gained the Military Cross.

Capt. W. C. WILSON, 2nd Leicestershire Regt., who has been awarded the D.S.O.

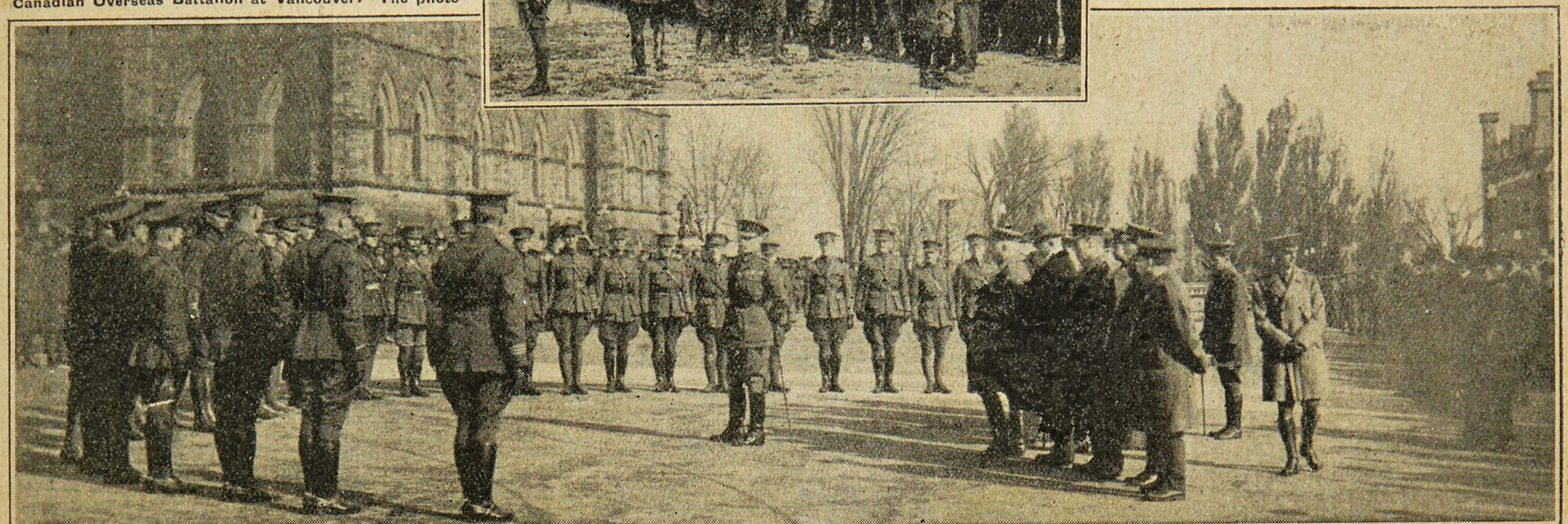
Capt. P. H. HANSEN, V.C., Lincolnshire Regt., who has gained the Military Cross.

Lance-Sergt. J. WILLIAMS, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who gained the D.C.M.

(Portraits by Russell, Lafayette, Elliott & Fry.)



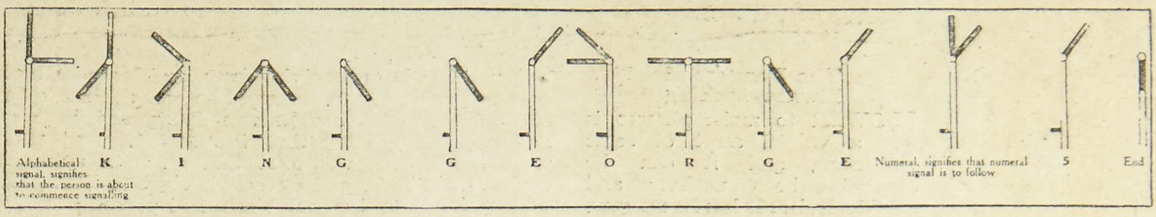
H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught inspecting the 72nd Canadian Overseas Battalion at Vancouver. The photograph shows the taking of the salute. Canada is still sending of her best to emulate the deeds of her first contingents.



The Governor-General of the Dominion delivering a farewell message to a regiment before its departure for England. The centre photograph shows the Duke of Connaught with members of his Staff reviewing some of the newest recruits to the 72nd Battalion, who, even without their uniforms, look a particularly fine body of men.

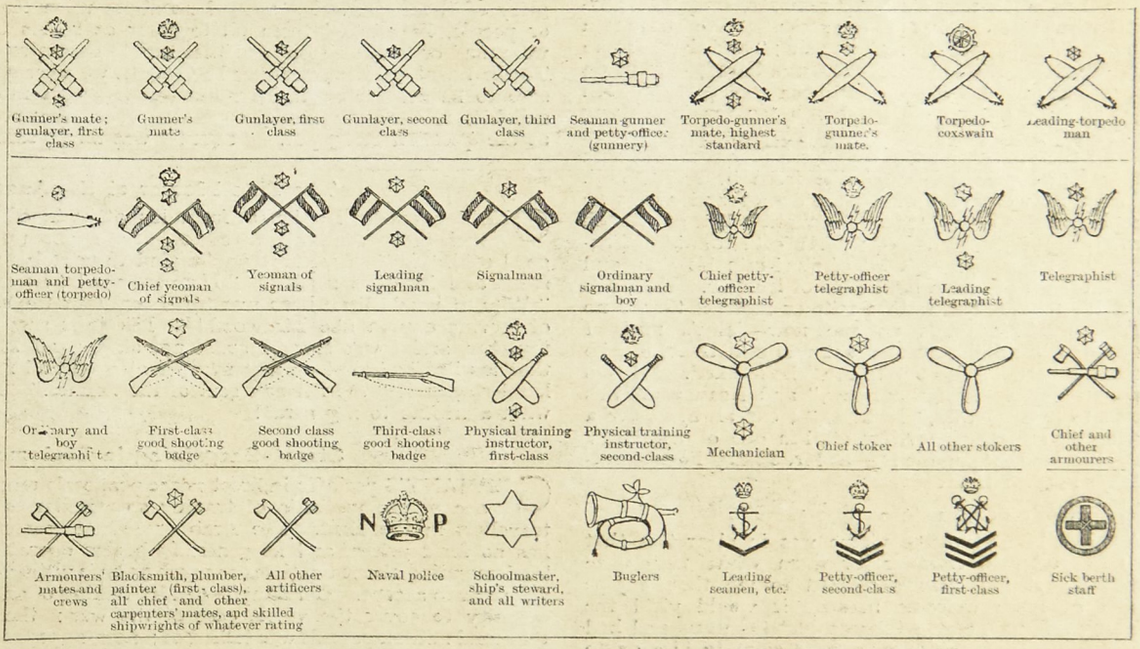
G.R.V.

How the Semaphore Spells Out the Name of King George



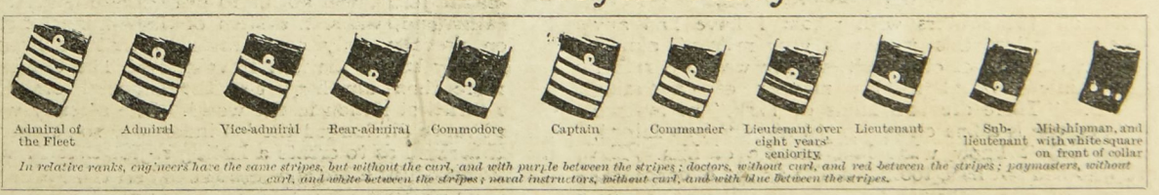
All ranks in the Royal Navy, from boy to Admiral of the Fleet, are illustrated by the badges shown on this page. The number of stripes of gold braid worn by naval officers on their sleeves varies according to their ranks; executive officers only wear the curl to the top row of braid. Engineer officers, doctors, paymasters, naval instructors, etc., wear the same number of stripes as corresponding ranks in executives, only without the curl and with different colours between the gold bands, as follows: Engineers, purple between stripes; doctors, red; paymasters, white; naval instructors, blue. Above and including the rank of commanders, the peak of the cap bears an edging of gold. In full-dress uniform cocked hats, etc., are worn; midshipmen wear a white square with a gold button on the

Distinguishing Badges Worn on the Arms by Petty Officers, Men and Boys in the Royal Navy



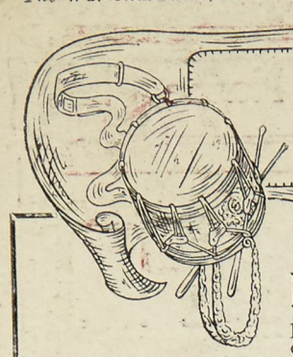
collars of coats. The distinguishing badges worn by the men vary considerably in both colour and form, but there are several principles which always remain. For instance, a gunner or gunlayer always has a gun or guns with or without stars and crown, according to rank. The same idea holds good generally—the stoker being distinguished by a "screw" or propeller, the signalman by crossed flags, torpedo ratings by a torpedo, and so on. Wireless telegraphists wear two wings with lightning; physical instructors wear crossed clubs, etc., as their badges. The greater the number of stars or other additions to the badges, the higher the rank of the wearer. Sick-berth attendants have a Red Cross in a red circle. Naval police have a crown with N.P. in red.

Stripes of Rank Worn on the Arms by Officers of the Royal Navy



In relative ranks, engineers have the same stripes, but without the curl, and with purple between the stripes; doctors, without curl, and red between the stripes; paymasters, without curl, and white between the stripes; naval instructors, without curl, and with blue between the stripes.

G.R.V.



Drum Taps: Notes on War News

The Dangers of Phrase-Making

POWER to make phrases is a valued asset of some politicians, and it can be employed both usefully and effectively, but it has its dangers, especially if there is any suggestion of flippancy in its use. Mr. Churchill's description of the Dardanelles operations as a legitimate gamble seems to have fallen unpleasantly on a good many Australian ears. "It may be very clever," one wounded Anzac said to me, "and it may be a right way to talk, but it's only one of lots of things to do with the Dardanelles that have left a nasty taste in my mouth. I was only a small card, but I was one of a good many packs that were strewn on the ground.".

"A Legitimate Gamble" indeed!

WE were having a disconnected conversation over breakfast, and his stray remarks, dropped intermittently, interested me intensely. "We began a thousand and twenty strong," he said; "and there's more than twenty, but a long way short of a thousand of us on our feet now." He himself had been shot through both legs, and after lying on the beach for ten hours was picked up by a stretcher-party. He had hardly been laid on the stretcher when another bullet went through his foot and passed through the front bearer as well.

When he was got back to the doctor and nurses he complained of a sore throat. "Thought I had got a chill on the beach," he explained; "it's cold towards morning," and they pumped a lot of stuff into his arm, and he got off with quite a light dose of lockjaw. Now he's all right, thanks, can walk a mile or more, if there's no hurry. But his foot's no use now—joint's stiff. I showed some relief that the foot was still there, but he shook his head. "No use to me," he insisted. "I was a dancer—music-halls, you know," and I saw what this meant to him. "Still," he said, "I can always drive a car, or do something. After all, I'm one of the lucky ones!" "'Some' gamble!"—as Mr. Henry Ford's compatriots might remark.

The Virtue of Cigarettes

I ASKED him what the virtue was in cigarettes that made all men clamour for them when they were wounded; it had always seemed to me that a pipe should be more welcome because it would yield the soothing influence of the tobacco just the same and had the additional advantage of a hard stem to bite on to when pain was very great. My friend did not know, but he had never heard a wounded man ask for a pipe. "Some are mad for water," he said; "it depends where you're hit, I believe, but most crave for cigarettes. I did. The very minute they gave me one I was content, and the pain seemed to go. Imagination, perhaps, but good enough. I smoked nine straight off, and then the doctor thought I had better not have any more, but I didn't care then, the first pull at the first one had really put me right. Yes, it does seem queer. So does getting wounded."

Turks—and Turks

LIKE all the soldiers with whom I have had any conversation, this man was very reticent, almost silent, on the subject of atrocities. He was also rather exceptionally judicial in his manner of expressing opinions. "There are two kinds of Turk," he assured me, "and one is a fine chap. A pal of mine was sniped, and we didn't know what had become of him. The Turk who had got him, took him into a kind of concealed dug-out that he was sniping from, and looked after him for three days. Then one night he brought him in to us, because he was afraid he was dying, and he himself surrendered. I think that was decent. And another man, a sergeant, was shot through both ankles and couldn't get back, and we couldn't get to him. When we did, we found that the Turks had poured paraffin all over him and put a match to it. Those chaps belonged to a different caste, you see, and they thought they were doing their duty. Mutilation's a sort of religious ceremony with some of them. But, of course, one can't expect the victim to look at it in quite the same light." Could sense of fairness go farther than that?

German Rabies

FOR the German's excesses he had nothing but the severest condemnation, the distinction he drew between the two being that while the ignorant Moslem might torture and slay for the glory of the Prophet, the enlightened Teuton only did it to minister to the vain glory of the Kaiser. He wasted no abuse upon Kaiser or people, he lumped them all together as beasts that were mad or bad, or both, and that had to be destroyed. To the banal question whether he thought we were quite sure to be able to do it, he replied with a curt monosyllable, following a hardly-concealed look of surprise at the question being put. "Sure!" was all he said.

The Fine Flower of the Anzacs

ONLY once did he depart from his attitude of detached, unemotional aloofness. As I got up to go, I said, "Well, I suppose you're glad to have been in it?" and his eyes flashed. "Heaven, yes!" he said. "Why, it would have been worth it if only for the sake of serving a man like Birdwood!" His jaws snapped together, and I was sorry I could not stay, for I knew that his lips had shut on any number of good and first-hand stories of "the life and soul of the Anzacs." But what a tribute to a general!

Street-Bargaining in Diplomacy

GERMANY'S periodic indirect peace proposals remind one of the methods of trading so familiar to all travellers in the East. The Arab or Indian merchant has no fixed prices, and he generally begins operations by demanding about ten times as much as he is ultimately prepared to accept. Germany began by talking of an indemnity to cover the whole cost of the war; then a thousand million pounds was talked of; now, apparently, an honourable peace—whatever that may mean—will be sufficient. It will be interesting, during the next few months, to mark the progressive abatement in the German demands, but even Germany's "rock-bottom" will be found to be very different from what the Allies are prepared to allow.

The Wonderful Stocking

THE phenomenal success of the French War Loan dispelled the absurd rumours that our ally's reservoir of wealth was fast running dry. There is really no limit to the capacity of the proverbial French stocking. The "Loan of Victory," as it was so picturesquely phrased by General Joffre, will go far to disseminate despair in the Fatherland, where a system of State financial corruption prevails, only comparable to that in France immediately before the first Revolution. The Germans fear more than anything else the financial stability of the thriftiest nation in the world. The alacrity with which France discharged the '70 indemnity so staggered the Fatherland as to create a lasting regret that Prussia had not asked for more.

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Specially Enlarged Number. Christmas, 1915

The War Illustrated

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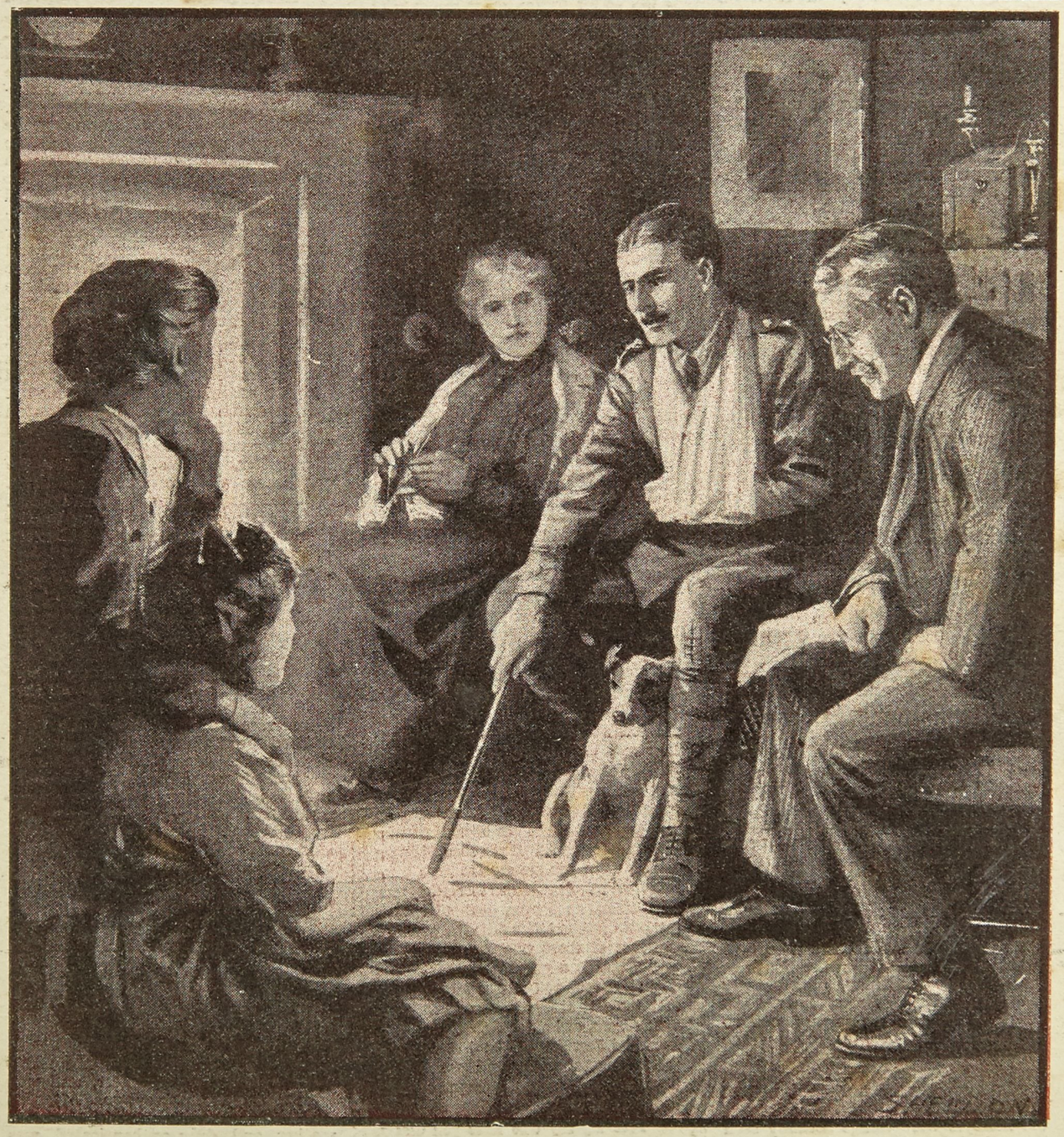


Vol. 3

His Regiment's Battle-Honours : Telling of the Glories won at Loos

No. 71

A Voice from the Paradise of the Brave

TENNYSON in "In Memoriam" expressed the sentiment of every mourner when he described the condolences of sympathetic friends as "common commonplace, and vacant chaff well meant for grain." The sympathisers themselves are conscious of the futility of speech, and very often it is only personal reluctance to run the risk of having silence misinterpreted as indifference, in a world where convention is strong, that prompts them to say anything when they know that in reality there is nothing for them to say. And on the other side, the mourner chafes inwardly at the intrusion of any other person into the holy space dedicated to contemplation of the fresh memory of the dead. He understands the motive and appreciates the good intention, but the result is almost offence.

GRIEF acts like a kind of magic cloak which envelops the individual in misty folds and bears him away to a remote pinnacle where it sets him in inaccessible isolation. The sense of loneliness is overwhelming; so surprising, indeed, that it almost becomes impossible to believe that the experience is not unique. "Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?" Many of us echo that old question in the first flush of grief, and some of us even go so far as to discover a kind of bitter-sweet satisfaction in the contemplation of ourselves as persons singled out by destiny for exceptional affliction. Of course, this is morbid. But even when it is not allowed to become morbid, grief does take men and women away and aloof from their fellows for a period, and sets them in an atmosphere where ordinary speech with them would be intrusion. Therefore, the kind and the truly wise hold their tongue and wait, not cynically, for time to do its work. They know that the mourner has no need of them to "help them up the brae."

IT is for "the sound of the voice that is still" that the ear strains and the heart aches on that solitary height. The mind goes back to the closing scenes and dwells upon the last words spoken in life, seeking to find some fuller significance in them than words of any language have. We feel that Shakespeare was right when he said that the words of dying men are spoken from some fuller knowledge than is vouchsafed to men in the vigour of health; the bonds of the flesh are loosening, and already the spirit has greater liberty to penetrate into the unknown; and so the words that are uttered by the failing voice may be prophetic, not foretelling events, but telling forth truths forgotten or unheeded before. We would believe that the visions of the martyrs were things actually seen if we had heard them described by the martyrs themselves; and the most conventional description of a deathbed scene that ever was penned by a pietistic story-teller would win acceptance if it were paralleled in our own experience or told us even so close as at second-hand. In the last resort intelligence yields to emotion, and the heart will often assent to what the head would deny.

"My dear little Mother,—

"I hope you will never receive this letter, for if it should reach you one day, it will be because I shall have gone to find father and my dear little brother once again.

"This thought of death does not terrify me the least bit in the world. If I fall, it will be for France, doing my duty as so many men are doing it at this moment. It is only for you that I am anxious, and I say to myself, 'What will become of poor mother?'

"If I come to die, this is what you must do. In the first place, you must have and show plenty of calm. You must keep all your coolness, and not go through the streets telling of your despair. Your grief must be quiet and dignified. Then you must go to father's grave at Luche-Thouarsais, and tell him that his two sons died doing their duty, and that his son-in-law did the same.

"My father will be content to know that his big Rodolphe and his little Emile fell on the field of honour. You will say to him, too, that Rodolphe fell as an officer, face to the enemy, and at the head of his men; he will be happy, and you, mother dear, will have the satisfaction of having given birth to good sons, whatever some people may have said. You must go back to your work at the station of Chef-Boutonne, and keep on with it until the day when you think you are tired enough and have worked enough to take a rest. You will then go back to your own land of Alsace, which will have become French once more, and you will say to yourself that if you are at Thann or Strassburg, it is because your sons did their part in restoring our beloved provinces to France. Let this thought sweeten your heart. It will be a comfort to you in your old age. I wish and long for you always good courage and confidence. Willing sacrifice and joy in resignation make strong souls.

"You must drive far from you all anger against anyone, whoever he may be. You must not be jealous of mothers who have kept their sons. If you should happen to sigh when you see my brother's comrades or my own, remember that your sons suffer no longer, and that their glorious death is better than the wretched existence of those who are left behind. There, that is a promise, isn't it? If I do not return, you will say to yourself that the last thoughts of your big son were of you, and sister Blanche, and that from the Paradise of the Brave I will protect you both. Loving kisses for you, then, and courage and strength of heart in life as in death.

"Your big boy who loves you dearly,

"RODOLPHE WURTS."

HARDLY less impressive and convincing are the words that have been set down on paper for the guidance or the comforting of their friends by men who, though in robust health at the moment, yet stood in immediate expectation of death. Here, too, most of us would be willing to concede that the conditions in which they were written might have invested the words with the same kind of prophetic quality, entirely unrelated to hysterical exaltation. They assume the nature of a last will and testament, and their earnestness, at any rate, is beyond suspicion. If, in addition, they are entirely free from artificiality, and are undeniably the ingenuous revelation of an ingenuous mind, any implicit confession of faith that they contain will peal out like a note rung on a clear glass bell, and its waves will carry to an infinite distance. And it will be all the better if the confession of faith is implicit, and is not an explicit recital of any definite creed. The better, that is to say, for the comforting of the world at large. Innuendo is a mighty powerful force, and it is never exasperating to the intelligence, as dogmatic statement very frequently is.

THERE are very many hundreds of thousands of people in the world to-day wrapped in sorrow, and not less completely isolated by their grief because they are aware of the physical proximity of so many others in like case. They would give all that is left to them of life for one word more from the lips that have been silenced "out there," for one message from beyond that shallow grave. A few such messages have come through, and in reproducing one—or rather a translation of it—in this page, we would repeat the suggestion that the kind of conditions in which it was written give it the kind of value that belongs to the utterance of a seer; the mere fact that it is entirely free from pietistic jargon makes its quiet assurance of the survival of personality, with all that that implies, very convincing and, surely, very comforting to people in distress, akin to that of the woman to whom it was addressed. She is an Alsatian, a humble employée on the French State Railways. Her son, who wrote this letter, rose to be an officer, and was killed in action not long ago. After his death the letter was forwarded to his mother, and, duly authenticated, was published in a leading French newspaper.

C. M.

23th December, 1915. No. 71. Vol. 3

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

"TO JACK—FOR LUCK: WITH LOVE—FROM HOME."

CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES

The Season of Peace in the Time of War: Memories and Musings by our War Correspondent

F. A. McKENZIE

CHRISTMAS in the trenches! It strikes one as incongruous, doesn't it? The celebration of the birth of the Prince of Peace amid all the surroundings of war! Yet there it is, and nowhere will the great day be more observed than in the front lines of our armies.

One's mind inevitably goes back at a time like this to the two previous occasions in modern days when Northern France was the area of war at Christmas-time—December, 1870, and the Christmas of 1914.

Looking over the records and the pictures of 1870, when war was fought in the open, enables one to realise the vast gulf between then and now. But in 1870, as in 1915, the note of war was tragedy. There had been a long spell of bitterly cold weather. The Germans, then as to-day, had been counting on finishing the war before Christmas arrived, and were bitterly disappointed at their failure. France saw grim ruin daily approaching nearer. The French prisoners of war in German camps, revolting at their treatment, had conspired to rise up on the night of Christmas Day, to disarm their guards, and to fight their way back to France. Their plot was discovered.

Yuletide and Wars of Yester Year

The French Army had few festivities. Food was scarce, money scarcer, and there was neither the time nor the spirit for even an hour of rejoicing. The Germans, however, had a merry day. Loads of gifts arrived by waggon from every part of their Fatherland. Deputations came to see that the gifts were properly distributed. There were Christmas-trees. In some of the places they started their festivities at 6.30 on Christmas Eve, with dances to the music of the regimental bands. They had feasts. The rooms were decorated with green branches, miniature candles, and toy confectionery. For a moment war paused. A few hours later deadly sorties and fierce advances set the ball rolling again.

The most remarkable feature in the trenches last year was the *rapprochement* that took place between the British and the German troops on parts of our lines, particularly on the Messines front. Who started it is by no means clear; but for some days before Christmas arrived there was a decided slackening of hostilities. Then a voice from one trench spoke to the enemy in the opposite trenches, suggesting that there should be no more serious firing until New Year's Day. The soldiers started to come out from cover; the British to the German trenches, the Germans to the British trenches. They exchanged drinks and smokes; they had mutual sing-songs.

The Quaint Fraternity of Enmity

The thing was, of course, from a military point of view, a great scandal. If soldiers on opposite sides made friends with one another in this way, war would soon be impossible. Talking with the men who took part in these meetings weeks afterwards, it was easy to see how deeply they had been touched. They had discovered that their enemies, who for weeks had been trying to kill them, and whom they had been trying to kill, were much like themselves. The Saxon soldiers, who faced our troops at this point, were the best of the German Army, men who throughout had been most noted for their humanity, and who most nearly resemble our own lads. Surely these gatherings in the "No Man's Land" between the trenches were the very culmination of the irony of war!

There will be nothing of that this year. The Germans at many points are anxious to have an informal truce. They have already been calling out across their lines, "Christmas coming. No more shoot." But they are not meeting with any response. Our armies have too many bitter recollections from the twelve months that have passed, recollections that cannot be effaced. They have read of the treatment of our own soldiers in German prison camps. They have experienced the German poison gas. Every soldier knows many cases of the shocking treatment of our wounded. There will be no friendly stretching out of hands this year.

But Christmas will be observed in very marked fashion, and, unless some stern commander orders an advance on this day, things will be reported as "Quiet along the front." The parcels begin to arrive at least a fortnight before Christmas, and they arrive in such overwhelming numbers that it is hardly possible to deal with them. Few soldiers but have at least some friend to send them something, and there are organisations galore—Christmas pudding funds, cigarette funds, county leagues and societies, and regimental bodies—all pouring in seasonable fare. It would be a very good thing if all the luxuries that arrive around Christmas Day could be spread over the weeks before and after.

Signs and Symbols of Festivity

There will be decorations, if it is only of Christmas cards from home, even in the dug-outs. There will be feasts in the front lines. But the full celebration will be in the rest camps behind. There Christmas will be observed almost as elaborately as in barracks in England. The non-commissioned officers in many a regiment have already sent to England for their packages of vari-coloured tissue paper. From this the handy men of the company make all kinds of decorations—chains across the ceilings of the huts, roses around the walls, and Christmas mottoes pasted on white sheets, and stuck up on the walls. Even the mud of the rest camps—the thick, cloying, penetrating, indescribable mud, which must be felt to be realised—will not be allowed to spoil the good temper on this day.

Christmas will start early, and there will be music everywhere, for the loneliest and smallest outpost at least have their jew's harp. The Highland regiments will forget for the time that the real Scotch celebration comes on New Year's Day, and not on Christmas Day, and the skirl of the pipers will liven the air of many and many a camp. The regimental officers will, as they always do at such a time, come into real hearty personal contact with their men.

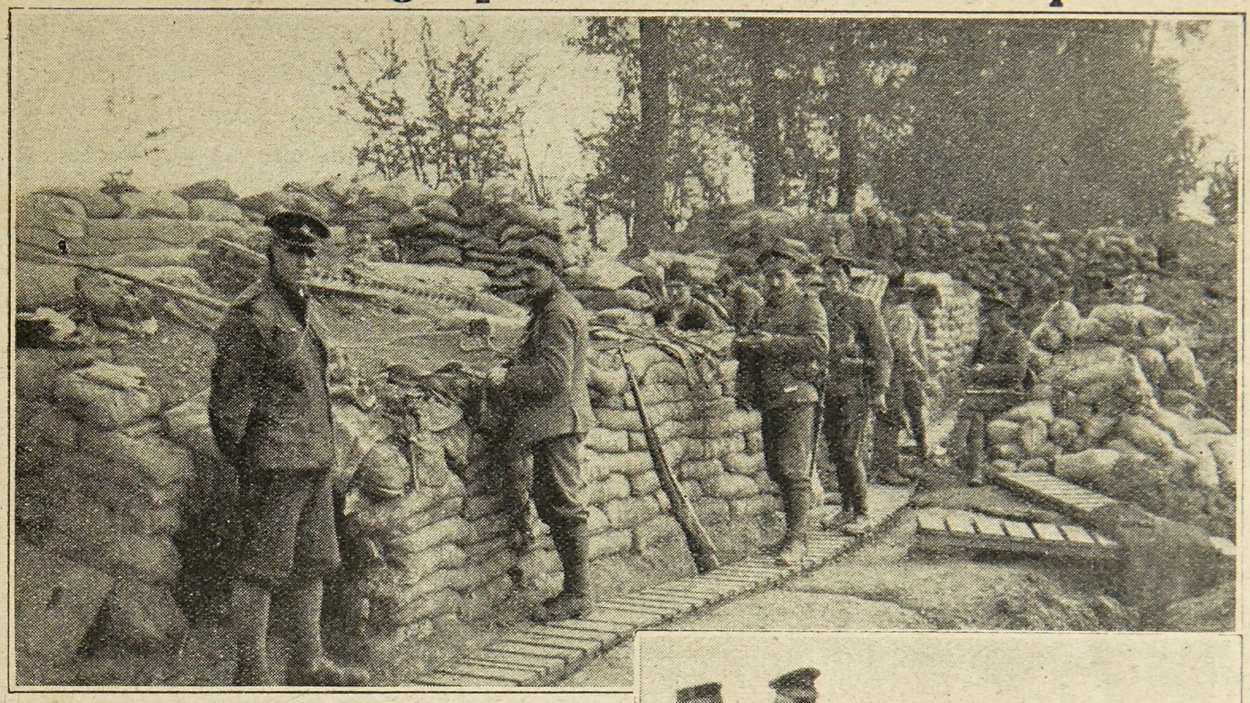
I would like to be at one of two of the dinners in the rest camps. I can see them as on the show occasions I have known. There will be a shell-case, or a couple of shell-cases, carefully polished, in the middle of the table, to hold some flowers that have come from home. There will be candles around, stuck in ginger-beer bottles. The glasses or mugs will be of infinite variety. Dinner will probably be eaten in comparative peace, for the German soldier is eminently a sentimentalist. Christmas is his great festival, and he will probably have no desire on his own side to force the fighting on that day.

Two Great Toasts of the Dying Year

There will be two toasts this year in many a hut and many an officers' mess that they did not have at home. One, drunk in silence, will be "To those who have gone"; and the other, drunk sometimes with a lump in the throat, will be "To the dear ones at home." They will tell tales of "Blighty," and think of us as we, seated around our own firesides, kept safe by their work, will be thinking of them.

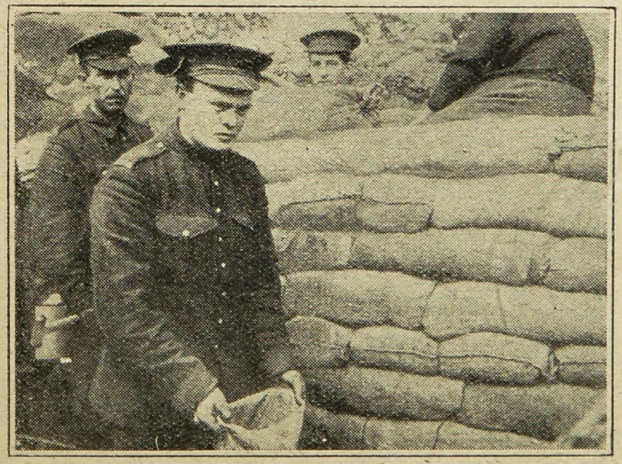
That is how Christmas will probably be spent on the western front. I cannot think that there will be similar conditions in the Balkans. There our lads are likely to have nothing but strenuous, furious endeavour against desperate odds. Their parcels may or may not have come. Unless the situation has markedly changed between the moment of writing and Christmas Day, every man in the lines there will be on the *qui vive* all day, ready for anything.

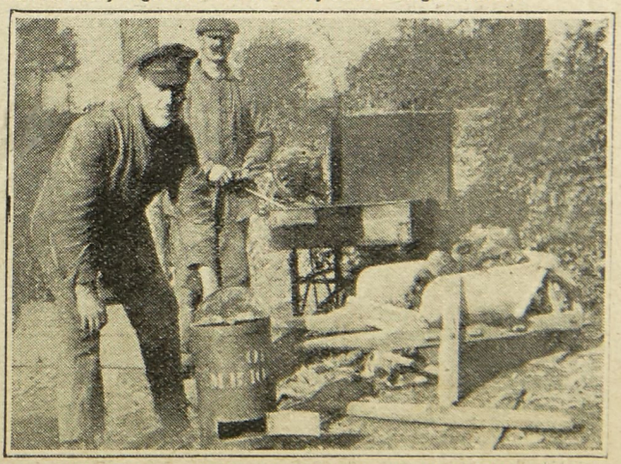
First-line Photographs from General Headquarters



In a British first-line trench. This Christmastide our soldiers will not suffer so greatly from the mud and water, for trenches are now provided with wooden floors.

Snug corner of a British first-line trench. A soldier is carefully shaving in anticipation of Christmas leave. Right: The Queen of the Belgians and Prince Alexander of Teck at the review of an infantry regiment held recently on the Belgian shore.





Canadian soldiers building a traverse with sand-bags in a front-line trench in France. Right: Braziers which will take the place of Yule-logs at the front. A Canadian soldier with a stove he has made from a disused petrol-can. (The first, second, and fourth photographs are official, from General Headquarters, and the Crown copyright is reserved.)

Naval Supremacy and How to Apply It

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE Navy will still be on guard while we are celebrating Christmas, more sadly than usual, but still with the consolation of women and children to make it Christmas. Afloat the messes will be decorated, and the officers parade behind the captain at noon to the strains of "The Roast Beef of Old England," partaking at each mess of a mouthful of the offerings held up on a tray.

For this moment a portion of the Navy, while the guard against the Hun is as strict as ever, will relax from the iron routine which has ensured the safety of our kingdom, our Empire, and our trade.

Let us always remember that the perfection of the Navy was the result of many years of effort, and the way to use it needs even more prolonged thought.

The Brain of a Navy

A friendly critic has said to me that this sort of talk of how brains fight the war years before it comes reminds him of schools which shout for efficiency or economy, which in a general way we are all in favour of. "Show us," he says, "in a concrete instance, like the Dardanelles, how your brains would have got to work." I accept the challenge, so far as space allows, and will say how forty years' continuous work would be done by an Imperial War Staff. There would be the following sections: (*a*) The Records; (*b*) The Historical; (*c*) The Geographical; (*d*) The Statistical; (*e*) The Embassy, and other reports.

The Records Section

A record should be kept of every British citizen who has travelled over Gallipoli on the opposite side, so as to acquire knowledge of value, or who has gained an intimate acquaintance with the surrounding waters, the languages, and the habits of the peasantry, etc. These records should be kept up to date, and touch kept with those concerned. The age, physique, personal characteristics of leading Turkish statesmen, soldiers, and sailors, which are likely to influence their actions, should be carefully recorded and kept up to date.

The Historical Section

Prepares critical examinations of all campaigns in and around Gallipoli, with cross references to campaigns of a similar character elsewhere.

It examines all home and foreign literature on the subject, and carries the study right up to the conclusion, which must be the occupation of Constantinople and the opening of the Black Sea to commerce. It attempts to estimate how far modern conditions have modified the circumstances of past campaigns. It should secretly cause public discussions to take place on certain knotty points, with the view to obtaining outside opinions, arguments, and criticisms.

The Geographical Section

Obtains the most up-to-date charts and military maps, information as to new leading marks, buildings, condition of roads, water supply, possibilities of constructing artificial harbours, and enlists the aid of voluntary organisations like the Geographical Society. Gallipoli, being very unfavourable to the maintenance of a large permanent garrison, a special study should be made of the transport arrangements by which troops would be sent there and maintained, and how many troops are likely to be immobilised there, supposing we merely threaten to invade and never do so.

The rest of the coast of European and Asiatic Turkey should be carefully examined to give us the double objective to the Dardanelles, in order that a strong point may be made to draw troops and supplies or even to become the main objective if the Dardanelles is held in too great force. The double objective is most important to amphibious operations, because of the rapidity with which troops can be moved by sea. Frederick the Great once said that but for the science of geography he might have been an honest man, and Moltke said that three-fourths of the science of war lay in geography.

The Dardanelles campaign would necessarily involve the selection of bases for naval and military purposes, with due regard to safety, hygiene, etc., among the islands. The geographical features would then be dealt with by gunnery experts, with the view of settling how guns can best be brought into play from land and sea.

The details connected with the outflow of the currents of the Dardanelles and the occasional reversal after a southerly gale should be specially considered. The effect of gales, combined with currents on a mine-field in deep waters such as the Dardanelles, should be the subject of special experiment under the auspices of the torpedo schools. At the same time the naval gunnery schools, the Royal Engineer and Royal Artillery officers at Chatham and Woolwich, should work out how far guns and howitzers on shore, with the advantages of concealment, have gained on ships which are built and armed to fight ships and not forts, and how far they are able to protect the mine-fields from disturbance.

The Statistical Section

The Statistical Section would have to study all the details of strength and resources. In the case of such a nation as Turkey, possessing what can be made an impregnable barrier to surface craft in the Dardanelles, the statistics of the enemies of the submarine are the most important. Taking the mine destroyers, they are all so lightly armed that a gunnery expert would at once be struck with the fact that it would have been quite possible to have built, without detriment to our general strategy, submarines which could easily fight and defeat these vessels and the smaller torpedo-boats on the surface. In this way the Sea of Marmora could have been dominated if secret supplies of oil could have been arranged for in advance.

The Embassy Reports, etc.

These should feed all the sections, but should also include the best estimates that can be formed as to the morale and matériel of the Turkish forces. Great care should be taken to note the training of the fixed and mobile defensive forces. Commercial reports should deal with existing stocks of coal, oil, food, etc., and contracts being fulfilled out of Turkey. The sources of supply should be indicated and their proximity to raiding attacks. The seasonal effects on Turkish arms for a declaration of war should be considered.

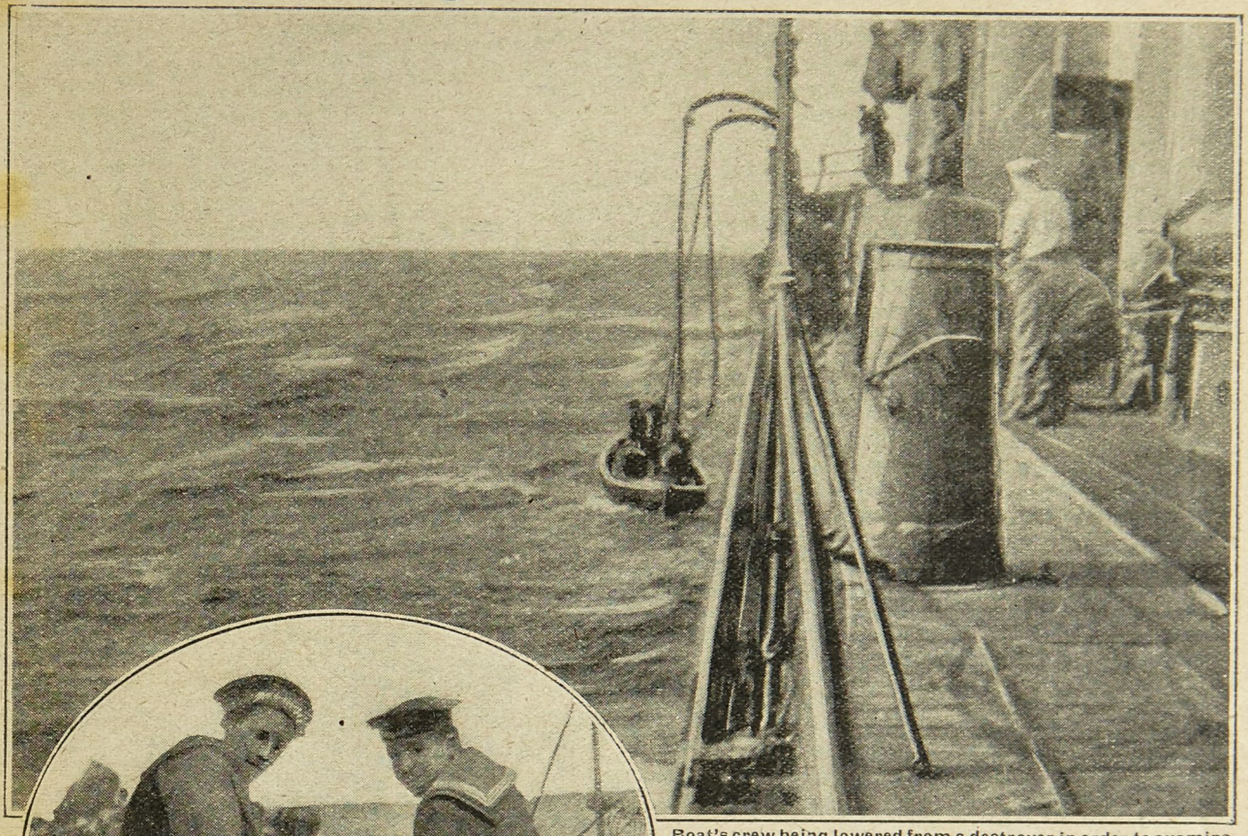
Lastly, the filing system should be very complete, so that details are readily accessible

The Plan Complete

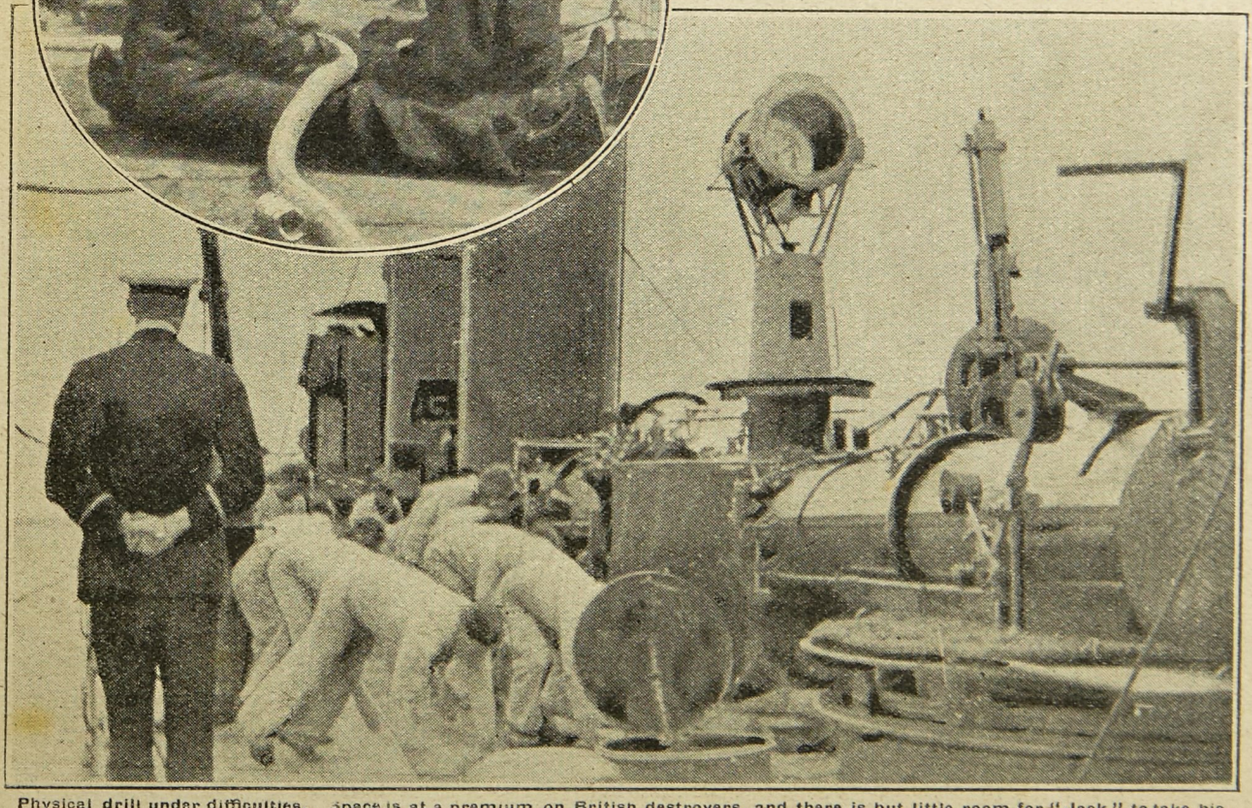
The secret plan would only be known to the naval and military chiefs. It would not be rigid, but adaptable to factors which vary with time; but the Dardanelles campaign must include Constantinople for its objective. The plan must take in the possibility of allies on either side. A plan which is ready can be acted on quickly, and this is a necessary part of it, for the Turk is slow in getting into his stride, and if money, munitions, and officers can come from an ally, his forces are capable of dangerous expansion. The complete plan would be produced for the War Cabinet when the time came. It could not be arrived at by haphazard discussion round a table or by telegrams to officers. The officer selected to carry it out should not be appointed unless he has confidence in it, and should himself have been warned long before to make a special study of the sphere of operations.

Messmates all! Since the beginning of the war these Jack Tars have been together the whole time, serving with the Naval Brigade in Belgium and escaping in the famous retreat. They are now doing duty on a patrol ship.

The Ceaseless Vigil of our Coastwise Guardians

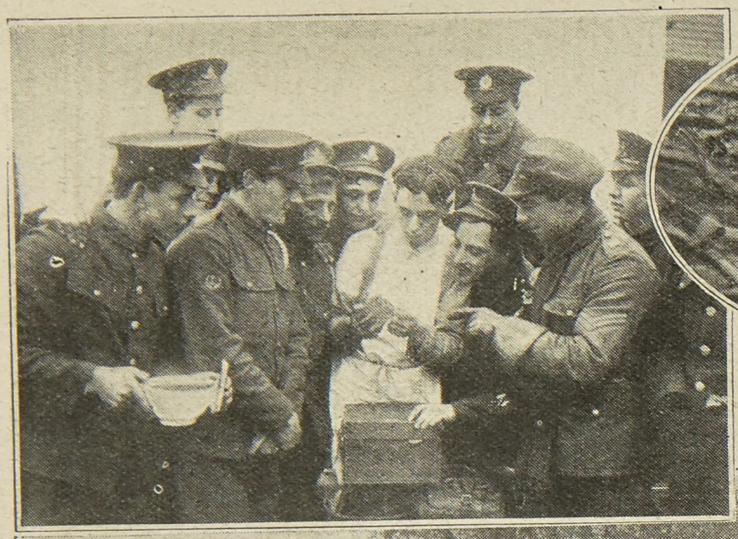


Boat's crew being lowered from a destroyer in order to examine a doubtful-looking craft that had been signalled to stop.



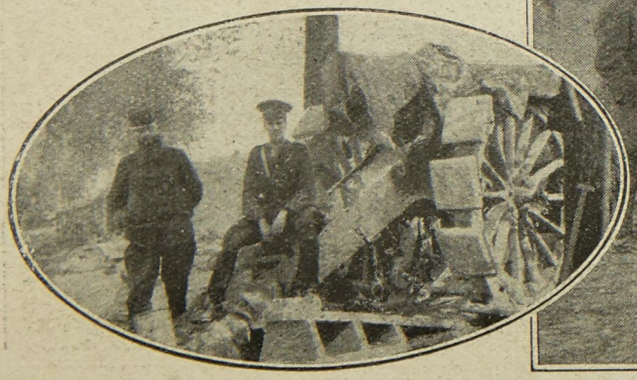
Physical drill under difficulties. Space is at a premium on British destroyers, and there is but little room for "Jack" to take his necessary exercise. Inset: "Handymen" repairing a hose-pipe on the deck of a destroyer cleared for action.

The Tide of War ebbs in Flanders at Yuletide



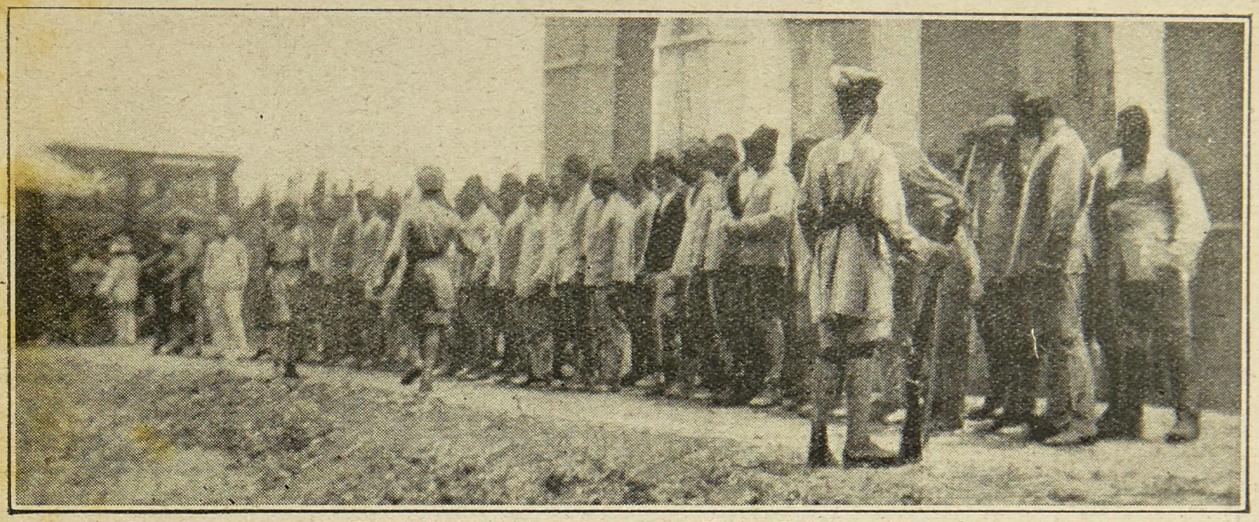
On the left: British Army cook with a tinned plum-pudding. Above: Where the best of Britain's manhood will spend Christmas—a typical corner in a British trench.

British gun and munitions supply train in France about to start for a railway base behind the lines

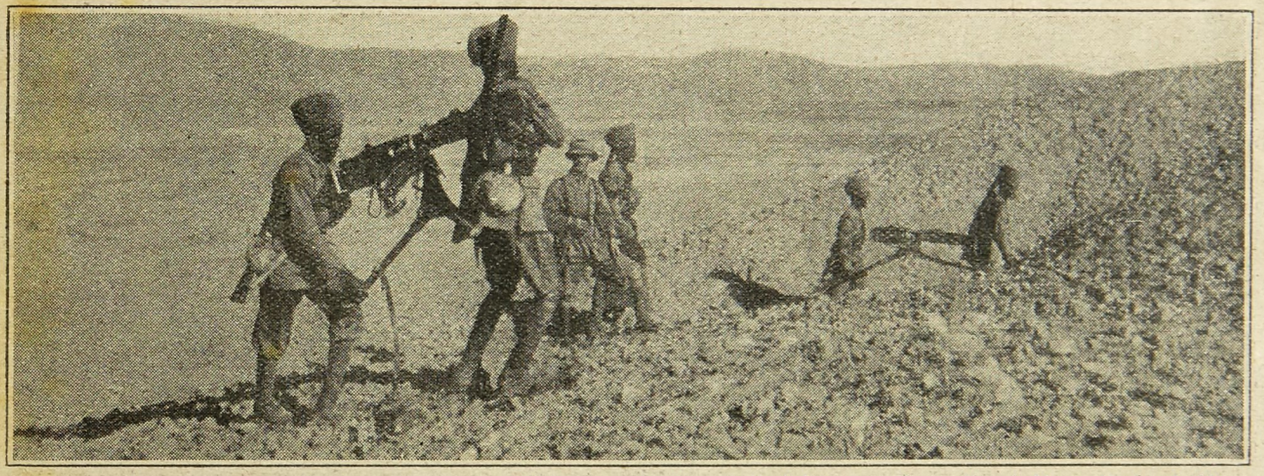


"L'Entente Cordiale" Christmas. British and French artillery officers behind a great masked gun on the French front. Right: Buying Christmas fare within sound of the guns. French peasant girls selling fruits to British soldiers at a camp behind the firing-line.

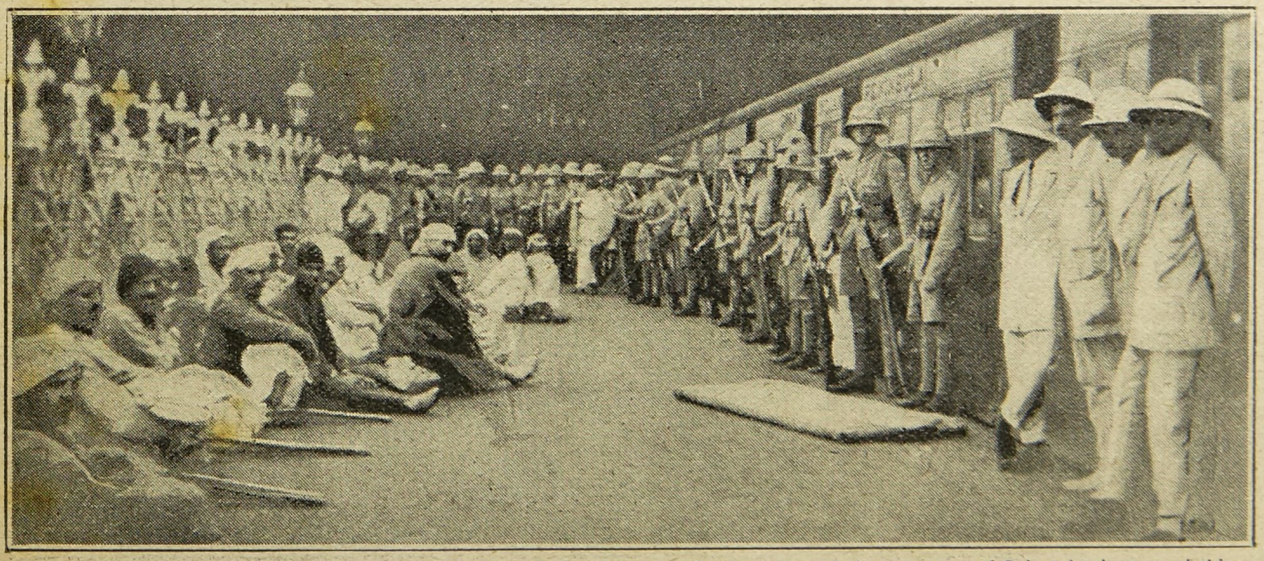
Round about Bagdad, City of the Caliphs



Turkish prisoners captured by the British in the neighbourhood of the Persian Gulf, line up to receive new clothes at a temporary headquarters. They are in the charge of Indian soldiers.



Indian machine-gun battery going into action over undulating desert territory, typical of the scene of operations in Mesopotamia. An idea of the fierce rays of the sun may be gathered from the dense shadows cast by the figures. A British officer superintends the operations.



This photograph illustrates veritably the meeting of the East and West. On the station platform a group of Oriental prisoners, clad in Western overcoats and picturesque turbans, await transportation to a camp by the great Indian Peninsular train, under British escort.

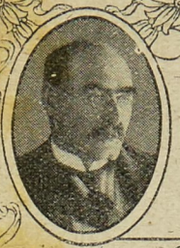
Troop Trains & Transports for the Balkan Front

British troops entraining for the front in the Strumnitza district, east of the Salonika-Nish railway, the only line up which to pass them.

British column arriving at the front to join their British and French comrades operating towards Strumnitza.

British soldier at Valandovo carrying a wounded comrade to a village hospital near the trenches.

General Sarrail (x), the French Commander-in-Chief in the Balkans, supervising the entraining of troops for the front. This photograph, in combination with the one at the top, completes the scene.



Rudyard Kipling.

THE TWENTY BEST WAR POEMS

Specially Selected for "The War Illustrated"

By Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

In making this selection of war poems I have tried to do justice to various interests—to our Allies, and especially to our Dominions, also to the various forms of service, and to the new perils that have disclosed themselves in the war. Nor could I forget either the sorrows of bereavement or the religious hope that has sustained so many combatants in the battlefield and so many aching hearts at home.—W. R. N.

Thomas Hardy.

"FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE." By Rudyard Kipling.

Some lines in Mr. Kipling's poem have passed into the consciousness of the nation. Those who heard Lord Plymouth at Queen's Hall after his son's death will never forget how he quoted the words: "Who dies if England live?"

FOR all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and meet the war.
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone.

Though all we knew depart,
The old commandments stand;
"In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:—
"No law except the sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled."
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight—
The ages' slow-bought gain
They shrivelled in a night,
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.

Though all we made depart
The old commandments stand:—
"In patience keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

No easy hopes or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all—
For each one life to give.
Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

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MEN WHO MARCH AWAY.

(Song of the Soldiers.)

By Thomas Hardy.

These verses of Mr. Thomas Hardy share with Mr. Kipling the distinction of making a universal appeal.

WHAT of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing grey,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye
Who watch us stepping by
With doubt and dolorous sigh?
Can much pondering so hoodwink you!
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We see well what we are doing,
Though some may not see—
Dalliers as they be!—
England's need are we;
Her distress would set us rueing:
Nay. We see well what we are doing,
Though some may not see!

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing grey,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away.

"TO A FALSE PATRIOT."

By Sir Owen Seaman.

Sir Owen Seaman has been at his best in "Punch" in a series of poems that have won attention by their pathos, their sarcasm, their courage, and their fine indignation. The following verses are characteristic.

HE came obedient to the Call;
He might have shirked like half his mates
Who, while their comrades fight and fall,
Still go to swell the football gates.

And you, a patriot in your prime,
You waved a flag above his head,
And hoped he'd have a high old time,
And slapped him on the back and said:

"You'll show 'em what we British are!
Give us your hand, old pal, to shake";
And took him round from bar to bar
And made him drunk—for England's sake.

That's how you helped him. Yesterday,
Clear-eyed and earnest, keen and hard,
He held himself the soldier's way—
And now they've got him under guard.

That doesn't hurt you; you're all right;
Your easy conscience takes no blame;
But he, poor boy, with morning's light,
He eats his heart out, sick with shame.

What's that to you? You understand
Nothing of all his bitter pain;
You have no regiment to brand;
You have no uniform to stain;

No vow of service to abuse,
No pledge to King and Country due;
But he had something dear to lose,
And he has lost it—thanks to you.

THE KAISER AND GOD

By Barry Pain.

This masterpiece of irony is from the text, "I rejoice with you in Wilhelm's first victory. How magnificently God supported him!"—Telegram from the Kaiser to the Crown Princess.

LED by Wilhelm, as you tell,
God has done extremely well;
You with patronising nod
Show that you approve of God.
Kaiser, face a question new—
This—does God approve of you?

Broken pledges, treaties torn,
Your first page of war adorn;
We on fouler things must look
Who read further in that book,
Where you did in time of war
All that you in peace forswore,
Where you, barbarously wise,
Bade your soldiers terrorise,
Where you made—the deed was fine—
Women screen your firing-line,
Villages burned down to dust,
Torture, murder, bestial lust,
Filth too foul for printer's ink,
Crimes from which the apes would shrink—
Strange the offerings that you press
On the God of Righteousness!

Kaiser, when you'd decorate
Sons or friends who serve your State,
Not that Iron Cross bestow,
But a Cross of Wood, and so—
So remind the world that you
Have made Calvary anew.

Kaiser, when you'd kneel in prayer
Look upon your hands, and there
Let that deep and awful stain
From the blood of children slain
Burn your very soul with shame,
Till you dare not breathe that Name
That now you glibly advertise—
God as one of your allies.

Impious braggart, you forget;
God is not your conscript yet;
You shall learn in dumb amaze
That His ways are not your ways,
That the mire through which you trod
Is not the high white road of God.
To Whom, whichever way the combat rolls,
We, fighting to the end, commend our souls.

"THE HOSTS OF THE DEAD."

Written by a Canadian soldier in camp near Ypres.

IN lonely watches night by night
Great visions burst upon my sight,
For down the stretches of the sky
The hosts of dead go marching by.

Strange ghastly banners o'er them float,
Strange bugles sound an awful note;
And all their faces and their eyes
Are lit with starlight from the skies.

The anguish and the pain have passed,
And peace hath come to them at last;
But in the stern looks linger still
The iron purpose and the will.

INTO BATTLE. By Julian Grenfell.

No poem of the war reflected more perfectly the mind of the soldiers than this by the gallant Capt. the Hon. Julian Grenfell, D.S.O., who died a hero's death.

THE naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth; [run,
Speed with the light-foot winds to
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
"If this be the last song you shall sing
"Sing well, for you may not sing another;
"Brother, sing."

In dreary doubtful waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy-of-Battle takes [blind,
Him by the throat, and makes him

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

Flanders, April, 1915.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9th, 1914. By Neil Munro.

The religious feeling of the nation is well expressed in this poem by the brilliant Scottish novelist.

LORD, from this storm-awakened isle,
At this dark hour on land and sea,
'Twixt bugle-call and Sabbath bell
Go up our prayers to Thee.

For the long years of sanctuary
We tender thanks, O Lord!
For peaceful fields and sacred hearths,
And the unused sword.

Thine be the praise. And now when quakes
The world, and trials come,
O God, preserve inviolate
Our ancient island Home!

O! had we died untried, unproved,
And missed this hour of stress!—
Praise be to God for this last gift,
The joy of steadfastness!

Where'er our people be to-night,
Our husbands or our sons,
Tossed on the thunder-bolted deep,
Or bivouacked by the guns;

Treading the mire of a foreign land,
Or guarding our native coasts,
Be Thou their Shield and Comforter,
We pray Thee, God of Hosts!

THE ZEPPELIN. By Laurence Binyon.

Mr. Laurence Binyon is as much the poet of the Zeppelin as Mr. Henley was of the motor-car.

GUNS! Far and near,
Quick, sudden, angry,
They startle the still street.
Upturned faces appear,
Doors open on darkness,
There is a hurrying of feet,
And whirled athwart gloom
White fingers of alarm
Point at last there
Where bright and dumb
A shape suspended
Hovers, a demon of the starry air.
Strange and cold as a dream
Of sinister fancy,
It charms like a snake,
Poised deadly in the gleam,
While bright explosions
Leap up to it and break.

Is it terror you seek
To exult in? Know then
Hearts are here
That the plunging beak
Of night-winged murder
Strikes not with fear
So much as it strings
To a deep elation
And a quivering pride
That at last the hour brings
For them too the danger
Of those who died,
Of those who yet fight
Spending for each of us
Their glorious blood
In the foreign night,—
That now we are neared to
Thank we God. [them

SONS OF BRITAIN. By William Watson.

SONS of her who keeps her faith unbroken,
Her who gave you might of limb and nerve,
Her whose service—be it devoutly spoken—
Perfect freedom is, for all who serve:

Her who gave you dower of iron sinew, [brave—
Her who made you strong and swift and
Give her all the manhood that is in you:
'Tis the royal gift her own hands gave.

England's safety—England's dearer honour—
Both forbid that you should halt and wait
Till the Enemy be indeed upon her,
He who vaunts and flaunts him at her gate.

Heed not overmuch when she is slandered;
Yours to guard her from a Bully's blow;
Yours to arm, and rally to her standard;
Yours to rise, and face the brutal foe.

Men of England—men of loyal Ireland—
Men of faithful Scotland, faithful Wales—
Forth and fight, for Motherland and Sireland,
Fight for Right, that in the end prevails!

Then, though yonder battlefields be gory,
You shall make them great and splendid too,
And with laurel of eternal glory
She we love shall crown your deeds and you.

"IF I SHOULD DIE." By Rupert Brooke.

This is the finest sonnet of the war. It is reprinted from "1914," by permission of the Literary Executor of the author and Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.

IF I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed:
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Wash'd by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives back somewhere the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

THE ARMY OF THE DEAD. By Barry Pain.

I DREAMED that overhead
I saw in twilight grey
The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That scarcely could one guess
Such men in war had been.

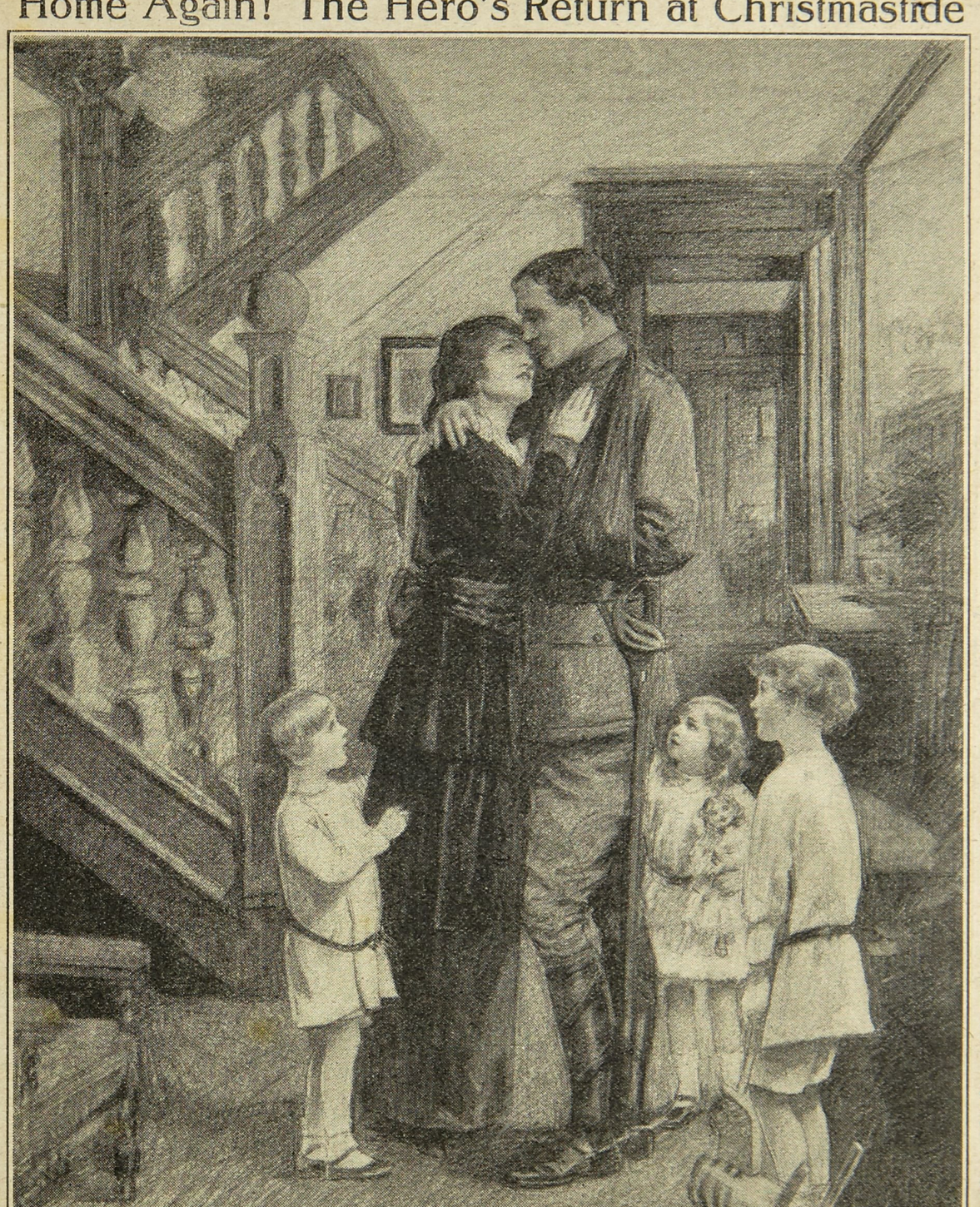
No mark of hurt they bore,
Nor smoke, nor bloody stain;
Nor suffered any more
Famine, fatigue, or pain;
Nor any lust of hate
Now lingered in their eyes;
Who have fulfilled their fate,
Have lost all enmities.

A new and greater pride
So quenched the pride of race [side
That foes marched side by
Who once fought face to face.
That ghostly army's plan
Knows but one race, one rod—
All nations there are Man,
And the one King is God.

No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls;
Beyond these tangled spheres
The Archangel's trumpet calls;
And by that trumpet led,
Far up the exalted sky
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by—

Look upward, standing mute;
Salute!

Home Again! The Hero's Return at Christmastide



AFTER THE TURMOIL OF WAR: THE TENDERNESS OF DOMESTIC PEACE.

Robin Redbreast Calls on Our Lads in Khaki

"SAT ON THE END OF MY BAYONET LIKE A BLOOMIN' CHRISTMAS CARD, HE DID."—[*Soldier's Letter.*]

THE INDIAN ARMY. By R. E. Vernede.

Some of the best war poems have been written by Mr. R. E. Vernede, and published in "The Times."

INTO the West they are marching! This is their longed-for day
When that which England gave them they may at last repay;
When for the faith she dealt them, peasants and priests and lords,
When for the love they bear her, they shall unsheathe their swords.

Men of the plains and hill-men, men born to warrior roles,
Tall men of matchless ardour, small men with mighty souls,
Rulers alike and subjects; splendid the roll-call rings:
Rajahs and Maharajahs, Kings and the sons of Kings,
Bikanir, Patiala, Ratlam, and Kishangarh,
Jodhpur, who rides the leopard down, Sachin and Cooch-Behar,
From lands where skies are molten and suns strike down and parch,
Out of the East they're marching, into the West they march.

Oh little nimble Gurkhas, who've won a hundred fights,
Oh Sikhs—the Sikhs who failed not upon the Dargai heights,
Rajputs, against whose valour once in a younger world
Ruthless, unceasing, vainly, the Mogul's hosts were hurled.

Grey are our Western daybreaks and grey our Western skies
And very cold the night-watch unbroke by jackals' cries;
Hard too will be the waiting—you do not love to wait?
Aye, but the charge with bayonets—they'll sound it soon or late!
And when that charge is sounded, who'll heed grey skies and cold?
Not you, Sikhs, Rajputs, Gurkhas, if to one thought you hold,
If as you cross the open, if as the foe you near,
If as you leap the trenches, this thought is very clear:

These foes, they are not sahibs: they break the word they plight,
Our babes their blades are whetted, dead women know their might;
Their princes are as sweepers, whom none may touch or trust,
Their gods they have forgotten; their honour trails the dust;
All that they had of izzat is trodden under heel—
Into their hearts, my brothers, drive home, drive home the steel!

THE VIGIL. By Sir Henry Newbolt.

Sir Henry Newbolt is one of our noblest patriotic poets.

ENGLAND!, where the sacred flame
Burns before the inmost shrine,
Where the lips that love thy name
Consecrate their hopes and thine,
Where the banners of thy dead
Weave their shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms to-night,
Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes
War shall claim command of all,
Thou must hear the roll of drums,
Thou must hear the trumpet's call
Now, before they silence ruth,
Commune with the voice of truth;
England! on thy knees to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

Single-hearted, unafraid,
Hither all thy heroes came,
On this altar's steps were laid
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.
England! if thy will be yet
By their great example set,
Here beside thine arms to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou when morning comes
Rise to conquer or to fall,
Joyful hear the rolling drums,
Joyful hear the trumpets call.
Then let Memory tell thy heart:
"*England! what thou wert, thou art!*"
Gird thee with thine ancient might,
Forth! and God defend the Right!

ALL I POSSESS. By C. A. B.

"All I possess." His Highness the Rajah of Pudukota.

"ALL I possess," the Rajah said,
"My wealth, my troops, are thine,
With the myriad swords of India's lords,
For England's foes are mine!"
And they came, those dusky warriors
('Twas a royal, noble deed);
By England's side they fought and died
For England's need.

"All I possess," the laddie said,
And lofty was his brow,
"Love's sweet voice hushed, Ambition crushed,
For *England* needs me now.
Farewell, fair scenes, the might-have-beens!
It is not much, indeed,
But I give my all—my life—at call
Of England's need."

"All I possess," the mother said,
"And mine the woman's part
In agony, that none may see,
To hide a breaking heart;
But I give my all—for should *he* fall
With none beside to heed—
Can one give more than the son she bore
For England's need?"

AUSTRALIA'S TRIUMPH. By Queenie Scott-Hopper.

Australia's magnificent response to the call finds voice in these spirited lines.

WITH hand upon her trident rose the mistress of the sea—
Her brows she knit, o'er eyes wrath-lit, and "What is this?" said she.
"Who dares my ocean-realm oppress
That ships should go in fear?
What arrogant adventuress?
What brazen buccaneer?
Lo, mine the broad blue highway is, and mine to keep it free
From all such wanton brigands," spake the mistress of the sea.

"Good ships a score, the tide sweeps o'er, that perished as her prey;
Shall none for these just vengeance take?
Shall none her plundering stay?
On peaceful ports of sea-coast fair
She swoops in fell descent—
With murderous shells plays havoc there,
And steams away content.
Who loves me, then, will heed my call, and scour the deep with me,
To cleanse it of this terror," quoth the mistress of the sea.

"The chase may be a long-drawn chase, for artful tricks she tries—
She rigs a sham fourth funnel up, a friendly flag she flies;
And sidling in amongst us thus
In crafty masquerade
She turns destruction loose on us,
And counts the trick well played.
But once too oft she'll dare the game, and punished shall she be,
Who scores by craft and cheating," spake the mistress of the sea.

"The chase may be a long-drawn chase, for wide the ocean-field,
And none can guess the lurking-place where next her hand's revealed:
Where, secretly, the plotter basks,
And, beckoning to her prey—
'Say, have you seen the Emden?' asks
In quite a guileless way;
Then, following up the answering clue, swoops down with 'Here is she!'
Am I, or is this minx, I beg, the mistress of the sea?"

The chase hath been a long-drawn chase, as two full moons avow—
She challenged us ere Holy Cross, and here's Saint Martin now.
But on the eve of Martinmas
Australia's accents clear,
Their news across the ocean pass—
"We've caught her, Mother dear!
We caught her on the Cocos Isles—as fair as fair could be;
She's wrought her last bold outrage 'gainst the mistress of the sea!"

"O, bravely done!" Britannia said—
(What mother but hath known
More gladness o'er a daughter's feat than triumph of her own?)
"O, bravely done!" Britannia cried;
"A signal service paid,
In warfare, to the Cause Allied—
In peace, to ocean-trade;
While, true of heart and strong of arm, my children stand by me,
We'll keep the broad blue highway!" spake the mistress of the sea.

Trusty Friends: "White Men" All of Them!

"AND HERE'S A HAND MY TRUSTY FIERE, AND GIE'S A HAND O' THINE——"

All round the world the familiar song has run, but never, and nowhere, have more tried and trusty friends clasped hands in the chorus than the comrades from all parts of the Empire who will sing it with heart and voice in the trenches this Christmas Day, surely the most momentous since Anno Domini One.

Presents from Home: Good Cheer in the Dug-Out

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A CORNER OF NORTHERN FRANCE.

A hamper has arrived in Dug-Out Town, and the happy recipient "unloads." A turkey, sardines, cakes, and many other favourite edibles from home are displayed before eyes shining in anticipation of the coming feast.

TO A MOTHER. By J. J. Bell.

The author of "Wee Macgreegor" expresses with much tenderness the yearning pride of the mother who gives her son to the war.

YOU have known it, this truth beyond others,
Since first the babe breathed at your side:
No yearning so deep as the Mother's,
No guerdon so great as her pride.

You still see his look as he left you,
You still feel his clasp and his kiss—
More kindly a sword would have cleft you
Than the fear that has ended in this.

My dear, dare a word that is human
Intrude on Love's desolate cry?
Dare Pity itself ask a woman
What death she would have her son die?

Yet lovelier than life is the beauty
Of death upon him who doth give
The uttermost homage to Duty,
Who dies that a nation may live.

Oh, fail not, though love could not save him,
Be proud, though the sorrow endures—
The life he has given you gave him,
His honours and glory are yours.

A GRAVE IN FLANDERS. By Lord Crewe.

The Harrow School magazine contained the following poem by Lord Crewe, whose son-in-law, Captain the Hon. A. E. B. O'Neill, M.P., was killed in action.

HERE in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge
He rests, unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn—
School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;
Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day.

Home fostering hope; some service to the State;
Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep
Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil
From life alembic, through this holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero will?
We ask; and wait.

"THE DAY." By Henry Chappell.

The author of this fine poem is Mr. Henry Chappell, a railway porter at Bath. (*Reprinted by permission of "The Daily Express."*)

YOU boasted the day, you toasted the day,
And now the day has come.
Blasphemer, braggart, and coward all,
Little you reck of the numbing ball,
The blasting shell, or the "white arm's" fall,
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the day, you lied for the day,
And woke the day's red spleen.
Monster, who asked God's aid divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine;
Not all the waters of the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the day, you schemed for the day;
Watch how the day will go.
Slayer of age and youth and prime
(Defenceless slain for never a crime),
Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the day, you have grown for the day;
Yours is the harvest red.
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
Can you see the heap of the slain that lies,
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the day, you have longed for the day
That lit the awful flame.
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain,
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse thy name.

But after the day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And He you have mocked for many a day—
Listen, and hear what He has to say:
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay."
What can you say to God?

CALLED UP. By Dudley Clark.

The protector of England against the Great Armada and the Man of Trafalgar remind us that, though the methods of war vary with the centuries, Drake's Drum and Nelson's Signal still inspire the British Navy.

COME, tumble up, Lord Nelson, the British Fleet's a-looming!
Come, show a leg, Lord Nelson, the guns they are a-booming!
'Tis a longish line of battle—such as we did never see;
An' 'tis not the same old round-shot as was fired by you an' me!

What seest thou, Sir Francis?—Strange things I see appearing!
What hearest thou, Sir Francis?—Strange sounds I do be hearing!
They are fighting in the heavens; they're at war beneath the sea!
Ay, their ways are mighty different from the ways o' you an' me!

Seest thou nought else, Sir Francis?—I see great lights a-seeking!
Hearest thou nought else, Sir Francis?—I hear thin wires a-speaking!
Three leagues that shot hath carried!—God, that such could ever be!
There's no mortal doubt, Lord Nelson—they ha' done wi' you an' me!

Look thou again, Sir Francis!—I see the flags a-flapping!
Hearken once more, Sir Francis!—I hear the sticks a-tapping!
'Tis a sight that calls me thither!—'Tis a sound that bids me "Come!"
'Tis the old Trafalgar signal!—'Tis the beating of my drum!

Art thou ready, good Sir Francis? See, they wait upon the quay!
Praise be to God, Lord Nelson, they ha' thought of you an' me!

HYMN FOR AIRMEN. By M. C. D. H.

The following was published in "The Times" on January 5th, 1915.

LORD, guard and guide the men who fly
Through the great spaces of the sky,
Be with them traversing the air
In darkening storm or sunshine fair.

Thou Who dost keep with tender might
The balanced birds in all their flight,
Thou of the tempered winds be near,
That, having Thee, they know no fear.

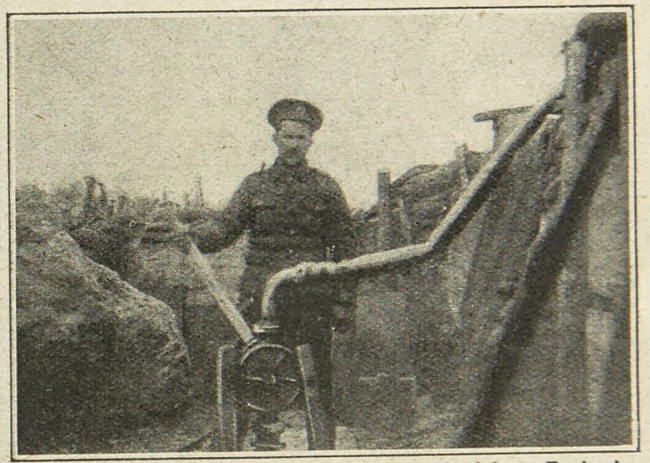
Control their minds, with instinct fit
What time, adventuring, they quit
The firm security of land;
Grant steadfast eye and skilful hand.

Aloft in solitudes of space
Uphold them with Thy saving Grace.
O God, protect the men who fly
Through lonely ways beneath the sky.

The Editor gratefully acknowledges the courtesy of all the authors represented by Sir William Robertson Nicoll's selections in permitting their poems to be reprinted here.

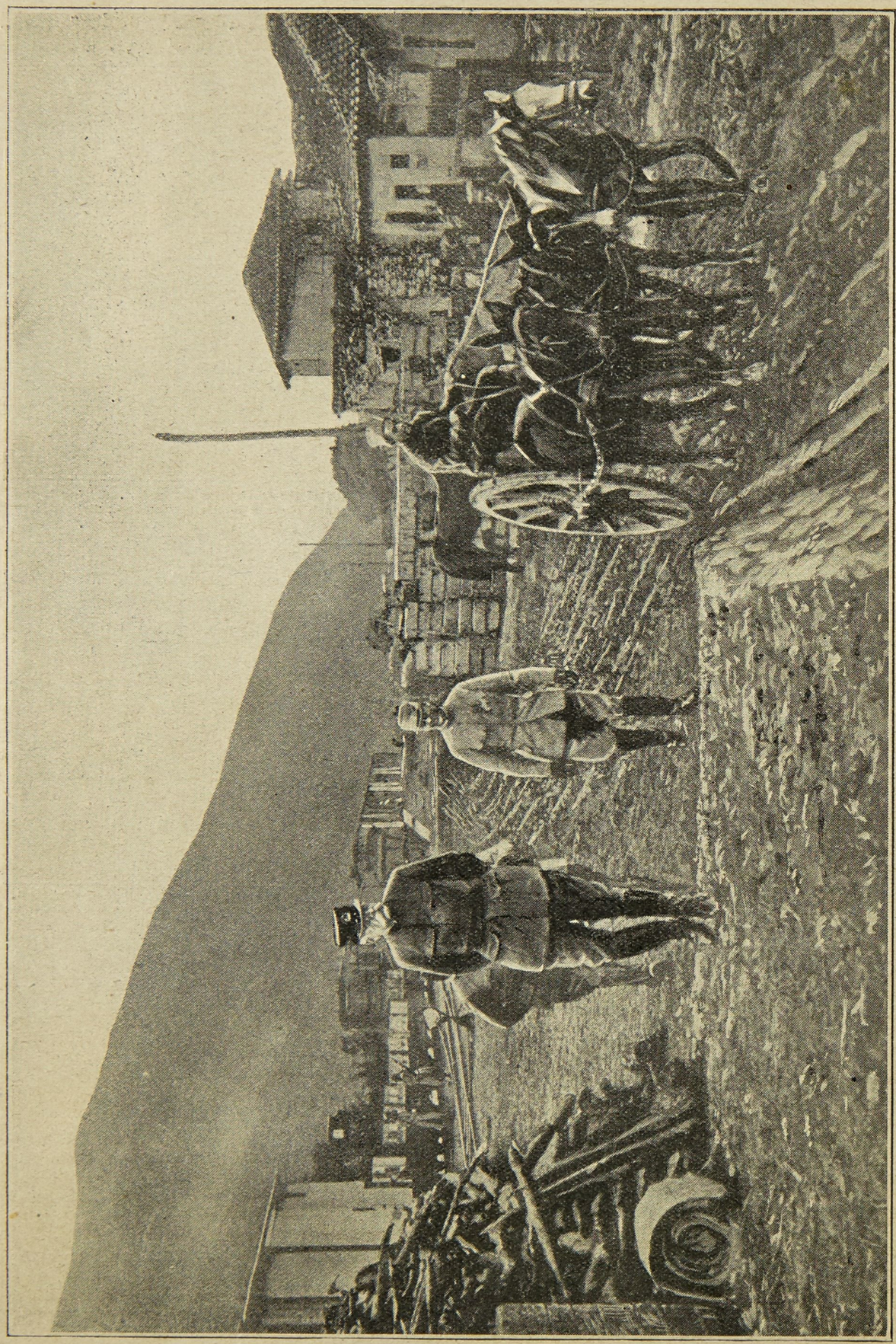
Britons' Daily Toil on the Highway to Victory

A minor inconvenience of the Christmas campaign. Owing to the flooded state of a French river, a temporary bridge collapsed, and a field-gun and carriage slipped into the water.



British soldiers marking regimental letters and numbers with stencils on new horse-rugs which had just arrived from England. Right: Profiting by the hard lessons of last winter, British soldiers now take every possible care to keep down the mud and water. Here a soldier is pumping a trench dry before laying planks.

British sappers digging the site for a new military road to be made across some open country in France. Brushwood is used as part of the foundation. At the end of the war much of Europe will be interlaced with numerous roads cut and laid by allied and enemy engineers, and doubtless many of them will form the bases of permanent highways.



THE HOPE OF FRANCE IN THE LEVANT.—General Sarrail and his Etat-Major, Lieut.-Colonel Jacquemot, having alighted at Strumnitza Station, proceed towards the first trench line in the Balkans. General Sarrail is in command of the French Expeditionary Force. A large number of allied troops arrived at Salonika, whence they were sent north to meet the Bulgarians invading Serbia. After having inspected the disembarkation of troops at Salonika, and the Franco-British camp at Zeitlenik, General Sarrail left his headquarters at Salonika to visit the fighting front, touring the line from Strumnitza to Demir-Kapoun, remote names a few weeks ago, but now fraught with great historical significance.

THE TRAGIC GLORY OF SERBIA'S LAST STAND

By Lieut.-Colonel Roustam Bek

Lieut.-Colonel Roustam Bek is a retired officer of the Russian Army, and a well-known military writer in his own country. He served through several campaigns in the Pamirs and Afghanistan, and he took part in the Boxer Campaign of 1900. He was a military correspondent in the Greco-Turkish War in 1897, and in 1903 he fought for the liberty of Macedonia as chief of a Comitadji band. During the Russo-Japanese War Lieut.-Colonel Roustam Bek was on the Staff of General Kuropatkin and afterwards in Port Arthur with General Stoessel. He was a prisoner of war in Japan, and was three times wounded, and the result of these wounds has been to render him medically unfit and to prevent his serving with the Russian Army in the present war. During the last month, in addition to his writings and lectures on Russia, Lieut.-Colonel Roustam Bek has taken an active part in the recruiting campaign for the British Army.

THE Serbians are the aristocrats of the Balkans. For the most part they are peasants, but they belong to the oldest and purest branch of the Slavonic race, and they have retained to the full the traditions and qualities of their ancestors. As a nation, they inherit a readiness for sacrifice, an overmastering patriotism, and a devotion to national duty. The Serbian to-day, in common with his forefathers during the centuries of war against the Turks, is ready to surrender home, property, and life at his nation's call.

In estimating the heroism of the Serbian people during the last two months, it must be remembered that they had no illusions about the Bulgarians and that they were fully acquainted with the possibilities of Bulgarian savagery. I, myself, saw something of the Bulgarian atrocities in Macedonia during the Second Balkan War. That was only a little while ago, and the Serbians could not have forgotten. The Bulgars are the Cains among the Slavs. After a victory it would be as idle to expect mercy from them as from a hungry beast when he has once smelt blood.

Until the actual mobilisation of the Bulgarian Army the Serbian Government agreed with the Allies in regarding the joining of Bulgaria to the Central Powers as impossible and incredible. Serbia, of course, realised Bulgaria's hostility to herself, but it was not to be believed that even the Tsar Ferdinand could persuade his people to betray Russia and to sell Serbia to the enemy.

Marshal Putnik's Tragic Predicament

The moment, however, that the mobilisation of the Bulgarian Army began, no further illusions were possible, and it was realised that the tragic hour for Serbia had come.

The Serbian effective Army consisted of 310,000 men. Marshal Putnik, the Commander-in-Chief, is unquestionably one of the greatest among living soldiers. He had shown his skill, and the Serbian Army had proved its courage, by the fact that they had met and defeated numerically superior forces in the early part of the war. Three months ago they were prepared to repeat their defence against the Austro-German attacks. They were well supplied with guns, ammunition, and food. The entry of Bulgaria, however, at once placed Marshal Putnik in a hopeless position, for it was clear that every position attacked by the Austro-Germans could be outflanked or even threatened from the rear by the Bulgarians. Every soldier will at once see that such a situation was strategically impossible.

Putnik and the Serbian Government were then faced by a great alternative. They had to decide whether they should accept a general battle with the Austro-Germans before the Bulgarians could begin their invasion or to effect a strategic retreat, falling back, but constantly fighting, defending every inch of their Motherland and saving the greater part of their Army.

If the first course had been adopted, it is almost certain that the Serbian Army would have been gloriously defeated, but Putnik might have secured a separate and not unfavourable peace. This was assured by the many efforts made by Berlin to induce Belgrade to begin independent negotiations.

The idea was rejected because the Serbian nation realised the great role that its Army must play in the development of the war and in finally securing victory for the Allies. Marshal Putnik therefore decided to keep his Army intact until the moment when the Allies could concentrate their forces and begin a common campaign for the rescue of the Balkan Peninsula from the Teutons. If he had started a great offensive against the northern invaders, or had attacked Bulgaria at the moment of its mobilisation, he would, from the common point of view of the Allies, have committed a serious strategical blunder. I have personal knowledge that there was grave anxiety in Petrograd concerning Putnik's decision, and there was some doubt as to whether he would feel justified in temporarily sacrificing Serbian territory and a large part of the Serbian nation in order to preserve the Serbian Army. That is exactly what he did, and, in doing it, he put Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy under a tremendous debt of gratitude. The destruction of the Serbian Army would have been a real and substantial victory for the Kaiser. The fate of Serbia was decided by her military leaders. They had no illusions. They knew exactly what they were doing, and the sacrifice was made for the common cause.

The Sterling Qualities of the Lesser Slavs

Serbia indeed followed the aristocratic tradition, the tradition which has been so splendidly justified in this war in every nation involved.

I have an intimate personal acquaintance with Serbia and the Serbians. It is a homely, unaffected country, where hospitality is a law. The Serbian peasant cherishes the glorious events of his past history, enshrined for him in folklore and poetry. The national legends are distinctive and beautiful. The Serbians themselves are honest, industrious, generous, and straightforward. Loyalty is the mark of Serbian policy. The Greek has betrayed the Serbian, but it is quite certain that, whatever the temptation, the Serbian would never have betrayed the Greek.

The Serbians present, in every way, a striking contrast to the Bulgarians; and nowhere is this more evident than in Macedonia. There I have found a ceaseless Bulgarian propaganda, the chief weapon of which was a perfectly ruthless terrorism, but I never discovered any trace of a similar movement initiated by the Serbians.

Serbia has always loved Russia. She has admired France, respected Great Britain, desired to maintain friendly relations with Rumania, and regarded the Montenegrins as her brothers. The formation of the Balkan League, largely the work of M. Venizelos, found warm support throughout Serbia, but the treachery of Bulgaria in the Second Balkan War made the Serbians reasonably suspicious and caused them to hesitate at the concessions suggested by the Entente Powers some months ago. Belgrade had a far more accurate knowledge of the intrigues in Sofia and the relations between Ferdinand and Wilhelm than London or Paris could possibly have had.

The Eclipse of a Great Nation

For two months the Serbian Army fought on alone, ever retiring closer and closer towards the mountains, and while the fighting men were retreating the nation went to its Golgotha without a murmur.

I should like to be able to make my readers realise the enormous difficulties of an army engaged for many weeks in a fighting retreat. Remember that the rear of an army is its most important part. From the rear it receives its supplies. In the rear the new formations are preparing, the new recruits are being drilled, and the wounded, sick,

and prisoners are concentrated. While the Serbian Army was still in Old Serbia it was able to supply itself from a friendly population, though this was not easy since the positions were changed day by day. Conditions became much worse when Prizrend was reached and the Army entered the Kossovo Plains. Here the land is sparsely cultivated and thinly populated, and the Serbian forces had, in addition, to endure a constantly falling temperature.

Moreover, the individual soldier was harassed by the knowledge that the territory he and his comrades had abandoned was left in the hands of an enemy incapable of showing mercy to women, children, and old men. It was part of the German plan to harass the retreating Army with responsibility for legions of refugees, and nearly a million non-combatants followed the troops and added immensely to the confusion of the military authorities. It was difficult enough to find even sustenance rations for the soldiers, with bread selling at twenty-five shillings a loaf. What was to be done with these hordes of helpless, hopeless women and children, almost without clothes, exhausted after their long marches, frost-bitten, starving? It was impossible, indeed, to do anything. They died like flies by the side of the rough roads or they fell into the hands of advanced parties of the Bulgarians to endure unspeakable atrocities before kindly death came to end their sufferings.

Was ever in the history of the world a more tragic fate than that of King Peter, riding or being carried, with his gallant son, Prince Alexander, through an awful national cemetery? One can hear the cries of babies and old men asking for bread from a king who had none to give them, and it was with their cries in his ears that King Peter, worn out and broken-hearted, accompanied his unconquerable Army across the mountains.

No Place of Friendly Refuge

Von Hindenburg has recently declared that Germany demands ruthless punishment for Serbia. The Teuton, it would seem, has decreed Serbia's annihilation. Otherwise she could hardly have allowed the barbarities of the last few weeks.

To me, the tragedy of Serbia has been particularly awful because of my recollection of many happy hours spent in the country. I recall the days of her religious festivals, called "Slavia," when the women and girls put on their most picturesque dresses and the stranger is invited with true Slavonic hospitality into one house after the other to share the sweets and wine. I have personal knowledge of the soldier-like capacity of the Serbian officers and the splendid courage of the peasants. I have often admired the alway ready courtesy of the people, the simple as well as the exalted. And when I think of these people torn from their homes, massacred by the roadside, dying of starvation amid the snow, I am overcome with horror and anger.

The fate of Serbia is indeed worse than that of Belgium. The Belgians had, at least, places of refuge in Great Britain and France. Serbia is bound by wild mountains, and she has nowhere to flee except to savage Albania, uncertain Greece, and small, harassed Montenegro.

Kossovo and the Duty of the Allies

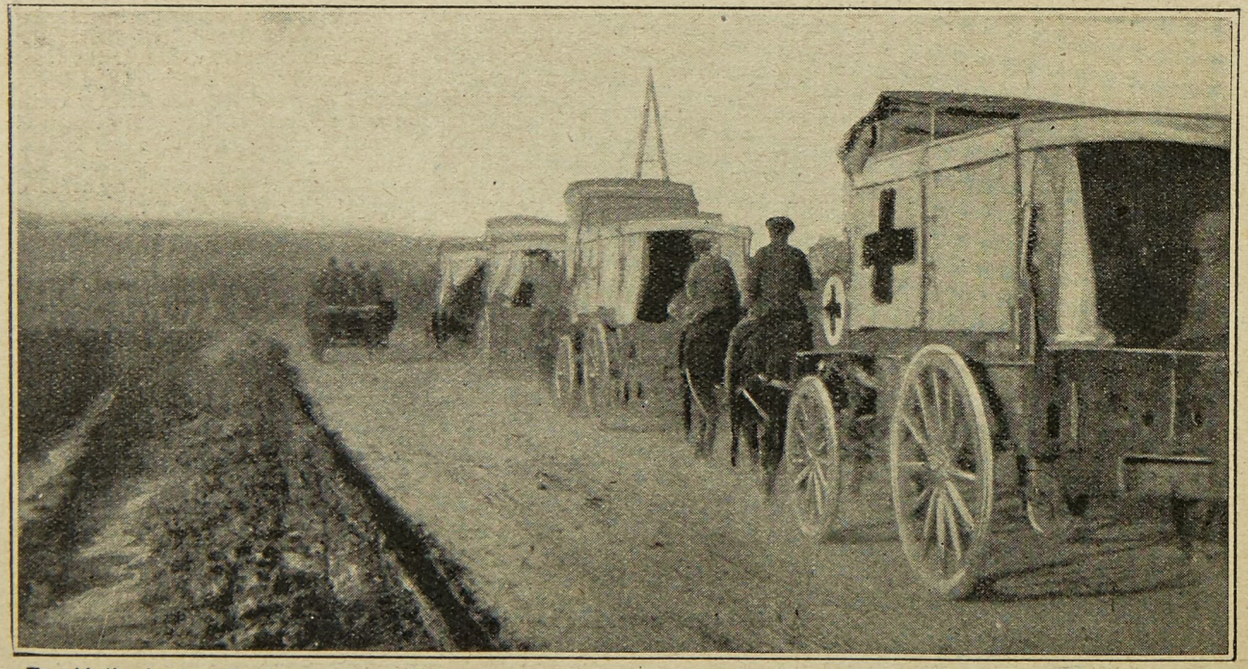
The Northern Serbian Army retired to the Kossovo Plains. It numbered about 150,000 combatants divided into two groups. The first made its way to Northern Albania and the second into Montenegro. Both groups were obliged to destroy their field artillery and ammunition, which could not be carried across the mountains. Think what this meant to these gallant men, forced now to depend on the Allies for new supplies! There are surely few more pathetic figures in the world than that of the war-worn gunner obliged to destroy his own guns! These peasants had already lost home, mothers, wives, children. Now they must surrender their weapons and with them their hope of revenge.

The Southern, or Macedonian, Serbian Army consisted of about thirty to forty thousand men. Part of it entered Albania and part marched towards the Greek frontier in order to join up with the French and British.

There has been no surrender and no capitulation in the Serbian theatre of war. The Serbian Army is still a fighting entity, now basing its hopes on Durazzo, Scutari, and Valona, through which ports it can be re-supplied with arms and ammunition. But even before these, food is necessary, and there can be surely no question that the Allies are already re-victualling Marshal Putnik's gallant forces.

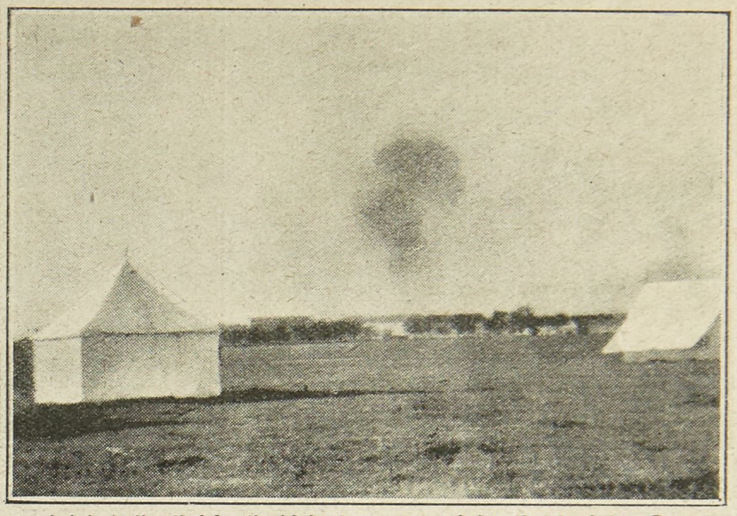
Serbian territory is temporarily in the hands of the enemy, but the Serbian Army is in being and Serbia has not perished and cannot perish. The Serbian high military spirit is unbroken, and this is a fact of vast importance in view of certain developments in the Balkans. We are proud of our ally, and honour and interest both force us to ensure her reconstruction.

We could not save Serbia. It is our duty and our privilege to hesitate at no sacrifice that will hasten the day when the Serbians shall be at home again, assured of freedom and tranquil prosperity.



To aid the hapless Serbians. British Red Cross convoy on the march to the scene of heavy fighting in the Balkans. All along the fateful route up from Salonika to the allied front one heard the incessant roll of guns, equipments, munition waggons, and lastly, the caravan of succour.

In the Line of the Great Serbian Retreat



The adventures of the Stobart Mission to Serbia were varied, but all called for the highest courage and devotion to duty. On one occasion three Austrian aeroplanes raided the town of Kragujevatz, and dropped bombs near the camp of the Stobart Field Hospital, shown on the right. On the left: Interested and fearless nurses, in their pyjamas, watching the enemy aircraft.

After months of almost superhuman work in stricken Serbia, the members of the First British Field Hospital reached Salonika safely. In their final seven days' march through the snows and blizzards of the mountains they had to abandon all their instruments, kit, and cars. On the left: Lieut.-Col. Dr. Hartnell Beavis, commandant, who led the expedition on the awful march. On the right: Maj. Dr. Gerald Sim, deputy-commandant. In circle: Nurse Florence, who was decorated for service under fire.

Gratitude and personal affection of extraordinary intensity were won by the British hospital workers in Serbia from the people to whom they gave such heroic service. This photograph shows a crowd of patients awaiting their turn outside one of the dispensaries of the Stobart Mission.

Merry Moments for Jack in the 'Great Monotony'

On the left: A humorous duologue between "Mary" and the Captain of H.M.S. Myth. On the right: A real nautical version of a hornpipe dance. All these photographs were taken aboard one of the vessels of the Grand Fleet. The outstanding feature of the theatricals was the clever way in which some of the "handymen" made up in the costumes of the fair sex.

String band obliges with a selection from its many-sided repertoire of chanties.

The parson, the tramp, and the unbuttered bread. An old joke which never flags, even on the fleet.

"Mrs. Magee" and a companion do their best with an Irish jig. May we congratulate "Mrs. Magee" on his make-up?

A midshipmite's popular number in sheepskins, not to mention the inevitable Brownings.

A Wartime Soup-Stall Along the Yser Way

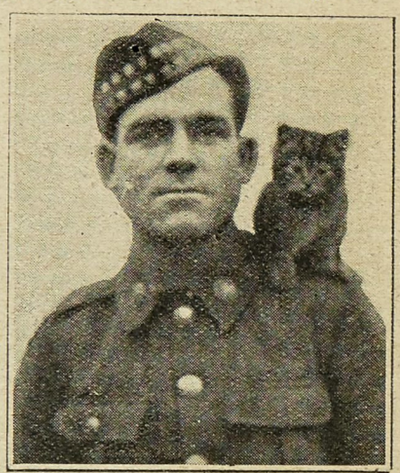
Money has been subscribed freely by this country for every conceivable object that can mitigate distress in Belgium and diminish the discomforts of her soldiers in the desolate strip of their country that they now hold. This photograph shows one of the field kitchens presented to the Belgian Army by British subscribers, and from which a meal is being served to the men.

Light Interludes in the Drama of the World War

A trench toilet. British "Tommy" being shaved by a Serbian soldier-barber in a trench manned by British and Serbian troops, fighting side by side. Right: A "lengthy" meal! Kurdish boatmen eating from giant loaves on the banks of the Tigris.

Ship's mascot comfortably perched on the warm llama wool hood of a sailor's winter outfit.

A coyote, the newly-acquired pet of a regiment of Canadian Roughriders, being introduced to the regimental bulldog.



A Canadian Highlander with a kitten, "Sniper," found by him in a trench at "Plug Street."

A French army shoemaker at work behind the lines. Napoleon said that he won his victories with the feet of his soldiers, and the same principle applies to-day. Right: By their diggings and burrowings the British and French armies have incurred invasions by hordes of rats and mice, the ubiquitous rodents adding considerably to the discomforts of trench life. But they have provided a spare-time sport, and here are seen some French soldiers with one day's "bag."

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

VIII.—The Royal Warwicks

AROUND the little town of Ypres, now such a familiar name to us, there are the remains of an old forest. These take the form of isolated woods, some of them being quite a good size, and the district is, in fact, not unlike those parts of Warwickshire which were once covered with the Forest of Arden. In this Flemish forest there are the nameless graves of many of Warwickshire's bravest sons.

One of these woods is called the Polygon Wood. It is quite a big one, and is near the village of Reytel, about six or seven miles from Ypres. On the morning of October 24th, 1914, it was in the possession of the British, and our line ran in front of it. But during that day the Germans got into the wood. The trenches in front of it were held by troops of the 21st and 22nd Brigades, which, as part of Sir Henry Rawlinson's famous 7th Division, had marched there from the neighbourhood of Antwerp. They were tired after their weary and harassed march, and were reduced in numbers with constant fighting. Probably the Germans knew this, for they suddenly sent against this part of the line four entirely new army corps. Time and again they failed, but on this day they succeeded, and our line was broken.

The position was critical, exceedingly so. An attempt had to be made to turn the enemy out of the wood, but the General had no fresh troops available for this purpose, none but the thin and weary battalions which had had little or no rest since leaving Southampton nearly three weeks before. One of these had to be chosen, however, and one in which the General had unbounded faith. He selected the 2nd Warwicks, who were holding some trenches near the spot, and sent them forward to the task.

Warwicks' Heroism Near Ypres

The gallant battalion did not hesitate. Amid the trees it advanced, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy retiring before it; "a great distance," so the General said. But naturally fighting of this kind cost a good many valuable lives, and soon the battalion was far too weak to follow up its success. It was therefore withdrawn before the Germans had been entirely driven from the wood.

The losses of the Warwicks on this occasion included the colonel, two captains, and two subalterns killed. The colonel, W. L. Loring, deserves more than the mere mention of his name. A few days before he had been seriously wounded, but he decided that he would lead his men in this attack. However, he could not walk, so he gave his commands from horseback, and was obviously a fine target for the German marksmen, who did not fail to shoot him down.

This was not the only deed of gallantry done by the Warwicks during this critical time. On October 9th, just after they had landed, when they were protecting the Belgian army retiring from Antwerp, they were at Kleyhoek, and there, the General said, "they acted with steadiness and good discipline under difficult circumstances."

"The Sixth, one of the sacred six old regiments, and distinguished above all others in the Spanish War."—HON. J. W. FORTESCUE, "HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY."

On the 13th they were ordered to attack some German trenches, which they did, driving out the enemy with the bayonet. During this charge Major Christie was killed, and Captain Montgomery, who received the D.S.O. for "gallant leading," was severely wounded. On the 21st and 22nd, the former being the day on which Colonel Loring was wounded, they held a very exposed position. The Germans got round their flank, and were firing at them both from the side and the front. Eventually, after heavy losses, the Warwicks, who had not given way under this ordeal, were withdrawn by order of their General.

Curious Regimental History

A sergeant of the battalion, writing to his wife in Birmingham, described this charge, or one very like it. He said that when his platoon was led out it was fifty-seven strong, but that after the fight it only mustered himself, a lance-corporal, and three men. The Warwicks, he added, had won the praise of "everybody out here" for their gallantry, and a German officer had said he was proud to fight such a foe. The sergeant remarked, however, that this terrible experience had put twenty years on to his own life.

This Royal Warwickshire Regiment, known also as the 6th of the Line, has a long and somewhat curious history. It was raised in 1674 by a few adventurous Englishmen, who wished to help the Dutch in their fight against Spain, much as Englishmen of a later age went, without any particular official encouragement, to fight for the Italians and the Greeks.

Privates of the 2nd Royal Warwickshire Regiment with one of the two pet antelopes of the battalion.

These men did good service for Holland, so good, indeed, that the British Government decided to make use of them at home if necessary. Therefore, in 1685, they were included in the army of James II. as the Sixth Regiment of Foot. They remained, however, in Holland, the Dutch paying the British Government for their services, until 1688, when they landed at Torbay with William of Orange, a move which James II. had not anticipated.

Then their many fights for Britain began. After a campaign in Ireland, the Sixth went with William to Flanders, and at the battle of Steen Kirk it was all but annihilated. In 1705 the regiment was sent to Spain under the eccentric Earl of Peterborough. It won honour at the assault and capture of Barcelona, but its great day was the Battle of Almanza, for there they won the antelope, which is now their badge, by seizing a standard with this emblem thereon from the enemy. They added to their laurels by their daring at the capture of Minorca.

The Sixth fought right through the Peninsular War, especially hard at Corunna and Vittoria. While driving the French through the passes of the Pyrennes, they climbed some heights in face of a strong enemy and put him to flight, their superb heroism winning the warmest praise from the Duke of Wellington. In 1814 they helped to defend Canada against the Americans, and three times during the nineteenth century they served in South Africa. Many Warwicks went down in the Birkenhead, and one battalion of the regiment was selected for the force which completed Kitchener's great work in the Soudan, where it took part in the battles of Atbara and Omdurman.

The Fighting Near Cambrai

The coming of the Great War found the 1st Warwicks in England and the 2nd at Malta, but before long both were in France, though neither was at Mons when the fighting began. On the next day—Monday—early in the morning the railway-station at the little town of Le Cateau, some twenty-five miles from Mons, was full of life and bustle. Trains, each full of British soldiers, steamed in one after the other; the men got out, collected their baggage, and at the word of command fell in and marched away through the town and on to the roads beyond.

These men were General Snow's 4th Division, and among them a spectator would have seen the 1st Battalion of the Warwicks, each man wearing his antelope badge. They had just crossed over from England, and had been hurriedly ordered up to the front by Sir John French, who found himself suddenly faced by enormous masses of Germans.

The Warwicks and their comrades joined up with the rest of the army near Cambrai, and took part in the fighting by which the German advance was hampered. On the Tuesday a small party of them were cut off from the main body, and for ten

OFFICERS OF THE 9th BATTALION ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT.—Back row (left to right) : Sec.-Lieut. H. S. Baker, Sec.-Lieut. S. St. G. S. Kingdom, Capt. G. H. D. Coats, Major G. D'E. H. Fullerton, Sec.-Lieut. E. N. Marson, Sec.-Lieut. E. S. Marshall, Sec.-Lieut. L. T. Berthon, Sec.-Lieut. R. W. Reade, Lieut. W. J. Glim. Centre row (left to right) : Sec.-Lieut. J. R. Starley, Sec.-Lieut. J. K. S. Page, Sec.-Lieut. R. W. Lucas-Lucas, Lieut. and Quartermaster W. P. Hall, Lieut. C. E. Wilson, Lieut. I. Cattanach, Sec.-Lieut. R. F. Jardine, Sec.-Lieut. A. G. Kemp. Front row (left to right) : Lieut. G. E. Grundy, Capt. C. J. Reid, Major R. G. Shuttleworth, Capt. C. C. R. Nevill (Adjutant), Lieut.-Col. C. H. Palmer, Major W. A. Gordon, C.M.G., Major A. G. Sharp, Lieut. P. E. Bodington.

days they were in the district occupied by the enemy. Nevertheless, owing to the courage and determination of Sergeant Montgomery, they managed to escape and join the rest of the battalion. Others, however, were not equally fortunate, and one casualty list issued at this time contained the names of seven missing officers of the Warwicks. Another, Captain Besant, who had been wounded, also fell into the hands of the Germans.

Just before the Battle of the Marne the 1st Warwicks passed under the command of General Pulteney, and, as part of his army corps, they fought at the Aisne. They crossed that river on a pontoon bridge near Missy, but were unable to make much headway up the wet slopes on its northern bank, until a French success relieved them from a hazardous position.

Warwicks' Wild Charge

In October Pulteney's men were taken by train from the Aisne to Flanders, and while the 2nd Warwicks were fighting near Ypres the 1st were advancing towards the German position near the River Lys. On the 13th they and the rest of the 10th Brigade drove the enemy, in a wild bayonet charge, from his trenches near Meterin, and entrenched themselves on the captured ground. They pressed on through Armentières and across the Lys, but there they were stopped, for the great Battle of Ypres was about to begin.

The part played in that terrible struggle by the 2nd Warwicks has already been told. The 1st were also put to a test, not perhaps as fiery, but yet quite severe enough for most mortals. Day after day they were attacked; there was no relief from the ceaseless strain of the trenches dug in the mud near the Lys. But they endured to the end, and in a November storm the battle died away.

Hard Fare and Hard Fighting

Ere this the brigade, of which the 2nd Warwicks was one of the four battalions, had been reduced from its original 4,000 men and one hundred and fifty officers, or thereabouts, to five officers and seven hundred men. It is not difficult, therefore, to form an idea of the losses of the Warwicks. The brigade was given a rest, and did not appear again in the fighting line until drafts from England had transformed it from a skeleton to a full-sized unit. The 1st Warwicks had not suffered quite so many losses, and they helped to hold the British line during the winter of 1914, being one of the battalions which ate and slept, joked and grumbled, fought and died, in the waterlogged and ice-cold trenches, where they sat with frost-bitten feet and mud entering at every pore. Towards the end of December they had some hard fighting and some severe losses, but even this was a welcome diversion. In March came Neuve Chapelle, which found both the Warwick battalions refreshed and reinforced. Neither, however, was employed in the first charge, but on the 13th and 14th the 2nd saw some fighting.

The Sundays of April and May were exciting days for the Warwicks. On one of these, April 25th, the 1st Battalion, hurried up to support the Canadians, who had just been overwhelmed by the German gas, advanced with the rest of the brigade, the 10th, through their shattered ranks towards a village held by the Germans, but as soon as they got to the houses they were mown down by hidden machine-guns. The attack was held up, and the brigade set to work to entrench itself.

Success in Spite of Gas

Near the trenches of the Warwicks was a farm, humorously called Shell Trap Farm by our men, and round it there was a good deal of fierce fighting. On the next Sunday, May 2nd, the Germans tried their gas against the British troops there, but they were ready for it, and the assailants were driven back. Several of the subalterns of the Warwicks, including G. S. Maclagan, once the cox of the Oxford crew, were killed during this second Battle of Ypres. At the attack on Festubert the 2nd Battalion supported the rest of the 22nd Brigade in a successful advance of over a mile to the German trenches.

This brief and incomplete story may fittingly end with an instance of individual gallantry performed eight days later. Lance-Corporal W. Milner, of the 1st Battalion, carried a machine-gun for three-quarters of a mile across ground on which the German shells were falling thick and fast. Yet he got it into position in the firing-line, being awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

A. W. Holland

From Stormy Gallipoli to the Sunny Land of Nile

The sweets of convalescence after the bitterness of war. British wounded from Gallipoli in a sugar plantation near Cairo.

Group of wounded British soldiers outside a hospital in Egypt. Inset: Pigeon-cote situated near the Pyramids, where some of the Australians are encamped. The canes projecting from the top of the structure are for the birds to perch upon.

Scene of the Fateful Conflict of Ten Nations

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The centre of interest of the war has shifted temporarily to the Balkans, where no fewer than ten nations are now struggling in mortal combat. This specially designed map will be found indispensable to a proper understanding of the military operations now proceeding in the Near East. The lighter shaded mass in the centre shows the whole of Serbia and parts of Albania and Montenegro in the occupation of the Germanic Powers.

Cap Badges of British Territorial Regiments

1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th Bn. Royal Fusiliers. A grenade with flames projecting from the crown; the Union rose circled by motto: "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

5th (City of London) Bn. London Rifle Brigade. Royal escutcheon and crown, sword, sceptre, London arms, and scroll with "Primus in urbe" (First in the City).

6th (City of London) Bn. Rifles. Maltese Cross, crown above, and bugle and strings. Motto of the City of London: "Domine dirige nos" (O Lord, direct us).

7th (City of London) Bn. The London Regiment. Gilded metal grenade with flame, and with the figure 7 in white metal on the ball.

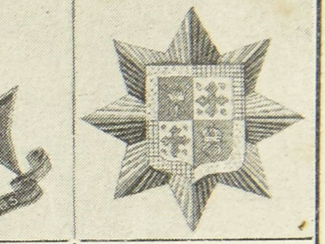
8th (City of London) Bn. Post Office Rifles. Maltese Cross with laurel wreath, crown, and bugle and strings. Only battalion with "Egypt, 1882" battle honour.

9th (County of London) Bn. Queen Victoria's Rifles. Maltese Cross surmounted by crown. St. George and Dragon in centre. Battle honour, S. Africa, 1900-02.

10th (County of London) Bn. Hackney. Laurel wreath with star and crown, and Tower of Justice in centre. "Tenth London, Hackney," on scroll.

11th (County of London) Bn. Finsbury Rifles. Maltese Cross and crown, and bugle and strings. Motto: "Pro aris et focis" (For our altars and our homes).

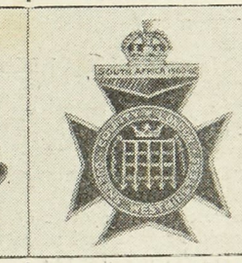
12th (County of London) Bn. The Rangers. Maltese Cross and crown on scroll. Known till 1907 as 22nd Middlesex Volunteer Rifles.



13th (County of London) Bn. Princess Louise's Kensington Battalion. Eight-pointed star bearing the Kensington arms. Motto: "Quid nobis arduii."

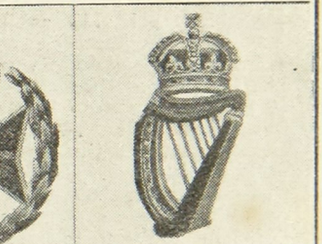
14th (County of London) Bn. London Scottish. St. Andrew's Cross, surmounted by a lion. Circle inscribed with motto: "Strike sure."

15th (County of London) Bn. Prince of Wales' Own. Civil Service Rifles. Prince's plumes and scroll with motto. King Edward was Hon. Colonel.



16th (County of London) Bn. Queen's Westminster Rifles. Maltese Cross with crown. The crest of Westminster, portcullis and crown, in inscribed circle.

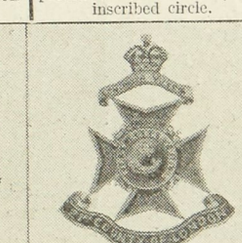
17th (County of London) Bn. Poplar and Stepney Rifles. Maltese Cross and crown with laurel wreath. Bugle and strings in centre.



18th (County of London) Bn. London Irish Rifles. Harp and crown. One of the two battalions in the Territorial Force avowedly Irish.

19th (County of London) Bn. St. Pancras. Maltese Cross, crown, and laurel wreath. "XIX." in centre, with inscription: "County of London, St. Pancras."

20th (County of London) Bn. Blackheath and Woolwich. White Horse of Kent above scroll, with motto: "Invicta," and name of Regiment.



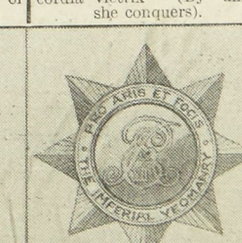
21st (County of London) Bn. 1st Surrey Rifles. Maltese Cross and crown, bugle and strings. Motto: "Concordia victrix" (By union she conquers).

22nd (County of London) Bn. The Queen's. The Paschal Lamb on scroll. The 24th Batt. of the Regiment has a similar badge.

23rd (County of London) Bn. Diamond and star over scroll, with crown above, and castle in centre. "South Africa, 1900-02."

25th (County of London) Bn. Cyclist Battalion. Brown metal, badge, laurel wreath and crown, with figures 25 on cycle spokes. "Tenax et audax."

28th (County of London) Bn. Artists' Rifles. Mars and Minerva over scroll. This battalion was made an O.T.C. by Sir John French.



1st County of London Yeo. Middlesex. Duke of Cambridge's Hussars. Eight-pointed star and cipher of King Edward VII. "Pro aris et focis."

2nd County of London Yeo. Westminster Dragoons. The arms of Westminster, with name of Regiment. One of London's four Yeomanry regiments.

3rd County of London Yeo. Sharpshooters. Brown metal badge with crossed rifles, surmounted by a crown. "South Africa, 1900-02."

Among these cap badges of British Territorial Regiments—the London Regiment and the County of London Yeomanry—the rifle battalions have black badges and buttons. The practice is not universal, however, for the Artists' Rifles have a bright metal badge of a bold and classical design.

Christmas Thoughts in War-time

Will There be a Christmas Truce?

WITH the approach of the "season of peace and goodwill" much speculation is rife as to the possibility of a recurrence of the "Christmas Truce" between the belligerents which took place in some parts of the line last year. The Pope is said to be bringing his influence to bear on fighting men of the Catholic faith. That such a phenomenon is a direct contravention of military law is well known, and punishable by court-martial, but in the case of a large number of men laying down their arms and fraternising in recognition of the birth of the Saviour of mankind, it is difficult to see how the authorities can apply the full penalty. After all, it is only the development on a large scale of the paradox of the initial and final handshake of pugilists in the ring, save that the average Hun has no sporting instincts. Perhaps his infamous record during 1915 will have convinced our good-natured Tommies that he will "not blend," even on Christmas Day.

Winter in the Trenches

HEARTRENDING as it is to think of our men spending another Christmas in the dreary trenches, there is some satisfaction in knowing that we have now had the time and the experience necessary to make the trenches much more habitable places than they were in the early days. Then we were comparative amateurs at this task, and the constant attacks of an enemy in superior force gave our men little opportunity for elaborate entrenchment. One hears now, however, of concrete flooring, systematic drainage, and even electric light, in addition to many minor conveniences and comforts. Our trenches are probably still inferior to those of the Germans, but they will be a long way more habitable than they were in the terrible months that followed the Second Battle of Ypres.

War Declared at Christmastide

BY a strange irony it was the season of peace and goodwill that saw the first beginnings of the most terrible war in recent history. In the Christmastide of 1860 South Carolina seceded from the United States, thus precipitating the great Civil War between North and South. The war lasted four years, and was responsible for the loss of no fewer than 400,000 lives, including those who died of disease. For wholesale destruction of life and property the American Civil War has undoubtedly the sinister distinction of coming next after the present cataclysm. The aggregate of lives lost may have been greater in the Napoleonic and the Thirty Years' Wars, but these, of course, lasted over a much longer period.

The Breed of the Briton

NOT even the six months' minimum of severe training can account wholly for the amazing powers of physical endurance exhibited by our young men of all social ranks. Lads whose digestion was upset formerly if their meals were unpunctual or inadequate, who never slept out of a comfortable bed a single night in their life, and who would have contracted influenza or pneumonia if they had remained for an hour in damp clothes, have not only survived but have suffered no constitutional damage from chronic exposure to cold, wet, hunger, and fatigue of the most extreme degree. The explanation seems to be that the softness of the present generation was only superficial. The six months' training suffices to harden these lads. Underneath, they have a natural stamina which has not been affected by long years of civilisation and even luxury. Humanly speaking, there would seem to be no limit to the physical endurance of which the breed of the Briton is capable

More than Mere Courage

PAIN is a different thing from hardship; yet here, too, our men have shown an unsuspected power of suffering it with something more than mere courage. It cannot be that they feel it less, yet it seems true that they can stand more. Here again the breed reveals its possession of a stronger fibre than we had realised, but one cannot help thinking that something else goes to the making of the extraordinary endurance and recuperative power. Some day, perhaps, some competent person will add to the many books about the souls of peoples a penetrating and illuminating study about the soul of our own people, and if so, he will certainly devote a chapter to the dynamic of the moral idea. There, we believe, is the explanation of the amazing phenomenon of endurance exhibited daily in our trenches.

A Hint to Senior Officers

SOLDIERS stationed in or near large centres of population are, as a rule, protected from unfair prices by the healthy competition which exists among the local tradesmen and other caterers for the wants of visitors. In small places, however, where the chief sources of supplies are often in the hands of one or two people, the state of affairs is less happy. One hears ugly stories of systematic extortion practised on both officers and men, and the temper of the victims is not improved by unctuous platitudes on the townsmen's love for their brave defenders uttered by the local vicar and other ministers of religion on Sunday.

The remedy lies with the senior officers, especially the general commanding the district. If the matter is handled rigorously, and exposure threatened, the extortioners will be compelled to desist for very shame. Even the meanest tradesman will hardly like to stand convicted of making undue profits from men who have given up so much for their country.

A Thought from Clarendon

"OF all God's judgments war is the most terrible, the most destructive. It tramples upon all justice, and subdues and extinguishes all natural affections and relations, and contemns and triumphs over religion itself. War makes no distinction between sacred and profane, exercises its rage and fury equally upon both sexes; and that its barbarity may be immortal, it survives death itself, and prosecutes those it kills with want of burial; and if it could reach the soul of its enemy, it would destroy that too with equal delight; all its food is blood, and its appetite so ravenous, that when it hath destroyed all its enemies, it preys upon its friends and promoters, kindles jealousies between those who first gave it life, and rests not till the destroyers have been destroyed themselves . . . and truly, they who are the cause and authors of any war that can justly and safely be avoided, have great reason to fear that they shall be accountable before the Supreme Judge for all the rapine and devastation, all the ruin and damage, as well as the blood, that is the consequence of that war." From the first part of this quotation the German War Lords may derive what justification they can. The last sentence may be commended to the Kaiser's special attention.

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